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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE, *9th. 17*

FOR JANUARY, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL writers of Poetical or Miscellaneous contributions for *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, are requested to keep duplicates of their different effusions; as, after keeping them for three or four months, when not inserted, we are obliged, from their increasing quantity, to destroy them.

Those kind contributors to our Magazine who continue to send us their effusions on a subject which will, no doubt, long be regarded as interesting, are, nevertheless, referred to our *Literary Intelligence*, which contains our resolutions on that head.

The interesting Extract sent us by Mrs. M'Mullan shall certainly appear in our next.

Our Literary Notice, like that of other Periodical Works, consists only of a list of Works in the Press, or those about to be published; those already published it is expected will be paid for like other advertisements; as also all *previous praise* given to the talents of young authors who are anxious of obtaining celebrity by these means.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West India, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 23, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger* Office, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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Published by John Bell for L. A. Belle Assemblée, No. 104, Jan. 1st 1818.



Miss Campbell,
Engraved by J. Thomson from an Original Painting by Dove & Morel Dumont.

Published by John Bell for La Halle Assemblée, No 6, Feb. 1. 1808.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

For JANUARY, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Six.

MISS ELLEN CAMPBELL.

MISS CAMPBELL, whose theatrical talents and just discrimination of character in the line of her profession, entitle her to the highest praise, is a native of Lancashire, and was born near Liverpool, at an elegant and pleasant villa belonging to her father, a gentleman who had served his Majesty as an officer, both by sea and land, and who, some time previous to, and at his demise, held a most respectable situation at the Custom-house in Liverpool; at which town the ancestors and family connections of Miss Campbell rank foremost as having filled, both there and through the county of Lancashire, the most high and distinguished offices.

Miss Campbell experienced from her earliest youth an ardent predilection for the profession in which she is engaged; her feelings are absorbed in every part she undertakes, so as to preclude all ideas foreign to the character; and her increasing attachment to a theatrical life promises, with the talents she is mistress of, to place her at that situation which she has almost now attained—the very summit of her profession.

In the year 1810, at a very early age indeed, Miss Campbell made her *début* at Liverpool, in the character of *Indiana*, in *The Conscious Lovers*. Young in years, young in the profession, and new to the stage, the kindness of Mr. Knight, the manager, was that of a tender and anxious parent, envious of the success of his off-

spring; he marked her merit, her rising talents, and succeeded in giving to their quick progression that brilliancy they have from time to time evinced. Not only at Liverpool did Miss Campbell receive the most flattering applause, but also at Chester, Worcester, and Shrewsbury; Mr. Christ, the manager of those Theatres, shewed her the most unremitting kindness and attention, and of which Miss Campbell ever speaks with the most lively gratitude. At each of those respectable and opulent towns the first families seemed to vie with each other in paying that respect, and affording the most friendly notice to the young actress, whose correct and prudent conduct in private life won their esteem and approbation. Miss Campbell shortly after made her appearance at the Theatres of Dublin and Belfast, in Ireland, and those of Glasgow and Edinburgh, in Scotland. The most unbounded applause attended her exertions in the different characters of *Juliet*, *Isabella*, *Belvidera*, *Lady Macbeth*, &c. &c. In Ireland and Scotland she had the satisfaction of enjoying the notice and friendship of some of the most distinguished families.

This present season we were highly gratified by the appearance of Miss Campbell at Drury-Lane Theatre, where we hope to see her permanently engaged. We look on *Juliet* as her best performance; superior, we could almost say, to any *Juliet* we have yet seen. For *Lady Macbeth* she is too

young, nor can she, flexible as are her features, throw that horrid expression into a very good humoured countenance which is requisite for the personation of such a terrific character.

Miss Campbell is a well educated young

gentlewoman, and her polite and cheerful ease of manner in social life, discovers her knowledge of the fashionable world, and truly evinces her having been always accustomed to mix in the first classes of society.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

FAMILY OF BELUS, CONTINUED.

HERCULES had several preceptors: one of them, the Centaur Chiron, the son of Saturn, and tutor to almost all the heroes, taught him astronomy and physic; Castor and Pollux taught him the use of arms; but the agreeable arts he rather disliked, and killed Linus, his music master, who complained too severely of his awkwardness.

When his education was finished, Hercules, then sixteen years of age, presented himself before Eurystheus to take his commands, who, at the instigation of Juno, set him the most difficult labours; which have since been called the twelve labours of Hercules.

The first of those laborious exploits was the defeat of the Nemean lion, thus called on account of his keeping continually in the vicinity of that town, which he ravaged. Hercules having spent all his arrows and broken his iron club on the impenetrable skin of the animal, finally seized it, and, after some violent efforts, tore it asunder. He then took off its skin, which he since wore as a dress, and which served him as a shield.

Eurystheus next sent him to attack an hydra that lived in a marsh at Lerna, on the territory of Argos, and spread terror all over the country. The monster had several heads, some say seven, some say nine, and others fifty. As soon as one was severed from the body, an equal number would grow to that of the many left, unless fire was applied to the wound: its venom, besides, was so subtle that an arrow dipped into it occasioned certain death. Hercules attacked the hydra with a golden scythe, and successively mowed down its hideous heads, whilst his nephew Iolas, who had

accompanied him, applied the fire to prevent their growing again. Hercules, after having achieved this victory, dipped his arrows into the blood of the hydra.

The taking of the wild boar of Erymanthus was his third labour. Hercules took it up alive on his shoulders, and brought it to Eurystheus, who was so frightened at the sight that he went to hide himself under a brass caldron.

Eurystheus next wished to have the Me-næan hind that had golden horns and brass hoofs, so swift in the race that no one could ever overtake it. After having undergone great fatigue, Hercules however succeeded and brought it to Eurystheus, in the same manner as he had done the wild boar of Erymanthus.

The lake Stymphalus, in Arcadia, was infested with tremendous birds, whose wings, heads, and beaks, were of iron, and whose talons were uncommonly crooked. Mars himself had trained and taught them to throw iron darts. Hercules was commanded to rid the country of them. By means of using a kind of kettle drums, which he had received from Minerva, he enticed them to quit the woods, where they had retreated, and shot them with his arrows.

He next overpowered a bull sent by Neptune against Minos II. King of Crete. This was his sixth labour.

Diomedes, King of Thrace, and son to Mars, kept fierce horses that vomited burning flames. He used to feed them with human flesh, and to make them devour such strangers as happened to fall into his hands. Hercules was ordered by Eurystheus to go and attack him. He did so, gave him to be eaten by his own horses, then brought them to Eurystheus, and finally, let them

loose on Mount Olympus, where they were devoured by the wild beasts.

Eurytheus now wished for the girdle of Hippolite, Queen of the Amazons, a warlike race of women, who admitted no men amongst them. Hercules killed two of the Queen's brothers who refused to grant him a passage through their estates, and carried off Hyppolite as a prisoner, after having defeated her army. He gave her away to his friend Theseus, who married her, and who had by her a son called Hippolitus.

Augæas, King of Elis, whose stables contained 3,000 oxen, had not been cleansed for thirty years. Hercules undertook this ninth labour; for which purpose he removed the river Alpheus from its bed through the stable, which had the desired effect. But Augæas, refusing to pay the salary that had been agreed upon, Hercules killed him, and plundered his capital. He, however, restored the estates to Phileus, the son of the late King.

Geryon, King of Erythia, was reckoned the most powerful man in the world. He was a giant with three bodies, who, to keep his flocks, and especially his herds of oxen, had a dog with two heads, and a dragon with seven: Hercules killed the giant and his monsters, and took away with him the oxen.

The eleventh labour of Hercules is said to have been his carrying off the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, but that as we have already stated, was achieved by Perseus. It was farther said that upon that occasion Hercules had, for a moment, supported the world on his shoulders to relieve Atlas, who, as we have seen, had been changed into a rock by that same Perseus, the great-grandfather of Hercules. But such contradictions, which frequently occur in mythology, are not to create surprise.

The twelfth labour of Hercules was to carry off Theseus from hell.

These so wonderful labours, however, are only a part of the exploits that were attributed to Hercules. They would have sufficed to fill up the most prolonged life-time of several heroes; but we shall only refer our readers to what has been said in our introduction. Thus, he exterminated the Centaurs, monsters half men, half horses, who had offended him at the time of his

expedition to Erymanthus. He killed several tyrants, giants, and robbers, and amongst others, Busiris, King of Spain, or of Egypt, who caused all strangers to be slaughtered. Antæus, a monstrous giant, the son of Neptune and of Terra, had made a vow to erect a temple to his father, composed of human skulls, and consequently murdered all whom he met. Hercules attacked him, but having perceived that whenever he had thrown him, Terra, his mother, renewed his strength, he caught him in his arms and smothered him. To those monsters are to be added Hippocoon, Eurytus, Periclimenus, Erix, Lycus, famous freebooters, most formidable in those times; and Cacus, the son of Vulcan, a famous robber, of a gigantic height, half a satyr, and from whose mouth issued torrents of smoke and fire. The entrance of the cave wherein he dwelt exhibited the bloody mangled remains of his victims; he had stolen part of the oxen which Hercules had carried away from Geryon. The hero loosened the rocks which formed the cave, fought his way through the flames which the monster vomitted, and choked him with his powerful hands. A more noble victim, Laomedon, King of Troy, fell under the blows of Alcides (a surname of Hercules). We have stated above, that Neptune, incensed at the want of good faith of that Prince, had sent a sea monster, to which Hesione, his daughter, was to be exposed. Hercules, on his way to the conquest of the golden fleece, undertook to destroy the monster, and Laomedon promised him the hand of the Princess and some horses of great value. Hercules did kill the monster, and left Hesione at Troy, the same as the horses, intending to fetch them on his return and to marry the Princess; but he was disappointed, and only met from Laomedon with insulting refusal. Hercules, to be revenged, took and plundered the city of Troy, killed the perfidious Laomedon, and gave Hesione in marriage to his friend Telamon.

Hercules also rescued Prometheus from the vulture that was gnawing his liver. He divided the two mountains that have since been called the Pillars of Hercules, and thus formed the Straits of Gibraltar. In short, he presumed to attack Juno, Pluto, and Sol; neither could Jupiter overpower him at wrestling.

Hercules is said to have had a great number of wives; but, at any rate, his connubial adventures do him no great honour. He forgot himself so far as to forbear using his powerful arms, and to spin like a vile slave at the feet of Omphale, Queen of Lydia. The number of his children, or of such as boasted of being his issue, is prodigious. His death was the result of the jealousy of Dejanira, his last wife. Hercules had gained that Princess for whom he had contended with the river Achelous. On his return home he was prevented from proceeding by a large river, and was preparing to withdraw, when the Centaur Nessus, offered to carry Dejanira over, but he had scarcely reached the opposite shore, when he ran away with her. Hercules shot him with one of his arrows that had been dipped into the blood of the Lernaean hydra. The dying Centaur gave his bloody tunic to Dejanira, assuring her at the same time, that if ever Hercules was inclined to become unfaithful, he would be inviolably attached to her, provided she could only prevail on him to wear it. Dejanira credited his saying; and a short time after, Hercules, having given rise to her jealousy, she sent him the fatal present. Hercules received it with great satisfaction, but no sooner had he put it on than he felt excruciating pain, which made him rave mad and furious. In vain did he attempt to pull off the fatal tunic, it stuck to his skin, which he tore off in his rage; a cruel inward fire devoured him: unable to bear such tortures, he rooted a great number of trees in Mount Ætna, of which he made a pile, on which he laid himself down, with his club and the skin of the Nemean lion. His friend Philoctetes, at his request, set fire to it, and inherited his arrows.

One may easily imagine that Hercules after his death, was numbered amongst the Gods; he was almost universally worshipped. It has been even stated that Jupiter, offered him a seat among the twelve superior Gods, which he modestly refused, as the number was complete, and he wished not to disturb any one. He was satisfied in obtaining the hand of Hebe, who became his wife.

Hercules is uniformly represented as a man whose robust frame exhibits something supernatural: he always wears the lion's skin and holds his club in his hand. He is frequently crowned with wreaths of poplar, a

tree that was sacred to him. In this attire he descended into hell; it has been said, that the smoke from the subterranean empire had blackened the exterior surface of the leaves, whilst the other side retained its white colour, as one may observe by looking at the tree.

The offspring of the children of Hercules and Dejanira governed several states of Greece, and were the Heraclides so celebrated in history.

FAMILY OF AGENOR.

AGENOR, the second son of Epaphius, reigned in Phœnicia. He had three sons, Phoenix, Cadmus, and Cilix, besides a daughter of the name of Europa.

Jupiter, smitten with the beauty of that Princess, and wishing to approach her, metamorphosed himself into a white bull of exquisite beauty. He followed her steps, whilst Europa, in the midst of her companions, was gathering flowers on the sea shore. The mildness of the animal that seemed to invite and crave her caresses encouraged her. She intimated to her companions to twine garlands to deck him: he appeared to understand her and gently laid down at her feet: in her wanton gaiety, she placed herself on the back of the bull, who, proud of the precious burden, rose gently, and by long strides soon reached the sea shore and plunged into the waves. Europa alarmed, caught hold of one of the bull's horns. Zephyrus, who recognized the master of the Gods, swelled her veil with his sweet soft breath, and accelerated her progress; she no longer heard the piercing shrieks of her companions, who soon lost sight of her. Europa landed safely in the island of Crete, where we shall leave her for some time to return to the rest of her family.

Agenor, distressed at the loss of his daughter, sent his three sons in her pursuit, with particular injunction not to appear before him without bringing her back. The three brothers, followed by a party of friends, and uncertain which road to pursue, soon separated. Phoenix went into Bithynia, and not finding his sister, he settled there. Cilix did the same in Cilicia, to which he gave his name. Cadmus directed his course towards Greece; his researches proving as unsuccessful as those of his bro-

then, he consulted the oracle of Delphos, to know where he was to settle, and was ordered to build a city on the spot to which an ox would conduct him. In fact, he met with an animal of the kind that served him as a guide, and brought him to the place where the city of Thebes was since built. Cadmus, prior to his offering the usual sacrifices, sent his companions to fetch some water at a fountain situated in a wood, sacred to Mars, where a dragon devoured them all. Cadmus killed the monster, but being now left alone, he consulted Minerva, who advised him to sow the teeth of the dragon. He obeyed, and instantly saw men com-

pletely armed springing from the earth, who at first began to assail him, but they soon turned their rage against each other, and were all killed except five, who assisted Cadmus in founding his city. He subsequently married Hermione, the daughter of Mars and Venus, by whom he had several children. The oracle having informed him that his family should be wretchedly miserable, he left his new country, not to be an eye-witness of their distress, and retired into Illyria, where in his old age he was changed into a serpent, the same as his wife.

(To be continued.)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from Vol. XVI. page 949.)

MUSIC OF THE HEBREWS.

In the Jewish Temple we find a great number of Levites employed wholly in singing and playing on various instruments. Asaph, seems to have been the most renowned musician of his time; he was also a composer, as may be seen by referring to the Bible translation of the Psalms: and a performer of distinguished abilities appears to have been placed, in David's time, at the head of each band of music.

In the Hebrew text of the Psalms we find the word *Selah* continually occurring. The Septuagint says, that this is only to mark a pause in the singing.

A passage in *Daniel*, shews that music was much cultivated amongst the Chaldeans: for an herald cried aloud, when he ordered the worshipping of the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up, "At what time ye hear the sound of the *cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, dulcimer, and all kinds of music,*" &c. &c.—*Dan.* ch. iii.

At the end of the captivity of the unfortunate Hebrews, when they were permitted by Cyrus to rebuild the Temple, when the number of the singers and players on instruments, who had been instructed under Asaph, were taken, they amounted only to two hundred men and women. The Jews soon after became frequently tributary to the Persians, Syrians, and Romans: and

during the civil wars among the latter, no science was brought to perfection but that of war.

There is little doubt, however, but that at one time the Hebrews were eminently skilled in music: Job says, in speaking of the worldly prosperity of the wicked, "They take the *timbral* and *harp*, and rejoice in the sound of the *organ*." In another passage he remarks, "My *harp* is now turned to mourning, and my *organ* unto the voice of them that weep." Which evidently alludes to funeral music: for such was practised amongst the Jews, as may be seen in the raising of Jairus's daughter: "When Jesus came in and saw the *minstrels*," &c. The poorest people amongst the Hebrews never engaged less than two flutes and one singing mourner at their funerals: and amongst the rich, Josephus informs us that the expence of funerals was most extravagant: the number of flute players amounting to several hundred. In the 38th chapter of 2d *Chronicles*, we are told, that singing men and singing women, lamented through every age the fate of Josiah.

The Hebrew language was, no doubt, very unfavourable to vocal music: though now many fine voices are distinguishable in the Jewish synagogues, yet their chaunting has a clamorous, and often unpleasant sound. Neither the ancient nor modern Jews have

any characters peculiar to music; so that their melodies must have been at the mercy of their singers. A Hebrew High Priest assured Doctor Burney, that all instrumental and even vocal performances have been banished the synagogue ever since the destruction of Jerusalem, and that the little singing now used there is only a modern licence and innovation. The only Jews who have a regular musical establishment in their synagogue are those of Germany: these preserve a certain melody in their chaunts which is supposed to be extremely ancient: at Prague, there is an organ in their synagogue.

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

INNUMERABLE passages in the writings of the ancients prove that the first dramas of the Greeks were sung, and accompanied by musical instruments: for all were in verse, and formerly all verse was sung, particularly that which was intended to please and amuse the public, either assembled in audiences, in theatres, or in the open air.

In this abridgement of musical history, we find it requisite often to quote the best modern writer on that subject, Doctor Burney: he justly remarks, "that the stage cannot exist without exaggeration, and that those who think it *unnatural* to sing in distress, and even in the agonies of death, forget that music is a language that can accommodate its tones and accents to every human passion or sensation: and that the colouring of the stage must be higher than that of common life."

"The *mask*, this learned author further informs us, was called by the Latins *persona*, from *personare*, to sound through. Hence the term *Dramatis Persona*, or *masks of the drama*: which words, after masks ceased to be used, were understood to mean *persons of the drama*."

The masks above-mentioned covered the

whole of a person singing on the stage: and a wide mouth, we are informed by an Italian writer, in the form of a shell, augmented the power of the voice, and was on the same principle as the speaking trumpet.

The ancient dramatic writers had different kinds of *melos*, for the declamation of the actors and for the songs of the chorus; and Father Meneastrier is of opinion, that chaunting and singing in church service was derived from the ancient manner of declaiming and singing in public.

The Greek dramas consisted of soliloquy, dialogue, and chorus; in the Latin comedy, many are of opinion that such soliloquies had more refined melody and accompaniments than the dialogues, and that they served as interludes. The comedies of Terence are said to have been sung, and that one Flaccus was the composer. Voltaire declares that the Italian opera has the most perfect resemblance to the ancient Greek dramas, though he contends that the representation of the latter was infinitely more perfect.

At the time the republic of Athens was in its most flourishing state, the people were so devoted to public spectacles, that Plutarch assures us, they cost them much more than all their fleets and armies.

The performers of the full chorusses, in the time of the famous dramatic writer Æschylus, amounted to fifty persons, though a law passed afterwards to reduce their number to fifteen. The great chorusses were generally fourteen in number; and according to M. Dacier, the versification and melody of each chorus differed from the other; and was so distinguished, that at whatever hour a person entered the Theatre, he could discover by the music of the chorus what part of the drama was then being represented.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL.

THE wife of the Protector Cromwell was respectably and nobly descended, being the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of the same family as the ancient Earls of Essex. She is described as a woman of exalted spirit, yet the greatest housewife of her

time: it always being said of her, that she was as capable of descending to the kitchen with propriety, as she was of acting in her exalted station with dignity; and that she as deeply interested herself in steering the helm, as she had often done in turning the spit; for it is well known, she was as con-

stant a spur to her husband, in the career of his ambition, as she had been to her servants in their culinary employments: an Italian author assures us, that Cromwell would never have assumed the government if it had not been at the instigations of his wife. She survived Cromwell fourteen years, and at the time of the restoration she very prudently stole out of town, and lived for the remainder of her days in obscurity; it is asserted by a respectable author that she ended her days in Switzerland.

MRS. BRIDGET BENDISH.

As Cromwell raised himself to so high a pinnacle of greatness, his family may truly be classed amongst the illustrious; and in speaking of the members of that family, it would be unfair not to mention that extraordinary woman his granddaughter, Bridget Ireton, who became the wife of Thomas Bendish, Esq. This female descendant resembled him more than any one of his family, both in countenance and character. On some occasions she appeared with all the gorgeous show and dignity of a Princess; at others as the lowest drudge, being as laborious as she was intelligent in the management of her salt-works. When she had completely harassed herself with work, she cared not where she slept, nor what she ate or drank. Never, in one instance, was her presence of mind known to forsake her; and she was an utter stranger to fear. Her residence was at South-Town, near Yarmouth; and sometimes, after a day of hard drudgery, she would go to the Yarmouth Assembly, where the loftiness of her manner, and superiority of her understanding, never failed to procure her honour and respect. On no one occasion was she ever

known to break her promise; but in common conversation she never paid any regard to truth, and no one dared to repeat any news as intelligence which she told them. Her charity was ample, and was the effect of her heart's feelings as well as her hand; to exercise it she left her debts unpaid. Her piety was tinctured with enthusiasm; on particular occasions she would retire to her closet, fast, meditate, and pray, till she worked up her spirit to a degree of rapture; and then she would regulate the rule of her conduct by the first text of scripture that occurred to her, and which she looked upon as a divine revelation. She would frequently fawn, dissemble, and prevaricate, for the most low, and often sinister purposes: and she was, in short, both the jest and admiration of all her friends, and even of her servants, who, nevertheless, declared her to be one of the best of mistresses. She looked on, and revered her grandfather as a most consummate hero and dignified saint.

MRS. CLAYPOLE.

Of a far different character was this gentle, and truly illustrious female, the favourite daughter of Oliver Cromwell: the most remarkable incident in her life is, that when on her death-bed, she sent for her father, upbraided him with the blood he had spilt, and spoke for some time with uncommon emphasis on his cruelty to Dr. John Hewit, whom he had caused to be beheaded for collecting money for the unfortunate and fugitive King Charles II. to support him in his exile. Her remonstrances sunk deep on the mind of the usurper: his conscience took the alarm, and it is said, he never enjoyed peace from that moment.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

JUDITH, SECOND WIFE OF LOUIS LE DEBONNAIRE.

JUDITH too well knew her empire over the mind of her imbecile husband, and by her projects, aided by Duke Bernard, to whom she was criminally attached, she sowed disorder and misunderstanding amongst all those powers whom it was the interest of the King to attach to him. Her

son Charles, afterwards King Charles the Bald, was then but six years of age.

For several years her sole ambition was at work to secure the aggrandizement of her son; and while she had long been absent from her husband, the love of Louis increased towards her: at her return she enjoyed more power and influence than ever at court, which she abused as usual;

B

endangering the safety of the state, the repose of the best of husbands, and all the rights of his children by a former marriage, to satisfy her ambitious views in favour of her son Charles; and to this effect she fomented the misunderstanding between Louis and his eldest son, in order to make him declare in favour of Charles, who was crowned by his father, the monarch placing the sword by his side with his own hands, by the advice and with the approbation of all the nobles. Judith spared nothing in testifying her joy; the most splendid *fêtes* were given, and yet the happiness of this ambitious woman was clouded over by Louis Germanicus having seized on the states of Charles as far as the Rhine, and Louis was languishing on a bed of sickness. After the death of Louis, her children and those by the first marriage of the King, were ready to tear each other in pieces; her exorbitant demands for her son rendered her odious in the eyes of the nation, though during the life of Louis she never lost that hold she had of his affections.

ANTOINETTE DE PONS, MARCHIONESS OF GUERCHEVILLE.

To this beautiful female who subdued the heart of the fickle Henry IV. of France, another once equally lovely in person, was obliged to yield, and give up for ever her once infatuated lover. Brought up at the polite and effeminate court of Henry III. Antoinette was possessed of that elegance and courtly ease which marks the well-born woman in every station, and which low-born wealth, with all the aids of finery and show, attempts to ape in vain.

Antoinette had contracted the etiquette of court politeness, without imbibing any of its defects; it was no wonder then that she triumphed over the Countess de Guiche, who had scarce appeared twice at court. Young, lovely, and accustomed to admiration, the virtue of Antoinette had yet triumphed over every seduction of a luxu-

rious court; it is not, however, likely that she could view the conquest she had made over the heart of Henry with indifference. However, her triumph did not so far bewilder her understanding as to cause her defeat. The King continued to vanquish his enemies, but made no decided conquest over the mind and principles of the Marchioness. This caused him to descend to proposals of marriage, but Madame de Guercheville had rectitude and judgment sufficient to point out to him the absurdity of such a step, nor was she more moved by these proposals than by any others which he had employed to overthrow her scruples. The passion of Henry fancied there could be no impropriety in elevating the widow of a real gentleman to the throne; but this did not accord with the ideas of a woman of such a character as the Marchioness; and her refusals were accompanied with so much firmness that the King, at length, was compelled to acknowledge the inutility of his pursuits.

Henry, touched with so much merit, now sought only to procure for Antoinette a husband worthy of such a treasure, and accordingly married her to Charles Duplessis, Seigneur de Liancourt, afterwards Governor of Paris; and told his bride, that since he had found her indeed a *lady of honour*, she should be appointed to be that of the Queen on the day of his marriage. He did not forget his promise, and Madame de Guercheville was named *first lady of honour* to Mary de Medicis. She went in that quality to receive the Queen at Marseilles, and followed that Princess to Lyons.

She served for many years as a model and example to the whole court, where she was cited as a rare proof of what personal virtue is able to withstand against the most insidious and attractive temptations. She died universally regretted after twelve years of widowhood.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF M. DE LA FEUILLE, GRAND MARSHAL OF FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV.

BEING very plainly clad, the Grand Marshal, dispatched from the King on

affairs of the utmost importance, stopped at Lyons to deliver a packet from his Majesty to the Archbishop, who taking the bearer for only an ordinary person, asked him whether there was any thing new at

Paris:—"Green peace, my Lord," replied the Marshal, "are uncommonly forward this year."—"You mistake my meaning, friend," said the Archbishop; "what were the people saying when you left Paris?"—"My Lord," answered the Marshal, "they were saying *vespera*."—The prelate then fell into a violent passion, saying, "How dare you, friend, speak thus to a person of my quality? Who, and what are you, that you dare be thus insolent? What are people pleased to call you?"—"Why, my Lord," replied the Marshal with great sangfroid, "some are pleased to call me friend, others Monsieur, and the King calls me *cousin*."

QUI PRO QUO.

WHEN the Marquis de Vallevoir was Governor of Sisteron, the double meaning of his name had once nearly cost him his life: for as he was walking on the ramparts of the town, a new soldier, who was then on duty, not knowing him, saluted him, as usual, with *Quis ibi*, who goes there? To which the Governor answered, *Vallevoir*. But the centinel imagining he meant to make a jest of him by saying, *Va le voir*, go and see, immediately discharged his musket, and gave the General a very severe wound under the ribs, which, for some time, caused his life to be despaired of.

ANECDOTE OF DR. TOBIAS SMOLLET.

DR. SMOLLET had a high respect for the intuitive discernment and discrimination of the fair. He often said, that after men had been throwing up heaps of rubbish, involving a subject in more dense obscurity, a lady with one sweep of her vivacious unprejudiced mind, clears off the obstruction, and brings the *motes* of erudition into cloudless day. The Doctor, who detested all incroachments on civil or religious liberty, once nearly lost all temper with a zealot of his national church, extolling Calvin and John Knox, as though the uncharitable violence with which they propagated their tenets had been highly meritorious. The well-meaning, but mistaken minister, maintained that as the armies of earthly potentates are in duty bound to employ all means to vanquish their enemies, so must they that fight the good fight of faith call forth every engine of power to

discomfit the unbelieving. A lady who saw the disputants growing too warm, closed the debate by observing:—"It is very true, reverend Sir, that the military servants of temporal monarchs ought to hazard their own lives, and slay their opponents in defence of royalty; but permit me to ask, do they not in thousands unsheath the sword because no mere mortal can single-handed encounter a host? The Lord of hosts, with a single fiat, can annihilate his presumptuous foes; and to me it seems arrogance, not piety, to suppose the Omnipotent requires our feeble aid."

Dr. Smollet valued these few words as deciding the controversy regarding liberty or constraint of conscience with more luminous conviction than volumes of polemic divinity.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THAT tyranny and cruelty can jest over their victims, the following anecdote of the usurper Cromwell is a sufficient proof. A gentleman one day waited on this hypocritical fanatic to beg a lock of King Charles's hair for an honourable lady.—"Ah! no, Sir," said Cromwell, shedding at the same time a few crocodile's tears, "that must not be; for I have sworn to him, when he was living, that not a hair of his head should perish!"

INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF A LOST CHILD.

THOUGH the heinous crime of child-stealing has been most horribly prevalent during the latter end of the last century and the commencement of the present, yet the following anecdote is sufficient to prove that it was not unknown (although it was not pronounced as it ought to be, felony deserving of death) even in the year 1739. When Madame de Cambis, the wife of the French Ambassador at that period, was, on the death of her husband, preparing to return to her native country, she had the good fortune to reclaim a child that had been stolen from a *President de Parliament*. About two months before, the parents had sent over a description of their lost child; and one day as Madame de Cambis's woman was crossing the hall of their house she saw a beggar woman at the door with so lovely a child that the waiting-maid

would carry it up to the Ambassadors. The moment that lady beheld it she saw it answered exactly to the description of the President's child; and though it was all in rags, she remarked it had on its head a black velvet cap curiously embroidered, and which she knew to be French work. On examining the child more closely, she also discovered a mark on its person which had been designated in the description. The interesting little creature was between four and five years of age, and Madame de Cambis, deeply affected, asked her if the beggar woman was her mother?—"Yes," said the child; "but I had another mamma once."—On this she retained the child, and its parents dispatched one of their family to England, who knew it was the same child that had been lost.

ORIGIN OF THE UNCOMMON GENIUS OF VAUCANSON FOR MECHANICS.

WHEN very young this extraordinary genius used frequently to attend his mother to confession, and while she was weeping with penitence, the poor child was weeping with weariness. In this state he was struck with the motion of the pendulum of a clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clockcase and examined the mechanism. He projected a similar machine, and by degrees his genius pro-

duced a clock. Encouraged by his success he proceeded in various attempts, and in time produced an automaton which played on a flute.

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

HANDEL had received a present of a dozen of excellent champagne; the quantity was too small to present before his friends, he therefore reserved the delicious nectar for a private sip. Some time after, a party of friends were dining with him; he longed for a glass of his champagne, but could not think of a device for leaving the company. Of a sudden he assumed a musing attitude, and, striking his forehead with his finger, he cried out, "I have got one *tought*! I have got one *tought*!" (meaning thought). The company, imagining that he had gone to commit to paper some divine harmonious idea, saw him depart with silent admiration. He returned to his friends, and very soon he had a second, third, and fourth *tought*. A wag suspecting the frequency of St. Cecilia's calls, followed Handel to an adjoining room, saw him enter a closet, embrace his loved champagne, and swallow, repeatedly, doses of the divine liquor. The discovery communicated infinite mirth to the company, and Handel's *tought* became very soon proverbial.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

GEORGE ROMNEY (CONTINUED).

It was at Christmas, 1775, that Romney took possession of his house in Cavendish-square; he was in the prime of life, his health much improved, and his art perfected by his foreign studies. A nervous irritability, however, so common in men of extraordinary genius, continually depressed him, and damped his happy prospects: he trembled at the idea of not finding sufficient business to support him; but his friends were all anxious in their endeavours to procure him full employment. The late Duke of Richmond was one of the first sitters to him after his return from Italy, and his Grace ever after shewed the kindest solicitude to promote the artist in

the line of his profession. Romney loved honour more than gold; his fancy was creative, but he was ignorant of anatomy, and therefore, perhaps, could not draw the human form with truth in all its various attitudes: he had painted faces so incessantly that to paint a new one was his chief delight. Hence the portraits he produced were innumerable; and it was his favourite object to paint a series of them from the countenance of the philanthropic Howard. He was also singularly happy in the likenesses he took of the great historian Gibbon; and his portrait of him is infinitely better than that taken by Sir Joshua Reynolds, because the spirit and intelligence of Gibbon's mind shines through the coun-

tenance which nature had given him, and which, taken in the mass, exhibited nothing of that brilliant genius of one of the first historians in the world.

Lord Thurlow used sportively to say, "Reynolds and Romney divide the town; I am of the Romney faction." His Lordship was painted by both these eminent artists, when Chancellor, at full length, and both painters did him equal justice. But Lord Thurlow had a great personal regard for Romney; he was always desirous of encouraging painting, and expressed a strong desire that Romney would execute a picture for him of the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, from Virgil; but Romney, despairing of pleasing his patron, never began the picture. This did not lessen his Lordship's esteem for the artist of whom he purchased those four sweet pictures of *Serena*, from Mr. Hayley's charming poem, *The Triumphs of Temper*. In the autumn of 1784, Romney paid this elegant author, and the painter's best biographer, a visit at Earham; where he charmed every one by displaying the versatility of his talents, and shewing his skill in sculpture as well as in painting. Mr. Hayley had formed a rustic grotto as an entrance to a sequestered walk; and it was his wish to render it a sort of modest mausoleum to the memory of his friend Thornton. Romney was charmed with the idea, and modelled a little figure of *Afflicted Friendship*, in the form of a reclining female, to rest on a sepulchral vase. The figure was elegant, and its expression powerfully pathetic; but to use the words of Mr. Hayley, "it perished in that destructive neglect by which my overburied friend was too apt to injure, and demolish, a multitude of his various projected works." The business of painting portraits so increased, that he could scarce find a few minutes of leisure, except when the decline of day prevented his distinguishing his colours.

Romney united in his character much timid reserve with an enterprising ardor; he had much ambition, but wanted that mild wisdom and conciliating manner which raised Reynolds to his high and well merited dignity: the hasty disposition of Romney would have rendered him distracted in such a situation; the more he

reflected on his own disposition, the more he found it better for him to set bounds to his passion to popularity; but he often lamented the fetters of his profession, and without reflecting on long continued habit, and how firmly she holds her sway over human pursuits, he pleased himself with the idea of one day shaking off his shackles. His mind was never enslaved by the gold he gained, he threw money away as rapidly as he acquired it. His pleasure was real and infinite in painting a new face, exclusive of pecuniary consideration, and his heart was so sympathetic that if he had made a resolution not to take another fresh portrait, yet a lover requesting that of his beloved, a mother that of her darling child, would melt, in a moment, his resolves.

In 1786 the late Alderman Boydell opened an high occupation to the painters of this country, by the important project of the Shakespeare Gallery. The professional and patriotic enthusiasm of Romney kindled at the idea, and in the most liberal manner he immediately offered to devote his powers to a project which must interest every lover of the arts in England.

In one of Romney's autumnal visits to Earham, Mr. Hayley exhorted him to study and paint some very striking scene from the life of the Czar Peter the Great, and to send it as a present to the Empress Catharine. The idea pleased the painter, but that of painting from Shakespeare was much more alluring to his imagination; for no one had a more keen perception of the powers of that wonderful poet than Romney.

Mr. Pitt sat to him in July, 1783; and such was the speed and popularity of Romney's pencil, that he painted at the rate of a portrait a day. In executing some of his fancy pictures he had the advantage of studying the features and mental character of a lady on whom nature had lavished singular beauty and talents, and she became the favourite model of Romney, for whom the lady, in return, felt the most filial affection and esteem. This was the once highly celebrated Lady Hamilton: her features could exhibit every feeling of nature, and the progression of every sentiment with the most bewitching expression. Romney took delight in the command she exhibited over her flexible features, and

she felt gratified in serving him for a model. The first picture he took of her was as Circe, a full length, with her magic wand. From the same exquisite model he drew a Calypso, a Magdalen, a Wood Nymph, a Bacchante, the Pythian Priestess, and a St. Cecilia, with an admirable painting of Sensibility.

In the year 1787, Romney visited Windsor, to take a fresh survey of the Cartoons of Raphael, in order to aid his spirit in great undertakings: in this year he reduced the numbers of those who wished to sit to him, that he might advance more rapidly in his grand undertaking of Shakespeare, whom Lord Thurlow advised him to read before he attempted to paint him. He took, however, a lodging at Hampstead, as the air of London depressed his spirits, and he only went to town to prosecute his business: the subjects that occupied his pencil, were studies on canvas from Shakespeare, and he past the best part of every morning in advancing his great picture from *The Tempest*. The relief of mind he enjoyed on delivering this splendid performance to the candour or severity of the public was equal to the anxious labour he bestowed on it: this picture enchants, yet does not absolutely satisfy the mind: nevertheless, it has all the dignity and grace of Shakespeare's favourite characters.

Romney soon after took another excursion to France, forgetting not that his chief motive was to improve himself, by inspecting the finest pictures that could be found in that kingdom. David and Greuse were the chief Gallic painters at that time, and the former attended Romney and his friends in their visit to the Luxembourg Gallery: the splendour of Rubens did not make them blind to the transcendent merit of David, and they admired with enthusiasm the works of this great and superior artist of the present century.

The travellers returned home through Normandy, crossing the water from Dieppe to Brighton, without any remarkable occurrence during their short voyage: but after their arrival in England, the nervous afflictions of Romney became more poignant, and threw a gloom over his mind, which continually filled it with doubt and apprehension: his health thereby became so impaired, that it required all the soothing

consolations of friendship to bring his mind to any degree of temper: he lived under the frequent and hypochondriacal dread of his talents utterly deserting him; but an unexpected incident occurred which raised the drooping spirits of the artist: the beautiful Emma H——, whom he had so often painted with admiration and delight, surprised him most agreeably, one morning, in a Turkish habit, attended, in this friendly visit, by Sir William Hamilton.

She announced to the delighted painter, who had ever evinced towards her the most fatherly affection, her splendid prospect of soon becoming the wife of Sir William, and of accompanying him to the court of Naples.

He painted from this admirable model his *Joan of Arc*, the expression of whose countenance is most admirable: the head is pronounced to be the finest he ever painted.

When his two kind friends quitted London for Naples, he drew, before their departure, as many pictures as he possibly could, from Lady Hamilton; but in finishing so many figures from this charming model, he had laboured beyond his strength, and his health was considerably impaired: the sea air contributed much to his restoration.

In 1791, he painted the *Robin Goodfellow* of Shakespeare, flying on a cloud, and crowned with a chaplet of the flower that *Oberon* had commissioned him to find: this painting did the artist infinite honour: but with an anxious desire to employ himself in painting on a larger scale, he occupied his fancy with the banquet scene in *Macbeth*, though he never made any progress in this picture. In the spring of 1792, he began that much admired picture of Milton and his daughters; and this year seemed to have a peculiar influence on the fancy of Romney. The decease of that great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, at that time, rather quickened than relaxed his ambition: he determined on having a commodious painting-room on a very extensive scale, within two or three miles of London, and had it in contemplation to form a domestic academy for the advantage of juvenile artists; from the peculiar ardour of his feelings he was too apt to persevere in labour to a dangerous excess; and this energy was particularly manifested in the

commencement of the summer season, when he was usually pressed to finish many pictures, and when the hot weather rendered exertion most fatiguing.

It was a favourite object of Romney's ambition to place some production of his pencil in the magnificent villa of Petworth; its noble possessor, in a future year, received and treated him as a friend, and offered to have a warm bath of sea water always prepared for him when he visited Petworth.

In the commencement of the year 1794, Romney began to exercise his pencil in the higher province of his art: the tenderness and sublimity of Milton were equally the objects of his admiration: his plan was to paint three pictures where Satan was the hero, and three of Adam and Eve; but he was too conscious of that excessive awe which he felt of the world, and sometimes he could not forbear jesting on his own timidity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—In my last I introduced to your notice those animals which are remarkable for bulk and strength; amongst which may be classed

THE BUFFALO.

The wild buffalo is a native of India: he is extremely fierce, and seems to regard every living object with disdain, conscious of his great strength: his courage is such, that he will attack even a whole group of elephants going for fodder; indeed, the whole race of buffalos, whether wild or tame, have all an eye expressive of mischief.

The buffalo is impatient of heat, though born in such a sultry climate; he, therefore, wallows all day in those stagnant pools, which are found in such quantities near the neighbourhood of Bengal. As well as elephants, the buffalo quickly scents a tiger: and it is one of the Oriental sports, to keep buffalos for the purpose of opposing them to tigers; in which combat the tiger is always worsted. The female buffalo gives a great quantity of milk, which, though extremely rich, yields a very poor kind of butter. Buffalo beef is, perhaps, the very worst of meat, in whatever way it is dressed; it is seldom fat, but hard and rank. The hide is very substantial, and when well tanned, proves equal to every purpose of ox and bull hides.

Our good and beneficent neighbour's park, that of Lord D—, has often arrested your notice, when we have wandered near its inclosures; and, I believe, there is

no park better filled in this country with deer than that of his Lordship: I will, therefore, without further preface, proceed in giving you some account of the stag kind.

THE STAG.

This animal, by his elegant form, his light, yet firm structure, his flexible and nervous limbs, his height, swiftness, and strength, and particularly by the antlers which decorate, in a most majestic manner, his head, bears a distinguished rank amongst all the beasts of the forest, which he seems formed not only to animate, but to ornament. Innocent and peaceful as he is, he cannot yet find mercy from mankind, who not only persecute him for their amusement, but have brought the hunting of him into a perfect science.

Hunting of the stag is like the art of war. Like that destructive avocation, this exercise requires a kind of scientific knowledge, which is only to be acquired by experience. To be a proficient in horsemanship as in arms, seems to be indispensably necessary both to the hunter and the warrior. Address, bodily strength, habitual motion, and fatigue, are equally requisite to hunting as to war. To conquer the stag, men, horses, dogs, are all put in requisition, and their motions, stratagems, and science, seem to have the same end.

The hunting of the stag is attended with great expence, and, in many countries, on that account, furnishes only a pastime for nobles and Princes.

The horn of this animal has a medicinal

quality, and its skin furnishes us with a kind of leather that is both soft and durable.

THE ROE-BUCK.

If this animal is not of quite so noble a height as the stag, his form is much more round and elegant; and he is far superior in grace and sprightliness. All his motions are quick and lively: his courage is equal to his vivacity, and he bounds over the plains with grace and agility; thus, by a rapid course, he knows how, in a wonderful manner, to escape from threatened danger. His countenance is pleasing, his eyes are beautiful, and his coat always clean and shining. He is generally found amongst the young plantations of thick woods; he is of a very domestic nature; the father, mother, and little ones, which are called fawns, living always together, united by the fondest ties of affection, and they are always found walking together in company.

The flesh of the roe is always reckoned the best venison, and their skins, when dressed, are sold at a high price, under the name of doe-skin.

THE REIN-DEER.

THE inhabitants of Lapland are not blessed with those comforts that we, in more temperate climes, enjoy. From the vivifying orb of day they receive only a few oblique rays, scarce sufficient to impart warmth to the earth, which there remains entirely covered with snow the greatest part of the year. They are unacquainted both with spring and autumn, and their summer affords no other verdure than briars, juniper berries, and moss. They are not blessed with our fine pastures, or with our useful animals: but nature, bountiful to all her children, seems, in having bestowed on the Laplanders the reindeer, to have compensated for every other pri-

vation. Light as it is diligent, this quadruped serves, like the horse, to draw carriages, carry burthens, and it performs, with ease, thirty leagues in a day. The female is a substitute both for the cow and ewe; furnishing a rich and nutritive milk, which forms the chief nourishment of the inhabitants, both as food and beverage, for from it is made most excellent cheese. The flesh of the reindeer is excellent eating; the skin, well covered with thick hair, serves the Laplander with different articles of clothing; when stripped of its hair, it becomes a supple and durable leather, of which they make gloves, waistcoats, and belts of unrivalled workmanship. The Laplanders also make use of the bowels and sinews of the reindeer for thread; and even to the very bones, hoofs, and antlers of this animal, there is not a single part but what is of use in various ways.

Lapland contains both wild reindeer and those that are domesticated: the first are only to be found on the mountains, the latter are brought up in flocks, either in the plains or stables, and constitute the sole fortune of the inhabitants; the wealth of a person being generally calculated from the number of reindeer he possesses: the richest have generally a thousand of these animals; and the poor have, at least, as many as ten or twelve.

The temperature of Norway, Sweden, and the coldest of the northern countries, is that only under which the reindeer can exist: a warmer climate would, no doubt, be fatal to them.

I will now, my dear Caroline, close this letter, and dismiss the larger, and more ferocious animals; giving you a description, in my next, of those which are indigenous to our own climate, and more universally known.

ANNA.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.

CHARACTER OF MARK ANTHONY.

ANTHONY was of an ancient and noble family, who traced back their ancestry to Hercules. To a beautiful countenance he added gaiety, elegance, and majesty; a

sprightly wit, manly eloquence, and unexampled valour. Born with strong passions, to which he had given the reins in his early youth, and living in the most profligate period of Rome, he had suffered

his mind to become the seat of anarchy, from its being equally composed of those good and bad qualities which render man an enigma to posterity, though the wonder of the age in which he may have lived. History represents Anthony as a being liberal as he was rapacious, sensible as ridiculous, beneficent yet cruel at the same time, generous yet vindictive; and to crown all, firm and truly great in the hour of misfortune, but equally light and vain in that of prosperity.

In depicting this contradictory character, it, nevertheless, behoves the historian to record, also, that Anthony was a lover of virtue, if he had but found a virtuous being in the first object of his attachment; for he was by nature frank and easy, and his will ever submissive to those he loved. But in early youth he contracted vicious habits in his connections with his friend Curio; and his wife Fulvia, who was the widow of Clovis, the most seditious of all the Romans, taught him to set no bounds to his ambition: it was through their instigations that Cicero was put to death.

Such was Mark Anthony, who first took upon himself to avenge the death of Julius Cæsar, who had been his most intimate friend, who rekindled the torch of civil war in his country; and who, after having valiantly and happily fought for the cause that he had espoused, was obliged to share the empire with his cowardly but wary confederate Octavius.

Scarce was Anthony arrived in Asia than he was surrounded by a crowd of obsequious Kings, if we may call such wretches Kings, who kissed the yoke that oppressed them. Some presented themselves with the constancy of friends, others with the anxiety of newly subdued enemies. As amongst this last number Anthony expected to find Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, who, although rendered famous by having inspired Julius Cæsar with the most violent passion, had yet given assistance to the murderers of that illustrious man; Anthony was incensed at her absence, and ordered her to appear in person to receive the sentence already passed in his heart against her, but which, at length, fell heavily on himself.

Cleopatra knew too well the power of No. 106.—Vol. XVII.

her charms, to doubt one moment the effect they would have on a character like that of Mark Anthony. Experience had taught her that every perfection of mind and body were not, however, sufficient always to fix the heart of a lover: both Julius Cæsar and the son of Pompey had broken the fetters in which she formerly held them. This double mortification put her on the device of engaging Anthony in the interest with which she intended to inspire him: it was for this she sailed down the Cydus, habited like Venus, and for this she took those divers forms of seducing versatility which won the too easy heart of Anthony, for she had always loved his rank better than his person.

On the death of Fulvia, his wife, Anthony married Octavia, the sister of Octavius; a Princess in her first bloom of youth, and as remarkable for beauty as for virtue and accomplishments. His marriage with her was celebrated with the greatest acclamations of joy among the Romans, who looked upon it as a presage for putting an end to those long and cruel dissensions which had subsisted between their rulers.

A year had scarcely elapsed since this marriage, during which Anthony had lived at Rome as a good citizen, when he began to languish after the vain ostentation and effeminate luxuries of Asia, and taking Octavia with him, he departed for Athens.

Anthony could not behold again this sacred abode of the Muses which he had inhabited in the early age of innocence, without joy and transport. His heart, fired with the dear remembrance, sought to obtain true pleasure in those tranquil bowers where wisdom was taught, and he seemed to have banished all his vain and vicious habits; but while this happy change was the admiration of all those who had blushed at his former weaknesses and disorders, and while he was rendering himself every day dearer to his soldiers, the demon of jealousy was tormenting both Octavia and Cleopatra; one was enraged to find her rival so superior in outward charms, and the other at the known superiority of the Queen of Egypt in power and experience. Octavia awakened from a dream of delight to a fatal reality; yet Anthony could not

be blind to the virtues of his wife, nor deaf to her solicitations: these triumphed for a time; but soon the irretrievable relapse of Anthony caused them to part never to meet again.

Those only who have truly loved can form an idea of Octavia's feelings at this separation. No sooner was Anthony arrived in that part of the world where his vices had before reigned uncontrolled, than he broke off all restraint under the standard of a passion which by many is misnamed love. Cleopatra was sent for, and easily appeased by immense gifts and by those honours she ill deserved. Since that period every action of Anthony was marked by some new folly, every shameful step he took accelerated his ruin; his misconduct during the Parthian war was too remarkable to be passed over in silence, especially as it affords a striking example of the difference of a virtuous attachment, and that passion which is inspired only by vice.

Never had any nation so well chastised the Romans as the Parthians. Cræsus, who with difficulty escaped falling in the general carnage, was able to save one of the yet remaining eagles from falling into the hands of the enemy. These famous standards, as well as the honour of the Roman name, had not yet been recovered; for Julius Cæsar, who was, perhaps, the only warrior capable of undertaking this exploit, was killed, and the civil war which ensued had suspended the misplaced resentment of a people who arrogantly deemed the most just resistance a crime.

As Anthony had always affected to imitate this hero, whose power he had shared with Octavius, he gloried in having this expedition annexed to his government of Asia, and in which he had partly succeeded through the valour of his Lieutenant Ventidius; who, although without being able to obtain the desired restitution, had gained a considerable victory over the enemy.

It was to avail himself of this first advantage, that Anthony had quitted Italy and his amiable consort so suddenly; hav-

ing often boasted of being able to make the Parthians submit to the Roman yoke.

Prompted rather by the fear of shame than by the love of glory, he tore himself from the arms of Cleopatra; and with a heart weakened by his effeminacy, and a mind disordered by his passions, he took the command of an army composed of the best soldiers, who, putting confidence in an experienced General, found, too late, that they were only led to destruction by a slave to pleasure.

Impatient to return to the unworthy object of his love, he sued for a peace with the Parthians, in the only hope of gaining a safe retreat from the enemy he had so presumptuously threatened. The unfeeling Cleopatra held him in a continual state of intoxication. While Octavia, animated by real affection and unexampled generosity, was only considering on the best means to save him from utter ruin: she resolved to join Anthony before he quitted Egypt, but he could not bear to expose so excellent a woman to the insults of her arrogant rival, and he wrote to her to wait for him at Athens.

Cleopatra mustered up all her artifice: she feigned illness, and prevailed on the weak minded Anthony not to keep his promise with his virtuous wife. Octavia, on experiencing this perfidy, was nearly driven to despair; and to avenge her cause her brother Octavius now resolved on some pretext to quarrel with Anthony. For this an occasion soon offered; and forbearing afterwards to treat with him, Anthony was reduced to despair. For his unworthy mistress, who had always loved his fortunes better than himself, now seeing that the fickle Goddess had deserted him, sought only how to rid herself of the importunities of a wretched man. She had it given out that she was dead, and Anthony, in despair, stabbed himself. The incident of Cleopatra's poisoning herself afterwards by the bite of an asp, is known to every reader, and has nothing in it that actuated on the present subject—the character of Mark Anthony.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

A GENTLEMAN in Suffolk had an estate of two thousand pounds a-year; and an only son, who was brought up with the expectation of being heir to that fortune after his father's death. This took place when he was just four-and-twenty: but, when he came to look into his inheritance, he found the whole property so involved, that he had only left four hundred pounds a-year, which proved to be in church lands. He lived on this for about twelve months, but, during that time, was very melancholy. He then declared to his friends, that it was against his conscience to enjoy the revenue of what had belonged to the church, and that he could make himself easy in no other way but by restoring the lands; which he did, in spite of the persuasion of all his relations to the contrary, and left himself with no more than an annuity of fifty pounds. In the neighbourhood there was a Quaker, who always went once, and sometimes twice, a-year into Yorkshire, on business. At one house in that country he was received upon a footing of great intimacy by an old gentleman, who had an only daughter, that was to be his heiress, elegant in her person, of good temper, and well accomplished. The Quaker one day asked him why he did not get this young lady married? The gentleman replied, that it was what he wished to do, but he was determined never to dispose of her but to a man whose principles he approved, and who would come and settle upon the estate. If he could find such a person, he would give his daughter to him, though he was not worth a shilling. The Quaker related to him the history of his neighbour: and the old gentleman was so much delighted with his character, that he desired the Quaker to bring him to his house the next time he came; and, if the young people liked each other, it should be a match. The honest Quaker returned home, and, with great pleasure, told the young gentleman the prospect of this good fortune; but was sur-

prised to find all the arguments he could use wanted force to prevail on him to go. He declared that he would rather live upon his small annuity all his days, than marry a woman he did not previously love, though she possessed the wealth of the Indies.—When the time drew near for the Quaker to go again into Yorkshire, he applied to a relation of the young gentleman, with whom he lived, and shewed him several letters from the lady's father, requesting him to bring his friend along with him. By the importunity of this relation, and the Quaker's intreaty, the youth was at length prevailed on to accompany him; but under a feigned name, and only as an acquaintance whom he had met by accident on the road. Matters being thus settled, he set out with the Quaker, and was introduced to the old gentleman and his daughter.—They were all three so well pleased with each other, that they soon became better acquainted, and the young gentleman discovered who he was: the marriage was quickly concluded, and his wife brought him eighteen hundred pounds a-year, besides a considerable sum of money.—*Correspondence between Lady Harford and Lady Pomfret.*

REMARKS ON FEMALE POLITICIANS.

Oh! for the good old times! when females were satisfied with feminine employments, with cultivating their minds so far as to enable them to instruct their children in useful learning only, and to regulate their families with judicious economy; to learn those graces and that demeanor, which obtained and secured love and esteem, nor suffered the Laban images of foreign vanities to contaminate their tents. Daughters of England, be not beguiled; be assured that the study of politics is not essential to female accomplishments, that the possession of this machiavelian knowledge will neither make you better mothers, wives, or friends; that to obtain it, a long life, severe study, and the most laborious investigation, are indispensably ne-

cessary. Must it not excite the strongest emotions of contempt, to hear pert Misses, just escaped from boarding schools, harangue in a more peremptory language than Selden would have assumed, and with the slightest reading, and most superficial knowledge, presume to pass judgement on the political rights and conditions of nations!—*Beloe's Sexagenarian.*

AFFECTING STORY OF HENRY.

HENRY's father was a clergyman, discharging humbly and meritoriously his professional duties in a country village.—He discerned early marks of superior talents in his son, and placed him under a distinguished master, whose instructions have produced many eminent men, and accomplished scholars.

The youth's health was always delicate, which gave him a propensity to retirement, to books, and particularly to poetry. There was a characteristic taste, delicacy, and feeling, in his earliest productions, which will, at this distant period, stand the test of the severest criticism. Under the instructor above alluded to, he became a very good, if not a very profound scholar; and he went to the University with the greatest ardour for literary pursuits, still retaining his early prepossessions in favour of poetry.

The bias which he took towards ancient English poetry, and the perseverance and zeal with which he pursued and cultivated a knowledge of the earliest English poets, probably arose from his introduction to Thomas Wharton, whose *History of English Poetry*, and other productions in illustration of our ancient bards, were his great and constant favourites. With the feelings which this kind of reading inspired, aided by the delicate frame of his constitution, and the natural sensibility of his temper, he, at this period, wrote some beautiful pieces of poetry, which he was induced to print. They were soon disposed of, and were for a long time enumerated among the scarce tracts of our language, but they have since been reprinted.

It was not at all likely that such exquisite susceptibility of mind and temper as characterized our friend, should be a long time without fixing on one individual object to share his tenderness and sympathy. This accordingly happened; he surrender-

ed himself a willing captive to the charms of a lovely and accomplished woman, of the same age, and similar propensities with himself, and with respect to whom, there was but one thing wanted to secure a union between them, as much of happiness as can be the lot of humanity. The attachment was supposed to be reciprocal; this is, to appearance, implied by the following fragment, written, as it should seem, on revision of some verses composed by the lady in question:—

"The time was once when oft the long day
through,
"Far, far too busy for my present peace,
"O'er these, the pensive fabled of your muse,
"I hung enamour'd, whilst, with anxious glance,
"The kindred feelings of my youthful years,
"In visionary view, full glad I found,
"And blissful dreams, familiar to my heart,
"O'er which sweet Hope her gilding pall had
flung.
"Such, oh! such scenes, with Myra to have
shared,
"Was all my fruitless prayers e'er asked of Fate.
* * * * *
"Mischance stood by, and watched, and at an
hour
"When least I thought her near, with hasty hand
"All my fair pictur'd hopes at once defaced."

The lines which follow, are much too beautiful to require any apology for insertion:—

"The traveller, thus, when low'ring skies im-
pend,
"In sorrowing silence leaning on his staff,
"From some ascent his weary steps have gained,
"Breathless looks back, and, pausing, wonders
well
"The lengthen'd landscape past: now hid, he
finds,
"Mid far off mists, and thick surrounding
showers,
"Each city, wandering stream, and wildering
wood,
"Where late, in joy secure, he journeyed blythe,
"Nor met the phantom of a single fear,
"Where every cloud, illumined by the sun,
"Hung lovely, and each zephyr fragrance
breathed."

The obstacle, however, could not be removed, and it was deemed expedient and prudential that the connection should be dissolved. It was so, but our friend never got the better of the shock which his sensibility sustained. He absented himself from his friends, and when he again appeared among them he introduced a wife; but

such a wife!—no more like her by whom he had been rejected, than he himself to Hercules. Who she was, where he found her, why he married her, are matters which, if known at all, can only be so to a very few. But the vessel was too much shaken, and battered, and crazy, to weather many of the gales of life. There was deadly and corrosive poison lurking within. It was deemed advisable that he should try the air of Lisbon. He prepared to do so, and, in his progress thither, before he embarked, he visited him who now pays this tribute to his memory. But oh! how altered! He was also alone; he who wanted, he who merited every care, every attention of the tenderest sympathy, had, when approaching to the last stage of pulmonary decay, no friend, no companion, no kindness to soothe his sufferings, or cheer him on his way. Shame! shame! shame! She, whose duty, if not affection, should have prompted her to undertake the benevolent office, remained behind; and, if not foully slandered, went to the theatre with a paramour, within an hour after parting with her husband, with every probability of seeing him no more. She

married this same fellow afterwards; but both are dead, and may God forgive them.

But as we were saying, he proceeded to Lisbon, where he would have died a victim to the want of proper attention and attendance, but that the incidental recommendation of a friend procured for him hospitality of no ordinary kind or extent. All was, however, unavailing, and he returned without benefit. He did not survive a great while afterwards, but, to the last, retained his native sweetness of temper, unruffled by sufferings, and his elegance of taste and powers of intellect, unclouded and undiminished. Peace to his ashes. A purer spirit has not heaven. He died at the early age of twenty-four; yet, in that short interval, he directed the national taste to the investigation of natural and simple beauties, which had long lurked unnoticed and unknown, in the productions of our earlier bards; and, had he lived, would, beyond all doubt, have pursued the course of his studious propensities, and have brought to maturity somewhat of still greater importance to the literature of his country.—*From the same.*

THE FLUTE-PLAYER.—A HINT TO THE DISCONTENTED.

"Endure the hardships of your present state,

"Live and reserve yourselves for better fate."—DRYDEN.

WHEN the mind has become enervated by melancholy, discontent and murmuring will too often add to the bitterness of our regrets. We then impiously arraign the goodness of the deity, and are apt to suppose, that the thunderbolt is levelled only at our head, and that we, of all our fellow beings, are only destined to feel his wrath. We then repine at our lot; we throw ourselves on the couch of lassitude, and, bewailing our peculiar fate, we refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; we refuse to listen to the voice of comfort, to which we are as the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears.

In vain are the exhortations of friendship, we hear them not; in vain is the cup of inebriation poured out, the soul of sensibility shrinks from a wish of that forget-

fulness which is to be purchased at the expence of reason; but when we discover that there are partners in our misery, or one more wretched than ourselves, we appear more resigned to our fate.

It was on one of those nights, when a beautiful serene moon makes a walk even more pleasant than on a hot sunny day, when, prevented from a further excursion from my lodgings, I strolled into Soho-square. Although in so public a place, surrounded by a thousand lamps, nearly, however, obscured by the power of the chaste empress of night, I viewed her pale face only. I endeavoured to recall those days, which can never return, when, far distant from this scene, arm locked in arm, I had strolled with Ellen by its beamy light, and when we were parted, enjoyed the old and ridi-

culous idea, except to lovers, of regarding, at one and the same time, the same object with those we love. It was all the pleasure I had when absent from her, and I sighed when I felt that pleasure was no longer mine.

Retrospection brought Ellen to my sight, when she died in my arms. It was this evening, just seven years ago. Yes, I remembered how often, when parental love has called me from her I held so dear, have the last moments, when I paused to throw myself upon my bed, been retarded, in viewing that orb which Ellen promised, at that hour, to regard also. I heeded not the passing objects, till I came to a crowd who had surrounded a ballad-singer. I was diverted somewhat from my melancholy, for it became too dangerous to indulge in; remembrance had called up such scenes that I dared not trust myself longer with. But how the loud laugh disgusted me, when I knew it was stimulated by a fictitious joy, for it proceeded from a group of females, whose feelings could little accord with their outward semblance of mirth. I pulled out my key, and entered the garden of the square; the gate clanged mournfully upon the ear; I threw myself upon a seat, and was soon lost in vacuity. It was one of those evenings when autumn appears lingering sadly loth behind; the leaves had begun to fall, and the current, ever and anon, drove them down the narrow walks. The air was cool, but not, to me, disagreeably so; and I was quickly lulled into a sweet and holy melancholy; dangerous, perhaps, yet such as I would not have lost for all the glare of the ball-room. At length the sound of a flute broke upon mine ear; it was not played masterly, but the tones were very sweet; and what is more correct, perhaps, they harmonized with my feelings. The air the musician had chosen, was that set to Addison's beautiful and sublime pastoral evening hymn; and never did it more delight me, and as he played the *da capo* movement, I could not forbear aspiring

"Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
"And guide me through the dreadful shade."

The player paused, the laughter-loving crew had all retired from the square; the notes of the instrument were again heard, pensive and slow; they came again, and,

as the player paced on, became less distinct. At the end of the hymn again repeated, I left the garden to discover from whence the sounds came, and I was not long before my curiosity became gratified: the object appeared before me. It was a tall elderly man, bending over his flute, with apparent pious intent; his garb was threadbare, but clean; from his wrist was suspended a stick, while his venerable grey hairs, partly restrained by an old hat, blew round his head, and gave him the appearance of an ancient Druid. He finished a little serious *ad libitum* air: threw up his eyes to heaven, and the moon left a face on which grief and resignation were evidently striving for mastery. I waited till a solitary passenger passed on; he had vented a sarcasm on the kind of music my friend had chosen. I felt for the old man, and presented myself before him. "Do you never play merrier notes, my friend?"—"No Sir," was his answer.—"Surely," added I, "you meet with but few to reward you for reminding us of that period which we all strive so earnestly to forget?"—"Your observation is just, Sir," continued he; "but God is good, and an old man like me wants but little. I cannot remain much longer here, and when I die, what satisfaction will it be to me to find myself richer at the expence of my conscience? There is a time for all things, and I now leave, for younger players, those notes which are more congenial to their season. A man must be a fool, Sir, who, on going a long journey, does not provide himself accordingly."—"By your conversation," said I, "you must have lived a better life?"—"Say rather, young man, a richer."—"Then your resignation to your fate is more worthy of—" "Stop, my friend," he exclaimed, warmly; "your conversation is like your age, inexperienced. Recollect this lot is forced upon me.—Once I repined at it, now I regard it as a blessing. I am weaned from the world; I am now, I hope, worthier heaven. It has cost me much, but this gained serenity is much more than I deserve. Had I known, when young, what I had to suffer, I should have said, my troubles are more than I can bear; but the heart does not break so soon. Providence is good, and when he chastises, gives also a healthy

medicine. If you have any curiosity to know my wretched life, I will give you the information ; perhaps it may do you good." With thankfulness I consented, and heard a tale of woe, the recollection of which, even now, fills my eyes with tears. It was fraught with almost the troubles of a Job, and, for long, without his consolation.

His education had been good enough, he said, to create many wants. He raised himself to independence, but a fire first began to wreck his fortune; sickness followed : his darling son expired before his face, a martyr to his irregularities ; he murmured, and endeavoured to resist that power who orders every thing for the best. Another son fell a victim to the injured laws of his country. "Now," said he, "I even cursed my existence, and remained still stubborn, when my last remaining child, a lovely girl, strove all in her power to reclaim me, and comfort me in my affliction. My temper became soured, and my

manners brutal ; and I drove her from my roof. A despoiler of innocence offered himself ; she threw herself at my feet, confessed herself ruined, and died while a father's anathema trembled on my lips.—Tears, at length, scaled these aged cheeks ; at length I owned the chastening arm of the deity ; mourned in sackcloth, mentally, my delinquency ; and now bend with resignation to the will of heaven.

"And now," said the old man, recovering himself, and with a placid look, "I envy no one ; I think I shall be happy in another and a better world, where grief and sorrow are no more, and where all tears shall be wiped away. Go, young man," said he, "continue to be virtuous, and may my visitation furnish others with an awful example of man's evil and God's mercy."

He would only accept a trifle. I pondered over his story till the shades of midnight found me wrapt in sleep.

SUBSTITUTES FOR YOUTHFUL ATTRACTIONS, AND HINTS FOR MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

YEARS of absolute sway, as a beauty and affluent fashionable, glided away in frivolous pleasures ; but the encroachments of age found Melandria incapable of retiring with dignified placidity into comparative insignificance ; and all ladies who have suffered the shock of discerning in themselves the wane of brilliant loveliness, will understand better than words can portray, the bitter mortification inflicted by irresistible conviction that youth was flown for ever ; and that even a splendid establishment could not enable a damsel of thirty-six to rival the blooming heiresses springing into notice around her. An eruption on her face aggravated Melandria's misfortunes ; but an empiric undertook to effect a perfect cure in two months : and she provided herself with many paquets of his patent nostrum, determined to seclude herself at a small seat in the north of England, which was hastily fitted up for her reception.

She travelled *incog.* with only her waiting-maid, a postillion, and a groom, on whose secrecy she could rely ; and to make

her retreat more private, hired a common postchaise in place of her own fine equipage.

The third day of her journey terminated late in the evening at an inn, where she soon learned great preparations were making for a country ball ; and the landlady, unaware of the rank and fortune of her guest, urged her to dress and go into the great room, as a spectator, if she did not choose to dance ; for it would be less *disturbing* to look on and give her pretty eyes a share of the sport, than to be hearing the fiddles scraping, and the company pounding away when she was in bed.—Melandria yielded to this reasoning and to her own passion for amusement on all occasions ; which, when it could not be procured with superb embellishment, she deigned to accept the time-killing aid in homely guise. She took her place in the ball-room before any of the company had arrived. The second dance was nearly concluded when an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a delicate looking young man, came in, and took chairs behind Me-

landria, as she supposed for the benefit of air to the seeming invalid. She found herself deeply interested by their conversation, perhaps because she heard the senior addressed as my Lord; and the junior, in speaking to him, displayed great vivacity and good nature by his remarks upon the dancers. The fourth set were forming themselves when the young man said:—"If my health would allow me to dance I would make my bows to some of those ladies on whom no gallant fellow has had compassion. Though a *belle* has passed her prime she may still like to dance, and we ought to put acceptance or refusal in her option."

"I do indeed pity the *wall-flowers* in such scenes of festivity, and I think my sister has chosen the better part in seldom appearing unless to take charge of young friends. Yet several of the inactive gentlemen who are slowly pacing the room, instead of seeking partners, or essaying to entertain the sedentary ladies, would attend Florentia were she here, and think themselves recompensed by her conversation."

"Every refined and intelligent man must receive pleasure and improvement by conversing with lady Florentia, my Lord. Her Ladyship is eminently qualified likewise for engaging youth to cultivate their native endowments; she has made me ambitious to re-learn many things I once knew and had forgotten, or to enlarge the sphere of my scientific and literary knowledge."

"You had a long dialogue last night, and my grandchildren appeared much interested. You had almost spoiled my game at chess with Sir Lawrence Halford: I wished to listen, but was soon made to feel it is folly to expect we can perform two parts at the same time. I could but barely hear you discussing the nature of man, his capabilities and attainments."

"Lady Florentia had received a letter from a correspondent at Paris, concerning the ingenious Frenchman who lately contrived a harness by which he can equally load all parts of his body. Thus he ascertained that a man of ordinary conformation could support a weight of one hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds; and gave it as his opinion, that were the strength of one individual collected to one point, he

might any day raise from the ground a mass weighing seventy-two thousand pounds. These facts and conjectures led to consideration of the corporeal and mental superiority of man over the irrational creation."

"The intellectual superiority cannot be disputed, but you remember the reply of the lion to one of our species who shewed him the picture of a lion killed by a man. Now we must admit, that if lions were painters they could with truth exhibit on canvass the sanguinary triumphs of their prowess over ours; so might the horse, for instance, our domestic slave, controvert our physical pre-eminence."

"Pardon me, my Lord, for debating your Lordship's sentiments, and give me leave to refer the question to Lady Florentia. I was of your Lordship's side of the question till Lady Florentia proved to me my notions were erroneous. Her Ladyship reminded me that the size of a human body to that of a horse, is as one to six or seven; and were the horse strong in proportion, he ought to carry packages ponderous to the amount of twelve thousand pounds; but the undoubted truth is, that stout porters, and persons employed in loading and unloading ships, persevere day after day in transporting from one place to another burdens that if laid upon a horse for any length of time would render him unfit for service, and often kill the noble drudge."

"Well, suppose the more durable muscular powers should be conceded to man, the horse may assert an ample claim to swiftness. That incredulous smile tells me every inch of ground must be contested for my equestrian client."

"In absence of counsel more eloquent and learned, may I quote the evidences adduced by her Ladyship?"

"Certainly; our eyes are satiated in beholding the evolutions performed under the light banners of Terpsichore, and we must entertain each other till Sir Lawrence Halford has tired himself 'on the light fantastic toe.' Pray what had my sister to advance in evidence of human pretension to surpassing velocity of motion?"

"Her Ladyship allowed that over a short space a horse might outstrip man; but brief must be the equestrian victory if the competition was prolonged. Man is so much

the creature of habit, that practice brings him almost to work miracles upon his own frame. The Persian couriers skim a surface of thirty German leagues in twelve hours, and thus continue the exertion many days. The American savages tire down the fleet elk, and catch him by mere rapidity in the chase. In six or eight weeks they perform journeys of fourteen hundred leagues, though their course lies through rugged unbeaten tracts, up steep hills, and among stumps of trees. Astonishing pedestrian feats are not unusual in Britain, and tumblers and dancers on the slack wire and tight rope acquire a force and flexibility of joints and sinews which no brutal ferocity nor tenacity of fibre has ever equalled. Skaiting on the ice corroborates this argument. And what command of their own person must be attained by the gymnosophists, who stand several years on a pillar without ever descending, and even learn to sleep in that unnatural position."

"Cui bono?"

"These poor enthusiasts believe their self-inflicted hardships beneficial as penances; and though, my Lord, I cannot defend their superstition, they serve to demonstrate the efficacy of perseverance in whatever man desires to achieve. Our common masons and slaters, moving from one station to another, and carelessly singing while they work on the most lofty buildings; and our sailors, amidst the horrors of a storm ascending to the topmast, all prove how susceptible of mechanical increase of active power is the human machine. Not to insist upon the questionable account of Nicolo Pesce, who could float two days on the billows, and dived for a golden cup in the straits between Sicily and Calabria, we have authentic information respecting the savage women of New Holland, with baskets about their necks, seeking for shell-fish beneath the waves. The Indian pearl fishers remain five, or even seven minutes at the bottom of the Gulph of Ormus; and these aquatic prodigies are far transcended by the South-Sea islanders plunging into the foaming surf, diving and sporting like fishes through their native element; even children only four years old are expert swimmers."

The young gentleman paused, and his companion subjoined—"My sister might

have availed herself of further instances. The bird hunters of Norway and St. Kilda venturing over precipices; the peasants of Brundelen taking and giving lessons in walking over dangerous irregularities of surface, in assisting their cattle to ascend the mountains for pasture, or mowing hay on heights where they must be drawn up and lowered by ropes. The inhabitants of Mount Ceniz carrying travellers in straw chairs, with a back and arms, and a foot-board slung by leather thongs, by which they keep their seat while the hardy bearers transport them up steep acclivities, without panting or resting in their toil for two hours. And these temperate laborious mountaineers often reach the age of a hundred years."

"I rejoice to observe your Lordship not only inclining to Lady Florentia's opinions, but lending an able aid to corroborate the arguments which, I have no doubt, her Ladyship could have multiplied, but the children coming in to bid good night, begged the usual indulgence of hearing more wonders. I was charmed to hear them so accurately recapitulate the information they received the preceding day. They described the situation and peculiarities of Mount Hecla, Mount Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Mount Etna, and seemed to have a lively conception how those stupendous laboratories of nature emitted smoke, flames, and lava; enumerated the three climates of Mount Etna, the *regione culta*, the *regione sylvestris*, and the *regione deserta*; nor did they rehearse by rote. Lady Florentia asked many questions, and desired me to propose others, to ascertain if they comprehended the subject. The enormous chestnut trees were not forgotten; and the association of ideas led them to inquire of me, as an Asiatic adventurer, if ever I had seen the banian tree, where thousands of men could be sheltered, and which continually spreads by pendulous runners from the branches, and taking root in the earth? Lord F—— reminded his sisters of the African ensada, which is of the same nature with the banian; of the immensely large leaves of the tulypot, the East India palm, with leaves in the form of an umbrella, and more than six yards across, and some of larger growth: the aristolochia, the flowers of which serve children for hats;

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the climbers, whose branches are the length of several hundred yards; and the gigantic bamboos of India, which, in some parts, are of a girth that when split equally they make two entire canoes."—At this moment the dance concluded, and Sir Lawrence Halford joined Lord B—. Melaudria heard him say, "If I could think it possible the owner of several fine carriages would travel in a hack, and appear unattended and in a plain dress in a ball-room, I would swear Miss — occupied the seat before us."

"No, no, it cannot be," said Lord B—. "I have been so long abroad I should not know the lady, but the splendid style of her establishment has been intimated to all who read the court register."

"She is my aunt," said the young man; "and most fervently do I wish she may prove the counterpart of Lady Florentia, maintaining her influence in society by intellectual attractions and beneficence, after time has laid a withering hand upon her exterior. I owe her every thing; my education, my appointment in India, the maternal protection and advantageous settlement of my sisters. May she who made us so happy derive happiness for herself from intrinsic worth, which age and decrepitude cannot impair!"

Melaudria could refrain no longer; with tottering steps she left the ball-room, sent for her nephew to her own parlour, and made herself known. Lord B— requested an introduction, invited her to sleep at

his house; and Lady Florentia's precepts and example qualified her to ensure respectability and enjoyments independent of youth and admiration. The Earl of B—'s grandchildren were the offspring of his eldest son, who, with his lady, had died two years previous to this date. His Lordship's unmarried sister, Lady Florentia, received them as a sacred trust from their mother—and few mothers so minutely inspect and regulate the treatment bestowed upon the body and mind of childhood. In place of diverting them with fairy tales that mislead the judgment with false notions, her Ladyship related facts which might be afterwards recollected to promote the object of their studies; and she had the nursery walls decorated with prints to illustrate the information she imparted.—Melaudria acted the same maternal part to her grandnieces, though their parents survived: she became the rational, pleasant, and edifying friend of her nephew, who resided in her house, and improved his talents by conversing with her.

If the fair readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* approve the mode of tuition adopted by Lady Florentia and Melaudria, we shall communicate more of the wonders they detailed to gratify and inform their pupils. We shall now only add, that Melaudria ordered the quack medicines to be sunk in a deep hole in her garden; and regular hours, with the salutary effects of a cheerful serene temper, removed the eruption on her face.

A GAELIC LEGEND.

MILD, silvery, cloudless, the wintry moon sheds her beams over the hallowed mound where repose the late soul-breathing beauties of Gualnaslua.* Deep silence reigns, save the heart-drawn sighs and unequal steps of her hero in his labour of love, resounding through the still air. Kinsmen and clansmen craved leave to rear the cairn of deathless renown for her who was first in goodness as in loveliness, and highest in worth as in honour.

But with gushing floods of woe unutterable the spouse intimated thanks, though he

would not yield to their request; and when all were wrapped in slumbers he steals from his restless couch to vent his load of sorrow, and to rear the memorial of happiness—gone never to return. Beneath his mighty hand the pile grows, heap after heap, watered by briny tears. Long ere the tardy morn faintly tinges the east, the mourner is stretched upon the ice-bound earth. His arms embrace the narrow house. His heavy locks in wild disorder are covered with feathery frost; yet he feels not the piercing chill, for more benumbing is the desolation in his bosom, till fresh bursts of agony pour aloud the language of pas-

* *Gualnaslua*, beloved of a multitude.

imate grief.—The lover droops over an untimely grave that devours the early blossom of his doubtful hope. But he knows not—he cannot know the crowding images of the past that agonize the memory when bewailing a soothing partner of joy or care. Spring shall extend her green robe over hill and dale, and summer nourish her wide scattered flowers; the clustering nut and blushing berry may often and again refresh the panting huntress weary in the chase; and winter shall spread his fleecy covering over many lands; but no changing seasons, no revolving lights of the sky, no succession of time shall assuage to Crinatrenner* the intense pain of a lingering yet mortal wound to his peace, nor abate the tide of anguish flowing from bereaved affections. Why did not one sod press for ever upon Gualnaslua and her fond Crinatrenner? Why are we torn asunder as the young towering oak rent by a sudden storm? one half perishes instantly, and the other survives but to pine and decay. As the sun struggling among pale mists, lo! a stream of rays advancing rolls away this solemn darkness.—“It is my Gualnaslua! Speak to me, my love, for comfort ever hung upon thy voice. I cannot clasp thy airy form, but let my soul find consolation in thy speech; let me behold the motion of those lips whose sweetness still dwells upon mine. Speak, oh! speak to me, my love!”

“Let comfort from the lips of thy Gualnaslua impart new peace to thy distracted

spirit. Days and years shall speed away as the flight of the eagle to her callow young; this moment she is seen on the mountlet, the next she mocks our sight on the loftiest cliffs—so short will seem the course of time when past, and Crinatrenner has joined the halls of the mighty and the pure, where Gualnaslua escaped from the withering gripe of encroaching age. Our babe has fled from the pains of helpless infancy and the second childhood of multiplied seasons. There shall thy shade seek endless sunshine and eternal youth, and as three stars united in their path we shall skim the blue vault above, or recline in our bowers of calm delight; while our babe, sportive and agile as the fawns of our woody swelling hills, shall smile us into joy. Lucid as the waveless fluid of the deep river, radiant as the noonday sky is his spotless soul. Light is his step on our ever fresh and flowery meads, for no grief hath weighed on his thoughts. Let comfort from the lips of thy Gualnaslua restore peace to thy manly breast. Thy tears wring drops from her unearthly heart; they envelope in gloom the mists that waft her to feast these fond eyes on thy features. She cannot see thee clearly, my love, till thy high descended courage shall rise superior to the shafts of affliction. If thy Gualnaslua may have power over thy mind, rouse from overwhelming anguish, and give her back to the dearest delight of viewing thy countenance without a dim and watery veil.”

EPITOME OF FRENCH MANNERS.

PHYSICIANS.

WHEN I first began, as I may say, my entrance into the world, the physicians with their great wigs had disappeared, and had given place to those who wore a wig with a knocker; while a black velvet coat, a *solitaire*, and an ivory-headed cane hanging at their wrist, were characterizing marks of their profession: a box, containing *dragées*, of mother-of-pearl, in the waistcoat pocket, was not yet become so indispensable as it was fifteen years after.—Physicians who had this box, carried off

all the custom of the *boudoirs*, and entered the lists of rivalry with the Abbé in obtaining all the suffrages of the saloon; a fashionable lady had then her pug dog, her Doctor, her parrot, her Abbé, her little jockey, and her great Hungarian soldier. These Hippocrates belonging to the toilet had their peculiar jargon, and to them we are indebted for the invention of vapours, on which they lived for the space of twenty years.

To these puppets of physicians succeeded those of Germany, who undertook to cure all disorders by means of magnetism and electricity. These were extremely simple

* Crinatrenner, the heart of a hero.

in their manners; they wore a great coat of brown cloth, buttoned all the way down the front like Quakers; they wore also a little round wig, without powder, and this was their general costume. They fancied themselves obliged to make, at least once in their lives, a pilgrimage to Switzerland, to gather herbs from the Alps, and to confer with Tronchin, in the Pays du Vaud.

Such was the state of pharmacy at the time I left France, to return to it in the space of half a century. One painful circumstance gives me occasion to remark the material changes which have taken place in the healing art during my long absence. My good Ottaly, whose constitution is cruelly tried by a foreign climate, and a regimen to which she is unaccustomed, was brought to the point of death from the want of two or three plants of Guyaune, which the savage inhabitants make use of in every disorder. These beneficent productions of nature are never ordered by professed physicians.

I have very little faith in medicine; but many believe firmly in its efficacy. I would not, however, take upon myself to prescribe for a malady which seemed so serious. I had the sick person transported to Paris, and I went to a celebrated physician recommended to me by Madame de L—. When I arrived at the Doctor's house I found above twenty people waiting for him in the saloon: I was introduced as soon as it came to my turn. Dr. Norville was a man of about fifty years of age, but who behaves as if he was only thirty, or rather twenty-five. What first strikes one is the high opinion he seems to entertain of himself, and for his own interest. He was dressed in a morning gown of the most dazzling whiteness, and seated in a great chair of cedar, ornamented with gilt bronze representing the attributes of Hermes; his book-case was of satin-wood, and was filled with all the treasures of knowledge; only I observed that the binding of the books was so fresh and brilliant that there was every reason to think they were but seldom opened: but at the same time I might imagine that so intelligent a man had nothing more to learn from books; nor had I any reason to doubt it on examining the two pilasters on the chimney-piece, which were incrustated with above a score of medals of

gold and silver, which the Doctor had obtained from every college in Europe.

After M. Norville had made me sit down, he politely informed himself of the subject of my visit, and without waiting for my answer, he asked me after the health of Madame de L—. "What a woman!" continued he; "why is it that our art has not power to stop the course of time?"—Then he spoke of her beautiful chateau in the forest of Senart; of a *fête* that he had the directing of there last year; then, with the most easy transition in the world, he entertained me with the account of some elections in which he had been named as a candidate; of the first concert of Madame Catalani, where he had taken a box; of the allies, of the failure of Madame Saqui, the Boulevard du Gand, and the re-appearance of Talma. He then recollected that it was his day to go to the Theatre Français, and rang to tell his servant that he should dine with the Countess de Senne-court.—"Oh! you did not tell me," resumed he, "to what I owe the honour of seeing you; but I have not particularly applied to the *semeiatica*, and I think I know already your malady. You have—you are about fourscore, that is a disorder against which I know of no remedy; and we must leave nature to herself."—"I am come to consult you about another person I brought over with me from America."—A printer was now announced; he brought the proof sheets of an *Essay upon Palpitations*, that the Doctor had read in the first class of the Institute; he sent it away again to have the errors corrected by a young pupil, who had gained his knowledge at the Hospital of St. Louis, and whom he charged to have a particular regard to the printing of his essay.

His secretary then came in to shew him a rough copy of a dedication to one of his works, to a German Prince. The Doctor added to it a few sentences, in which he compared a sovereign, who had furnished the coalition with 127 men, to Alexander patronizing Aristotle.

At every interruption M. Norville begged me to excuse him; once when I felt a little vexed at his impertinence, I thought I would amuse myself with his folly. His *valet de chambre* came and whispered something in his ear, and at the same moment

a young woman, whose large straw bonnet concealed her countenance, was introduced into the Doctor's closet. He rose, and took her by the hand; I was about to retire—"Stay," said he to me, "I will attend to you in a moment: I have only a word or two to say to this lady."—And he conducted her into a window recess; and that I might not appear to listen, I began to turn over the leaves of a book.

The little lady, whose countenance was very agreeable though rather pale, was reflected by a glass she was not aware of, and which was placed just opposite to me. She did not think that I saw her blush and cast down her eyes as she spoke to the Doctor, who seemed to listen to her with attention and delight. After a quarter of an hour's whispering, the lady took her leave.—"See now what it is," said the Doctor, when he came in again after having handed her down. "There is a husband absent—a little mistake has happened; it is embarrassing, but physicians are obliging; and two or three months too soon, we say, is an usual thing. Well, but you was saying——" "That I have a housekeeper who is a mulatto——" "A housekeeper! how old is she?"—"O, fifty, at least."—"Ah! that makes a difference." "I think she is attacked with a defluxion on the lungs."—Here a M. Rougeard was announced; and I saw enter, or rather roll into the room, a man about four feet high, and who appeared to be double in circumference.—"Well, my dear fellow, how are you?"—"Always in pain."—"You labour too much."—"What would you have, Doctor; my partners are fools, my clerks are a parcel of brutes, and I am obliged to find sense for all these people."—"When do you go into the country?"—"I wait for the adjudication of general provisions."—"A few more millions to be gained."—"Pshaw! millions; I want health, and in order to procure it I must take you with me to La Grimaudiere, where I mean to pass the rest of the summer. We will hunt, you shall ride on horseback and I in my calash."—"But I have so much practice." "I shall leave my affairs here, and you may very well leave your sick; they will not die."—"Agreed; I want a month's retirement to finish my grand work on the muscular system; we will see about it."—

"In the mean time, what regimen do you prescribe for me?"—"Continue Tivoli, and bark infused in wine."—"You will dine with me to-morrow; we shall be amused; I give the artists a dinner: I must go—I must meet the war minister."—"Adieu, Rougeard; exercise, my dear fellow, exercise; but above all things, let me beg you to break off your visits in the Rue de Clichy, I intreat of you, I have my reasons for requesting it."—"Adieu, Doctor, remember to-morrow."

"You don't know that fat man," said M. Norville, after he was gone out; "he is more than worth his weight in gold, though he has been a bankrupt four times. But let us proceed to your business: your American woman has a defluxion on the lungs, you say?"—"A note was now put into his hand."—"I must be off; I am waited for at the Hotel de Sennecour; the Duke is arrived amongst the sick from the army."—He then rang for his *valet de chambre*, and begged I would permit him to dress; and all the time he was at his toilet he spoke to me of the influence of the atmosphere, of nervous irritations, and the over fullness of the lymphatic vessels, and the necessity of using antifebrifuges: desired them to bring him his American green coat, his diamond lily, and his foreign orders; ordered for the sick person cooling draughts, and an emulsion mixed up with barley-water: routed up his hair in front before the glass, promised to be in town again the next day, without inquiring the sick woman's address, and jumped into his carriage after making me a thousand apologies.

I was in a rage, and the name of puppy, loudly articulated, struck my ear from a man who went out with me.—"That is the best appellation for that coxcomical Doctor," said he. "I went to call him to my wife, who is, like many others, infatuated with him, while we have only at next door M. Moncel, a truly skilful man, of whom she will not hear me speak, because he attends all the poor of our quarter *gratis*." I had no time to lose, I requested the address of this Doctor; and I went to the end of a narrow street in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, into a little cottage situated in a garden, the singular appearance of which prepossessed me in favour of its inhabitant. I was introduced into a back

parlour, where M. Moncel was employed in an anatomical demonstration with two or three pupils whom he made to work under his own immediate eye. I told him, in a few words, the subject of my visit, and I begged him to give me his advice in writing, if he was not at leisure then to accompany me.—“I will follow you immediately,” said he; “written remedies are but idle trash, I must see my patients to know how to prescribe, and I can best give advice as I stand by a sick bed.”—As he spoke he took up his hat and cane; pointed out to his pupils what they were to do in his ab-

sence, desired them to meet him at six the next morning at the Hotel Dieu, and ascended my carriage in order to accompany me.

I perceive, with regret, that I have given too much of my pages to criticism, and that I have but little room left for praise. A few words, however, are sufficient to inform my readers, that Dr. Moncel visited my poor Ottaly, that he bestowed on her the most assiduous attention, and that in a very few days her health was perfectly restored.

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XIII.

Kew.—This small spot is remarkable for the romantic beauty of its appearance, and for the taste and elegance of its palace, which was frequently the residence of our beloved monarch: this mansion, in the time of George II. belonged to Samuel Molyneux, Esq. secretary to his Majesty, when Prince of Wales: his son Frederic, father to our present beloved Sovereign, was the first who made it a royal residence; and his widow, the Princess Dowager of Wales, took great delight in improving the gardens by those various embellishments, which confer high honour on the taste of her late Royal Highness; she converted a flat and barren level, into a most beautiful pleasure ground. The old palace was very small, and only adapted to a private retreat; the new one is on a more extensive scale, but is, like all other Gothic buildings, of rather a gloomy appearance. The botanic garden, consisting of plants exotic and indigenous, is reckoned to contain the completest collection in the world; and to bring it to this height of perfection, was a favourite pursuit of the present King. A new house has been very recently built, one hundred and ten feet in length, for the reception of African plants only; the flower-garden is inclosed by thick and lofty trees, and the end facing the chief entrance, is filled by an extensive aviary of birds, foreign and domestic. In the centre of this garden, surrounded by the most beautiful flowers, is a basin stocked with gold and silver fish.

In different parts of the gardens are various fancy buildings and temples, most of them designed by that famous architect, Sir William Chambers. The Temple of the Sun is of the Corinthian order. The Saloon is richly finished, and its interior handsomely gilt, and in twelve compartments the twelve different signs of the Zodiac are represented in *bas-relief*. The Temple of Bellona is distinguished by the trophies of war, helmets, and daggers: that of Pan, stands in a solitary walk, and is of the Doric order. The Temple of Eolus is built on an eminence; that dedicated to Solitude stands in the south front of the palace. The House of Confucius is a Chinese octagon, two stories high; the lower consists of one room and two closets, the upper of a saloon, commanding a fine prospect of the lake and gardens. The walls and ceiling of this house are painted with grotesque Chinese ornaments, chiefly relating to the history of Confucius: near to it, in a thicket, is a water-engine, which supplies the lake and basins with water, and raises thirty-six thousand hogheads in twelve hours. The Temple of Victory was built in honour of the laurels gained at Minden, by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in 1759.

The upper part of the garden is laid out in a large wilderness, on the border of which stands a kind of Moorish palace, or *Alhambra*, and so called: it is rather wanting in resemblance to these ancient and warlike edifices; this is fronted with a

portico of double columns, and has a lant-born on its summit. In the middle of the wilderness is erected that superb building, which is perceptible at a great distance, the Chinese Pagoda, built in imitation of the Chinese Taa: it is composed of ten stories, diminishing in circumference as they ascend: round each story is a gallery, inclosed in a rail, with a succession of projecting roofs, after the Chinese manner.—This tower is one hundred and sixty-three feet in height.

Kew was the residence of Sir Peter Lely, the celebrated painter of Charles the Second's reign: and the patronage of Queen Caroline bestowed a house, in this place, on Stephen Duck, who, from a thrasher, became a poet of some fame.

The remains of Meyer, a miniature painter of high celebrity, are deposited in Kew Chapel, and have over them a marble tablet, affixed against the south wall; and Gainsborough, whose works will for ever immortalize his name, reposes under a plain stone, marked only with the date of his death.

MORTLAKE.—This pleasant village is situated on the banks of the Thames, about seven miles from London. Its manor belonged formerly to the Archbishops of Canterbury, and the manor-house served as their residence. The Stone Lodge, on the hill, was built by George I. for a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the chace, but it was not finished till after his death. There are two hundred and fifty acres of garden ground in this parish; and prodigious quantities of lavender and asparagus are cultivated in it. The church is of very ancient foundation, though the present structure was erected in 1543. Its walls are of flint and stone, in chequer work.—Amongst the remarkable persons there interred, is John Partridge, the famous almanack-maker, who rose to eminence by dint of industry, and severe application, having taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and, having studied physic, was appointed physician to Charles II. and to William and Mary.

Mortlake was also the residence of another very extraordinary character, Dr. John Dee, who was such a proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy, that he was thought to be a magician, and conversant

with evil spirits; and such was the ignorance or superstition of the age in which he lived, that he almost persuaded himself he really possessed supernatural powers.—The benevolent Edward Colston, who, in his life-time, distributed ten thousand pounds in deeds of charity, lived at Mortlake.

PUTNEY.—This place stands also on the banks of the Thames, and is an extensive parish, containing a considerable portion of heath and waste land. That which is cultivated is much occupied by gardeners and nurserymen. The village of Putney produced two of England's best statesmen, West, Bishop of Ely, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex: both were born of humble parents, and rose, by merit alone, to the highest stations in church and state.

In 1647, Cromwell, jealous of the King and Parliament, fixed the head quarters of his army at Putney, that he might watch the conduct of both. The councils of Oliver and his followers were held in the church. They sat round the Communion table, and seldom separated till they had first heard a sermon from some popular preacher.

The church was, originally, only a chapel of ease to Wimbledon church; from the style of its architecture it is very easy to see it has been built at different periods.

In the spring, smelts are caught at Putney in great abundance, and a few salmon.

The house still stands on Putney Common that was built by David Hartley, Esq. to prove the security of his invention to prevent the spreading of fires beyond the apartment in which they first took place.—Plates of iron were placed between the ceiling and the floors; and the experiments were tried before their Majesties, and repeated several times before them and the Lord Mayor, &c. &c. with the most complete success. Near it stands an obelisk, with an inscription recording the event.

The verge of the heath commands a fine prospect over the river Thames and the county of Middlesex, and many pleasant villas are dispersed about the rising part of Putney.

WANDSWORTH.—This village, which is large and populous, takes its name from the river Wandle, the village being built near the confluence of that small river

with the Thames. This has caused many manufactures, requiring water, to be established at Wandsworth: there are iron, white-lead, and oil mills; distilleries of various kinds, printing grounds for calicos and woollen stuffs, and two very extensive dye-houses.

A strange custom subsists here, of a mock-election for a Mayor of Garrat, which is observed at the time of general elections, and held in Garrat-lane. This singular ceremony took its rise about fifty years ago, from a club formed chiefly of the lower classes, with a design of repelling encroachments made on that part of the

Common. At every meeting they contributed a small sum, in order to support their plan, and when a sufficient purse was made up, they put the business into the hands of an attorney, who brought an action against the encroachers in the name of the president, or (as they styled him) the *Mayor* of the club. They gained their cause, and ever after the president retained his title of Mayor of Garrat. The publicans, who are always gainers by this jovial mock-election, make much of the candidates, who are always dressed out in the most tawdry manner, as often as the nation chooses its representatives.

THE LISTENER.

THE VEXATIONS ATTENDANT ON WEALTH.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,— I once read of a painter who was born a beggar; and I can claim equal respectability of birth with the artist. I was always as poor as any philosopher of the present day, and idle as any lawyer's clerk. Who would think, with all these glaring defects, the first of which has long been regarded as a crime, that I should have made my fortune, and become a person of fashion? Any one else, in my place, would have been vain, or at least intoxicated with delight: but only admire the inconsistency of my ideas; after having ardently desired riches and honour, I am almost tempted to curse the chance that led to them. I regret my former obscurity, my once happy liberty, and all the true delight and ease by which it was accompanied; especially since I am able to roll through the streets of the metropolis in an easy and elegant carriage, instead of making use of my legs as formerly. When I stay at home, I am still worse off; a servant out of livery, styled my *valet de chambre*, or by some my *gentleman*! is always waiting to know my demands, and will not allow me to put on my own shirt. Then I have a secretary who often dispenses with my signing my own name, and a steward who never will give me the trouble of looking over my accounts: I am, therefore, eaten up by the vapours for want of employment. The fashionable half daylight that illumines my apartments, injures my sight, makes me gloomy, and being stretched on my couch

the greatest part of my time, I often forget both the nobleman and the celebrated beauty who are attracted by my opulence, and whom I had engaged to visit me on such a day, if the noise of their carriage wheels, and my servants announcing their approach, did not rouse me from my lethargy. When I have company to dinner I am obliged to sit four hours at table with them, and instead of enjoying the pleasures of society with a few real friends, I am forced to entertain my guests with some common-place compliments, flatter one, applaud another, or else to sit and listen to their fulsome flattery which is dealt out in proportion to the number of my dishes and the brilliancy of my plate and wax-lights.

When I do not sacrifice to vanity by keeping an open table, I am put under another kind of constraint: I am obliged to offer incense to power and credit, or accompany some lady of distinction to the Opera, in whom I am obliged to find a vast deal of grace and genius, because she has written a stupid romance, and employs a tasteful dress-maker. According to her ideas I should be like a fellow just come from the country if I was to listen to the performance; or if I elevated my eye-glass only to look at the actresses, I should have a vile taste: if I speak too high to her, it is because I am proud of her acquaintance; if low, it looks as if we were too familiar together! So, not knowing how to act, I yawn most frequently, and slip out of the

box as often as I can, not without deeply regretting that happy time when, less rich but as gay as a lark, I accompanied my friends to the pit or two shilling gallery at Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden. Fatal, wretched gifts of riches and honour! Say, can ye cure the gout, indigestion, lethargy, or worse, want of sleep? Can ye free the mind from care? If ye can, then I will attach some value to your possession; but so far from procuring me any happiness, ye only add tenfold to my cares and anxieties. If I hear the engines rattling along the street, I imagine directly it is my house that is on fire; if I hear of a storm in the county wherein my estate lies, I think it must be my barns or my sheep that are struck by the lightning.

After having calculated the advantages and vexations of riches, I have taken a resolution, as wise as it is extraordinary, to renounce them entirely as soon as I shall have attained my fortieth year. Many people, however, are of opinion that the older we

grow the more we are in want of money: I am of quite a different way of thinking; therefore, my kind friends who compose the body of purveyors and tradespeople for the wealthy, and whom I honour with my custom and patronage, reflect on what I have said, and take your measures accordingly. For three years longer I give you liberty to amuse yourselves and to grow fat at my expence. Ye who conduct my balls and my entertainments, multiply every expence, and make your bills as long as ye please; I will never find fault; but I only request of you, when I thus voluntarily suffer myself to be plucked, do not treat me as you do many others, by giving it out that I am a fool and a spendthrift! It is not a common folly to see people willingly renounce what the vulgar call enjoyments, luxuries, and all the *soi-disant* pleasures of opulence. Instead of ridiculing me, rather praise my philosophy and disinterestedness.

PROSPER.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

The Bard's Lament. A Vision. Sacred to the memory of the Princess Charlotte. By W. Lewis. Small 8vo. Hatchard and others.

THOUGH, from the extreme pressure of effusions on a subject still heart-rending to Britons, we had resolved not to notice any further works of that kind, yet the taste and feeling displayed in some of the following Poems have tempted us to select from them the following irregular Ode, and a few concluding stanzas of the last Poem but three in this interesting pamphlet.

IRREGULAR ODE.

"When the flaming Cherubim
Were plac'd to guard the tree of life,
Sorrow enter'd—shadows dim,
And dying joys, and restless strife,
Began their ceaseless round;
And death and desolation came
With sweeping blast o'er nature's frame,
With war's unholy sound:
The lofty towers,
The blooming bowers,
Have risen, fallen since that day,
And gloomy hours,
And hateful powers,
Have held on earth despotie sway.

No. 106.—Vol. XVII.

Where's 'the eternal city?'—swept
Like leaves upon the eddying gale;
And they who mused upon the tale
Have past away like her they wept.
Nature changes where the ocean
Rolls its darkly troubled tide;
Glitt'ring cities, traffic's motion,
Have arisen in their pride.

Man, too, man must pass away,
Pausing in the vale of years,
On whose forehead, clad in grey,
Many a seam of age appears;
And childhood, with its face of smiles,
May fade before the morn of youth,
And that which now our care beguiles
Leave us in innocence and truth.

Yet, when we look'd tow'rd's Claremont's bower,
And thought upon that lovely flower,
We had forgotten that stern power
Which levels Beauty's form,
As if we had believed that Death
Would surely spare so dear a breath,
With youth and beauty warm.

Whate'er we dreamt, we waked to know
The nation's loss, the Prince's woe;
The tide of men in gloom array'd,
Britain's fair daughters clad in shade,
And the deep sounds which met our ear,
Seem'd mourning with our grief sincere.

Where's the line of long succession,
Mingling with unnumber'd years?

E

Broken by one sad digression—
Gone, for ever with our tears!

We cease to weep, for tears are vain,
Yet shall remembrance warm our heart:
Thou shalt not come to us again,
But we may meet no more to part."

WEDDED HAPPINESS OF THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte! thine was the bliss, on the world not
depending;

And turning from fashion to peace in thy home,
There thy innocent joys ask'd no gloss for de-
fending,

And vanity's voice could not tempt thee to
roam.

But, blessing and blest, past thy life softly
flowing,

Like a river enriching the soil in its course;
On the banks of which many sweet flowers are
blowing,

Fresh from nature's own hand, and not raised
by force.

When Summer shone bright on the hills gently
rising,

Like a bird with its mate thou didst joy in his
smile;

Who kindly its partner with sweet notes ap-
prising,

Of beauties extending for many a mile.

He wished not to roam from a home so endearing,
How should he, for Love brightly shone on his
way;

And Taste's polish'd hand was incessantly rearing
The pure lamp of feeling with luminous ray,
When Winter her mantle o'er nature extended,
The poor felt thy bounty, tears mingled with
smiles;

'Twas not only the gift, but so sweetly 'twas
blended

With the heart of condolence, which gives and
beguiles.

Then Poesy touch'd her wild lyre, softly breathing
In dignified numbers, harmonious and slow;
Or else the light tribute of Fancy was wreathing,
In rapid succession with Feeling's warm glow.

And Music, sweet sister, thy language of heaven
Was dear to the Princess, was doubly dear;
In mercy to man, sure thy power was given,
Now raising to rapture, now drawing the tear.

What was not dear that virtue approves with a
smile

In knowledge or taste, but their charms are
now fled;

Joy flies—and through Britain, of freedom the
isle,

The bondage of Death spreads a gloom in its
stead.

We turn to where Beauty in silence reposes,
The palace of Kings is raised close by the
tomb;

And Truth's awful voice this sad sentence dis-
closes,

That all must descend to the valley of gloom.

Oh Leopold, mourner! should long years be
thine,

Past hours of joy will seem dreams of thy youth;
Dear dreams, from which who would awaken to
pine,

Did he know not they're scatter'd by Him
who is Truth."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NIGHT.

EVENING wanes, and night appears,
Robed in æther darkly blue,
In solemn majesty she comes,
Her diadem bedecked with suns;
Riot and peace her steps pursue,
Her face is bathed in dewy tears.

Now labour's children, worn with care,
Seek relief in calm repose;
The friend of innocence and joy,
Of happiness, without alloy,
Swiftly flies from earthly woes,
Sorrow, sickness, and despair.

The clouds, celestial sable waves,
Roll slowly o'er their azure bed,
Dying night's robe a blacker hue,
And then the moon bursts forth to view,
Silent rears her lovely head,
Her path with silvery light she paves.

The dew-drop is the only sound,
Breaking on still midnight's hour;
Then let my mind, by virtue taught,
With holy truths divine be fraught,
Nor mists of doubt or error lour,
But cheering faith, refulgent, shine around.

THE INQUIRY.

What mantles on the cheek of guilt,
When conscience rives the soul,
And the sad thought of blood that's spilt,
Defies controul?

The blush of shame.

What chills with fear the timid mind,
And freezes every vein,
With breathless dread each pulse does bind,
Of the cold frame?

The frown of anger.

What pearl bedews fair beauty's eye
When woes pale form she views,
And bids the sufferer look on high
For aid that soothes?

The tear of pity.

What breathes the breast of mute despair,
O'er lost afflictions grave,
Which agony, not tears, nor prayer,
Availed to save?

The sigh of sorrow.

What bursts forth from the grief-wrung heart,
When earth's last hope is flown,
Compelled, with all it loved, to part,
In life alone?

The groan of anguish.

What volumes speak, without a word,
What raises from despair,
Proclaims the vow, the promise heard,
Dispels all care?

The look of love.

THE DEATH-BED.

BY W. MONRO.

Full oft, I ween,
In her last moments, did I sit by her;
Oft saw her tossing in deep agony,
Even as disease, with its consuming hand,
Dealt heavily upon her weary soul.
And she did wear away so mild, so meek,
A summer's evening sinks not into shade
More still and calm. Sometimes the piercing
throe,

Breaking like lightning through a placid sky,
Would cleave her vitals; but, that past, her soul
Again diffused, o'er all her countenance,
The soft serenity that reigned within.
It was a sweetness, brightened in the rays
Of all delightful feelings that shine forth
In heavenly hues; and, on her pale white face,
They were more full, distinct, and visible;
Like the soft radiance of the bright round moon,
Swimming amid the pure unbroken blue,
Beaming her light upon the cold clear waves,
That lie so stilly sleeping in her beams.
A breath may ruffle their transparent bed,
But all is still again, and, oh! how still!
It breathes a melting tone of tranquil bliss,
Whose tongueless echo, fleeting far away,
In a still heavenly feeling sinks and dies.

Oft she would fix on mine her wistful gaze;
The light of years beamed through her speaking
eye;

It flashed upon my mind, and kindled there,
In all the colours of the undying joy,
That hallowed them, and made them beautiful,
The many hours that we had passed together:
Oh! there was there a deep, deep agony,
That grew o'er every feeling, with its pang
Convulsing them, and, with a noiseless course,
Gathering still deeper; I had loved her much,
Yes, we had loved each other, and this hour
Was its full proof.—As I did gaze on her,
I marked the shadows darken on her brow;
A chill cold marble hue steal o'er her face,
A film fall o'er her fixed and lifeless eye,
Yet, pang on pang, flashed thick and wildly
through it;

But, these abating, it stood motionless,
Each feeling frozen in its icy glaze.
Yet, on a sudden, as I stood o'er her,
Marking each change upon her changing brow,
Intent and speechless, whilst the shades of night
In tints still deeper darkened on her face,

As life receded fast and far away:—

Yes, on a sudden, through her eye there came
A light unspeakable, so pure and bright—
It was the radiance of a passing seraph,
Full and expressive, and she looked upon me:
It was a sun-beam upon troubled water,
But all grew dark again; death's shadow fell
So chill upon the clay-cold tenement—
And all grew dark and colourless for ever.
Oh! who can give a voice to the wild tide
Of deep-toned nameless agony, that runs
Through all the senses in this awful hour.
It is a blow upon our very being,
Resting a part of our existence from us;
A cloud that darkens all our mind and thoughts;
And we emerge from it, as from a dream,
And wonder that our joys are formed so frail;
Blown by the breath that quickly must dissolve
them,

They sparkle in our view, and waste away,
Fooling our senses with their fair deceit.
And of such mockery ourselves are formed.

How long we gaze, and, gazing still, would
doubt,

The stern reality that presses on us.

There's such a magic dwells in thought and
being,

An eloquence, a living eloquence,

That speaks in all its movements, and would tell
you,

That all is deathless in its wondrous mould,

Who hath beheld the bright intelligence,

Kindling immortal feeling in the eye,

But, for a moment, in the witchery

Of its bright radiance, pure and spiritual,

Believed it all eternal; yes, a temple,

Where Heaven had kindled up a counterpart

Of its own image, glorious and unfading.

Oh! who hath marked thought, dancing o'er the
face,

Like sun-beams glittering upon living waters;

Moving upon the lines, which seem like chords,

Giving forth rapturous music at the touch

Of its inborn inshrined divinity,

But caught the enchantment that it breathed
around,

And moved in unison, forgot himself,

His nature's frailty and decay, and seemed

The happy tenant of a purer world.

And where the thought hath long been thus do-
luded,

And, in the sweet delusion, fed itself

With bliss, like manna, sweet and undefiled,

Giving a colour to each passing moment,

Fresh and unfading as the hues of heaven;

Where this hath grown upon the yielding sense

For many years, e'en from their dawning hour,

Oh! who can speak the soul's deep agony,

When all the finer fibres of its nature

Are thus for ever severed: still the feeling,

With impulse irresistible, would rush

Again in union; but death's apathy,

Cold and unconquerable as the grave,

Repels them back; and, in a flood of anguish,

They boil within the soul.—Still did I gaze
Upon that face, that seemed a living mirror,
Clear frame of a most happy spotless spirit;
But all was new so fixed, dark, passionless—
Not one faint echo there returned the cry
Of wild affection, frantic in its love.
There stirred not there one little breath of being,
It was a loneliness where hope expired,
And, waking from the trance of years gone by,
In that soul's darkness life seems darkened too.
This is a point on which our nature pauses;
A point on which our giddy footsteps shake.
The waters of eternity roll round us,
And seem as gathering underneath our feet,
And, in this moment, this tremendous moment,

All things within us are absorbed; and still,
As if all life was in this fleeting space,
And all besides was mockery and deceit,
We linger here: our former hopes and joys,
That shone, all mingled, like a heavenly arch,
Blended in every hue of brightest bliss,
A magic circle where our footsteps moved.
The endless circles of increasing joy,
Thus, in one moment, are destroyed for ever.
And such is life—a dream, a fantasy,
That wanders o'er eternity's wild waters,
Catching the shadows of their restless waves,
So brittle in its texture, that a touch
Dissolves it to its native nothingness.

F A S H I O N S

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

FRENCH.

No. 1.—PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of cambric, trimmed round the border with a flounce of broad lace, under a pelisse of fawn-coloured Merino cloth, fastened down the front with polished steel buttons, and *brandenbourgs* of black silk, with tassels. Triple Carrick cape, edged with brocaded ribband the colour of the pelisse: ruff of fine clear muslin, elegantly scalloped. Grass-green bonnet of slag silk, with a plume of white and green feathers; the bonnet lined with white, and turned up in front. Tea-coloured slippers and gloves, with pearl-coloured silk stockings.

ENGLISH.

No. 2.—EVENING DRESS.

Hessian robe of white satin, with demi-train, ornamented round the border with an elegant trimming of rose-coloured satin flowers, the sides of the robe finished in a similar manner, and fastened down the front with rose-coloured *brandenbourgs*, finished by rich tassels. Sleeves very short. *Toque* of white satin, with a full plume of white ostrich feathers. Necklace of Oriental pearl, fastened in front by a superb knot of the same, with tassels. Armlets

of black velvet, clasped with pearl medallions. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves. At evening visits a Cachemere shawl is thrown over this dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

“Iris has dipped the woof.”

THE diversified tints which now gladden the eyes amongst the various articles of female attire, have burst through the late sable cloud which hung over Fashion's hemisphere, and the sportive deity steps forth in all the gay array of fancy, taste, and elegance. The young and sprightly again are seen in all the splendour of colours; and even the mature, cheered by the dawn of brighter hope, cast aside their sables, and adopt the changeful garment and ornament of varied hue.

For out-door *costume*, Mrs. Bell, amongst an amazing versatility of tasteful attire, has prepared for the public promenade a pelisse of fine Merino cloth; the colour is of Spanish brown, and this is richly ornamented down the sides, and at the wrists, in a foliage trimming of pale blue satin.—For morning walks, is a pearl drab-coloured

pelisse, of the same material as the above, finished down the bust, and at the wrists, entirely *à-la-Militaire*. A spenser of Saxon blue cloth, finished by a small military jacket, is in high estimation; though not quite so great a favourite as one of the same fashion in Hessian green. Black velvet spensers are also very general: these are beautifully ornamented, and finished with fringe or blond.

Spring bonnets of velvet, embossed with straw, and crowned with tulips or China asters, promise to be a favourite carriage covering for the head: and crimson satin bonnets, variegated with straw, with one drooping black and red feather, *à-la-Proserpine*, will be much in favour for walking.

Morning dresses of fine Merino cloth will also be very prevalent; one of these, which we saw at the new *Magasin de Modes*, in St. James's-street, is of a beautiful green, the colour of young vine leaves, and is superbly trimmed with satin of the same colour. Dinner dresses are chiefly of poplins, either plain or spotted, and made up in various ways, according to the different degrees of *costume*, youth, or age of the wearer. The plain ones are chiefly of Venetian blue, or fawn-colour; and the most favourite spotted ones are pearl, with slate-blue spots, or fawn-colour with white. For evening parties, the Hessian robe, which we have given in our Print, is, at present, the most novel and elegant dress, chiefly of white satin; and rich saranets, figured and plain, with black net frocks, trimmed with crimson satin roses, are most prevalent at the rout and Opera.

We cannot pass over two elegant ball dresses, sent by Mrs. Bell, according to an order from a family of high rank in the East, to India. One is for a young lady of fifteen, and is so simply chaste, that it seems to bear on it the stamp of youth and innocence. It is a frock of gauze, striped with satin stripes of a bright azure, and its sole ornament round the border is a quilling of blond net. The other ball dress is of white bobbin net, trimmed round the border with *rouleaux* of white satin, *à-la-Limaçon*, interspersed with *rosettes*; the extremity terminated by a flounce of fine Mechlin lace. A pair of temporary long sleeves accompany this dress, newly im-

ported from Paris; they are of bobbin net, and small *rouleaux* of satin wind round the arm in a serpentine style.

A new cap for the breakfast-table owes its invention to the same tasteful hand that finished the ball dresses; it is styled, the villager's cap; it totally conceals the hair, and though it has some resemblance to the French peasant's cap, it is more elegant and becoming. The Mary Queen of Scots cap, seems fast advancing in favour for undress; and though beauty is not absolutely requisite for this head-dress, yet it requires infinite taste in the arrangement of the hair, otherwise these caps are the most unbecoming in the world. The Versailles *cornette* is also a favourite head-dress for the *dejeuné*: it is formed of white net and satin, and is simply ornamented, on the left side, with a bow of broad ribband.—Another morning *cornette* is of net and Venetian blue satin, and is finished on the left side by a bunch of double scarlet ranunculuses. Evening head-dresses consist of Opera hats, *toques*, turbans, and dress *cornettes*. The Opera hat is of white satin, with variegated feathers of green and white, or of black fine net, with a satin flower on the left side, or a plume of heron's feathers. Black net *toques*, ornamented with coloured feathers, promise to be very general; and also turbans of white satin and chequered gauze, ornamented with beads and *marabout* feathers. *Cornettes* are much worn at the Theatres, crowned with rich garlands of variegated flowers: the texture of these *cornettes* is very light, and they have not the close form of those that are worn in the morning. We remarked in the pit at the Opera, several *cornettes* of a most beautiful and novel shape, and forming a most elegant evening head-dress.—One of these was bespoke, where it was invented, in St. James's-street, and where we have seen it, with the Hessian robe and ball-dresses above mentioned. This *cornette* was worn at the conclusion of the mourning: it was of fine net and pink satin, and was crowned with a full *bouquet* of guelder roses, and leaves of the piercing holly, variegated; the whole forming one of the most elegant head-dresses we have seen for these three months.

Young ladies ornament their hair chiefly with half-garlands of flowers; those of the

pink double hyacinth, with a row of beads forming the *bandeau* part, or a full wreath of pomegranite blossoms, are likely to be most in favour.

Pearl ornaments are reckoned the most elegant articles in jewellery; the necklaces of this valuable material, which have lately been invented, are as *unique* as they are elegant; we have given a specimen of their form in our Print of the English Evening Dress.

The favourite colours are Hessian green, Venetian blue, and fawn-colour.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

FASHION, in Paris, as if to indemnify her fair inhabitants for the dark gloom of short days and misty mornings, has been busy in inventing every gay and elegant appendage to the toilette, and every *belle* is attired in so lively and versatile a manner, that they appear as if just issuing from the palaces of the fabled Genii of the Arabian tales, to enliven with their brilliant appearance this terraqueous globe.

The least ray of a wintry sun sheds a glitter over the polished steel *brandenbours*, or frogs, that fasten down the pelisses in front; and these pelisses are generally made of some light and lively colour: indeed, notwithstanding the rainy season, and the dirt it causes in the streets of Paris, nothing is deemed more elegant, when a spenser is worn, than a gown of white cambric: these spensers are of velvet; of different colours, according to the taste of the wearer; and the top of the sleeve is elegantly ornamented with an epaulette wing, consisting of six rows, and which are made to stand up.

The hats are chiefly of velvet, or shag silk; they are trimmed at the edge by blond, laid on straight, and placed under the edge of the hat: sometimes it is a scarf, or half a garland of velvet flowers, which ornaments the crowns of these hats, or a wreath of partridge's feathers: beaver hats, the number of which increase daily, have no other trimming than a band of ribband, fastened

on one side with a clasp, or buckle, of polished steel. On shag silk hats we generally see plumes of red and white feathers, green and white, and celestial blue. Some ladies, who affect a plainness of dress, have their hats only ornamented with one bow of ribband, with the points notched very sharp. The hats are all of a very moderate size, and the brims chiefly extended; but bonnets still continue very large, and are placed backwards. For the public walks, hats of white satin, with a plume of *marabout* feathers of a celestial blue, are much in favour. The shape of the hats is not round, but projects very much in front. Rose-coloured hats are lined with white shag; and spangled velvet hats, ornamented with plumes of feathers, are much in requisition. A few hats have made their appearance turned up on each side, like riding hats; these hats are invariably ornamented with feathers, and the crowns and edges are trimmed with flutings of satin, or ribbands cut in coxcombs. Broad striped ribbands form also a very favourite trimming for hats; with this the hat is also frequently bound at the edge.

For home costume, no dresses are reckoned more elegant than those made of Merino crape: the most fashionable colours in this material are, vine-leaf green, Carmelite brown, lilac, grey, and slate-colour, with Neptune blue. White Merino crapes are also worn in evening dresses; these are finished by a rich border of embroidery in different colours.

Evening dresses are, however, made chiefly of crape, ornamented with silver fringe, with body and short sleeves of white satin. Ball dresses consist of white satin slips, with three flounces of lace, surmounted by a *rouleau* of crape, or of a large *rouleau*, round the border, of crape and satin; next to which is a wreath of flowers, and over the flowers a broad lace, elegantly festooned: some winter ball dresses are made of spangled velvet, with trimmings of *tulle*.

Flowers, made of feathers, form a beautiful head-dress for young ladies: they are of various colours; but those of black or white, according to the different colour of the hair, are reckoned most elegant. The black represent full-blown roses, the white tulips; the foliage is always of the same

colour as the flower. Turbans of Chinese crape, surmounted by a Bird of Paradise plume, is also a favourite head-dress for evening parties: as are dress hats of satin, with a band, the ends of which are ornamented with pearls. India muslin, crape, and Cachemire, are the most prevalent materials for turbans; some, however, are partly of white crape, and partly of rose-coloured satin, intermingled with pearls. *Togues* of black velvet also are worn, crowned with heron's feathers, or a bird of Paradise.

The hair of the French ladies is now dressed so as to form a pyramid, consisting of several stories, if I may so express myself, of plaits or braids; these are, in full dress, intermingled with pearls, and the lower one encircled by a wreath of flowers.

The favourite ornaments in jewellery are of coral, and the most prevalent colours vine-leaf green, carmelite, Neptune blue, and slate colour.

FOURTH LETTER FROM A YOUNG MARRIED LADY,

TO HER SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Brighton.

HERE am I compelled to stay, my dear Lucy, though I begin to be *ennuyé à-la-mort*; why then, you will naturally ask, do I remain here? Because I cannot possibly think of returning to town while more than one-half of the fashionable world is yet absent from the metropolis; for here there is positively now nothing worth living for. I have attended the promenade rooms, and the Bazaars, till I am heartily tired of them; not but what, at the former, I always continued to listen with pleasure to a few of the singers at the Castle concerts; who, to some science in singing, united a knowledge of music.

When we all began to grow weary of the sameness of Brighton's diversions, Fitzosborne, who is acquainted with all the world, as I may say, introduced me to several charming families who are settled in Sussex; the most agreeable of which are a Lady Charlton, her daughter Harriet, and her niece Adelaide; the latter a complete town-bred lady of fashion. The gentle

Harriet has never visited London but once: she is a charming girl, rather too plump, perhaps, yet truly feminine, and she has the finest hand and arm you ever saw: she skips over her mother's grounds like a fawn, and has the most beautiful foot and ankle in the world. When the weather is bad she is employed in knitting worsted stockings and making waistcoats for aged men and women; at the same time she dresses with taste, and all her muslin robes are embroidered by her own hand; indeed the good Lady Bountiful, her mother, says there is not a napkin or a tablecloth but what has been hemmed by her taper fingers.

Never is she a minute idle; she writes well, and assists her mother in arranging her accounts, for they keep no steward.— And now for the fascinating Adelaide, the epitome of fashion, and the best specimen I can give you of the reigning mode. Her fine long light hair is plaited, and then wound elegantly round her head; a Cachemire shawl, light as it is rich and superb, is carelessly thrown over her shoulders, which are, nevertheless, seen to be totally bare under the partial Oriental covering; and also, be it known (and few there are who do not know it) they are as white as ivory. This is the dress in which she generally descends to the dining-parlour; and excessively perfumed with *Eau de Millefleurs*. In morning walks, her bonnet is so large that you have to look a long time before you can find her face, as her regular features are small and delicate; at balls and evening parties, her head is loaded with various kinds of flowers.

She is extremely slender, and light as a Sylph, and whenever she is called upon to perform on the harp, she puts herself into the most studied attitude, and gives a prelude to the song she is about to accompany, with such wonderful execution that you would really think her a musician by profession.

She sends every week to London for her millinery, from the very first hands, particularly from the *Magazin de Modes*, in St. James's-street, which I have so frequently mentioned to you. When the messenger arrives, loaded with every thing rare and costly in the article of fashion, she is like a

mad creature with joy. She hangs the trimmings over her harp, and stands and gazes on them with rapture; hangs the robes over the chairs, and spreads out the shawls on the carpet; tries on a bonnet, and because it does not become her, declares it is detestable; and perhaps what costs from three to four guineas, is destined never to quit the hook in her dressing-room that she orders it to be hung upon, that she may endeavour, as she says, to get used to the sight of the odious thing. After a disappointment of this kind she is generally out of humour for the whole day; she will not dress, she lays down on the sofa, complains of a headache, and declares she is the most wretched being in the world. She orders her maid to bring her some volume of sentimental trash from the library, and tears out the third leaf with vexation, because it is so dull and prosing.

Her mother, who has now been dead about two years, first placed her by her will with a female friend, as gay and thoughtless as herself: her guardians wisely took her from such an imprudent mentor, and placed her with her good aunt Charlton, whom she certainly loves, as well as her rustic cousin, as she always calls her. Her mother had been married very young, and she and her Adelaide were always dressed alike, and appeared more like sisters than mother and daughter; one dressing too young, the other too old: for at fifteen the youthful Adelaide's beautiful tresses were concealed under a *toque*, loaded with plumes, the same as her mother's; while diamonds, pearls, and coral loaded her arms, her ears, her wrists and fingers, because mamma had the same. They rode on horseback together, and drove together their own curricule through Hyde Park. The daughter's youth, however, enabled her to survive a fever caught by them both in quitting a very crowded party one humid evening in December: but though now only eighteen, the beautiful Adelaide seems rapidly sinking into a consumption.

This picture of a too eager pursuit of fashion continually before my eyes, has been of more service to me than all my aunt

Boston's lectures, or Clara Fitzosborne's witty remarks on tonish folly. How charming is the conduct of Lady Charlton and her amiable daughter! Their fortune is immense; they enjoy all the tranquil pleasures of life; are fashionable and well dressed, without being slaves to every new mode; while their riches are chiefly employed in administering to the wants of the helpless and indigent.

This letter, my dear Lucy, is beyond its usual limits: I will tell you more of this family when I return to town, as Lady Charlton proposes passing the winter there. A word or two more about fashion, and then farewell.

I have had the divinest *cornette* sent me from London you ever saw: it is called the Hesse *cornette*, or *l'Esperance des Anglois*. It is composed of the finest Mechlin lace and net; it is lined with soft blush-coloured satin, and fastened under the chin with a quilling of fine lace, that terminates in a bow of blush-coloured ribband, considerably above the left ear: a small bow of the same ribband is placed in front, and the hair is entirely concealed, except a few ringlets that are made to sport round the face. I am sure your ingenuity will easily fabricate an *Esperance* from this description.

The sleeves are very much puffed out now at the top, but are made tighter to the arm than formerly, especially as they advance towards the wrists, where a few tucks, bringing that part close to the arm, and carried up a few inches higher, give an elegant old English feature to the long sleeve: look at lady Mary Arundel's portrait in our picture gallery, and you will find the present long sleeve depicted to the life.

Shoes are much more worn than half boots, because the carriage-keepers only have a right to give laws to fashion, and walking must ever, except in the public walks, be reckoned plebeian.

Thus having carried you from head to foot, allow me now to subscribe myself

Your affectionate sister,

MARIA.

P. S. We depart for London to-morrow.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY; INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre opened for the present season, with Paer's favourite Opera of *Grimalda*. We are happy to find amongst several of our former favourites, who rank high in vocal merit, the name of Madame Fodor, who is engaged as *Prima Cantatrice* this season, and also amongst the new competitors for public favour is a pupil of Madame Catalani, to whose rising talents of a very superior order, the lovers of harmony look up with high expectation.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

THE Christmas holidays afforded, as usual, to all the happy children the feats of *Harlequin* and the *Clown*: a new Pantomime at Drury-Lane was produced, entitled *Harlequin's Vision*; or, *The Feast of the Status*: it was gotten up under the direction of Mr. Lethbridge, the machinist, and does credit to his skill. The first scene, which represents the Council Chamber of *Pluto*, is peculiarly brilliant. It is composed of large arches in the Saxon style, around each of which, as well as up the wings, fire is in motion, and a view of the fiery lake of the infernal regions appears in the rear. *Pluto* and *Proserpine* are seated on a throne, with *Alecto* on the right, *Megara* on the left. *Pluto* summons the *Furies*, who place themselves on each side of the stage, and sing a chorus. *Mercury* enters with the *Ghost of Don Juan's Father*, and who pleads for his son with *Pluto*: *Pluto* promises to forgive *Don Juan*, but *Proserpine* declares her resolution to assert her empire, and to have *Don Juan* for her slave; she employs *Mercury* as her agent, to excite him to vice, and augment his means of gratification. *Don Juan* is discovered, after the close of this scene, asleep on a couch, with *Leporello* sleeping at his feet. *Mercury* touches *Don Juan* with his caduceus, and the latter falling on his knees, vows to love *Leonora*. In the second scene he kills her father; and *Eloira* is persuaded by *Venus* to assume the garb of *Columbine*,

in order to save *Juan* from *Proserpine*. All *Eloira's* endeavours are, however, ineffectual. Some novelties are introduced in this well known theatric spectacle. Among others, *Don Juan* is taken in *Charon's* boat across the river *Styx*, and instead of being flung into fire on the stage, he is seized by two *Furies* who drag him to the dominions of *Proserpine*. There are two *Harlequins* and two *Columbines*.

At Covent-Garden the new Pantomime was called *Harlequin Gulliver*; or, *The Flying Island*, which descends very conveniently to save *Harlequin* and *Columbine* from the persecutions of their natural enemies. *The King of Laputa*, afterwards *Pantaloon*, supported by the Lord Chancellor, afterwards *Clown*, adopt a decided animosity towards the stranger. He is, however, a spirited tar, and succeeds in running away with the *Princess Rhomboldilla*, afterwards *Columbine*. In the land of Lilliput, they meet with pigmy wonders; the Emperor and his Empress receive them hospitably, but their pleasures are checked by the *Clown* setting *Pantaloon's* wig on fire, and flinging it into the palace, which produces a dreadful conflagration. *Harlequin's* wand sets all to rights, and the palace rises from its ashes with additional splendor. Departing from this country, the chief personages arrive in Brobdignag, where they find a giant race. Here the reception of *Harlequin* and his future bride is favourable. A chief source of mirth is a duet between the *Clown* (*Grimaldi*) and a Canary bird, whose dimensions correspond with those of the people to whom he usually sung. From these regions of extremes, they at length arrive in Christian countries: in France, after cuffing and kicking with Monsieur, they proceed to England, where the smuggling trade is exemplified by the *Clown* dressing himself like a French lady in the contents of one of the smuggled trunks, assisted by the vender of a coal-box, which he makes use of as a bounet. After many adventures, *Harlequin* and *Columbine* are killed, but they rise from their tombs and are united in matrimony by permission of a friendly magician.

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The above Theatre has also presented the public with a new Tragedy, called *Retribution*; or, *The Chieftain's Daughter*; the date of its story is in the fourth century.

The scene is laid in the royal palace of *Ctesiphon*, the then capital of the Persian dominions; the piece opens with the anniversary of the succession of *Varanes* to the throne; his elder son *Chosroo*, returns triumphant from an expedition against one of the tribes which inhabit the *Carduchian* mountains; among his captives is the chieftain of the tribe, *Suthes*—whose daughter *Zimra*, has been carried off by *Chosroo*. The brothers dispute and successively became possessors of the chieftain and his daughter. They are delivered by *Varanes* to *Hamed*. The violence of *Chosroo* against the captives, and his latest designs of treason against the throne are discovered by *Varanes*, who seeks him and commands him to desist. *Chosroo*, however, whose love is indignantly rejected by *Zimra*, confines her and her father in separate dungeons. *Hafir* with his father *Abdas*, and the King's chamberlain *Sokrah*, had previously found *Varanes* senseless, and on his recovery had heard expressions which convinced *Hafir* that *Varanes* had mounted the throne by the murder of his brother. He insults *Hamed* with the charge, who flying to his father finds it confirmed. *Hamed*, found by *Chosroo* standing over his fainting father, is now charged by him with the murder of *Varanes*, whose body is carried off. *Hamed*, with *Suthes*, charged also with treasonable designs, are on the point of being led to execution, notwithstanding the prayers of *Zimra*, when it is found that the body is, in fact, only that of a slave, commissioned by *Chosroo* to destroy the King. The life of the King having been saved by *Hafir*, *Varanes* now re-appears, orders *Chosroo* for execution, discovers "Retribution" for his own crime in the guilt of his son, and dies exhausted and heart-broken. *Hamed* and *Zimra* mount the throne of Persia, and the curtain falls.

We are surprised to see Miss Campbell is not engaged at Drury-Lane this season, where her abilities would be serviceably employed. It is but justice to this young lady to say, that no person has ever met with more universal approbation on their *début* than she did. The few nights she appeared she excited general admiration, which must have been truly merited on her part, having neither private friends nor interest in London except such as her talents elicited. We have been informed, however, and we hope correctly, that she is engaged for the ensuing season.

BATH THEATRICALS.

A new Tragedy of five acts has been produced at the Bath Theatre, called *Fazio*, written by Mr. Millman, of Brazen-Nose College, Oxon.

Fazio, the hero of the piece, is a young Florentine of talent and family, occupied in a ruinous search after the philosopher's stone. He is married to a lady of the name of *Bianca*: the first scene exhibits him in the bosom of his family, happy and virtuous. His crucible is soon after at work, and the glorious discovery of alchemy seems within his grasp. A rich miser, named *Bartolo*, lives near *Fazio's* house:—*Bianca* is just retired to rest after an interesting and pathetic scene with her husband, when *Fazio*, who is preparing to extinguish his chemical forge for the night, is alarmed by knocking at the door. The miser *Bartolo* rushes in; he has been attacked by bravoos, who have attempted to rob him; he has escaped, but not without wounds. *Fazio* offers to send for a surgeon and a confessor. The avarice of *Bartolo* will not listen to this, and the miser expires on the floor: *Fazio* knowing his wealth, and that having no heirs, the state would seize his property, takes the keys from the dead body, searches his house, and conveys his riches to his own apartment. *Fazio* now emerges from obscurity, and moves in the first orbit of rank, wealth, and luxury. His sudden wealth attracts envy. He accounts for his riches, alleging, that he had discovered the philosopher's stone. *Bianca*, virtuous and contented before, seems corrupted by this new mine of wealth. *Fazio* has confided to her the true source of his riches.

A lady of rank, of the name of *Altabella*, has been beloved by *Fazio* before his marriage. *Fazio*, unfortunately, forms a new intimacy with this lady: his virtue is subdued, and *Bianca* deserted: in a moment of resentful jealousy, she rushes to the Grand Council of Florence, accuses her husband, and directs the Council to a spot in the garden where the body of the miser has been buried by *Fazio*, who is apprehended in the arms of *Altabella*. He demands his accuser, and his wife is brought before him. He is condemned to die; and both *Fazio* and *Bianca* are plunged in the deepest affliction. *Bianca* applies to *Altabella* for her interest with the Duke of Florence, to obtain a respite. *Fazio*, however, suffers the sentence of the law, and *Bianca* dies on the stage in a fit of frantic sorrow.

The above is precisely the story, even to the very name of the wife of that interesting dramatic Romance of the *Italian Wife*, produced last summer at the Surrey Theatre, by the ingenious Mr. Dibdin, and in which Miss Taylor displayed those exquisite abilities which gave us cause to hope

we should have seen her engaged at one of our metropolitan Theatres this winter.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—At the latter end of last year the Tragedy of *Zelmira*, after being laid on the shelf for thirty years, was revived at this Theatre: it is a piece that is both monstrous and incomprehensible; and was only successful in the time of Kain, of Brizard, and of Mademoiselle Clairon: it might be regarded as the prototype of melo-dramas; which species of theatrical amusement is even now getting out of date at the Boulevards: it must be confessed, that however the spectacle of *Zelmira* might fail, in itself, to amuse a very thin audience, yet the exquisite acting of Baptiste, and that of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, made ample amends for its defects: it is no fault of theirs which compels us to declare that never had any dramatic piece so miserable a *dénouement*.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—*We have no longer any Children.*—Such is the title of a very pretty little piece of Mr. Moreau's, which has been performed at this Theatre with infinite success. It might have been entitled *School Girls' turned Politicians*; but such a phrase might have awakened the spirit of party, and such a spirit we know, is always inimical to authors. In this work, however, is represented about a score of little girls, who employ all their hours destined to recreation in reading the *Moniteur* and the *Quotidienne*. The cook-maid has the charge of providing them with the different newspapers, and the most important interests of the state are discussed amidst gauze frocks, embroidery, and music-books. There is not even a child of eight years old, that does not talk to her doll about elections. The school-mistress, *Madame Dubelair*, is a great frequenter of balls, and leaves her different classes to form so many different female clubs. There is in this female republic but one reasonable person, which is the porter; this honest fellow, who mangles the French language most terribly, utters some very neat witticisms; but his comparisons are often too scientific for such a being.—“You profess, ladies,” he says, “to be fond of equality. Ah! you will scarcely enter into wedlock before you will insist on having absolute power.” To divert him-

self at the expence of these young Amazons, he invents a decree, which he pretends to have copied from the *Official Gazette*, which attests, that government, having witnessed the premature talents of the female sex, they are all to be declared independent at fifteen. The young girls, enchanted at this intelligence, resolve to assert their rights and to quit the boarding-school. A conspiracy is beginning to form, but the honest porter discovering the plot, is about to give notice to the authoritative power. The fatal bell is heard, the guard arrives, and the conspirators are seized. There are some very striking truths in this little work; and the piece was represented in the most pleasing manner.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Epicedium—sacred to the memory of the Princess Charlotte Augusta. By Richard Hatt, 12mo.—Westley and Parrish, &c. &c.

THOUGH it is contrary to our plan to review these works, otherwise than as fugitive poetry, yet the author seems so anxious of our opinion, that we cannot forbear giving it in this portion of our work; the pressure of poetry on the lamented occasion becoming actually so voluminous that it is totally out of our power to continue any further notice on that subject, however interesting, unless from the works of poets possessing high and well-merited celebrity.

The British public will long mourn this melancholy event; but that public is continually in search of novelty, both as to subject and style. We have been peculiarly happy in pleasing that public; the taste of which is as various as the diversity of form and feature in the human frame, and we have pledged ourselves still to render this our popular work as various as possible.

The *Epicedium* is a little poem that has undoubtedly merit, but there is an affectation in the title we do not admire: the effusions of real sorrow should be plain and unadorned, and possess that touching, if we may use the term, *sacred* simplicity, which proves their lamentation sincere. Pedantry and high-flown strains of adula-

tion may read well to the scholar's ear, but they do not touch the soul of sensibility.

The following lines are among some of the best of the work :—

"Cut off as some young bud, whose tender stem
Weighs down in tears its lovely fragile form ;
So droop'd the fair with her own diadem,
And lily-like, obey'd the sweeping storm !

Yet thou art fled to mansions of the blest,
And with thy gentle babe, where all is peace ;—
Ah ! when shall we enjoy so sweet a rest,
That soft society that ne'er can cease ?

And thou, sweet Hope ! with eyes averted there,
Where wert thou ? and where's thy golden treasure ?—

Say, why forsake, and leave us to despair ?—
Ah ! wake thy chords to saddest, mournful measure !"

But the following lines partake too much of that adulation we before reprehended, and the comparison is certainly misplaced.

"Thou who had'st thought, when mild in fancy's dream,

She would have been, fond wish ! in history's page
A bright example—as a living theme—

Fell as a shock that rent with dire presage !

So at a dying Saviour's suff'ring moan,
The Temple shook, and the affrighted vail
In twain was cleav'd ; the rocks, with hollow groan,

Echoed, and cavern'd earth heav'd at the tale."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Augustus and Frederic. By Madame de B——. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris.

THE fair author of this romance has written two or three dramatic pieces, which have met with tolerable success, but this is the first of her essays in romance ; and we are here presented with the two heroes of the tale, under the titles of Augustus and Frederic ; one of brilliant talents, the other a more perfect character ; which naturally produces events, difficulties, and catastrophes, and which form the chief interest of the story : not that this romance is without a certain portion of love ; there are even two heroines, for both the heroes marry ; one most unhappily ; for he weds a downright coquette, not to say worse than a coquette ; the other weds a lovely young woman of Germany ; and what renders this part of the tale more natural and interesting is, that she is not described as adorned with any superlative kind of beauty, neither is she so absolutely endowed with perfection of

mind, like the generality of the heroines of fiction.

The friendship of Augustus and Frederic for each other forms the chief interest of this novel : Madame de B—— describes the pure delights of friendship with all the warmth of a mind imbued with the sacred principle. She places her heroes in the most delicate and trying situations, which give them an opportunity of evincing all the generosity and nobleness of friendship. Certainly Augustus has not experienced all the force of love, when he gives up all his fortune to his friend, which generous sacrifice Frederic accepts, conscious that on the same occasion he would do as much for Augustus. But soon after, Augustus makes a yet greater sacrifice, and that too when he has experienced all the effects of a violent passion ; for he sacrifices even his love to his friend ! Frederic accepts this also, but not without all the resistance that his generosity can put in practice against it. Augustus had become captivated with a female adorned with every charm of grace and beauty, but of a disposition the most vain and thoughtless, and a finished coquette ; he is about to unite himself indissolubly to the object of his choice, but desirous that his friend should participate in his felicity, he introduces him to the beautiful Amelia. Frederic is struck with her unparalleled beauty : love insinuates itself into his bosom, and the artful Amelia, perceiving the conquest she has made, lays snares to overthrow his integrity to his friend, and takes care to point anew the sharp arrows of the hood-winked deity. She loves neither Augustus nor Frederic ; but she prefers Frederic on account of his riches, he is also of higher birth than Augustus. In the mean time Frederic regards the love he cannot help cherishing as a treason against his friend, and shuddering at himself, he tries to bury it in the most secret recesses of his bosom ; at least he is resolved not to make an avowal of it ; but a sudden and unforeseen circumstance betrays him, and draws from him the confession, which is received with much tenderness. Frederic, however, rejects the happiness which is offered him, as he knows it would overwhelm his friend with sorrow and despair. Endowed with an ample portion of virtue, hope, and security, in the principles of friend-

ship, he flies from the society of Amelia, and, in a letter, where, detesting his criminal love, and written with extreme energy, he swears never to see her more till she is wedded to Augustus. Amelia is much confused, but yet there remains for her one hope, and this is in the generosity of Augustus: she knows well the sacrifices of which he is capable, how much too he is capable of giving up to his friend, and she therefore hopes he will not scruple to give up to him herself. It now only remains for her to inform the unhappy Augustus, confiding fondly in her love, that he has a rival, that this rival is his friend, and that she prefers him. To arrive at this, the perfidious Amelia causes that letter which Frederic had written to her, containing his last and courageous resolution, to fall into the hands of Augustus. Augustus is overcome with this fatal and unexpected stroke: he first exclaims against his friend, and accuses him without reserve; but soon recalling to his mind all the generosity and nobleness of his character, he hastens to him, to exhort him to wed Amelia. It is here that commences those beautiful and generous combats between the two friends that recall to the reader's mind the antique contests of Orestes and Pylades; only with this difference, that those two fabulous heroes were desirous to sacrifice merely their lives to each other, while these heroes of romance are only anxious to give up the object of their love. We would willingly give an extract from this amiable contest; but the dialogue is too long for our limits, and would only be injured by being mutilated: suffice it to say, that it is replete with interest and energy, and is enlivened by elegance of sentiment and real eloquence. In general, the author, who recounts with much nature and simplicity, is yet better in dialogue; the *forte* of all dramatic writers; and of which she is somewhat too prodigal in this romance.

We must say, that we think Augustus giving up his mistress to his friend, has not bestowed on him a very valuable gift; nevertheless his sacrifice is not the less meritorious, and for a long time he is rendered thereby truly wretched: the author, therefore, is bound to indemnify him, which she does not fail to accomplish, by bringing upon the scene a Miss Charlotte Walstein,

a young person of less shining attractions than Amelia, but, notwithstanding, endowed with accomplishments and talents quite as brilliant, while she is in the possession of every virtue of the mind and heart; the love of Augustus for this amiable female is more firm and more interesting than his first; we cannot, however, forbear observing, that though simplicity and nature can never be too highly extolled, they should not be made subservient to the introduction of vulgar details and trifling minutiae. It is a foolish incident that Mademoiselle Charlotte had no other way of hiding her blushes than by stooping down to give her little dog the *pinion of a fowl*: it is true, before that, in a moment of ill humour, she had given the poor animal a *kick*!—Neither do we altogether approve of the jealous scene between the two lovers when they are going to be married. Charlotte, who has heard speak of Amelia, and who has seen her picture in the hands of Augustus, in vain receives this picture, with liberty to break it; she is still mistrustful, and to make her easy, Augustus says to her, "In future, Charlotte, be assured, I never will look at any woman who is yet of an age to please, nor ever will I speak to one."—Augustus then requires that this agreement shall be reciprocal: Charlotte consents to it: but we think a man who engages himself never to look at a pretty woman, and a woman never to speak to an agreeable man, promise more than they are able to perform.

According to the moral rules of romance, Amelia deserves punishment, and perhaps the chastisement she meets with is rather too severe. A ball fired from a pistol penetrates that beautiful bosom which she had imprudently covered with the habiliments of a man, to aid her in the pursuit after one of her lovers, who had deserted her to carry off a young lady. The ravisher continued his rout, and nothing more was heard of him. Amelia is found on the main road, in a dying state, and is transported home to her unhappy husband, from whom she receives pardon and tender care, and she expires truly penitent. This violent catastrophe is inimical to the rest of the romance, the scenes of which are painted with an ease and simplicity that render them natural.

This work is, however, distinguished throughout by its correct and easy style, and it will bear analyzing, which can be said of very few romances.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mrs. Peck is about to give to the public a *National Tale*, founded on some extraordinary facts in the History of Ireland, during the seventh century.

Remarks, Moral, Practical, and Facetious, on various Interesting Subjects. Selected from the writings of the late W. Hutton, Esq. of Birmingham, is just published.

Early in February will be published *Tales of my Landlady*, edited by Peregrine Puzlebrain, Esq. in three volumes, 12mo.

Early in February will be published *Sir James The Ross*, a Border Story, in one volume, 12mo.

J. W. Lake, Esq. is preparing for the press a volume of Poetry.

NEW MUSIC.

The Kiss, dear Maid.—Composed by T. Williams.

THIS charming and highly-approved air has been introduced in the popular Opera of *Guy Mannering*, and has been also sung at the Bath concerts by Mr. Pearman, to whose vocal abilities we have before rendered our warmest testimony. The words are by that elegant poet, Lord Byron.—To the touching tenderness of the original composition, Mr. Pearman is extremely happy in making use of the *ad libitum* allowed; and he does ample justice to the expressive notes on the following lines,

“The tear that from thy eye-lid streams,
“Can weep no change in me.”

The above air, by its tender simplicity, does credit to the talents of Mr. Williams.

'Tis Love in the Heart.—A Rondeau, composed by Mr. Horn.

It is always with pleasure that we revise the works of this pleasing, and, we almost venture to pronounce, scientific, composer. The above air owes its words to Mr. Arnold, and they are very charmingly sung by Mr. Horn in *The Election*, performed at the English Opera-House: the above air abounds in those soft and sweet notes, which, without being too plaintive, are

peculiarly adapted to Mr. Horn's voice; and there is a chastened sprightliness in the prelude, a mean between the *forte* and the *piano*, that prepares the ear, in a great measure, for the style of the rondeau itself. We cannot dismiss this article without giving our meed of applause to Mr. Horn for the very tasteful manner in which he gave the repetition, *ad libitum*, of, “*'Tis Love, 'tis Love in the Heart:*” and these *ad libitums*, when conducted with harmonic elegance, if we may use the term, by a singer of science and taste, are always pleasing, as adding novelty and versatility to an air already popular by its genuine merits.

At a meeting of the Governors of the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, a vote of thanks was unanimously given to John Sims, M. D. F.R.S. the consulting Physician; also to J. H. Curtis, Esq. Surgeon to the institution. Since its establishment upwards of three hundred and forty patients have been received, a great number of whom have been cured or relieved; among them, a boy, seven years of age, born deaf and dumb, has been restored to the use of hearing and speech.

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

THE King of Monomotapa is styled *Lord of the Sun and Moon; Great Magician; and Great Thief!*

His Majesty of Ava is called *God*: when he writes to a foreign sovereign he calls himself the King of Kings.

The titles of the King of Achem are, *Sovereign of the Universe*; whose body is luminous as the sun, whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star; a King, as spiritual as a ball is round; who, when he rises, shades all his people; from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted.

The King of Persia's titles, though adulatory, are beautiful: he is called *The Branch of Honour; The Mirror of Virtue; and The Rose of Delight.*

THE CARNIVAL.

THE Carnival, which is celebrated to this day in all Catholic countries, is nothing

more than an ancient pagan rite in commemoration of Bacchus. It was also once a festival dedicated to the evil spirit; and men shielded their faces under a mask to prevent their being known amidst scenes of unlicensed riot and folly. Some time ago, a Turkish Envoy being at Paris in the time of the Carnival, and seeing the extravagancies committed during that season, and the following ceremonies observed on Ash Wednesday, wrote, amongst other things to his friends at Constantinople, that there was a certain time of the year wherein the Christians became frantic, and that at the end of a few days, they made use of a small quantity of grey powder that the priests put on their heads, which rendered them quiet, and they soon recovered their senses.

It is a matter of surprise that the Romish Church should still tolerate the observance of the Carnival! But most likely it is permitted for the same reason as Moses heretofore permitted polygamy, for the hardness of the Israelites' hearts. Common sense would rather abolish the keeping of Lent than the celebrating the Carnival; and such an abolition would not be less pleasing to the Almighty: for the forty days of Lent, which are devoted to fasting and prayer, follow close on those days which have been employed only in practising the extremes of licentiousness, and seems only like giving a plaister to one on whom we had previously inflicted more than a thousand mortal wounds.

In a word, the Carnival is the wreck of innocence, the loss of fortune, the destruction of health, the betrayer of youth, and the death-blow to age.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

It is to the Italians we are indebted for the idea of Newspapers. The title of their *Gazzetas* was, it is thought, derived from the word *Gazzera*, a magpie, or chatterer; but much more likely from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *Gazzetta*, the common price of all Newspapers. Some learned etymologists imagine it to be derived from the Latin *Gaza*, which colloquially signifies a little treasury of news.

The first paper, however, was a Venetian one, and only monthly; and was merely the newspaper of the government. Mr.

Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, assures us that the jealous government did not allow a *printed* newspaper; and the Venetian *Gazetta* continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, to be distributed in *manuscript*.

To the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh, England stands indebted for the first newspaper; and the epoch of the Spanish Armada is also that of a genuine newspaper: in the British Museum are several that were printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English channel in 1588. The earliest newspaper was entitled *The English Mercurie*, which "by authority was imprinted at London by her Highnesses printer, 1588."

These were, however, but extraordinary *Gazettes*, and not regularly published.—The first newspaper in the collection at the British Museum, is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black letter: it contains articles of news like the present *London Gazette*.

The first daily paper was published after the abdication of James II. and took for its popular title that of *The Orange Intelligencer*.

In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper, the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects; and Sir Richard Steele then formed the plan of his *Tatler*; but it remained for the elegant Addison to banish the painful topic of politics from his interesting pages, and from his time periodical literature and newspapers became distinct works.

A QUEER EPITAPH.

On a tombstone in Lyme (America), there was a few years since, and perhaps is at this time, the following epitaph, said to be written by the person for whom it was inscribed:—

A deacon, aged 58—58,

On earth no more is sartin;
He for a crown no longer waits,
Lyme's Captain Renald Marvin.

Tradition says that the above Captain Marvin, when young, courted one Betty Lee, a handsome hearty lass, whose father was violently opposed to the match. Every probable measure was taken to mollify the

old gentleman, but all in vain. The young folks were as obstinate as the old one, and determined to have their own way. As in those good old times none could be untritionally fettered without a previous manifesto, either from the mouth of the minister or nailed on the door of the meeting-house, they made choice of the latter method, and Renald wrote the following stanzas, which was nailed as aforesaid :—

Renald Marvin, Betay Lee,
Do both intend to marry;
And though her dad opposed be,
No longer can they tarry.

Tradition further says that the poetical abilities thus displayed had such an effect on dad, that he shortly after consented that Renald and Betty should become one flesh.

MARRIED.

At Chiddingly, Mr. John Poosok, widower, aged 73, to Mrs. Hannah Willard, aged 63, who had previously been four times a wife, and as often a widow, by the names of Roberts, Lee, Funnell, and Willard. The maiden name of this yet blooming bride was Dine, a daughter of the late W. Dine, of Chiddingly, who published a volume of miscellaneous Poems, which gained him some celebrity as a village poet. The ceremony was preceded by merry peals on the church bells, the first of which was rung by six men, whose ages together amounted to 408 years; and the second by another set of six, whose united ages made 440. The happy couple each possess a little property, and can boast a progeny of nearly a hundred children and grandchildren.

At Endellion (after publishing his own banns), the Rev. N. Trefadder, to Miss Peggy Butterall. It is remarkable that a similar instance took place in the same parish about twenty years ago, when the minister married the clerk's widow.

At St. Martin's in the Fields, Mr. Dore, Surgeon, Marchmont-street, Brunswick-square, to Miss Cecilia Ann, eldest daughter of J. Collins, Esq. of Long Acre.

DIED.

At Old Windsor, greatly lamented, the Right Hon. Lord Walsingham.

At his house in Mansfield-street, Sir John Floyd, Bart. Colonel of the 8th Light Dragoons, and Governor of Gravesend and Tilbury Forts.

In his apartments in St. James's Place, Mr. Eldred, in his 100th year. He was Page of the Presence to King George II. which office he may be said to have filled during three reigns.

Mrs. Whall, of All Saints', Norwich, aged 66 years. One circumstance is somewhat curious. Mr. Gowing, the surgeon, being in attendance upon Mr. Whall, the husband of the deceased, had called to see his patient, and was questioned by Mrs. W. particularly, at parting, as to the probability of her husband's recovery. Mr. G. assured her that he was in no danger; but had scarcely reached his own home before he was informed of the death of Mrs. Whall.

At Hampton-Court Palace, in her 83d year, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Herbert, relict of Charles Herbert, Esq. and sister to the late Duke of Manchester.

At Southampton, Sir Richard Onslow, Bart. K. G. C. B. Admiral of the Red, and Lieutenant-General of the Royal Marines, aged 77.

At Oakley Park, near Ludlow, Lady Clive, in the 84th year of her age, relict of Robert, first Lord Clive, the founder of our empire in Bengal. Lady Clive was in various parts of India when her husband commanded the army there. She joined him in Calcutta, after the retaking of that town, and the decisive battle of Plassey. The death of Lord Clive took place in 1774.

Dr. Charles Burney, Rector of St. Paul, Deptford, and of Cliff Hoo, near Rochester, Prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the King.

At Havannah, in the Island of Cuba, in the month of May last, at the early age of 18 years, Mr. Eneas Mackay, son of Mr. James Mackay, Ross-shire, North Britain. This excellent and amiable young gentleman had, in his short, but active, and enterprising career in life, been distinguished for the strength of his understanding, the extent of his attainments, the virtues of his heart, and the uniform mildness of his disposition. He had chosen the sea-faring line for his profession; to which, from the great precision of his nautical knowledge, he promised to have been an ornament. His exemplary conduct, while living, gained him the love and esteem of his employers; and his early loss is deeply and sincerely regretted by all ranks, who had the pleasure of his society and acquaintance.

At Oxbury, Yorkshire, in the 91st year of his age, Mr. Wm. Higinbottom, well known as a musical professor in that county. He was father to ten, father-in-law to ten, grandfather to 131, great-grandfather to 153, and great great-grandfather to one, in all 305, the last of whom he walked thirty-two miles to see in his 90th year.—He was followed to the tomb by nine of his own children, whose united ages amounted to 533 years, and fifty-nine grand children, and numerous other relatives. His remains were interred in St. Thomas's Chapel, Friar Mear, by torch light, after a solemn funeral dirge had been sung by a choir of his sorrowing vocal friends.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BRING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Pamphlet entitled *Modern Times*, by Mrs. Beverley, came too late for our present Number, but shall, if possible, be noticed in our next.

The pressure of literary intelligence, previously sent us, obliges us also to defer the review of the *Modern Prometheus* till our next Number.

We have received several other new publications for review, which shall be attended to as early as possible.

Our obliging friend AMERICANUS will perceive that we have gladly availed ourselves of his liberal proposal.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 23, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger* Office, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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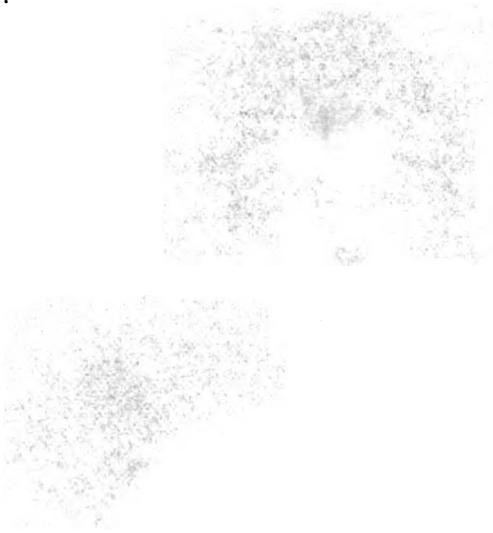
MARCH 1, 1818.



Miss Cabell.

Engraved by J. Thomson from an original Painting by Rose Elinor Drummond.

Published by John Bell, in La Belle Assemblée, N^o 17, March 1st 1848.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For FEBRUARY, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seven.

MISS MARIA CAROLINE CUBITT.

MISS CUBITT, the subject of our present sketch, was born at Lambeth, and is the daughter of Mr. Cubitt, many years a respectable performer at Covent-Garden Theatre. When scarce beyond the period of infancy, at a very early age indeed, Miss Cubitt evinced uncommon musical talents, and played a concerto on the piano-forte which gained her unbounded applause: she also sang *The Soldier tired*, &c. to which scientific air she accompanied herself in a most masterly style, for the benefit of Mrs. Townsend and her infant family: Miss Cubitt was actually at that period only eight years of age. Charmed with such rare talents, several of the nobility took delight in patronizing her; amongst whom may be particularly ranked Lady Anne Hamilton and Lady Lambert; and Miss Cubitt has still the honourable gratification of receiving the kindest attentions from these two illustrious ladies.

Notwithstanding the increasing abilities of Miss Cubitt, both as a singer and a mu-

sician, she had yet never intended to have embraced a theatrical life, till about two years ago. She had been placed for four years with Mr. Nattan, under whose directions she made her first *début* at Drury-Lane, in the character of *Margaretta*, in *No Song no Supper*, on the 14th of June, 1817.

Miss Cubitt possesses a fine clear voice, and her science and taste, we hope, will soon raise her to a higher station of eminence in her profession; as we have the satisfaction of saying, that she is not only a favourite with the musical *amateur*, but by her discrimination of character and sweetness of voice, with the most discerning part of the public. Her private conduct has insured her the esteem and affection of her friends and acquaintance.—Deprived of her mother in a state of early childhood, she regulates her conduct by the strictest rules of prudence, and her highest ambition is to preserve her character unblemished.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

FAMILY OF AGENOR (CONTINUED).

THE prediction of the oracle respecting the family of Cadmus, proved but too true. We know already of the fate of Semele and of Ino, his two daughters. Antiope, one of their sisters, married Aristæus, and was the mother of Acteon, changed into a stag by Diana. Agave, his fourth daughter, married Echion, and was the mother of Pentheus, who was torn to pieces by the Bacchantes. Their son Polydorus, was the father of Labdaens, to whom his son Laius succeeded.

Laius married Jocasta, the daughter of Creon, King of Thebes. The oracle having predicted that their son should kill his father and marry his mother, Laius, to avert such enormities, ordered Œdipus, his son, to be murdered as soon as he was born. Jocasta, more merciful, had him only exposed on mount Cithæron. Phorbas, who tended the flocks of the King of Corinth, having found the child, saved his life, and adopted him. When he had attained the age of manhood he wished to consult the oracle on his future destiny, and was told what had been already predicted to Laius. Œdipus, who considered Phorbas as his father, determined to leave the country in order to avoid the misfortunes that threatened him. He happened in the course of his excursions to meet Laius, whom he was far from suspecting to be what he really was: a quarrel took place between them at the entrance of a narrow lane that led to Delphos; they fought, and Laius was slain.

Œdipus, upon his arrival at Thebes, found the city desolated by a monster called a sphinx, which had the head and chest of a young girl, the body of a dog, the claws of a lion, the tail of a dragon, and wings like a bird. This monster carried off the inhabitants, proposed enigmas to them, and tore to pieces all who could not divine their meaning. Creon, the father of Jocasta, who governed since the death of Laius, had promised his daughter to whoever should deliver the country of the monster

by divining his enigmas, for whenever that should happen, the sphinx was to die. Œdipus succeeded in the attempt, and married Jocasta, whom he never could have imagined to be his mother. From this woful marriage he had two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, and two daughters, Antigone and Ismene.

At the expiration of a few years a terrible plague made a dreadful havoc in the kingdom of Thebes. The oracle being consulted, replied, that the death of Laius must be avenged before the calamity should cease. On account of the inquiries that were made, Œdipus, by the means of Phorbas, discovered all the horror of his destiny: in a paroxysm of despair he plucked out his own eyes, his sons expelled him from the city, and he became a wanderer over the world, exposed to the execration of his fellow creatures for the perpetration of crimes in which his heart had no share. His two daughters alone sympathized in his grief, and endeavoured to soothe his miseries. At last, the noble minded Theseus afforded him an asylum; and, after some years of bitter anguish, the earth opened under his feet, and he was plunged into Tartarus. Jocasta had hung herself upon the first discovery of the horrid mystery.

Eteocles and Polynices, after having expelled their unfortunate father, agreed to reign alternately for a year each; but at the expiration of the first year, Eteocles, who had reigned first as being the eldest, refused to give up the throne to his brother. Polynices, with the support of his father-in-law, Adrastus, King of the Argæans, and the assistance of six other Greek Princes, besieged Thebes with a formidable army. The Thebans made a vigorous resistance, and all the chiefs of the confederates perished under the walls of the city, with a great part of their men. At last, to put a stop to the effusion of blood, it was agreed that the two brothers should decide their difference in single combat, in which they both perished. Creon, the brother of Jo-

casta, then ascended the throne, and forbade, on pain of death, to bury the enemies of the state; Polynices was comprehended among the number. Antigone, his sister, was buried alive for having, notwithstanding the prohibition, paid him the last tribute of a grave. Hemon, the son of Creon, who loved the Princess, killed himself on her tomb.

The above events are said to have occurred towards the year 2783, A. C. about thirty-seven years before the taking of Troy. Theseus, at the head of the Athenians, marched soon after to punish the Thebans, and rendered himself master of their city. The misfortunes of those people whom the vengeance of the Gods pursued, were not yet at an end. Ten years after the sons of those Princes who had been killed under the walls of Thebes came to besiege it, the city was taken and destroyed. It was a long time after that the rest of the nation returned to their native country.

That we might bring the tragical history of the descendants of Cadmus to a conclusion, we have anticipated some events. The two Theban wars, for instance, were posterior to the expedition of the Argonauts; the first having taken place only fifteen years after that expedition.

BRANCH OF MINOS, OF THE FAMILY OF AGENOR.

We have left Europa safely landed in Crete. Jupiter soon left off his vile disguise, and married the Princess, by whom he had three sons, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Sarpedon.

Minos reigned in Crete after having driven from thence his brother Sarpedon, who contended for the crown. Minos became the legislator of the Cretans, and pretended to have received from Jupiter the laws which he gave them. He governed his people with so much equity, that after his death he was thought deserving of being supreme judge in hell. It was his brother Rhadamanthus who killed him accidentally; in consequence he was obliged to leave his country, and sought refuge in Beotia, where he married Alcmena, the widow of Amphitryon. He was no less just and equitable than Minos, to whom

he was found qualified to be associated in his awful functions.

Lycastus, the son of Minos, succeeded him, and was the father of Minos II. This Prince rendered himself formidable to his neighbours, and made several conquests. He married Pasiphae, the daughter of Sol, by whom he had a numerous issue. Androgeus, his eldest son, was the most accomplished Prince of his time: he lived about the year 2754, A. C. On his journey to Athens, where reigned Ægeus, the father of Theseus, to be present at the Panathenean feasts in honour of Minerva, he was conqueror in every exercise. The Athenians, through jealousy, murdered him; but Minos, to avenge the death of his son, declared war against them, took Athens and Megara, and imposed upon them the severe condition of sending every seven years seven youths of both sexes to Crete, destined to be devoured by a monster half a man half a bull, named Minotaur, that was fed with human flesh. This monster was confined in a labyrinth constructed by Dedalus, an artist in the service of Minos; the outlet of which it was almost impossible to find out when once proceeded into. Dedalus himself having incurred the displeasure of Minos, was confined in it with his son Icarus. The ingenious artist contrived, with some wax and feathers, to make wings for himself and son, by means of which he made his escape; but the young man, forgetful of his father's directions, soared too high; the heat of the sun melted the wax of his wings, and he fell into the sea where he was drowned. The unhappy father landed safely in Sicily, where Cocalus received him with hospitality. Minos went to claim him, but Cocalus, unwilling to part with a man of such extraordinary talent, caused the King of Crete to be smothered in a warm bath.

THESEUS.

THE history of Theseus is so intimately connected with that of the family of Minos, that we have thought it proper to bring it in here, notwithstanding that hero belonged to one of the five great heroical families that divided between them the throne of Greece, Asia-Minor, and Egypt.

The family of Theseus had usurped

the throne of Athens, though it is not rightly ascertained at what period, over the family of Erechtheus. *Ægeus*, his father, was the ninth King of that country: he had married *Ethra*, the daughter of *Pittheus*, King of *Trezena*. The two Kings, from political motives, kept the union secret till such time as *Theseus* should be of age to defend his rights against the enemies with whom his father was surrounded.—The young Prince accordingly was brought up at the court of his grandfather, where he had frequent opportunities of seeing *Hercules*. He was such an admirer of that hero, who was a relation of his, that he dreamed of his deeds, and they inspired him with a noble desire of emulating them.

He had scarce attained the age of manhood when he determined to shew himself deserving of a throne before he attempted to make himself known to be heir to one. In imitation of *Hercules*, he undertook to rid *Attica* of the banditti that infested it, and all whom he attacked were overpowered. Upon his arrival at Athens he found the state in ruinous disorder. *Medea*, whom we shall have occasion to speak of, had obtained an asylum in that city which she governed in the name of *Ægeus*. The arrival of *Theseus* caused her apprehension; she wished to poison him, but the old King recognised his son by the hilt of his own sword, which he had left in pledge with *Etbea*, at the moment that he was carrying the fatal cup to his lips. *Medea* was sent out of Athens, but other perils awaited *Theseus*. His uncle *Pallas* had fifty sons who considered themselves as heirs to the crown. They conspired against *Ægeus*, but the father and all his sons were killed by *Theseus*. These murders, although justifiable on account of necessity, caused him to be banished from Athens, but he soon formed a resolution to re-enter the place in a manner worthy of himself.

The disgraceful tribute imposed by *Minos* had already been paid three times; on the fourth, *Theseus* voluntarily offered himself to be one of the victims to be chosen by ballot, determined either to perish or to free his country from so dreadful a condition. The sails of the vessel that carried him over were black, and *Theseus* agreed with his father that in case he should

prove successful, and return victorious, he would change them to white.

He arrived safe in *Crete*, and gained the good graces of *Ariadne*, the daughter of *Minos*, who supplied him with a ball of thread, by means of which he found his way out of the labyrinth after he had killed the *Minotaur*. *Theseus* brought his deliverer away with him, but forsook her in the island of *Naxos*, where, as we have said before, *Bacchus* offered her consolation. Her sister *Phædra*, succeeded her in the affections of *Theseus*, who married her. In the midst of all those adventures the hero forgot the promise he had made to his father. *Ægeus*, upon seeing the black sails, thought that his son had perished, and plunged into the sea that still bears his name. He was lost. *Theseus's* ship was consecrated to the Gods, and so religiously preserved, that it was in existence a thousand years after his death.

Theseus, now become King of Athens on account of the death of his father, applied himself to forming a code of laws for his people; he called within the city the scattered inhabitants about the country, divided them into tribes, and framed the plan of a free republic, in which he only reserved for himself the command of the army and the protection of the laws. Religion being the powerful check of a nation, and the chief bond of society, he introduced among the Athenians a religious system. After having executed his political designs he resigned his regal authority, and recommenced going in search of adventures, several of which were by no means honourable.

He was generally attended in his excursions by *Perithoüs*, King of the *Lapithæ*, his friend, whom he assisted in the war he had to sustain against the *Centauræ*. They carried off the fair *Helena*, who was only ten years of age, and fell to the lot of *Theseus*. *Castor* and *Pollux*, in return, carried off *Ethra*, his mother. The two friends next descended into hell, with the intent of taking away *Proserpina*; but *Perithoüs* was devoured by *Cerberus*, and *Theseus* remained fixed, without being able to stir, on a stone upon which he had seated himself, till he was released by *Hercules*.—*Theseus* also fought against the *Amazons*,

whom he defeated; he had a share in all the enterprises of his time, such as the conquest of the golden fleece, the Calydon chase, &c. &c.

Domestic calamities, the consequence of a wandering life, embittered the old age of Theseus. Phædra, his consort, having conceived a violent passion for Hippolytus, her son, charged the young Prince with the crime of which she herself was guilty. Theseus exasperated, devoted the innocent Hippolytus to the angry resentment of Neptune. A monster, sent by the God, frightened the young Prince's horses, and they mangled his limbs and body. Phædra hung herself in despair. His ungrateful subjects revolted against him, so that he was forced to leave Athens after having

loaded it with malediction. He went to seek an asylum in the island of Scyros, where he met his death. Lycomedes, King of that country, was jealous of his high renown, and treacherously threw him from the summit of a steep rock where he had invited him. Several centuries after the Athenians wished to make reparation for their ingratitude towards Theseus. His remains were brought to Athens under the government of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, and placed in a superb tomb that became an asylum for the unfortunate whom he had protected during his lifetime. A temple was even erected to him; festivals were established in his honour; in short, he was worshipped equal to the most famous demi-gods.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from page 2.)

GREEK MUSIC.

THE first music mentioned in Grecian history is that of the *Idæi Dactyli*, after the birth of Jupiter, which consisted of a clashing of swords. And here, amongst the records of polytheism, we find Minerva the first who taught the use of the trumpet, and also she is mentioned as being the inventress of the lute. Mercury is represented with a lyre, and was said to be a wonderful musician. Apollo led the senses captive by the melodious sounds of his lyre, and was styled the God of Music. Pan excelled on the flute.

The Pythian Games, so frequently mentioned in Grecian history, were celebrated only once in eight or nine years; but we find music, in a particular manner, one of the subjects of contention in those games. At Delphos there were many players upon musical instruments: to these were joined choruses of youths and maidens: and we are assured by several learned writers, that the Muses themselves were originally only singers and musicians, serving in the temples of the Egyptian Gods.

The history of the first poets and musicians is all enveloped in a cloud of fable;

but yet there are historical facts which have lived through ages, and which remain entire in spite of all the attacks of time. The records of festivals, of those heroes, or those inventors of the arts, which ranked them as Gods amongst the ignorant, have by various ancient writers been handed down to us, and afford to the investigating mind of study some certain rules, whereby we are enabled to guess at the progress of music from its first rude and uncultivated state.

A learned dignitary of the church, who has written much on the progressive arts, by no means regards the celebrated Orpheus as a fabulous personage. He ranks him only as one of the first cultivators of music and poetry; and Sir Isaac Newton traces even the family of Orpheus through several generations: Plutarch expressly says, that before his time no other music was known but the flute, and a few airs necessary for that instrument: he gives us also the following curious account of this musician; that he totally abstained from all animal food; and held eggs in the same abhorrence, persuaded that as the egg existed before the chicken, it was like the

prime principle of all existence. Our modern public singers now look upon an egg as a fine improver of the voice, and a sovereign strengthener of the lungs.

Homer, in his admirable poem on the Trojan war, often mentions the poets and musicians who were the bards of Greece: he speaks of music with rapture in innumerable passages both of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Yet we there find the lyre only used as an accompaniment to the voice; in fact, we often find singing without music, but never musical instruments without singing; they even sang to dances. The lyre, the flute, and the Pandean pipe, seemed the only instruments then in use, and the two latter were of Egyptian origin, and of great antiquity. Death was the only God, according to Homer, who could not be moved by music, and before whom "no hymns were sung."

The trumpet is mentioned by Homer in a simile; yet it was unknown to the Greeks in the war of Troy, as a musical instrument belonging to war. Archbishop Potter says, that before the invention of trumpets the signal for battle was given by lighted torches, to which succeeded the conch shell, which, in savage nations, to this day answers the use of the trumpet.

But there is not a public feast celebrated by Homer without music and a bard. The Gods are represented with Apollo tuning the lyre, and the listening Muses "returning the silver sound." And the use of music in private life recurs so often in Homer, that we may be justly led to imagine it had attained to some degree of perfection even in his days. All his heroes are musical, so are his divinities. Amongst his bards, Homer particularly celebrates Pheemus, and preserves his fame by saying he was pressed into the service of Penelope.

It has been imagined that the employing of the first musicians of Greece was similar to that of the bards among the Celts and Germans. They sang their lays in the palaces of Princes, and were always treated with respect, being looked on as persons inspired. The troubadours of Provence and Languedoc, and the minstrels of other countries, became numerous and licentious; and created alike astonishment and esteem in all the kingdoms which they

passed through. (The troubadours of Greece possessed equal merit.

Thaletas, of Greece, is the next poet-musician after Hesiod and Homer. Plutarch says all his odes were enforced by the sweetness and melody of his voice; and Plato describes his captivating manner of singing: he was the first who composed a measure for the armed, or military dance.

Tyrtæus, an Athenian General and a musician, is celebrated by all writers of antiquity for being a composer of several military songs and airs, as well as for being a performer: he invented a new military flute, or clarinet; and his martial airs were constantly played in the Spartan army; he was also the author of a celebrated song performed at festivals for three choirs.

In the 96th Olympiad, 396 years before Christ, a prize was instituted at the Olympic Games for the best performer on the trumpet. This instrument, it may be supposed, served at first as only a rough and noisy signal for battle, and perhaps with only one sound; and as it must ever have been an unfit instrument to accompany the voice, it may be imagined, by its emulating to gain a prize, to have been the first *solo* instrument amongst the ancients. Timæus, of Elis, gained the first prize. Archias, the Hyblæan trumpeter, dedicated a statue to Apollo, in gratitude for having been enabled to proclaim the Olympic Games with his trumpet "three times without bursting his cheeks!" or a blood vessel. Even playing on the flute was attended with danger; for Harmonides, a young flute-player, in order to surprise his hearers, began with so violent a blast, that "he breathed his last breath," as Lucian tells us, "into his flute," and died on the spot.

Musical contests certainly formed a part of the Olympic Games; and the Emperor Nero, who regarded every great musician as his rival, disputed the prize in music in all its forms. Musical contests were also added to the ancient Pythian Games; and the flute was then played on with taste, unaccompanied by singing. At the 8th Pythiad, 559 years before Christ, a crown was given to players upon "stringed instruments without singing."

Sir Isaac Newton observes, that after the regular celebration of the Pythian Games, several eminent musicians and

poets flourished in Greece: he gives a list of more than twenty. Amongst the ancient bards of Greece was Alcman, who was a native of Sardinia, and lived about 670 years before the Christian era. He was a celebrated composer of love songs; he was remarkable also for a most voracious appetite, being the greatest glutton of his time. We are sorry also to record the name of a famous musical lady about the same period; whose sole occupation, it is said, was sounding the trumpet and eating.

The celebrated poetess Sappho, was the inventress of a mode in music called the *mizolydian*. Nature enabled her to sing her own verses in a higher pitch than was ever known before.

Mimnermus, according to Plutarch, was remarkable for his skill on the flute, and Horace bears testimony to his abilities.

Simonides, so much celebrated by all the ancient writers, was a native of Ceos, born 538 years before Christ, and died at the age of ninety. He gained the prize in elegiac poetry, and was, according to Pliny, him who added the eighth string to the lyre.

Pindar, who was born about eighteen years after him, was instructed in music by his father, who was a flute-player by profession. Corinna, a female musician, disputed the prize of music with Pindar at Thebes, and she vanquished him five different times; but she was one of the most beautiful women in the age in which she lived, and the judges might be partial.—The character of Pindar was, however, irreproachable; his works abound with lessons of the purest morality; and he attained that exalted eulogium of being “pleasing to strangers, and dear to all his fellow citizens.” Pindar never traduced even his enemies, comforting himself always with his constant maxim, and which afterwards has been proverbial through every age, that “it is better to be envied than pitied.”

Pindar died at the age of eighty-six; and when Alexander the Great attacked the city of Thebes, he gave express orders to his soldiers to spare the house and the family of Pindar.

Timotheus was one of the most celebrated poets and musicians of antiquity: he was born at Miletus, an Ionian city of Caria, 446 years before Christ. He excelled in

his performance on the cithara; which instrument he perfected by the addition of four new strings to its former number of seven.

Before the time of Terpander the Grecian lyre had only four strings; and it is Pythagoras who has the reputation of adding an eighth string, in order to complete the octave.

Music was at this early period certainly cultivated in different countries; and the inhabitants of each country have invented and improved their own instruments.—Every Grecian province had its peculiar games, and every city its festivals, whereat poets and musicians contended for pre-eminence. At the Panathenæan Games, singers of the first class, accompanied by performers on the flute and cithara, there exercised their talents: there were premiums given to the flute-players. The flute was an instrument long held in esteem through all Greece, particularly at Athens; though Aristotle assures us that the flute, when first invented, was only played on by the meanest of the people; and was reckoned ignoble till after the invasion and defeat of the Persians. But luxury and ease soon rendered its use more general, and, moreover, it became a disgrace for persons of birth not to know how to play on it. Indeed music was in such favour, that the study of it was an essential part of education.

Pericles, the most accomplished of all the characters in antiquity, augmented the musical contests at the Panathenæan festivals, and built the Odeum, or music-room, in which musicians and poets daily exercised themselves in their art. He invited to Athens Antigenides, one of the most renowned musicians of antiquity, a native of Thebes. Antigenides never was elevated at, but disapproved of the coarse taste of the common people. Hearing, once a violent burst of applause to a player on the flute, he said, “There must be something very bad in that man’s performance, or such people would not be so lavish of their approbation.”—He was the author of several improvements on the flute; he increased the number of holes, which extended the compass of that instrument, rendering its tones more flexible and versatile.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

BLANCHE OF CASTILLE.

THIS virtuous and accomplished daughter of Alphonso IX. was married to Louis VIII. surnamed the Lion, and was the mother of nine children, of whom she was often heard to repeat, that she had rather see them in their graves than that they should be guilty of a criminal action. She was appointed Regent at the time when Louis IX. went on a crusade to Jerusalem, and governed during his absence with prudence and firmness. During her regency the following interesting anecdote is recorded. The canons of the metropolitan church of Paris had exacted, with the most rigorous cruelty, their tithes and other imposts from the different inhabitants of those villages over which they presided in their ecclesiastical functions. They then confined them, when unable to pay, in the prisons belonging to the chapter, and reduced their wives and children to the extremes of hardship and misery. When Blanche was informed of this cruel proceeding, she severely reprimanded the canons for their conduct, and ordered them to restore the peasants to freedom. They refused, and that in so insolent a manner that the Queen was truly disgusted at their behaviour. She immediately ordered her guards to attend her, and repaired to the gates of the prisons where the unfortunate men were confined: She again repeated her commands, and threatened the canons if they did not obey them to break open herself the prison doors, and set the captives free. They again refused; and the Queen with her sceptre first struck against the doors of the prisons: on this signal the guards forced them open, and dragged forth the prisoners from their dungeons. They immediately threw themselves at the feet of their benefactress, in presence of the canons, who were bursting with rage to see their authority thus compromised.—Blanche, however, restored the unfortunate to their weeping families, and enjoyed the extatic pleasure of hearing their blessings follow her wherever she went. She, moreover, paid all their debts, and fixed the sum that ever after the canons should merely have a right to demand.

JULIA D'ANGENNES.

WHEN this celebrated beauty was in the zenith of her fame and youth, the renowned Gustavus, King of Sweden, was making war in Germany with the most brilliant success. Julia was accustomed, in the most energetic manner, to express her warm admiration of this hero; and she had his portrait placed constantly before her on her toilette, declaring she would have no lover but Gustavus. The Duke de Montausier was, however, her most ardent and professed admirer. And this constant attachment on the part of the Duke gave rise to that famous poetic garland which he sent to the lovely Julia: it was sent to her as a new year's gift, and the description of it cannot fail of being interesting to every reader of taste and refinement. The most beautiful flowers were painted in miniature by an eminent artist, on pieces of vellum, all of equal size. Under every flower a sufficient space was left for a madrigal on the subject of such flower. The Duke was aided in this by all the wits of the time. Under every flower a madrigal was then written by a finished master in the art of penmanship. These poetical effusions, with their beautiful paintings, were then magnificently bound together. This gift, when Julia awoke on new year's day, she found lying on her toilette. Amongst the most elegant madrigals was the following on the *Violet*:—

"Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon séjour,
 "Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
 "Mais, si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
 "La plus humble des fleurs, sera la plus superbe."

This has been very elegantly translated and versified in the following manner, by Mr. d'Israeli:—

"Modest my colour, modest is my place;
 "Pleas'd in the grass my lowly form to hide;
 "But 'mid your tresses might I wind with grace,
 "The humblest flower would feel the loftiest pride."

We are assured by an eminent modern writer, that the poetic garland of Julia d'Angennes is still in existence; and that this literary curiosity appeared at the sale of the library of the Duke de la Valliere.

It was sold for the exorbitant sum of 14,510 livres: it is embellished by a frontispiece, representing a garland composed of twenty-nine different flowers, and on the following page is painted a beautiful Cupid. Since the French revolution the garland found its way into this country, and was some time in the care of a bookseller, who offered it to sale at the price of five hundred pounds! No curious collector has, however, been tempted to bid for it.

ELIZABETH DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE.

THIS lady was of a very different character to Anne Clarges, the Duchess of Albemarle, and wife to General Monck. Elizabeth was generally distinguished by the epithet of *The Mad Duchess of Albemarle*. She was the daughter of Lord Ogle, and married Christopher, son and heir to George, Duke of Albemarle, when he was only sixteen years of age. In the year 1670, Christopher succeeded his father in title and estate. The wayward and fretful temper of his Duchess made him often prefer the bottle to such a companion; the consequences of hard drinking brought on a premature death, and the Duchess took for a second husband Ralph, Lord Montague. As the estate she possessed from her noble ancestors was immense, she resolved, after the death of the Duke of Albemarle, to give her hand to nobody but a sovereign Prince. Lord Montague therefore courted her, and married her, as Emperor of China. This story was brought on the stage, in the comedy of *The Double Gallant*; or, *Sick Lady's Cure*. The Duchess, who lived for some time at Montague-House, and died at Clerkenwell, was, as may be well supposed, disordered in her head; for to her death she was always served on the

knee as a sovereign. As the Duke, her second husband, confined her, he was compelled by her relations to produce her in open court, to ascertain that she was alive. She was allowed three thousand pounds a year for the maintenance of her rank, and living to a very advanced age, her savings were divided among her own relations. Lord Ross, who in his writings imitated the style of Rochester, made the following verses on her marriage with Lord, afterwards Duke of Montague:—

"Insulting rival, never boast
"Thy conquest lately won;
"No wonder if her heart was lost—
"Her senses first were gone.
"From one that's under Bedlam's laws
"What glory can be had?
"For love of thee was not the cause;
"It proves that she was mad."

MRS. KATHARINE CLARKE.

TRULY illustrious by her own exemplary conduct, as well as by being the beloved wife of Mr. Samuel Clarke, the famous biographer and martyrologist. Her husband constantly extolled her both before and after her death, with being a pattern of piety, meekness, chastity, industry, and obedience. We know not how modern wives would like to copy such an example, but the good gentleman informs us, that she never rose from table without *making him a courtesy*, nor drank to him without *bowing*; that his word was a law to her, and that she often denied herself to gratify him. All writers, however, of that period, declare that he was as good a husband as she was a wife.

When her last moments drew near she was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution, and very composedly, with her own fingers closed down her eye-lids.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

THE DUCHESS DE CHATEAUBLOUX.

AMONGST the many amiable females that adorned the court of Louis XV. on his first taking the reins of government, were the five daughters of the Marquis de Neale: and Madame de Tournelle, the youngest, afterwards the Duchess de Chateaubloux, possessed a form which Love and the

Graces seemed to have taken pleasure in embellishing: her complexion was delicately fair, her air noble, and her stature tall and graceful: but the impetuosity of her character, and the dominion of the passions, might be traced on her countenance, all charming as it was. Her conversation was sprightly, and her manners most fascinating,

while her smile was in itself captivation. Pride and determination formed, however, the basis of her character; her ambition was that of an intriguing and coquettish woman; and she appeared at the court of France in a time of the utmost difficulty, the year 1740: it was then that the death of the Emperor Charles IV. had just taken place, and France found herself engaged in a glorious war, but which soon terminated in a very adverse manner. It was requisite to rouse the King of France from that species of apathy into which he had fallen, and awaken the more elevated sentiments with which nature had endowed him; this magnanimous task was undertaken by the Duchess de Chateauroux. Attached to the monarch's person, but yet more to his glory, she led her royal lover through those paths that guided him to honour, and set before his eyes the happiness of being beloved by his people. Louis, at the head of his armies, became another Charles VII. and it was owing to the sublime instigations of the Duchess that he dated this most happy epoch of his reign.

The fatigues of the campaign had, however, almost brought Louis XV. to the last extremity. The Duchess de Chateauroux never quitted his pillow, and bestowed on him all the tender cares that the most refined and tender passion could inspire: but this was the time that her enemies chose to alienate from her the monarch's affections. She was disgraced, together with her sister, the beautiful Duchess de Laurignais, and these unfortunate ladies had scarce interest sufficient to procure a carriage to transport them out of Metz.

The most splendid festivals took place on the King's recovery. The Duchess de Chateauroux, experienced all the terrors of

being for ever discarded, mingled with the faint hope of again beholding her lover; which rendered her incapable of taking any part in the public rejoicings. She saw the King from a window, as he made his public entry into Paris: her acclamations were mingled with those of the people, but their eyes met, and their hearts understood each other.

The King ordered Madame de Chateauroux to repair to Versailles, and to be installed in her late honours there as superintendant of the apartments of the Dauphiness, and to occupy her usual apartments. The Duchess, however, demanded reparation for the humiliations she had undergone. She desired that every one of her enemies should be sacrificed to her resentment; and she gave a proof of the peril attached to injuring a woman possessed in a supreme degree, of the art of pleasing, and of all the power and means of vengeance. This was the most blameworthy part of the Duchess's character: we are easily led to pardon those weaknesses which often are the result only of excessive sensibility, but we wish the lips of woman always to be closed against uttering bitter and destructive expressions.

Pleasure often produces the same effects as misery. The day destined to the triumph of Madame de Chateauroux, was a day of sorrow. Her lover was at her feet, the court devoted to her, but death was in her heart; she was seized with a terrifying delirium; and the sudden stroke which attacked her gave rise to the most fearful suspicions. The Duchess de Richelieu had no doubt but that she was poisoned. Every succour was, however, administered in vain; in two days this celebrated favourite was no more!

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF LE KAIN, THE FRENCH ACTOR.

In 1762, Le Kain retired from the French stage, covered with gold and glory. He was congratulated once by a company on the retreat he was about to enjoy. "As to glory," modestly replied the actor, "I do not flatter myself to have acquired much. This kind of reward is always disputed by

many, and you, yourselves, would not allow it, were I to assume it. As to the money, I have not so much reason to be satisfied: at the Italian Theatre their share is more considerable than mine; an actor there may get twenty to twenty-five thousand livres, and my share amounts at the most to ten or twelve thousand."—"How! the devil!" exclaimed a blunt Chevalier of the

order of St. Louis, "a vile stroller is not content with twelve thousand livres annually, and I, who am in the King's service, who sleep upon a cannon, and lavish my blood for my country, I must consider myself as fortunate in having obtained a pension of one thousand livres!"—"And," said the mock majesty of the irritated player, "do you account as nothing, Sir, the liberty of addressing me thus?"

ANECDOTE OF MIGNARD AND LE BRUN.

THAT great painter, Peter Mignard, once painted a Magdalen on a canvas fabricated at Rome. A broker, who was in concert with him, went to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him, in confidence, that he was to receive a Magdalen from Italy, painted by Guido. The Chevalier caught the bait, begged the preference, and purchased the picture at a very high price.

He was informed soon after that he had been imposed upon, and that the picture was painted by Mignard. No amateur, however, would believe it; all the connoisseurs agreed it was a Guido, and Le Brun declared the same opinion.

The Chevalier went to Mignard.—"Some persons," said he, "have assured me that the Magdalen is your work."—"Mine!" said Mignard, "they do me great honour. I am sure that Le Brun is not of that opinion."—"Le Brun swears it can be no other than Guido. You shall, however, dine with me and meet some of the first connoisseurs."

At this meeting the picture was more closely inspected than ever. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work of so great a master as Guido: he added, that if it was, it certainly was not in his best manner. "Yes, Sir," replied Le Brun, with warmth, "it is in his very best manner," and all the connoisseurs unanimously agreed to the same opinion.—Mignard then said with much firmness, "I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido."—The dispute became violent, and Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager.—"No, Sir," replied Mignard, "I am too honest to bet when I am certain to win. Monsieur le Chevalier, this piece cost you 2000 crowns: the money must be returned, the painting is mine. The proof is easy. On this canvas, which is a Roman

one, was the portrait of a Cardinal, I will shew you his cap."—The Chevalier was staggered, and knew not which artist he ought to believe.—"He who painted the picture," said Mignard, "shall mend it." He then took a pencil dipped in oil, and rubbing with it the hair of the Magdalen discovered the Cardinal's cap. The honour of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed. Le Brun was vexed, and sarcastically said, "Always paint Guido but never Mignard."

ANECDOTE OF POPE AND LORD HALIFAX.

WHEN Pope was first introduced to Lord Halifax, to read to him his *Iliad*, the noble critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with such a masterpiece of translation and composition; but his Lordship at the same time took care to say, that such a sentence, such a phrase, and such a passage, admitted of some alteration. The poet was vexed; because, in general, the parts at which his Lordship made these remarks, were those with which the bard himself, was best satisfied. As he was returning home, in company with Sir Samuel Garth, Pope revealed to his friend the agitation of his mind—"Oh!" replied Garth, laughing, "You are not so well acquainted with his Lordship as myself; he must criticise. At your next visit read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that you have recollected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation of them." Pope made use of the stratagem, and my Lord exclaimed, "Dear Pope, they are now inimitable!"

ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO KINGS.

A Polish monarch having quitted his companions during the chase, his courtiers found him a few days after, in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. Surprised at this, they were in doubt whether the porter could really be his Majesty. At length, they ventured to express their complaints, that so great a personage should debase himself by such a vile employ. His Majesty answered them: "Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here; the weightiest is but a straw, when compared to that world under

which I laboured. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect whom you choose. For me, who am so well, it were madness to return to court!

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

A person once came running almost out of breath to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, saying, "My Lord, I bring you tidings of calamity to the nation, and I do not know how far the direful effects of it may spread to endanger the church and state."—"What is the matter man?" said the impatient Chancellor.—"My Lord," continued the person, "a rebellion has broken out."—"Where, where?"—"In the Isle of Man."—"In the Isle of Man!" repeated the vociferous Chancellor. "A tempest in a teapot!"

ANECDOTE OF WALLER THE POET.

WHEN King James II. was informed that Waller was about to marry his daughter to the Reverend Dr. Birch, he ordered a French gentleman to tell the poet that he wondered he should think of marrying his daughter to a falling church! "The King," said Waller, "does me great honour in taking notice of my domestic affairs, but I have lived long enough to observe that this falling church has got a trick of rising again."

BON MOT OF THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

AT an anniversary dinner given on the birth-day of Mr. Fox, Northcote, the painter, who had sat over the bottle as long as he wished, and who was cooped up in a corner, which rendered it impossible for him to make an unperceived retreat, effected his emancipation by jumping over the table. "Ah! Northcote," cried out Mr. Erskine, "this is one of your *landships*!"

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

XENOPHON gives a clear and distinct account of *gloves*. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, he gives, as a proof of their effeminacy, that not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Homer, speaking of Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with gloves on his hands, to secure them from the thorns.

Athénæus speaks of a celebrated glutton, who always came to table with gloves on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company.

Musonius, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says, "It is a shame, that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings." Their convenience, however, soon made the use general.

In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of gloves was become so universal,

that even the church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of Louis le Debonnaire, the council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheep-skin.

Besides their original design for a covering of the hand, *gloves* have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of *investitures*, in bestowing lands, or in conferring *dignities*. In the year 1002, the Bishops of Paderborn and Menciaere were put into possession of their Sees by receiving a glove. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some Abbots in France, presuming to wear gloves, the council of Poitiers interposed, and forbid them the use, on the same principle as the ring and sandals; these being peculiar to Bishops.

Favin observes, that the custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the Kings of France, which still subsists, is a remain of the eastern practice of investiture by a glove. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded in the German history, The unfortunate Conradin was deprived of

his crown and his life by the usurper Manfred. When having ascended the scaffold, the injured Prince lamented his hard fate, he asserted his right to the crown, and, as a token of investiture, threw his glove among the crowd, intreating it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death. It was taken up by a knight, who brought it to Peter, King of Arragon, who was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of gloves was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession, so the depriving of a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. His spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off.

Another use of gloves was in a duel; on which occasion he who threw one down, was thereby understood to give defiance; and he who took it up to accept the challenge. Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.* A challenge is given by the glove at the coronation of the Kings of England; on which occasion his Majesty's champion, completely armed, and well mounted, enters Westminster Hall, and proclaims, that if any man shall deny the Prince's title to the crown, he is ready to maintain and defend it by single combat. After which declaration he throws down the glove or gauntlet, as a token of defiance.

Formerly judges were forbid to wear gloves on the bench. Our judges lie under no such restraint; for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving gloves from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes, without any one receiving sentence of death.

We meet with the term *glove-money* in many of the old records.—*Abridged from D. Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO M. B. VAUGHAN, ESQ. ON LUXURY.

"Parsy, 26th July, 1784.

"CERTAINLY I have not yet thought of any remedy against luxury; neither am

* And is still in use amongst many officers in the British army.

I sure that luxury can submit to any remedy in a powerful state; and after all, the evil is not so great as we are willing to imagine. Let us suppose that we understand by the definition of the term luxury, every species of useless expence; let us then ask ourselves, if it would be possible to put in force, in a country so extensive as ours, those laws which would oppose such expences, and even in this supposition, let us see if our people will become more rich, or more happy. The hope of being one day in a state to procure the enjoyments of luxury, is it not always a powerful spur to labour and industry? Luxury, therefore, may produce more than it consumes: since, without such a motive of encouragement, the people would stand still in that state of indolence and idleness, to which they are naturally inclined. This idea brings to my mind the following anecdote. The owner of a sloop, which traded between Cape May and Philadelphia, had rendered me some service, for which he would not be prevailed on to accept any recompence; my wife having learned that he had a daughter, made her a present of a very pretty fashionable little cap. Three months after, this man called at my house, in company with a farmer of Cape May; he spoke of the cap, and dwelt on the pleasure it had given his daughter. 'But,' added he, soon after, 'this cap has been very expensive to our quarter.' 'How so?' said L.—'Alas!' replied he, 'as soon as ever my daughter appeared in public with her cap, all the young girls in the neighbourhood were so in love with it, that they determined to send to Philadelphia for those of the same pattern; and my wife and I calculated, that the number of the caps sent for cost, at least, an hundred pounds sterling.' 'That is all very true,' replied the farmer, 'but you only tell one part of the story; it seems that this cap has been attended with some advantage, nevertheless; for our young girls first of all diligently set to work, to knit worsted mittens, in order to sell them at Philadelphia, and by that means to procure pretty caps and ribbons. Now, you must know, that this branch of industry increases every day, and that it is already an article of some importance in our commerce.' To sum up all, I was very well pleased with this little example in favour

of luxury, since, on one side, the young girls belonging to Cape May were happy in obtaining fashionable caps; and the women of Philadelphia a good supply of mittens."—*Dr. Franklin's Private Correspondence.*

MR. BROWNE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

No man, by his personal manners and appearance, his gravity, firmness, good sense, and judgment, appears to have been better qualified for undertakings of the kind. His demeanour was precisely that of a Turk of the better order. He conversed slowly and sparingly, never descended to familiarity, observed each and all of the company as if with jealousy and suspicion. But when this wore off, and intimacy was established, he was exceedingly communicative, and readily discussed the subjects about which he was most anxious, and best qualified, to impart information.

After much and long deliberation on the subject, he finally determined upon the expedition, in the prosecution of which he lost his life. He proceeded by Malta to Smyrna, and from thence through Asia Minor, Amasya, Tohat, and Armeuia, to Tebriz. At this place he remained a few weeks, expecting the arrival of the English Ambassador from Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana. He lived with Sir Gore Ouseley some time, at Tebriz, who gave him letters to Naseraddin Mirza, son of Beg Jan, King of Boucara, and to Anhed Ali Mirza, the King of Persia's son, the Governor of Khorasan, and residing at Meshhed.

The ambassador, moreover, procured him passports and letters from the King of Per-

sia and his ministers, and a Mehmander, who would have been responsible for his life and property as far as the Persian dominions extend. His impatience, however, to proceed, induced him to leave the King's camp some hours before his Mehmander was ready; and being in a Turkish dress and not known to be an Englishman, he was murdered by some wandering tribe of Kurds or Turkomans, near the Kaffia Kûh, or Tiger mountains, after having crossed the river Kezel Ouzan, which separates Aberbarjan from Irak.

He had no English attendant, but whilst he remained in Persia, kept one groom and one valet, both Persians, and had two or three horses.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF MR. BROWNE.

In all probability he owed his death, not so much to any improper display of his property, as to his invincible obstinacy with which he resisted all expostulation and remonstrance, in always wearing the Turkish dress. Now it happens, that the hordes, by some of whom Browne was murdered, entertain the most deadly hatred and animosity against the Turks, for one of whom, in all probability, he was mistaken.

Strict search was, however, made after his assassins, and a great number of the inhabitants of the district where he died, were apprehended, upon whom the King of Persia, without any judicial proceeding, expressed to the Ambassador his determination of inflicting the summary punishment of death. This, however, Sir Gore Ouseley would not permit.—*Beloe's Sexagenarian.*

INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.

THE CHARACTER OF DIOGENES.

PREJUDICE held as great sway over the former ages as over the present, and the love of fame was equally prevalent. No one is more a proof of this than the famous Diogenes, who, in spite of the extravagance of his conduct, knew the means of passing for a philosopher of the first stamp. When any one reflected on, or ridiculed the ridiculous behaviour of this madman, who has mistakingly been placed amongst the wise, he seated himself quietly in his tub, and

even insulted Alexander the Great! When all the inhabitants of Greece and Corinth went to do homage to the hero, and to congratulate him on his victory over the Persians, Alexander flattered himself that Diogenes would be found amongst them, and he inwardly rejoiced at the idea of this boasted philosopher's coming to offer to him that incense of praise which he refused to all the world beside: but finding his hopes disappointed, he demeaned himself so far as to go to the suburbs of Corinth, and visit

the miserable being, whose learned folly at that time made so much noise. He found him sitting in his tub, with his face turned towards the sun; and though he knew Alexander, he affected not to perceive him. Notwithstanding this rudeness, the Prince saluted him with kindness, and asked him if there was any thing he could do to serve him? To which the misanthrope disdainfully answered, that he wanted nothing, except that Alexander would stand out of his light. Alexander courteously answered that, if he was not Alexander he would wish to be Diogenes. And it no doubt was his wish, for each desired to appear the most extraordinary person of the age he lived in; and it is difficult to say which was possessed of the greatest share of pride. But, certainly, that of Diogenes was most conspicuous; for Alexander was a mighty monarch, and had more right to pride himself on the victories he had acquired, than an idle philosopher, who was as poor as a church mouse, and who affected to be different from the rest of mankind.

One day Diogenes ran about the streets of Athens at mid-day with a torch in his hand, saying, that he was looking for an honest man: any one acting in that manner now would be thought a madman. His usual dwelling was a tub: what connection could such a lodging have with a philosophic mind? Does not the whimsical idea shew more in it of the buffoon than the philosopher?

He one day told his disciples that he did

not wish to be buried; since the sun and the rain would soon consume his body. "But," replied his disciples, "if the body is not buried the dogs will devour it." "Put a stick in my hand, then," replied he, "and I will drive them away." "When you are dead," remarked his disciples, "you will neither see nor hear them." "Then what fools ye are," said the philosopher, "if I neither see nor feel, what does it signify whether I am devoured or no, or what becomes of me?" Though this may seem philosophy, yet this little care in regard to the body is contrary to nature.

One day when the snow was falling, he stript himself to the skin, and rolled about in the snow. His disciples asked him if he was not cold? "Are your faces cold?" said Diogenes, and on their replying in the negative, he said, "Very well, I am all face." The affront he offered to Plato; shews the envy and cruelty of his nature. Plato had defined man to be an unfeathered biped. Diogenes took a cock, and after plucking out all the feathers of the poor bird, set him running loose into Plato's academy.

Being asked one day which sort of wine he liked best? "That," said he, "that costs me nothing."—This proves the meanness of his nature. As he was despised by women, so he was ever ready to revile and defame them: and seeing once two female criminals hung to a tree, he exclaimed, "Would to heaven every tree bore fruit like this!"

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

GEORGE ROMNEY (CONCLUDED).

THE year 1795 seemed a propitious year to Romney, as it opened with an event which had a sensible influence on his kind and affectionate spirit: this was the promising establishment of his young friend, Thomas Hayley, as the disciple of Flaxman. Romney thought highly of the pure and intelligent mind of this lively youth, and he always took the warmest and tenderest interest in his studies.

Romney closed this year by a visit to *Sussex*, to complete a large picture he had begun at *Petworth*; but his health and

spirits were at that time in a very languid state: Lord Egremont, however, on his arrival, afforded him every encouragement, comfort, and indulgence. In the spring of 1796, he had a short, but very severe fit of illness; from which, though it was his lot to recover, yet the malady of his nerves continually increased: nevertheless his friends, who were sincerely attached to him, did not pity him the less because his malady was only imaginary; and at the commencement of the year 1797, he appeared to suffer still deeper depression, and his future years became more gloomy from the

symptoms of gradual decay. As the year advanced his health began to amend a little; but it was a task of anxious care to preserve in his mind a tolerable degree of social serenity whenever his health was disordered: his sensibility was exquisite, and as his health was recovering he injured it by fancies and unconsoling apprehensions of every kind. At his new mansion on Hampstead Hill he grew particularly dejected, and his best friends advised him to occupy himself a little with his pencil, and offered to sit to him, merely for his amusement.

In 1798 he sold the lease of his house in Cavendish square, to Mr. Shee; and in 1799, he went, with the son of Mr. Hayley, to visit that amiable man and excellent writer, at his seat at Earham.

On the 6th of March that year he completed his own portrait, and returned to his mansion at Hampstead; but on the 28th of April the anxious and watchful eye of friendship perceived that the increasing weakness of his body, and his mental infirmity, afforded but a melancholy prospect for the residue of his life. He soon afterwards retired to Kendal, where he had the (almost unmerited) comfort of finding an attentive and affectionate nurse in his most exemplary wife, who had never been known to utter a reproach, or been irritated to one act of unkindness by his many years of absence and neglect. His long estrangement from a virtuous wife and mother so sweetly mild, so truly meritorious, was the most glaring error of his life; an error which deserves the name of crime—but peace to his ashes; he atoned, though late, in some measure, by writing to his intimate friends in terms of the most exalted eulogium of her virtues, and spoke with the warmest gratitude of her indulgent tenderness.

When Lady Hamilton returned from Naples, she expressed the most friendly solicitude concerning Romney. The artist had taken her portrait, intending it as a present to her mother; it gratified Romney's feelings much that Lady Hamilton still remembered him with friendship as cordial as it was sincere, and he confided the portrait to his friend Mr. Hayley, requesting him to forward it in the most handsome manner.

In the year 1800, Colonel Romney, the brother of George, was on his return from the East Indies; this was an event the artist anxiously expected. The Colonel arrived in time to see his brother alive: but the invalid did not recollect him whom he had so impatiently desired to see; on being asked if he did not know him, he burst into a flood of tears, and the next minute entirely lost all remembrance of his person and character.

Romney expired at Kendal, on the 15th of November, 1802, and was buried on the 19th, where he was born, at Dalton. Such, alas! is the close of talents, greatness, and worth; such the winding up of man's eventful history! We shall therefore conclude this sketch with a few more interesting particulars relating to this extraordinary genius, and truly eminent painter.

His person was tall, his features broad and strong, his hair dark, and his eyes were expressive of a vigorous understanding, mingled with much shrewdness. A painter is often a physiognomist, and he always estimated the tenderness of disposition in those who sat to him, by the movement of the fibres round the lips: none were more quick than his own to quiver with pity at the sight of distress or at the relation of a pathetic incident. The acuteness of his feelings amounted indeed to frailty; but he was a sincere Christian; he loved his Redeemer with the most lively gratitude, and implicitly followed that best Christian principle—charity. "His piety," as Mr. Hayley remarks, "was not the produce of study, but of feeling."

Always modest of his own talents, he practised no stratagems to gain popularity. When he first began to paint he had seen no gallery of fine paintings, and he took nature only for his model; but after his talents received cultivation, his luxuriant invention might almost be placed on a par with that of Rubens. He was perfect in his character of expression, and gave with the countenance a picture of the heart and mind.

Romney was a man of retired habits, entirely devoted to his art: his time of rising was between seven and eight; and his hour for taking portraits was generally at ten, after he had breakfasted: at noon he took some broth or coffee, and dined at

four in the most simple manner. After dinner he generally walked into the country, always taking with him his sketch-book, and on his return home he again went to his porte-folio, and amused himself till twelve, when he retired to rest. He had no amusements but such as related to his profession, unless in the enjoyment of the society of a few chosen friends. He painted rapidly, but was extremely nice in the preparations of his colours. It was a misfortune to him that he was so eager to accumulate so large a stock of materials for future works; he was at length overwhelmed with the weight of his own labour.

Romney had the highest esteem for men of literary eminence; in the company of Dr. Warton, Gibbon, and Cowper (the last sensitive as himself), he felt free from restraint, and perfectly happy. This fact entirely confutes those remarks which have been occasionally made, that Romney was

a man totally illiterate. His picture of that charming poet and amiable victim to nervous feeling, Cowper, is amongst the best of the many excellent likenesses taken by the renowned artist whose life we now present to our readers—a sketch selected from the most authentic sources. Another admirable likeness was that of Charlotte Smith, the authoress: it has all that plaintive melancholy which misfortune had early stamped on the countenance of the fair original.

But to enumerate the excellent productions of Romney's pencil would be an Herculean and almost endless task; yet ere we conclude we cannot forbear noticing his admirable painting of the infant Shakespear, nursed by Tragedy and Comedy: greater feeling, nor greater felicity of expression, we believe, were never witnessed even in the admirable works of Romney's prime favourite, Corregio.

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER X.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—I recollect well, and I dare say you have not forgot, that when a very little girl, you and your brother thought me unkind for depriving you of keeping a quantity of tame rabbits. As your minds seemed always open to reason and conviction, I almost succeeded in convincing you that I was right. Rabbits are so prolific, and though clean neat looking little creatures, they nevertheless create a deal of dirt, and overrun us by their numbers; for I think it a refinement of cruelty to cherish and fondle those animals which we are obliged afterwards to kill, and of which I am sure nothing short of absolute starvation would suffer your brother or yourself to touch a morsel of.

Wild rabbits are also much better for the table than tame; and these generally are found in mountainous parts, where they make burrows so secure and intricate, that they shield them even from the ravages of the wolf, the fox, and large carnivorous birds of which they would otherwise become the prey. The history of this animal is but short; it resembles in appearance the tame

rabbit, with whose figure and qualities you are well acquainted: its hair is excellent in the fabrication of hats, and an ordinary fur is made from it worn by some of the middling classes as trimming for pelises, &c. &c.; it looks extremely well for a short time, but soon assumes a rough and ragged appearance. The timorous hare is an animal of the same kind, or genus, but holds a more important station, as it affords amusement for the sportsman: a shameful sport, a degradation to the dignity of man, to hunt and persecute a poor timid creature, of a gentle and defenceless nature, and which will sometimes become tame, and yield obedience to its most inveterate foe. It is, however, by nature a very wild animal, concealing itself among the mountains, in woods, and shady coverts: it is to be found in almost every climate; the fine flavour of its flesh is one cause of the continual war that is carried on against it.

The instinct bestowed on the hare is one amongst the innumerable wonders of Providence. It has a much greater dread of dogs than of men; and in order to escape their pursuits, it first takes a rapid course,

then turns, and turns back again, which the sportsmen call *doubling*; it will then take refuge in the hollow of a tree, or amongst some thick bushes, or not unfrequently, it leaps into a pond, and hides itself amongst the rushes.

To convince you that the hare is susceptible of education, I must inform you that as I stood at our viranda yesterday, I saw a man carrying about a tame hare, which he had taught to beat a drum, to keep time, and to dance a few steps, a little awkwardly, to be sure.

The fur of the hare, like that of the rabbit, is much used in manufacturing of hats.

I will now proceed, after this short sketch, to give you some account of an animal you have frequently seen in our orchard, and in the dry ditches in the country, but of which you know but little, as it is one you seemed causelessly to have an antipathy against; this is

THE HEDGEHOG.

If this singular looking animal is not possessed of beauty, strength, or agility, it has yet a peculiar faculty of rolling itself up like a ball, and opposing its prickly armour against a host of enemies, which it soon puts to flight. The more it is tormented the harder it rolls itself up and distends its bristles; it has the faculty of defending itself without fighting, and wounding without attacking. Fear, which often deprives it of the possibility of escaping from danger, is to the hedgehog of singular service; for it causes it to send forth a very disagreeable smell, which has that effect on other animals that they quickly cease to torment it by taking their departure.

The hedgehog is a quadruped that has two front teeth, both above and below; those in the upper jaw distant, and those of the lower placed close together. On each side the teeth are canine, five in the upper jaw and three in the lower, with four grinders above and below on each side. Naturalists assure us, that hedgehogs will go into gardens and orchards, mount trees, and come down loaded with pears, apples, and plumbs, stuck upon their bristles.

This unsightly little creature is of infinite use to printers, booksellers, &c. in pre-

serving their paper, where beetles often abound, as it pursues those troublesome insects, and likewise the cockroaches, with avidity, being very fond of feeding on them. Hedgehogs are said, too, to be mousers; and the Calmuck Tartars, in Russia, keep them in their huts instead of cats. In the year 1799, a Mr. Sample, who kept the Angel Inn, at Feltou, in Northumberland, had a hedgehog that performed the duty of a turnspit, and ran about the house like any other domestic animal, answered to the name of Tom, and always came when it was called.

In the winter it wraps itself up in a warm nest of moss, dried grass, and leaves, and sleeps out the rigours of the season. It is at such time frequently found so surrounded by foliage and herbage, that it looks like a bundle of dried leaves; but when taken out, and placed before a good fire, it soon recovers from its torpid state. In the summer it generally sleeps in the day time, and rambles out during the night in search of prey.

An animal more formidable, though somewhat resembling the hedgehog, is well worthy a page in natural history, which is

THE PORCUPINE.

It is originally a native of Africa and Asia, and thrives best in warm climates. It inhabits subterraneous retreats, which have several compartments, with two holes, one for entrance, the other for retreat. Though able to endure hunger a long time, this creature eats with a most voracious appetite. Its teeth are sharp and very strong, and it does infinite damage to the gentlemen's gardens at the Cape of Good Hope. The porcupine is harmless and inoffensive in its manners, never becoming the first aggressor. When roused to self-defence it reclines towards one side, and with the other goes its adversary with its pointed quills; not darting them out at him, as has erroneously been believed. When the porcupine meets with serpents, against whom it wages perpetual war, it rolls itself up like the hedgehog, and then rolls over them and kills them with its bristles, without any risk of being wounded itself. When it is moulting, or casting its quills, it shakes them off with so much force that they will pierce

any hard substance they may chance to fly against; which has, no doubt, given rise to the report that it thus wounds its enemies. These quills are used by the Indians to adorn many curious articles of their making; they dye them of various beautiful colours, cut them into slips, and embroider with them their baskets, belts, &c. in a great variety of ornamental figures.

The late Sir Ashton Lever had a live porcupine which he frequently turned out on the grass behind his house, to play with a tame hunting leopard and a large Newfoundland dog; and as they would sometimes attack the porcupine, it would always, at first, try to escape by flight; finding that impossible, it would thrust its nose into some corner and erect its quills, with which its pursuers pricked their noses, and were thus irritated to quarrel between themselves, giving at the same

time the porcupine an opportunity to escape.

I have filled this letter with the history of the above-mentioned animals, to mark to you the equal bounty of Omnipotence towards his creatures, and to warn you against excessive attachment towards animals, but more against prejudice or hatred against any. Their beneficent creator gives to each his favour and protection; from the lord of the forest to the meanest quadruped—from the eagle to the wren; and He, whose lips never opened but to utter truth, assures us, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our heavenly Father's permission.—Adieu, dear child; as you grow older you will find that to encourage any violent regard for beauty, or disgust, at what seems repellant, may be productive not only of error but of crime.

ANNA.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XIV.

BATTERSEA.—About three miles from Westminster Bridge we find Battersea, situated on the banks of the Thames: three hundred acres of its land are occupied in market gardens; and notwithstanding the soil being very sandy, the vegetables brought from this place are remarkably fine, in particular the cabbages and asparagus. The manor of Battersea is very ancient; it belonged to Earl Harold, and was given by William the Conqueror to Westminster Abbey in exchange for Windsor. It is now the property of Earl Spencer, for whom it was purchased when he was under age, of the family of St. John, after it had been in their possession nearly one hundred and fifty years.

The friend of Pope, the famous St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, spent the latter days of his life in philosophic retirement at the manor-house of Battersea. The church was rebuilt with brick about the middle of the last century. It is remarkable for having neither aisles nor chancel. The communion table is placed in a recess at the east end, and above it is a very ancient window of painted glass, containing the portraits of Henry VII. Margaret Beauchamp, his grandmother, and Queen Eli-

zabeth. Against the south wall is a monument to the memory of Sir Edward Wynter, famous for outstripping the most renowned Knights in chivalry; an inscription on his tomb attests this in the following lines:—

“Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppress,
“And crush'd to death the monster of a beast:
“Twice twenty Moors he overthrew,
“Singly on foot: some he wounded, some he
slew;
“Dispers'd the rest. What more could Samson
do?”

By the custom of Battersea manor, lands descend to the youngest sons; but if there are no sons, they are divided equally among the daughters.

Battersea Rise lies to the north of Clapham Common, and is ornamented with several elegant villas.

CLAPHAM.—Round the extensive common of this village, and which, indeed, forms the village itself, are dispersed several very handsome houses belonging to the richer class of citizens. This common, which was only a morass, owes its present pleasing appearance to the spirited conduct of one individual, named Baldwin: he made those roads which were once almost impass-

able, commodious, and easy; they are now excellent, and the plantations are so charmingly disposed, that Clapham Common bears the appearance of a fine extensive park. The beauty and comfort of this place are increased by a reservoir of excellent water, which supplies the whole village.

The remains of the old church may be seen in the south aisle of the present structure; they are not remarkable by any vestiges of very remote antiquity: it is now out of use, except for the burial service. The new church stands on the north-east side of the common; a plain, modern building, without aisles or chancel.

The manor-house is distinguished by an octagon tower. It is, at present, a boarding-school for ladies.

DEPTFORD.—The royal dock at this place was established by Henry VIII. in the early part of his reign, and the yard contains a space of near thirty-one acres. The town of Deptford is large and populous, and has all the bustle of a sea-port. The name is corrupted from Deep Ford, which is over the river Ravensbourne, that falls into the Thames at this place. Deptford contains two parishes, that of St. Nicholas and St. Paul. The church of St. Nicholas was rebuilt, except its ancient tower of flint and stone, in 1697, but was

so badly constructed, that in a few years it was obliged to undergo a thorough repair. The church of St. Paul is a handsome edifice of stone, with a taper spire at the west end, and was one of the fifty churches erected in the reign of Queen Anne.

The corporation of the Trinity has two hospitals at Deptford, for decayed pilots and masters of ships, or their widows. The most ancient was built under Henry the Eighth, and contained twenty-one apartments, but being rebuilt in 1788, the number was increased to twenty-five.

The celebrated navigator, Sir Francis Drake, was honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth, on board his ship, called the *Golden Hind*, when she was lying at Deptford; and here her Majesty rewarded this gallant Admiral with a Baronetage.

The telegraph, for conveying intelligence between Dover and the Admiralty, stands in the parish of St. Paul. The victualling-house takes in a space filled by a large range of store-houses, formerly called the Red-House, which, with all the stores, was consumed by fire. Its successor shared the same fate. The present building has been much enlarged, with different store-houses, slaughtering-houses, bake-houses, brew-houses, a windmill, and other accommodations for supplying the navy with provisions.

ORIGIN OF THE WHITE NATION INHABITING A TRACT OF HILL COUNTRY, IN THE NORTH OF AFRICA.

In the year 1376, two gentlemen of Sussex, who had long lived in the closest amity, to perpetuate the tie, agreed to betroth their eldest son and daughter. Henry Percy was sixteen, and Emma Mortimer twelve years of age. In 1378 the nuptials took place, and were celebrated with all the festive pomp of English hospitality; but before the youthful pair, according to the custom of those times, were laid upon the bed of state, and a cup of Hymeneal gratulation drank to their healths, a messenger from King Richard summoned Mr. Percy and his son to take arms against Wat Tyler, and his insurgent band. Mr. Mortimer espoused the popular cause, and committing the fair bride to the care of his sister, he led a numerous train to combat

for the rights of an oppressed commonalty. This difference in political sentiments changed former friendship to animosity; and Mr. Mortimer having embraced the reformed religion, Mr. Percy sent notice that his son should have no connection with heretics. The young bridegroom dared not vent his grief for a final separation from the beloved Emma, lest the ecclesiastical powers should accuse him of schism, and pour the vials of their wrath on his devoted head. They were both in early prime, and he hoped that events might yet prove propitious to their loves. He had received a severe wound in fighting at the side of his sovereign: this wound, together with the state of his mind, so impaired his health, as to make a sea

voyage necessary. The vessel was wrecked on one of the Madeira isles, nearest the northern coast of Africa. He recollected no occurrence since buffetting the waves; he observed his mastiff dog, with his long hair entwined round the muzzle, supporting his head out of the water. The faithful animal was now beside him, as if to contribute, by friction, in restoring circulation to the fluids in his frame. Percy attempted to rise—every object disappeared from his swimming sight; his stomach sickened, until relieved by the salt water operating as an emetic. He suffered extreme distress; and, quite exhausted, again swooned away. The storm still raged, yet helpless as a babe, he remained all night exposed to the warring elements. The application of Royal's tongue again recovered him before day-break. He observed the bough of a tree bending near, and covered with golden fruit: having sucked some of the oranges he was able to stand. The storm had abated; the dawn afforded genial heat, and the intense fervors of noon were cooled by sea breezes, while Percy and his inseparable quadruped friend dragged from the shore a selection of useful articles. A chest, with carpenter's tools, had been shattered against the rocks, and Percy, by the help of these instruments, broke open the other packages thrown ashore from his ill-fated ship. He made a harness of cordage, and the sagacious Royal readily bent his neck to the unusual yoke, exerting all his strength, as if conscious of serving his master. Several nights passed without any shelter but a rude bower, cut by the hatchet, in the edge of a thick wood, near the scene of those daily labours that sweetened their repose.

Having drawn all his wealth from the hazard of being washed away by the sea, Percy erected a tent for himself and his canine comforter. To relieve the tedium of solitude, and as a defence from the vicissitudes of the weather, he cut two large apartments in the wood, leaving the body of large trees to support a roof of planks from the wreck and walled work, covered with the enormous leaves of the tulipot, and lined with painted canvas. The wide spreading arms of tall trees met over this canopy, excluding the heaviest rains.

Royal again submitted to the harness, assisting to convey the stores to their appropriated chamber, or to be arranged for adding to the accommodations of his master's dwelling. All night the vigilant incorruptible guard crouched at Percy's feet, and the rustling of a leaf roused him to present himself at the entrance, which he would have defended while life remained.

Percy began to be more reconciled to his disastrous fate. Necessity kept him employed repairing and embellishing his habitation, planting coccolut roots, sowing seeds, and gathering their fruits, or collecting spontaneous produce; and some chests of books, found on the shore, amused his leisure hours in bad weather; yet the thoughts of his bride created many pangs of hopeless agonizing tenderness during two tedious years. A dreadful hurricane had some days confined him to the house, when one morning Royal awoke his master before sun-rise, by barking close to his ear; he arose, and following his intelligent, though speechless conductor, descried on the beach a human body, still warm, though bereft of sensation. How tumultuous was his anxiety to reanimate the sailor, and obtain one fellow-creature as his associate. On removing the wet clothes he was yet more poignantly affected; the object of his humanity was of the sex which claims the deepest interest in every generous bosom. A few tea-spoonfuls of wine restored the pulsations at her heart, and after severe reaching to throw off the salt water, she fell into profound sleep. Her attendant took that opportunity to assume female attire, which, in great quantities, had been cast from the wreck, and by this precaution Percy saved his *protégée* from the sudden alarm of finding herself in the power of a man with whose disposition and habits she was wholly unacquainted. She continued several days so ill as to be unable to raise her head, though she feebly uttered some words in acknowledgment of the great kindness she received. When restored to better, yet languid health, she begged permission to account for wearing the garb of a mariner, and related the story of Percy's own Emma, adding, that her father was slain in the public commotion, and her

aunt, after vainly seeking to persuade, determined to compel her to marry a young gentleman of large property.

"With this purpose she had prepared for taking me to a remote part of the kingdom, whither Mr. Audley was to follow."

Percy recollected Audley, and with difficulty repressing his rapturous joy and fondness, asked his Emma how she could reject one of the handsomest and wealthiest commoners of England?

"I could not love him; I loved only Percy. Not my vows alone, but my very soul were, and ever shall be, wedded to my dearest Henry. Never, never have my affections glowed for any human being except Percy; and next to him you, Madam, who saved my life, have a hold upon my most ardent tenderness. My love for you is, indeed, passing the love of woman: it seems a sweet enchantment. I hope you will not think unfavourably of my disguise. I had no alternative between it and compulsory nuptials. My Percy's nurse learnt my aunt's cruel design from a confidante of Audley's, and came a long journey to apprise me. Her son had lately come from sea; she brought me a suit of his cloaths, in which I was to pass by boat to another country, where a friend would conceal me, and procure female attire. All the crew and passengers of our yawl were forced into a sloop of war, under pretext of preventing reformists from disturbing public order: I suffered terrors and hardships I shudder to recollect. Ah! Madam, how benevolent is the sympathy, the partiality which gives such an expression to your features, and how do my eyes delight to dwell upon them! They recal the image of my Percy."

With a violent effort of self-command, Percy said, "What, if your Percy inhabits this island, and I should bring him to your feet?"

"To my arms—to my heart. Oh! my friend, the idea overwhelms me. I should expire in transports! but would try to live for his sake. It cannot be; I was not destined for such felicity."

"Summon your fortitude, my dearest Emma; in ten minutes, or sooner, Percy shall claim his lovely bride."

Her friend left Emma in a state of indescribable agitation, while, in the inner

apartment, he changed his raiment. Words are poor representatives of extacy so pure, so fervent, so penetrating to every noble sensibility; nor can language delineate the conjugal and parental bliss of Henry and Emma. We are no admirers of semi-savage life: but the ingenuous simplicity, the soul-centered reciprocal endearment which actuates those who exclusively depend on each other, might influence the domestic hours of the most elevated, opulent, and polished pair whose rank demands their presence in crowded parties of the highest circles.

Such was the bright pattern of connubial virtues at Claremont, and such is the monument which Britons may erect to the immortal memory of the lamented Princess. May British youth be formed on the model which prepared the illustrious exemplars to comprehend and to reward each others excellencies. A great deficiency on either side must destroy these satisfactions of both; and the fantastic homage paid to the fair during courtship, by retrospection, embitters the pang, when an adoring lover is transformed into a cold or despotic arbiter of her destiny; and he suffers a just penalty for offering incense to her vanity, that has retarded the growth of assimilating tastes, which, if it bestows not all that can delight, will prevent much of what can disquiet the indissoluble connection.

Libertines have endeavoured to throw a vein of ridicule over the sacred institution of marriage, but all the pungency of wit, or the caricature of humour, all the indirect arts of licentiousness, cannot shake the foundations of truth and common sense; and the experience of all generations and of all people, confirms the importance of hallowed engagements, both to the security of states, and to the individual welfare, especially of the dictatorial sex. Females may be respectable, happy, and sufficient for themselves in single life, but an old and ailing bachelor is commonly neglected by the attendants, who make him their prey. Let his situation be compared to the husband and father, surrounded by a sympathizing, amiable partner, and duteous offspring; and how aggravated seems the crime of invading a tie vital to happiness in the prime or decline of life. How great

the folly to omit or slight the felicitous bond! We sometimes see a young, lovely, and almost deserted wife, held up with all the garniture of costly vanity to the assiduous and fascinating gallantry of ensnarers, whose delicate soft insinuations, apparently honourable and amiable as entertaining, refined, and obsequious, offer a dangerous contrast to the cold imperious husband; but let the unhappy matron remember, that however culpable her lord may be, she individually and irremissibly shall be the chief sufferer, if weakness or passion tarnish her reputation: and she will ultimately find the beguiler a more relentless tyrant, if, by her own frailty, separated from her children, and from the comforts afforded by relatives and friends, she casts herself in humiliating dependence upon his commiseration. This dire evil, in its causes and consequences, forms a considerable portion of the *Warnings of Bitter Experience*; and the limits of an elegant and diversified miscellany will not permit amplification.

Let us wind up our story, by mentioning that two large canoes from Morocco

discovered and plundered Percy's habitation, carrying himself, his Emma, and two children into captivity; but his was not a mind to be daunted by adverse fate. A sailor, who had been a slave at Sallee, had related to him his escape, by seizing a boat. Percy feigned sickness: his wife had leave to attend him. Taking their two children in their arms, they made for the port at dead of night, and before day a favourable gale wafted their little bark to a solitary bay on the western coast, near which they began to ascend a ridge of seemingly barren mountains. They expected only a temporary refuge, but found near the summit several fertile spots, and a variety of indigenous grain and fruits, which induced them to settle, and the indolent Moors never thought of exploring an unpromising region.

Henry and Emma, or their descendants, never were molested: their race to this day retain the European countenance, complexion, figure, generosity, hospitality, and valour; and traces of civilization are manifest in their customs and sentiments.

B. G.

ELEANOR THOMAS.—A NOUVELLETTE.

"Sing mune (if such a theme, so dark so long,
May find a muse to grace it with a song),
By what unseen and unsuspected arts
The serpent error 'twines round human hearts;
Tell where she lurks, beneath what flow'ry shades
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades
The poisonous, black, insinuating worm
Successfully conceals her loathsome form.
Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine;
Truths that the theorist could never teach,
And observation taught me I would teach."—COWPER.

ELEANOR THOMAS was one of those young ladies who, having imbibed early in life some dreadful associations with the appellation of *elderly spinster*, endeavoured to the utmost of her power to avert, in her own person, so seemingly dreadful a visitation. We can go back when she was yet very young, we remember, when she was at the dancing-school, one whom she called her little husband; and there are those who positively declare, that before she was five years of age her grandmamma's

scissors were in constant requisition, not to cut in pieces little slips of paper, as other children would have done, but, *horrida bella!* she formed with her little fingers mimic men! And this early bias struck the good folks around with the most dreadful presentiment of her future destiny.

We should have imagined that this precocity of talent would have been conclusive, and that profiting from what her parents saw, they would have endeavoured to bring back the distorted twig to its more

natural course; instead of which they suffered it to grow wild and unchecked, until the dread of dying an old maid strengthening with her strength, entirely engrossed her thoughts at a time when her doll and her baby-house should have only excited strong emotions. Encouraged in these exotic ideas by Madame, or Mademoiselle Voisin, who strengthened it with all the nationality of a vivacious French woman, she introduced Eleanor to many a *letel* husband; and while she read to her scholar in *La petite morale les égaremens de Cœur*, and many such publications, more nonsense than could be eradicated from the brain of her pupil in many years, she produced the young lady to her mamma—no common character. She astonished every visitor by her *bel air*; and, though her manners and appointments were more like those of *une danseuse* than a respectable gentlewoman, every foible of this kind, if acknowledged, was laid to the charm of agreeable volatility, or, if censured, to the *bourgeois* creation of non-fashionable *agrémens*. She interrupted the elderly ladies by obtruding her opinion relative to affairs she should as yet not have heard of; dancanted on an intrigue, and traced its cause and effects with such fashionable effrontery that the good old ladies themselves, envious of her talents, declared she knew as much at sixteen as they did at fifty, and finished the private opinion of her character by declaring that "ill weeds grew a-pace," or some such vulgar apophthegm equally trite and inconclusive.

And who were to blame for all this? Are parents to divest themselves of all partiality towards those they bring into the world; or should these lookers-on have hinted that forwardness of manners were neither seemly nor agreeable? Alas! the parents of Eleanor Thomas were very rich, and their guests too happy disciples of the Chesterfieldian school to say any thing disagreeable. Thus, while they cruelly before mamma exclaimed "divine creature! lovely *naïveté*!" they soliloquized aside with "ridiculous impertinence! troublesome chit! a disgusting forwardness!"—What elderly lady could be supposed to touch the keys of the piano-forte in a duet with such a child without disgust? And when, with a *cadenza*, she would look for

the music most and loudly desired; if she turned on her heel, *en pirouette*, while displaying her sketches from nature: when she thus displayed all the contour of a female Vestris, she sometimes created a feeling of envy in that bosom who wished her child had a little of the grace of Eleanor Thomas. How did she astonish her parents while she gave her opinion on the arts, literature, and the stage; for she had erected her *beau idéal* in all these, and at a very early age was heard condemning Sir Charles Grandison in his buckram suits, and declaring that Tom Jones, dear Tom Jones! would be the man of her choice—he was the pupil of nature, the model of her husband. Religion too, came in the circle of her studies; and who so delighted as she when every Sunday she puzzled, or fancied she puzzled, the vicar of the parish; who, good easy man, loved hot venison better than disputation, and who had rather be overcome in argument than send his plate a second time for a piece out of the right place; who, while he enjoyed his tit-bits in silence, gave Eleanor an opportunity to triumph in the fancied conviction she had effected.—"Thank heaven!" said her mamma (and we believe it was the only way she did thank heaven,) one day, "our Eleanor is no common girl."—No, but she was going on in the way to make her one; in this assertion she was correct: and the objection generally urged by the young men of the present day—that the marriage state is generally embittered by the union of intelligence to nonentity, can never be realized by him who takes our Eleanor.

We must allow her those little indulgences of her sex and station, she is now sixteen, and looks and appears much older. "She *must* be introduced into life."—Every husband knows the end of these musts. If he be a good kind of a man he will say, "Certainly, my dear," and go on arranging his portraits, his butterflies, or his shells; but if he be a brute, he will contradict his wife flatly, tears will not avail.—"But is there any necessity, Sir, for either of these?"—"May be not, Madam, but you will please to let me continue my study."

Now there was Eleanor wrapt up in the house with skins and sables like an European Yarico; and in the evening chill

current she stalked a *nude*, as if she were going to sit for a Susannah. "Woe unto them that call darkness light, and light darkness," yet spite of this denunciation Eleanor said no, when she should have said yes, and yes, when truth whispered no.

Madam had by this time finished what the scissors of grandmamma and Madame Voisin had began. And now she really danced, dressed, looked and sighed, and sighed and looked again for one sole purpose. The first year of her *début*, indeed, vulgar nature asserted her sway, she was bashful and retiring; and though she felt ashamed of this *bourgeois* sensation, she could not as yet overcome it. She shrunk from the gaze on that display which mamma had *undressed* her in; she received but stammeringly the particular notice of a certain lordling. She walked steadily and assured, with a carriage lady-like and respectable, and she had very nearly gained the character of a well ordered young lady, when, in the eighteenth year of her age, the full terrors of spinsterism took hold of all her faculties, and she resolved to gain that by storm which the natural diffidence of between girl and woman seemed quite incapable of purchasing. She was not seen poring over *The Refined Connexion*; or the *Loves of Theodora and Metedora*, for if you asked her for the last new novel, she would tell you that she never read such trash; and that even *La Belle Assemblée*, and its tales of instruction and morality, of entertainment and profit, were beneath her attention, except what she borrowed from the decorative part to embellish her person. She wanted not such instruction or entertainment, she was above such nonsense. Eleanor was a mineralogist and a conchologist, and fifty other *gists*, and talked just as correctly on the cedar which is in Lebanon as of the hyssop that groweth out of the wall; but had she studied a little of the goodæsia-ology of the human heart, she would have learned that matrimony does not necessarily confer happi-

ness. Whose is that form now shining in the waltz or bolero, whose eyes, raised like those of Westall's Madona, are visibly intent on killing; whose mouth, gently open to discover pearly rows of teeth; and whose arms, assuming the shape of the bow compass, and stiffly curved to French ungracefulness as she changes sides? It is Eleanor. And who that youth that breathless follows the nymph? It is Sir Narcissus Papillion; who for once having forgot the diamond ring on his finger, and his own sweet self, is turning his face to her as she winds down the dance, as well as his shirt-collar will let him, and is lured and charmed with the walk of this French Venus.

When hearts beat in unison, and when Mammon himself smiles, and when Avarice opens his chests, the course of true love runs smoothly. In a little time, or ere those shoes were old in which she danced the cotillion, Lady Papillion saw herself the happiest of women. She had realized all her expectations; she had no longer to dread the odium, or rather the designation of an old maid. But soon she was made doubly miserable by the sweet charlatancy which had preceded it—she was an unhappy wife. Her husband slighted her, treated her with contempt, scorned, then hated her. Her parents die, and she becomes, in turn, the hater also; and yet she has to depend upon the very subject of her detestation; till at length resolved to pique that pride of heart which no love can reclaim, she flirts with one of our sex. And although not criminal she is not guiltless; but without a fortune of her own to cover suspected depravity, she is left to pine in obscurity, and to discover that something else is necessary to secure the love of a husband than a fine form, a little drawing and music, much French, less Italian, and an immoderate love of waltzing.

S.

EPITOME OF FRENCH MANNERS.

A HOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. LOUIS.

If we seek diligently we shall be able to find, even at Paris, virtue, repose, and happiness. Every reader, at this assertion, will be ready to attest his infidelity, and without taking the trouble to investigate this fact, they will ask me if I have not beheld whales sporting in the Seine, or vultures building their nests on the trees of the Palais Royale? According to my usual custom, I have only two sentences whereby I can answer them—"I have seen; you may see."

"Will you come and pass the day with me in the country?" said Madame de Lorys to me last Thursday.—"I am very chilly; it froze again last night, and I do not know what we can do for a month to come yet in the forest of Senart; nevertheless, I am at your commands."—"Who is thinking of the forest of Senart? We shall not go out of Paris."—"But you mentioned the country."—"Certainly, but I meant amongst the rural scenes of Paris."—"I understand you; a *flûte champêtre* in the city."—"No, indeed, a real country house on the Island of St. Louis; where you will find, under the most prepossessing exterior and all the polish of Paris, the simplicity of patriarchal manners, and all the virtues accompanied by the graces; where you will be tempted, perhaps, for the first time in your life, to admire the exact combination of opulence and economy, the most perfect order united with liberty, and decency with unlimited pleasure."—"Quick then, Madam, let us begone, we cannot arrive too soon to see a miracle."

We immediately got into the carriage, and took our road along the quays on the right hand shore of the Seine, and entered the Isle of St. Louis by the Pont de la Tournelle; we passed the famous hotel Bretonvilliers, where the Farmer-Generals were formerly accustomed to hold their sittings; and passing the extremity of the street called Rue de Deux Ponts, towards the east side of the Isle, we arrived by a long avenue of trees before the house of M. de Merange, which was remarkable for the simple elegance of its exterior.

"It is only ten o'clock," said Madame de

Lorys to me; "I know where we shall find the master of this house."—We then went round the house without going in, and at the end of a spacious garden we entered by a gallery surrounded by glass windows, and which served as an orangery to the hot house, and where M. de Merange was employed in giving lessons on botany to his son, while his daughter was drawing flowers.

Madame de Lorys was received with the most cordial affection; and M. de Merange, whom I had often seen at her house, welcomed me in a kind and benevolent manner. The lesson, which gave equal pleasure to the pupils as to the teacher, was continued in our presence; and I had here occasion to acknowledge the truth of that precept of the author of *Emilius*, "That a child can never have a better preceptor than its father."

M. de Merange is a man of about fifty years of age, of a distinguished appearance both as to figure and countenance. The politeness of his manners are not, however, exempt from a certain portion of bluntness, that proves the native goodness of his heart; he loves mankind without having a very profound esteem for them, and even when he speaks well of them it is easy to discover the ill opinion he has of many.

Scarce past the age of childhood, Charles and Caroline have all the gracefulness, and all the giddiness of their early youth, without any of its inconveniences; they are curious without being indiscreet, and familiar without being troublesome; at ten or eleven years old they are better informed than others are in general at fifteen. As I testified my surprise to M. de Merange on his giving his children such a premature education, he informed me of the method he followed.—"The most simple and the most natural," said he: "I do not force them to learn, but I give them a desire to be informed, and I take care to make them feel the want of such information. I have often perceived that we attach too much importance to the capacity of children, of which the greater part is only a frivolous indication. I cannot change the nature of a plant, but I can make it take what direc-

tion I please, and I bend it while it is yet flexible. I can already see what my children will one day be, at least what I wish them to be: I bring them up to be well received every where, and to be better in some places than others. My whole system of education is comprised in this single maxim of Bacon's—"Make choice of the best, and habit will soon render it easy and agreeable."

Breakfast was announced, and Madame de Merauge, who was just informed of her cousin's arrival, made her appearance. I had never before seen this lady, who has made of her house a kind of Elysium which she never wishes to quit; and I must say, that I never could have formed an idea of so complete a combination of grace, beauty, goodness, and loveliness.

We found in the eating parlour the father of Madame de Merauge, a martyr to the gout, but the most pleasant old man I had ever met with; a young man and his sister, whose father, when he quitted France, thought his children could not find a better asylum than with his old fellow collegian; and a M. André, a very extraordinary kind of philosopher, who, during his life time, had forced Madame de Merauge to accept of an annuity of thirty thousand livres, on condition that she would let him occupy an attic in her house, feed him with vegetables, and only place on his chimney-piece every Monday, twelve francs in large sous pieces.

Madame de Merauge introduced me to her father. "Welcome, welcome, Monsieur Hermit," said he; "I have wished very much to be acquainted with you; but by my faith I could not have come after you, and I shall not be able to return your visit, I give you notice. But there is one advantage in the gout, it exempts us from the rules of politeness."—"Is this the gentleman that has lived so long among the savages of the new world?" said the philosopher André.—"The same."—"You will go back again, I am sure."—"I shall not have time."

While they were serving us at breakfast with coffee, butter, and eggs, we were much amused with the interesting prattle of the children, and which the grandpapa was pleased with setting agoing.—"Take care, father," said Madame de Merauge

with a smile, "do not furnish our Hermit with a second chapter on the *Children of the present day*."—"Faith if he does not find these charming, I do not know what he would have"—"Be easy," replied I; "all I see here is an exception to the general rule."—"This meal I call theirs," resumed Madame de Merauge; "and they indemnify themselves for the silence they are obliged to keep all dinner time: but if they have wearied us we are about to be even with them, here are the journals."—This served as a signal; Charles and Caroline rose from table and ran into the garden.

"By coming to pass the day in our convent," said M. de Merauge to me, "you have exposed yourself to a compliance with its rules: we never, on any occasion, depart from them, not even from the reading of the journals, which we do after breakfast; every morning we devote an hour to politics, and treat of them no more for the rest of the day."—"And that is not the most unworthily employed, at least in my opinion," said the grandpapa; "since I am no longer occupied about my own affairs, which I never took any great care of, I am very fond of regulating those of the state, of which I understand nothing at all. It is a kind of mania, which at my age can do no harm to any one."

The young man began to read, but was often interrupted by those remarks which gave place to discussions but never to disputes; for in this happy family, where public happiness is the general wish, the spirit of party never leads the opinion astray; personal interest corrupts not the judgment, and the term of *my country* has but one acceptation. As their wishes are known to every one, so they do not seek to hide them, but frankly declare all they think; and as in religion they acknowledge no other authority than that of the inspired writings, so in politics they own no other authority than that of the constitutional charter; from whence they form their judgment of men and things, and pronounce between the ministry and the Chambers, as their political affections move them.

We rose from breakfast at noon, and Madame de Merauge retired to her apartment till four, with her daughter and the young orphan she had adopted, to follow

with them her domestic occupations, and to preside at their lessons. During this time her husband, his pupil, and his son, who had quitted the tuition of the women for some months, were employed in more serious studies, which M. de Merange directed on a plan of which the philosopher André was the inventor. I cannot here lay it down, except in indicating the basis on which it is composed. M. André establishes as a principle, that men will think after the manner in which they are educated, and will act conformably to long habit. Consequently the system of education has three distinct objects, to direct the thoughts, to render instruction easy, and to form the habits. To judge by some consequences that I have witnessed, this doctrine contains all the elements of a perfect education.

M. de Merange, whose conduct and sentiments are equally liberal, has formed in a wing of his house, separated from the other part of that he inhabits, a kind of school, for which he hires masters, and to which he admits the children of some of his neighbours. I do not know an establishment more honourable, or more worthy of a true citizen.

At four o'clock all kind of occupation is at an end; at least every other employment after that hour is among the list of pleasures. Madame de Merange goes out accompanied by her daughter, to visit what she calls *her people*. This is the appellation which she gives to some poor families in this quarter, whom she has taken under her protection.

Madame de Merange does not confine herself to the mere help of a moment, by a superficial aiding of their present wants, but she takes care of what may befall them; nor is she less active in the services she renders them, than generous in the gifts she bestows.

Madame de Lorys alone was permitted to accompany her in this walk, in which no one but her daughter is allowed to follow her. I remained with M. de Merange, with whom I visited every part of his dwelling, of which the land round about is sufficiently large for him to have established a kind of farm, where his children receive useful instruction, as they amuse themselves with the detail of rural economy, and

where he makes trial himself of new inventions, which he has made use of in the greatest part of his landed estates, after having first rendered himself here sure of their success. Charles tries to be master of the spade and the hoe. His sister takes care of the poultry; she brings up silkworms, and she is acquainted with every secret of this branch of industry.

We dined precisely at five, with some friends, who have always a cover placed for them, and who appear to me truly worthy of such a distinction. We were very long at table, out of regard to the grandpapa, whose infirmities prevent him from being present at the evening meals. The conversation was instructive without being pedantic. The philosopher André, as he ate his carrots, maintained, with much spirit, amongst other paradoxes, that the eighteenth century was, on every account, the most remarkable of all that had ever been honourable to mankind; and that human understanding had made more progress in the first part of that enlightened age, than in all the four or five thousand years which had preceded it.

When the Theatres were spoken of, he was just as heterodox; he exclaimed against the regulation which he styled the prejudice of the three unities.—“Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire,” said he, “have shed brilliancy on the stage by some *chef d'œuvre*; and beyond the dramatic system which they have adopted, it is impossible to go farther: but the narrower the path they traced out the more deep those traces, and so the more it behoves dramatists not to tread in their steps. Nevertheless, the path is finely adorned: be fearful then of getting into an extensive plain; take your predecessors for models but not for guides: regular tragedy and comedy are already made perfect; what remains to be done is another thing.”—Then he declaimed in favour of *melodramas*; and well it was for the philosopher that he was not seated near the grandpapa, who would, I believe, have beaten him to avenge the honour of Racine and Moliere, whom he looked upon as insulted by this discussion.

After dinner we repaired to the drawing-room, and from that moment the master of the house seemed to abdicate all his authority in favour of his wife: the children

were put under the care of their governess, and the most tender mother was now only a most charming woman. Marmontel says, that the art of uniting predilections with the rules of politeness and fashion, is the secret of delicate minds. This secret is possessed by Madame de Merange: I could

not contain my admiration, at beholding the part she took in the midst of a numerous and brilliant society, that were collected that evening at her house; of which she was at once the magnet, the delight, and the ornament.

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—The indulgence with which you receive complaints of every description, induces me to expect you will not lend a deaf ear to the account of mine; I, therefore, without any further preamble, shall state that—

When I am informed of the productions of such artists as reside in France, being there exposed *gratis* to the inspection of the public, in one of the royal palaces, I cannot but feel deep regret at the example not having been set, or, at least, followed, in my own country. The admiration expressed by every beholder, will ever prove a most acceptable tribute paid to the talents of the most eminent artists, whilst those who have not yet attained the summit of excellence, must, at least, expect that meed of public encouragement which their essays are deserving of, and from the observations of real connoisseurs, derive information conducive to perfection.

Similar effects, will some people argue, are produced by the annual exhibition at Somerset-House. Admitting the assertion to be true, which a something within me bids me to contradict, would it not be a more dignified recommendation if a vacant apartment in the palace where the monarch resides in person, was assigned to be the repository of the productions of artists? The paltry contribution of *One Shilling*, exacted from every individual visitor, would then be done away with. Every one (provided his behaviour and appearance were decent) would be admitted to examine the progress of the arts in the country, with the same good wishes as he views, or has read of, the natural objects which those same arts are intended to represent.—Meanwhile, let it be understood, that I should scruple bestowing the title of artist

on the mere portrait-painter, unless he were qualified to do justice to an historical subject. The names of Vandyke and of Reubens would never have been handed down to posterity had they been satisfied with portrait-painting, though never surpassed in that branch.

I cannot dismiss this subject, without intimating at a practice prevalent in this country, which is unheard of, nay, which would be thought disgraceful and degrading in the different parts of Europe that it has fallen to my lot to visit. There, I have heard artists request, as a favour, of many a traveller to go and see their work. There, artists reckon amongst their daily visitors, the first of the nobility, Princes of the blood-royal, and even Sovereigns; whereas, in the metropolis of Great Britain,

"Quasquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit."

No sooner is a piece of painting completed, than it is sent to an exhibition—*Admittance One Shilling!* How mercenary! I cannot be reconciled to the idea of that man turning thus a public beggar in his life-time, whose ashes are to be deposited under the same roof as those of so many Kings and illustrious men. Are not his *chefs d'œuvre* sufficiently paid for by the purchaser?—Does not the graver, besides, afford him a remuneration sufficiently beneficial and honourable? Is not his ambition, to the shrine of which so many sacrifices are made by others, sufficiently gratified, when his productions, thus multiplied *ad infinitum*, are conveyed to every part of the inhabited world, and secure to him that universal applause, that immortal fame, which the records of history ensure to the wise and patriotic ruler of an empire, to the perspicacious statesman, to the gallant commander, who renounce domestic comfort,

who are obliged to court anxiety and watching, to gain that celebrity which meets the artist in the midst of his family, unmolested by inquietude or danger.

I would allow none but picture vendors to make exhibitions of paintings, since exhibitions some will have; but I am so averse to those I have mentioned above, that I do not know whether, to prevent the repetition of them, I could not rather wish a late dream of mine to be realized.—I dreamt that after the debates relative to sinecures, when the question was put, all the members having paired off, and left the chairman solus, it had been determined (I know not by whom) to be the sense of the house, that, henceforth, all sinecure places should be filled up by artists, so as to relieve the public from the enormous tax of the exhibitions of paintings—*Admittance One Shilling.*

I shall leave it to the better judgment of some of your correspondents to point out a more expedient method of removing the evil I complain of. VERAX.

ON TRAVELLING.

DEAR SIR,—I am sure, at the age you have attained unto, you must know, as well as myself, who are several years younger, that formerly the going a long journey was looked on as an affair of the utmost importance. The father of a family, who undertook a journey of a hundred and thirty miles to gain a law-suit, or to take possession of a handsome legacy, always made his will before he set out; he tenderly embraced his wife and children, with tears in his eyes, and all the time he was travelling those who remained at home sent up the most ardent prayers for his preservation from all accidents that might befall him, and for his safe return.

But travelling now is no longer a matter of business; it is merely that kind of relaxation from application which we distinguish by the name of pleasure. There is scarce a country girl in existence but what looks forward to the hope of one day visiting the metropolis; and if the journey is too long or expensive, owing to the enormous duty on horses and carriages, those who inhabit the sea-ports wisely choose a conveyance by water.

Irishmen come to England, and Englishmen go to Ireland. The natives of Somersetshire come to London, and the Londoners flock to Bath.

We find whole families divided by these continual journeyings. No longer is the patriarchal age to be seen; when a family knew not what it was to lose sight of each of its different members for the space of thirty years.

There are, nevertheless, many who live in retirement, but it is not from inclination; and savages, whom we are too apt to hold in contempt, are much more refined than we are in this respect. When they are about to emigrate, they take every thing with them: all their children, with their aged relatives. They even load their embarkation with the bones of their ancestors; and thus, with all that is dear to them, they cross the lakes and rivers, to seek other wilds, other mountains, and fruits, than those that are to be found in the soil that gave them birth.

But the more fastidious European, he, in the long journies or voyages he may undertake, looks only for the gratification of travelling post. Contented with a tardy and precarious correspondence with those he has left behind, he sometimes neglects to write to them a single line. He remains as happy as possible at an immense distance from the place of his birth. He forgets his dearest friends and brethren. Engaged in a continual tumult, he calls that living which is only wandering through the wilderness of existence.

For my part, I have travelled as far as the Indies in search of riches, and riches have eluded my grasp. I have been engaged in all the devastations attending on war; I have beheld palaces in flames, and villages rendered desolate.

On the conclusion of the peace I returned to London, and being yet but a young man, I was a constant frequenter of the playhouses, at Almack's, every fashionable rout, &c. being perfectly my own master. I had, therefore, no one to whom I could confide my sorrows, or my sweetest illusions of hope and joy. I have been a great traveller, but I have found out, too late, that there is no real comfort except in the land that gave me birth. Every where men seek to deceive us, and women beguile us.

Injustice and contradiction pursue us in all places alike. And, alas! how often does the traveller find, on his return, those for ever snatched away by the icy hand of death, whom he had ardently desired to have embraced once more, or to have had the pious gratification of catching their

last sigh, and closing those eyes that were shut for ever from the light of day!—This last reflection is enough to check the wanderer in his ardent pursuit after novelty.

ALFRED.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Psyche; or, The Soul.—1 vol. 12mo.—
Souter, St. Paul's Church-yard.

THOUGH this poem is very evidently in imitation of Prior's *Alma*, or the *Progress of the Mind*, it has, nevertheless, some original touches, and is not wanting in wit; but it is that kind of wit that was certainly more calculated to please the taste of the century before the last, than the present: it contains a vein of satire more adapted to those days, and less relished by the present age; some of the readers of which period, we are assured, will be puzzled to understand the end proposed by such a work.

The style is Hudibrastic, and while it cannot boast the laughable poignancy of Butler's muse, *Psyche* excels even him in the doggerel; for instance, *gracile and mass ill, Synecphoneris and squeezes, trim in and women*—shocking! we might put up with these ill-sounding numbers from a Butler; from any modern poet they are inadmissible.

The dialogue of this poem on the soul, is carried on between Tom and Edward, in the same manner as Prior's *Alma* is, between Matthew and Richard; Prior says that *Alma*

“Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain.”

And also that from thence

“—————She dispenses

Her sovereign power through the senses!”

Now Edward, in *Psyche*, “begins his doctrines to discuss”

“Whether the soul be fixed across

The brain, like jockeys on a horse,

Sending her spirits to and fro,

The microcosm man to know,

And with fidelity impart,

What's doing at the heels or heart,” &c. &c.

This proof is sufficient to prove what we have asserted of the idea of the poem being taken from Prior's *Alma*.

No. 107.—Vol. XVII.

The poem is, in fact, something difficult to analyze: Edward and Thomas talk much, and prove but little: the soul, that subtle essence, is, indeed, difficult to be defined. Edward plays on words, and asserts that *Psyche*, or the soul, is the state whereunto man, by chance, is thrust; and this Tom denies—arguments follow of course, and nice distinctions, yet both seem to stray from the point in question; and, unable each to prove what each asserts, they scold at each other.

In the seventh canto, for there are seven to prove nothing, the cousins yield to each other by turns; Thomas remains the victor, though it is not very easy to demonstrate which is in the right.

The following excellent lines in the Invocation at the commencement of the work, prove the author capable of better things:—

“—For ever frigid be this heart,
Ere warm of joy and not impart
Some pleasures, mingled e'en with care,
Which man with fellow-man can share.
Amidst the eloquence of woe,
Scarcely the tears of sorrow show:
Or showing, tremble in the eye,
And war with smiles for mastery;
Whilst rolling smoothly down the cheek,
A two-fold nature they bespeak;
As tho' indebted for their birth
To misery compress'd by mirth.
If then divided sorrow take
The hue of joy, and griefs forsake,
What brilliant hues it joy must lend
To share it—share it with a friend.
—And if Euphrosyne my pray'r
Rejects not—scatters not in air,
But so enables me to speed,
I gain as my reguerdon meed;
Then, Goddess, who uplifted hold
Thine instrument of burnish'd gold,
To thee I turn with suppliant face,
To thee I turn and sue for grace.
Let patroness no tepid fame
Half sink and half sustain my name:

L

Oh rank me not with them who boast
A semi-vivid fame at most ;
Reluctantly dol'd out—not sure—
Scarce growing—ever immature.
As when debar'd of sun and shower,
The bud prophetic of the flower
Breaks all the promise it bestows—
A lasting bud that never blows.
—Repute's full blossom that exhales
Its fragrantcy o'er hill and vales :
Or make my portion, or allow
My name to rest unknown—as now."

The extracts we subjoin will serve to
shew the wit contained in this poem, and,
indeed, it is not devoid of wit; the follow-
ing lines are meant, no doubt, as a satire on
some of the opinions of Lord Mounboddie
relative to man :—

"I shall not round all nature run,
To show what things have souls—what none ;
Or how acutely Psyche slides
From animals with hoofs and hides ;
And 'tho' it puzzles human senses,
Where monkey ends, and man commences,
Infallibly to ascertain ;
With what alacrity, what sane
Discrimination, she escapes
From ourang-outangs and from apes.
Methinks I see dame Psyche hover,
(As o'er her nest the female plover,)
Monkey or marmoset about
Now rare with hope, now dense with doubt ;
Just perforating now the skin,
To taste what nature dwells within ;
Then spreading her translucent wings,
To seek more sympathetic things,
Behold her passing—not alone,
The shard, the shingle, and the stone,
Diadainful—but the verdant lawn,
The burnish'd bird, the lamb new-born,
And all the beings that reside
On earth, in ether, or the tide ;
And wherefore—with a view to find
The very thing she left behind ;
Matter adjusted to the shape,
Of ourang-outang or of ape."

DISPUTES CONCERNING THE SOUL.

" ' How authors after muckle doubt,
If men were with souls or without ;
Did every adversary bring,
To own that there was no such thing :
With wit, and humour unabated,
I half an hour ago related ;
But I would grant, with your permission,
Just to *foreshorten* disquisition."
Quoth Tom, ' 'I would yield me more delight,
Would you *foreclose* the matter quite ;
That were to put in force a metaphor,
Which both of us would feel the better for.'—
Ned, heedless of the passing joke,
Thus indefatigably spoke :—

' If "canker Bolingbroke," Spinoza,
And many others we suppose err,
Who boldly urge (their sceptic trim in)
That men have no more souls than women ;
It still can never be denied,
That they who take the other side,
At best are driven to conclude,
Man's but with one poor soul endued.' "

MODERN SOPHISTRY.

" ' You prate of virtue and of vice,
But some philosophers, less nice,
Can prove irrefragable bring,
To shew that there is no such thing.
Theodorus maintain'd the wise
Might steal, and drink, and scatter lies ;
And consequently sober rules
Were only made and meant for fools.' "

Our limits will not allow us room for
any further extracts from a poem that is
not altogether adapted to our work: we
do not, however, scruple to declare, that
it has in it a satirical kind of wit which
is highly appropriate to those discussions
too frequently made use of by mankind, to
prove what is, in effect, beyond their com-
prehension.

SONNET,

*Written in the Cathedral of Rouen, on the tomb
of the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.*

EVENING ! delay awhile thy hasty flight,
Nor veil the holy beam that lingers yet
Athwart these aisles, where many a sun has set
For many an age—in hues of rainbow light*—
Glancing on tombs, and 'scutcheons of the dead,
To noble and ignoble memories reared.
Lo ! yet upon the heart that never feared
A mortal foe : whom ruthless Paynims fled
Discomfited ; I see thy rays expire—
O heart invincible, how changed art thou !
No crested chieftains fear thy prowess now—
Forgotten as a long extinguished fire—
How vain is glory, thus shall ever be
The end of human pride, the dreams of vanity !

CLAREMONT.

It was the loveliest evening of the year !
My chamber's casement, op'ning to the west,
Reveal'd, in light subdued, the orb of day,
Now verging to repose. I mark'd his slow
Descent ! A moment more, and all his rays,
In all their splendour, sunk beneath the wave !
Yet shone the sky with many a glowing tint
Of gold and purple, glorious to the eye,
Yielding fair promise of the coming day.
'Twas beautiful. 'Twas soothing to the soul
Of contemplation. Long did I gaze and muse,

* The painted windows in this cathedral are remarkably beautiful.

And, all unconscious of th' approach of night,
Ador'd the God of Nature in his works.

The moon had risen, and, with milder beam,
Illum'd the arch of heaven. Her tender light
Diffus'd a soft and balmy spell around :—
All nature slept in quietness and peace.
How tranquil, how delightful was the view !
How bright, yet how serene, the firmament !
See how those worlds of light pursue their course,
In trackless radiance, through the vast expanse ;
What speaking silence, what mute harmony,
To sooth, to charm, to elevate the soul !

Night's orison I paid, and sank to rest.
Sweet were my dreams, for sweet the waking
hour,

And sweet the gentle close of day had been.
Rose to my view, in fancy's fairy round,
Claremont, thy woods and groves, thy lawns and
mounts,

Thy gay parterres, and all thy rich demesne !
Thy stately mansion, with its rising fane,
The seat of royal worth, and wedded love—
Of Britain's pride, and Britain's fondest hope—
Stood full before my eyes. 'Twas Nature's time
Of mirth, and love, and warm delight—the
spring—

When all is fresh and joyous to the sense ;
When circulates the blood in fuller streams ;
When every being owns a livelier thrill !
Blithe was the note that burst from ev'ry spray !
Blithe the response from ev'ry warbler there !
The bounding deer sprang frolic o'er the plain ;
The horse, loud neighing, snuff'd the breeze of
health.

Joy'd not the lovely mistress of the scene,
As, with her Lord, she sped the morning walk,
And saw that all was happy in her care ?
Joy'd not that favour'd youth, as on his arm
His soul's delight in wedded rapture hung ?
O yes ! their full eyes rais'd to Heaven declar'd
The heart's rich feeling—nature's purest glow !

Honour'd in age, a venerable oak,
The forest's stately King, rear'd high his head,
And widely spread his noble branches round.
A thousand summers might have thrown their
beams,

A thousand winters might have shed their snows,
On his unbending strength ; but firm he stood,
As though unnumber'd ages yet might roll,
And leave him still, rejoicing in his pride !—
Beneath this ancient tree, in sweet repose—
The heart's lov'd converse—sat the royal pair,
And hail'd, and bless'd, its dear delightful shade.

Swift, as in dreams full oft, the scene was
chang'd

Summer's overpowering splendour blaz'd around ;
The sun's force influence checked the song of
love ;

And nature flagg'd beneath the heat intense.
But still, dear Claremont, still thy groves were
green ;

And still the princely dwellers happy rovd

Amongst thy cool retreats. Thy lordly oak,
In fuller verdure cloth'd, of deeper hue,
Marking the season, darker umbrage cast.

Another change ; and, lo ! autumnal airs,
And ripen'd fruits, and harvest's jocund train,
And golden foliage, shew th' advancing year.
How rich the scenery glows ! But, ah, it tells
Of chilling blasts, and wintry hours to come !

Claremont, how sweet thy vales at this mild
hour !

How sweet beneath thy time-proud oak to sit,
When nature's minstrels trill the evening lay,
And sooth, with unbought melody, the soul !
O envied, honour'd pair ! how swift the hours
Of bliss, of love, of bland affection fly !

A few short years, and every grace'nd smile—
Those now so full of life, and bounding health,
And young ambition : all shall sink in death—
Shall moulder in the darkness of the grave !

While moralising thus, a sable cloud,
In night's deep gloom involv'd the peaceful
scene,

And silence every minstrel of the grove.
Peal'd the electric shock upon my ear,
And all the vision fled ! Sudden, I 'woke,
And heard the beating rain and howling wind,
Assail my roof. The lightning flash'd and rolled
The distant thunder through the concave dark,
As though the elemental strife would rend
Earth's fabric to the centre ! Where was now
The promise given—night's golden promise—of
A lovely day ? So perish off the hopes
Of man, and all his fairest prospects fade !

At length the storm pass'd o'er : again I slept ;
Again, O, Claremont, I beheld thy groves,
That, rich in autumn's foliage charm'd the eye :
And there, beneath the honour'd oak were seen,
Each loving and belov'd, the gentle pair.
Her head reclining on her Leopold's breast,
She seem'd with all earth's happiness replete.
Hope smil'd, and tender expectation beam'd,
From forth her speaking eye. That eye met his,
And both expressive shone, in bliss supreme.

Rapid as thought's transition burst the storm !
The lurid lightning glar'd ; the thunder rolled
Darkness and desolation roam'd abroad ;
The night-bird scream'd ; the troubled watch-
dog howl'd ;
And shudd'ring nature groan'd beneath the
shock !—

Shelter'd that ancient oak the princely pair ?
Ah, no ! I saw them flee ! The lightning's flash
Disclosed the dire event ! Heaven's fiercest bolt
Had struck the dear belov'd one to the earth,
And all that erst was gen'rous, kind, and good,
And all that erst was lovely, breath'd no more !

O, dread calamity ! Unmeasured woe !—
A father's joy, in all its pride was crush'd !
A husband's hopes were wither'd in their bloom !
A nation's glory blasted by the shock !
Claremont ! thy walls resounded with affright—
One shriek of agony, and all was mute !

Another flash!—I saw that honour'd oak :
The bolt of heaven had reft his fairest limb,
And hurl'd the heauteous ruin o'er the plain.
His aged trunk was all that now remain'd ;
Branchless, and bare, and shatter'd to the stem.

With loneliness and devastation crown'd,
Winter, in deepest horror, reign'd supreme.—
In anguish I awoke and slept no more.

TO SPRING.

FROM A VOLUME OF DANISH POETRY.

Thy beams are sweet, beloved spring!
The winter shades before thee fly ;
The bough smiles green, the young birds sing,
The chainless current glistens by ;
Till countless flowers, like stars, illumine
The deepening vale of forest gloom.
Oh ! welcome, gentle guest from high,
Sent to cheer our world below,
To lighten sorrows faded eye,
To kindle nature's social glow :
Oh ! he is o'er his fellows blest,
Who feels thee in a guiltless breast.
Peace to the generous heart essaying
With deeds of love to win our praise!
He smiles, the spring of life surveying,
Nor feels her cold and wintry days :
To his high goal, with triumph bright,
The calm years waft him in their flight.
Thou glorious goal ! that shin'st afar,
And seem'st to smile us on our way ;
Bright is the hope that crowns our war,
The dawn-blush of eternal day !
There shall we meet, this dark world o'er,
And mix in love for evermore.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LE SOUHAIT.

BY MRS. M'MULLAN.

DID that soft whisper with thy true feelings im-
part ?
Did it spring from affection, its birth-place the
heart ?
Did a dream of delight mix with fancy's fond
sigh,
As you blest the mild twilight, and gazed on the
sky ?
If remembrance gives bliss,
'Tis in moments like this,
When the shadows of noon-tide decline ;
When eve gladdens all,
Oh ! think of Vauxhall,
And the heart so devotedly thine !
Did the wish, and the whisper, unheeded pass by ?
No ! they thrill'd in the glance of a lovely blue
eye ;

They warm'd in a smile, from a sweet ruby lip,
That Hebe might envy, Apollo would sip :
For where melodies breathe,
Love and Beauty will wreath
The rose-buds of bliss round the song ;
The Graces will meet
In Harmony's seat,
The echoes of Joy to prolong.

When you feast on the vine, and the lilies admire,
When your heart gaily dances to Italy's lyre,
When the hamlet presents the bright chaplet of
joy,
From the mount of the Swiss, or the vales of
Savoy,

Will the faithful forget,
Though the gay castanet
Delight in the land of the Gaul,
The twilight, the sky,
The fond wish, the soft sigh,
That whisper'd " Adieu to Vauxhall ! "

THE ROSE.

BY THE SAME.

Not a leaf from the laurel, a branch from the
palm,
Not the lilac's sweet bloom, nor the jessamine's
balm,
Not that bell where the genii of raptures repose,
Half so valued, so dear, as the soft blushing
Rose !

Still modestly shunning the zephyr of spring,
And faithfully waiting the loved bulbul's wing,
The crimson-tipt bud ever cautiously blows,
Nor loses the blush in the bloom of the Rose !

Beloved of the Muses ! thou wreath of the free !*
Uncloses an eye not delighting in thee ?
Throbs bosom so cold, as ne'er panted to press,
The bud that can solace—the Rose that can bless ?

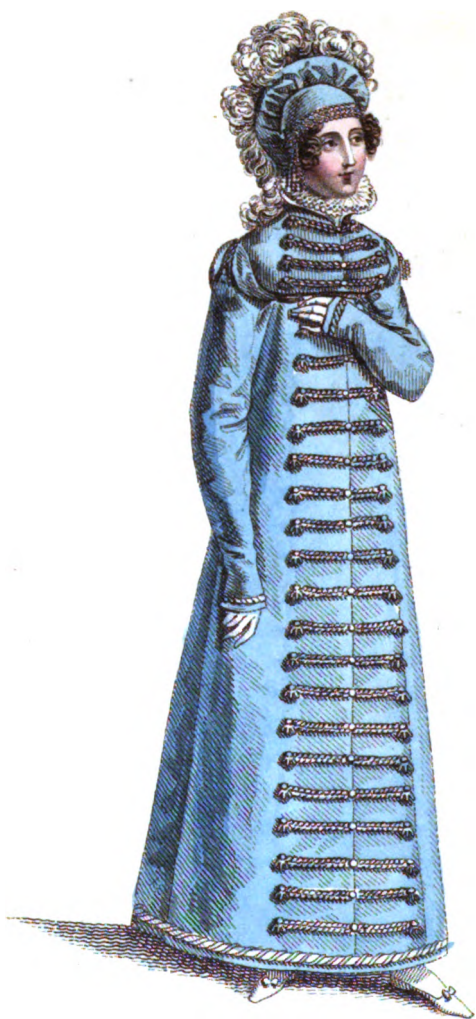
A SONG.

BY MR. C. HAMILTON.

I NEVER will forget thee, love,
No, never will forget thee :
So sweet the hour I met thee, love—
So sweet the hour I met thee.

And oh ! the time since first we met !
So rich has been in pleasure ;
I never, dearest, can forget—
For woman was my treasure.
Forget thee, love, I never will—
Forget thee will I never—
The thoughts, my love, of thee shall fill
My heart with love for ever.

* *Vide* the armorial bearings of Britain.



FRENCH CARRIAGE DRESS.
Designed for La Belle Assemblée. Published March 1844.



FRENCH CARRIAGE DRESS.
Designed for La Belle, 40 m. l. 1850. Reproduced from the March 1851.



WINTER CARRIAGE DRESS.

Invented by M^{re} D. mas & Co. Paris. Exposed to La Belle d'Amboise N^o 127. Adjudged Mar 4. 1844.

FASHIONS

FOR

MARCH, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH.

No. 1.—ENGLISH WINTER CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Round dress of fine cambric muslin, superbly embroidered round the border in three distinct rows. Pelisse of rich Tobine silk striped, of Christmas holly-berry colour and bright grass green, trimmed round the collar, cuffs, and down the front with very broad swanadown. Cambridge hat of green satin, ornamented with white ribband, edged with holly-berry red, surmounted by a very full plume of white ostrich feathers. Triple ruff of fine lace; holly-berry velvet ridicule, with clasp and ornaments of gold. Limerick gloves, and white kid half boots.

FRENCH.

No. 2.—FRENCH CARRIAGE DRESS.

Pelisse of celestial blue satin, fastened down the front with Brandenbourgs of polished steel. *Touque* hat of spotted blue velvet, the hat part crowned with a plume of white ostrich feathers; the cap part confined to the forehead by a bandeau of polished steel, with an elegant tassel of the same material on the left side. Triple ruff of fine lace; lemon-coloured slippers of kid leather, and Norman gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

We gave last month a general outline of what would be the most prevailing fashions when a gay diversity of colours would take place of the sable garb of woe; and though the solemn season of Lent still causes black to be a very prevalent costume at the Oratorios, and other public spectacles, yet an infinite diversity of coloured ornaments, feathers, flowers, &c. are still predominant; and many ladies to whose complexions

mourning is by no means an embellishment, are seen clothed in every varied tint that issues from the loom.

In addition to our last intelligence we find, for the out-door costume, nothing more elegant than fine Merino cloth pelisses for walking, of a Carmelite brown, trimmed with a very broad border and facings of ermine. For the carriage rich Tobine silks, and those generally striped of different colours, are reckoned most fashionable; while spencers of brown or black velvet, the sleeves elegantly slashed with satin, are in much favour either for the carriage or the promenade. For the latter, velvet bonnets edged with fine blond, and surmounted by a very full plume of drooping ostrich feathers, or those of fine straw with winter flowers in full groups, are amongst the *unique* articles worn as coverings for the head by all who compose the higher classes. Amongst these flowers is the exact semblance of a very rare exotic from the East, called the tiger lily; it is of a very beautiful Oriental red, the cup spotted exactly similar to a tiger's skin with yellow and black, from the bottom of which ascends the resemblance of a tiger's tongue. The first of these beautiful flowers we saw was at Mrs Thomas's, Wellington-House; to whose taste we are indebted this month for our English Carriage Costume.

For *deshabille*, and home parties, poplins and coloured bombazeens still maintain their pre-eminence: the former are trimmed half way up the skirt with serpentine rows of puckered satin of the same colour as the poplin; the bombazeens are chiefly trimmed with velvet (generally black), or with fringe, according to the fancy of the wearer. Sarsnets richly sprigged are much worn at dinner and evening parties; and for ball dresses nothing is in higher estimation than a frock of plain Chinese gauze, the border of which is very broad,

and formed of embossed satin and *chenille* in various devices; this superb article is worn over a blue or pink satin slip.

The present season being propitious to the light-footed votaries of Terpsichore, renders invention busy in versatile elegancies for the ball-room; another dress for dancing has come under our cognizance, and is equally admired and adopted as that described above; that is, a frock of crape over white satin, bordered by a *rouleau* of crape and rose-coloured satin entwined, and above is placed a trimming of full blown roses: a short Swiss *corsage* elegantly marks out the shape, which *corsage* is of rose-colour, trimmed and ornamented with white silk *cordon*. Clear muslin is also much used in the fabrication of ball dresses, ornamented with white satin and rose buds. The hair enriched by a chaplet of flowers, and a sprig of myrtle in flower placed in front of the bust as a *bouquet*, finishes the dress. It is needless to observe that this last simple attire should only be worn by very young ladies.

Before we dismiss the article of robes, we beg to offer to the notice of our fair readers the Elizabeth *negligé* for breakfast *costume*. It is made of the finest Bengal muslin, and is profusely trimmed with fine Mechlin lace; the sleeves are loose, but not immoderately large; they draw tight round the wrist, from whence proceeds a Chinese point, descending nearly to the knuckles. This dress, which is finished in the Sultana style, is only partially high, and its *toute ensemble* forms the most beautiful *deshabille* we have seen for some time: the mob, or morning *cornette* worn with it, is lined with pale blue sarsnet, and is encircled with a wreath of single blue hyacinths.

Amongst the most favourite head-dresses for evening, is the Denmark cap; it is formed of fine lace, white and ruby-coloured satin; the summit is ornamented by satin in points, and on the left side is placed a full *bouquet* of winter flowers, the chief of which are the red ranunculus with its shaggy leaf. Feathers are, however, much more predominant ornaments than flowers; and very few of the latter are worn except those peculiar to the wintry season or very early spring, such as the ranunculus, crocus, snow-drop, &c. and the single hyacinth. The bonnets continue in their large

and unbecoming state, but the crowns are much lower than formerly: the materials of which they are made are chiefly of striped or figured satin, velvet, or black straw; the latter do not much predominate.

Undress *cornettes* continue to be made of fine muslin embroidered and Mechlin lace; they are reckoned most appropriate and genteel when bound simply round with a satin ribband, of which is formed a bow on the left side, and another placed rather backward on the summit of the crown. Turbans and *toques* of crape and white satin continue, as usual, in favour amongst the most matronly; but the chief favourite for evening parties, and for the private box at the Opera, is a white satin dress hat, placed backward, and the heaviness of the satin taken off by a mixture of blond and net; this becoming head-dress, suitable almost to any age, is crowned with a superb and lofty plume of white feathers.

The hair is now dressed in a manner that elevates it very much on the summit of the head; where it is formed in rich curls or hollow plaits; it appears heavy, and is far from becoming, especially as some young ladies bring their wreaths, or chaplets, very low over the forehead, destroying thereby its beauty, and rendering the visage broad and short: those who do not adopt this fashion, yet bring a *bandeau* of their own hair across the forehead; this is better, as it sets off its natural fairness, while the other totally conceals it. In undress, the hair is worn more in the Madona style, except that over each ear a few ringlets are displayed; here they are useless ornaments, which can neither add beauty nor grace to the features: we rather recommend the medium adopted by the fashionist of real taste, who, while it does not militate entirely against the prevailing mode, is best calculated to set off her natural attractions.

The favourite articles in jewellery are pearls, topazes, and emeralds; the newest broaches are formed like an arrow, the shafts and feathers are of gold, curiously wrought; in the midst of which runs a line of rubies or emeralds closely set: amber ornaments are again much in favour.

The most prevalent colours are holly-berry red, rose-colour, blue, geranium, and grass-green.

Cabinet of Taste;

MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

MY last accounts presented you with a versatility which Paris never boasted of before since the re-establishment of her present monarchy, and amidst a court famed for its quiet and etiquette: notwithstanding the varied tints, and changeful forms in which Fashion then presented herself, I have to prove to you this month that her talents for invention are by no means diminished or impaired.

The carriage costume that accompanies this letter is as novel as it is gay, and bears on it the true stamp of Gallic finery: this finery is, however, becoming to the French ladies; to an Englishwoman it gives the glitter of a theatrical kind of dress, but there is something about the countenance and *tout ensemble* of a lively Frenchwoman which, when arrayed in such attire, give to her a strong national feature.

For the promenade nothing is reckoned more elegant than a pelisse of fine Merino cloth, of a dark laurel green, with broad facings down the front of purple satin, or a black velvet spenser over a white dress, trimmed round the border with innumerable rows of puckered muslin *à-la-bouilloné*; over the spenser is tied a silk *sautoir*, or else a half handkerchief, the ground of which is white, with an elegant border of black flowers. The changes in our hats since last month are as follows:—

In general they are worn turned up in front, and are, when for the public walks, surmounted by a plume of *marabout* feathers, which are made to lean on one side, like those of the bird of paradise plume. Bonnets of white satin are also very prevalent, when the *belle* of fashion seeks to conceal her face to excite interest and curiosity; these bonnets have a quilling of blond at the edge. For the retired promenade many of the Parisian ladies flap their hats before, in the manner they were worn about two years ago in England: but the French *belles* place the hat very much on one side, and the border of a small cap appears underneath. Two large bows of satin rib-

band form a favourite ornament on the hats of the present day; and the bow appears fastened in the middle by a gold brooch: the outside quilling of blond is not placed at the edge of the hat, but is now made to wave in a serpentine manner near the edge.

Morning dresses are of fine India muslin, lined with coloured sarsnet of a pale and delicate colour; they fasten down the front imperceptibly on the inside, are made only partially high, and are finished at the border by a narrow flounce of embroidered muslin, and a *fichu*, trimmed with one frill of lace, is worn underneath the dress, and falls over the bust as a trimming.

Dresses for dinner parties are generally of figured white sarsnet, with a *canezon* body of coloured velvet, and are made with short sleeves of coloured sarsnet. For evening visits and full dress, nothing is so much admired as a frock of very rich flowered gauze over satin, with a *corsage* of white satin; the frock trimmed round the border with five flounces in waves, each flounce headed by a *rouleaux* of Burgundian red satin.

The newest ball dress is composed of a frock of *tulle* over a rose-coloured slip of satin, and a body formed of little *rouleaux* of white and rose-coloured satin; and which are puckered together, and puffed out in the *Buffont* style, in a manner the most ingenious that can be conceived: short sleeves to correspond, made in the same manner, are caught up by *rosettes* of satin. The border of the frock is ornamented by three rows of rose-coloured satin, and is drawn up by a bunch of artificial flowers.

A new kind of head-dress, forming at once a *cornette* and a little hat, has lately made its appearance; the *cornette* is of white satin and blond, the hat part of black velvet. Morning *cornettes* are chiefly of fine muslin richly embroidered.

Dress hats of white satin are very general at evening parties, and at the Opera; they have very narrow brims, which are trimmed with ribbands fluted, or in cockle-shells: a kind of turban in plaits is laid round the crown, with loops of gold *cordon* and small buttons of the same. *Cornettes* of *tulle*, in the form of the Mary Stuart cap, are much in vogue; and all kinds of *cornettes* are chiefly made of *tulle*, except for the *dejeuné*, and are richly trimmed with blond, and

ornamented with *reuleaux* of white satin in points.

The favourite colours are dark laurel green, Burgundian red, celestial blue, and Carmelite.

Trinket ornaments consist chiefly of silver elegantly wrought, and polished steel.

DRESS OF THE CEYLONESE LADIES.

THOUGH the dress of these females is but little regarded amidst the domestic circle of home, yet few women display more taste when attired in their out-door costume; which consists of a short frock, with long sleeves of very fine white calico, worked in flowers and branches of coloured embroidery. They ornament their wrists with silver bracelets, as likewise their ankles and toes with rings of the same metal. Necklaces of beads and silver, of the most curious workmanship, adorn their throats, and hang in rows down to the bust. Gems set in silver or gold, and beautifully engraven, hang in rich pendants from their ears. Their hair is profusely anointed with the oil of the cocoa nut, and is combed back from their face, flowing gracefully down their backs: but as it is reckoned a great ornament to have a very thick head of hair, they wear artificial tresses, fastened to a plate of silver or gold, which they mingle with part of their own, and tie it up in a knot on the back part of the head. A scarf, of striped or flowered silk, is generally thrown, in easy and graceful drapery, over their shoulders: and their waists are confined by two silver girdles, with silver plates handsomely engraven: these girdles are made to hang down on each side, one crossing the other behind.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN FASHION AND DRESS.

In the year 1741 the English ladies wore their hair cut very short, curled, and powdered, after the fashion then adopted in France. Their stays were very stiff, long waisted, and very ill shaped: while a

French hoop completed their dress. The married ladies wore a dress, the large plaits of which descended from between the shoulders, and this dress was called a *Sacque*; the young ladies wore robe-coats, as they were called, which were a kind of slips that had an ornament of doubled silk, resembling the robe, depending from each shoulder, and these were called hanging sleeves. A lady of quality, at that period, writing to her friend, says in one of her letters, "I do not feel at home in my own house without an apron; nor can I endure a hoop, that would overturn all the chairs and stools in my closet."

But the greatest absurdity at that time, and which had long continued, was the patching of the face in different figures: and the following may be relied on as a very authentic

ANECDOTE OF FASHION.

THIS curious circumstance is related by Sir Kenelm Digby, on the custom of placing patches on the face in the year 1658, and which was actually a well known fact at the English court at that period.

A lady, who was a near relation to Sir Kenelm, and granddaughter to Count Arundel, paid him a visit. She was then in all the pride of beauty, which she endeavoured to heighten by artificial embellishments, and was particularly nice in her patches, to which ornament, or rather disfigurement, Sir Kenelm had an unconquerable aversion. The lady being pregnant, he said to her, "Have you no apprehension that your child may be born with half-moons upon its face, or, rather, that all the black which you bear up and down in small portions, may assemble in one, and appear in the middle of its forehead?"—This remonstrance occasioned her leaving off the custom of patching; but his words made such an impression on her imagination, that the daughter she soon afterwards produced, was born with a black spot, as large as a crown piece, in the middle of her forehead.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;
INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE favourite comic opera, *La Molinara*, by Paesello, has been represented at this Theatre: it is one of his best productions, but was not known in this country before last season, when it gave to the public the first favourable impression of the merit of Ambrogetti, who appeared in *Don Rospolena*.

We owe to *La Molinara* some very popular English songs; *La Rachellina* is the original of "Whither my love," &c. and *Nel cor più non mi sento*, of "Hope told a flattering tale."

The opera was succeeded by a new ballet, founded on the story of *Acis and Galatea*. The chief object seems to be to persuade the audience that the parties are in love; for not only does Cupid, in the instance of the Giant *Polyphemus*, and both the lovers, apply his dart with anatomical exactness to the pulsation on the left side, but they are made to inscribe tender sentences on the rocks, "*J'adore Galatée*," "*J'aime Acis*," and the process occupies two-thirds of the piece. The ballet ends happily. *Acis* having been felled with a rock of cork, is restored to life by the intervention of Neptune.

DRURY-LANE.

A new melo-drama has been produced at this Theatre, intitled *The Turret Clock*. The scene is laid in Portugal: and the daughter of a Portuguese Grandee, to avoid a disagreeable suitor, resolves to elope with an English officer, who has been her lover unknown to her father. The signal for their elopement is the striking of the Turret Clock; and the scheme having been overheard by robbers, they contrive to carry off the lady for the sake of plunder, and then to turn her adrift in the forest. Habituated in male attire, she arrives at a neighbouring village, and, by a whimsical law, is made chief magistrate. As her lover is in search of her he kills a robber on whom he had discovered part of her jewels, and he is taken before his mistress to be tried

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for the murder. The *dénouement* then is brought about, and may be easily guessed at.

The Bride of Abydos, from Lord Byron's well known poem, has been produced at this Theatre, and the play is better than we could have expected from the abridgement of the poem. The father of *Selim*, whom *Giaffar* murdered in the poem, is brought to life in the play; and *Osman Bey*, the intended husband of *Zuleika*, is introduced as an active character. *Hassan*, a slave, and *Abdullah*, under the name of *Mirza*, who are supposed to have perished by *Giaffar's* dagger, meet *Selim* in the cavern on the sea shore, and inform him of his birth. *Mirza* farther adds, that by the Sultan's orders he is to attack the usurper's castle with a band of faithful troops that night. *Selim* seeks *Zuleika* in the garden, and, while relating to her his history, is discovered and seized, but at the intercession of his mistress spared, though made a prisoner, by the Bashaw. *Hassan* releases him. This poem, which has been confounded with the *Corsair*, is, however, widely different. *Selim* is no *Corsair*, but the accepted lover of *Zuleika*. There is a character brought in attending the marriage feast as a dervise; and in the play *Selim* and *Zuleika* are united. We think it was a pity to alter the beautiful poem of Lord Byron, which had in itself every incident to produce theatrical effect.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The only novelty (if such it may be called) that has been lately produced at this Theatre, is *Fazio*, a tragedy, by a Mr. Millman; of which we gave a very full account in our last Number, under the head of Bath Theatricals.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.

THEATRE OF NEW YORK.—This Theatre is nearly equal to that of Philadelphia; in tragedy perhaps superior, for they have Mrs. Barnes, who is considered the best tragic actress now in this country, and superior to any who has appeared on our

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boards since the death of the admired and much lamented Mrs. Merry. Mr. Cooper is the best tragedian in this country; however, he is not attached to any particular company at present, but plays a certain number of nights at each Theatre between Charleston and Boston. His last engagements were at Baltimore and Norfolk, where, to crowded houses, he played all his best characters.

The Boston company is under excellent arrangements, and is conducted extremely well by Messrs. Powell, Dickson, and Duff. Though not equal, in general, to the New York or Philadelphia companies, yet there are considerable talent in the corps. There is a young gentleman engaged at this Theatre, late from Liverpool, who is a very brilliant star in our theatrical hemisphere; it is Mr. Frederic Brown; he is a great favourite, and is much admired both in tragedy and comedy. His talents are various; in comedy he is interesting and natural—in tragedy he is energetic, chaste, and judicious.

In describing the various talents of the different theatrical corps in this country, I shall commence with Philadelphia, as the first, and so proceed according to the standing of each.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE (Chesnut-street).—This Theatre is under the management of Messrs. Warren and Wood. Mr. Wood is the principal performer in the higher walks of tragedy and comedy; in the latter he is unrivalled in this country, and perhaps not surpassed in any other; in tragedy, however, he is not so successful, although in many tragic characters he is highly respectable. In all parts of high comedy he is excellent.—Next to Mr. Wood is Mr. Barrett, a young gentleman of considerable talents; he performs both in tragedy and comedy.—Mr. Warren, in serious and turbulent old men, is very excellent, and in *Falstaff* he has no competitor.—In comic characters, and testy old men, Mr. Jefferson stands unrivalled in this country; his *Don Lewis*, in the *Fop's Fortunes*, is a masterly piece of acting.—Mr. Francis, in testy old men, is also very good, and possesses considerable talent in that line.—Mr. Stewart, in first-rate vocal parts, is an acquisition to the Opera department.—Mr. Burke, in Yorkshire cha-

acters and countrymen, is a most useful and deserving actor. There are many others whose talents are various, and whose performances are respectable.

Mrs. Wood is the principal actress both in tragedy and comedy; but, like her husband, her forte is comedy. In *Lady Townly*, *Lady Teazle*, and such characters, where elegance, fashion, and brilliant deportment are required, she is admirable.—Mrs. Burke, in genteel comedy, is excellent; but in opera she stands unrivalled here. Her voice is clear, sweet, of great compass, and capable of the greatest modulation; she is greatly admired.—Mrs. Anderson (late Miss Jefferson), in light airy characters, is very successful. There are a number of others attached to this company who, in many parts of the *dramatis personæ* of this corps, occupy a respectable standing.

NEW YORK THEATRE (Park).—Stephen Price, Esq. manager, Mr. Simpson acting manager. Mr. Simpson is the principal of this company in comedy and tragedy, and in both of which he is very respectable.—Mr. Robertson, however, takes the principal tragic parts, and in general acquits himself very satisfactorily.—Mr. Pritchard, in Irish characters and serious old men, and in some parts of genteel comedy, is very respectable; he also appears some times in tragic parts.—Mr. Hilson, in low broad comedy, is very excellent, and has many admirers.

DRAMATICUS AMERICANUS.
(To be continued.)

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FEYDEAU.—*Friar Philip's Geese*, an Operetta.—The story of this piece is known almost to every one, and is literally as follows:—

A certain King had a son who had been brought up to the age of twelve years without beholding the light of day, or indeed any other kind of light. The physicians having declared that he would become blind unless such a precaution was taken. The time of this forced darkness being at an end, they caused various objects to pass in review before the Prince, to whom they named them, one after the other. When first the youth cast his eyes on women, he eagerly asked what they were called?—"They are," replied the *nomenclator*, "devils,

who lead only to ruin, and it is dangerous even to come near them."—Notwithstanding, however, this prohibition, when the King asked his son what were the objects of sight that he most admired?—"Oh!" exclaimed the Prince, "those devils that lead mankind to ruin, nothing I have seen appeared half so charming!"

We are all acquainted with the tale written by a Dominican friar, in the thirteenth century, who changed the devils into geese, and the King's son into a young monk. Boccace also relates the same adventures of a hermit and these geese.

From the above tale, however, the managers of the Feydeau have presented the public with a very pleasing and interesting operetta, which promises to be eminently successful.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—*Eighteen Hundred and Seventeen; or, A Living Calendar.*—The Vaudeville has represented this *Calendar* under the form of a young female, who seems mightily in love with herself; but the public do not seem to regard her with quite so partial an eye. There only remains left of her short reign one garland of flowers; but, perhaps, the allegory would have been misplaced if she had been given a *crown of thorns!* though it might have been more to the purpose. However that may be, this annual lady dispatches *Zephyrus* and *Aquilon* through the night of ages; and *Aquilon*, as president over the winds, causes rain or fair weather, and these are represented as his prime ministers. She appears constantly followed by a faithful *Weathercock*, that she always consults, and which is continually turning. Each month is seen following in succession, preceded by freezing *January*: they mention every thing they have performed, and this detail is both prolix and trifling; *February* enters, leading in Voltaire and Rousseau, confined in small editions; between them is a hackney coachman, whose language, unfortunately, is as refined as theirs. Whatever might be the faults of these two great writers, it was indelicate to bring them on the French stage in so degraded a manner. *March* appeared under the form of a warrior, and seemed to promise something more interesting; but it only exposed the scandalous battles among critics in the pit. *April* was, how-

ever, more happy, and made amends for the rest. *May, June, July, and August*, spoke only of the horses of Franconi, the voyage of Talma and of Mademoiselle Georges to London. There were many spirited witticisms uttered on these occasions, and some charming couplets were introduced.

At ten o'clock *Madame Eighteen Hundred and Seventeen* bids the audience adieu; and the first evening of representation it did not appear much to regret her. She did not take *Miss Weathercock* along with her, but left her to those people who were without guide or compass.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Soldier of Venezuela. Egerton.

WITHOUT analyzing a work which, by its interest, elegance of language, and beauty of style, promises to be very popular, we present our readers with the following extracts, confident that they will agree with us that it is a sufficient proof of the style and merit of a work which we venture to pronounce above all criticism:—

"Music! who should be thy eulogist? The happy and the wretched, the prosperous and the unfortunate, the old and the young, the rich and the poor—thy blissful effects extend to all the human race, whatever be their rank, station, and degree. The infant, disturbed by feelings of which it neither knows the cause nor can express the effect, is soled by the simple ballad warbled in sympathy with its woe. The most untaught exhibit the nerve of melody, so beneficently dispensed, by attempts to form some instruments, however rudely fashioned, that may prolong the sounds in unison with the soul. Like every emanation from the original source of creation, it has peculiar votaries in every measure of perfection, from the simple strain carolled by the peasant boy, to the heaven-borrowed modulations of Braham and Catalani.

"The inharmonious note from the Indian hut, the melodious song in the plains of Italy, the gratification afforded to the imperial ear and to the herdsman's rustic taste, the animating echoes of a ball-room, and the joyful celebration of the gathered harvest, the sublimity of Handel, the feeling of Mozart, the simplicity and sweetness of Stevenson—all have their origin in the same exquisitely-toned nerve that accommodates its power to soothe the boom of affliction, to aid the expression of joy, to modulate the lament over the hero's bier, and to swell the choral anthem of praise."

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"The mind accustomed to expand its desires to the good of others, to rejoice in the prosperity of kindred, and to be happy only in their welfare, cannot easily contract itself to the narrow dimensions of solitude. It adheres to the remembrance of those who shared while they formed its gratification; and the being who lives to mourn over the tomb of all who were dear in youth, is doomed to search in vain for the glittering promises of joy: he wanders desolate through the crowded city; in the voice of mirth hears no enlivening sound, nor in the adornments of taste can discover the enjoyments of sense. To such withered bosoms should fate, or chance, restore one that can, in any degree, supply the void so coldly felt, so lamentably deplored, one that can sympathize yet not recal the sense of woe, who can present the rose deprived of a thorn, teach the lorn mind to forget itself and mingle in the pursuits of another, and touch that chord with bliss whose tones had long been silent—then the trembling heart revivifies, becomes conscious of the treasure it has discovered, enters once more into the interests of participation, and is no longer a self-condemned exile from the sympathies and tenderness of reciprocal good offices. As a light on the dreary waste is hailed by the solitary midnight traveller, so the being who has long wandered in the labyrinths of hopeless sorrow, blesses the friendly voice of an heaven-born consoler, who will approach the lonely dwelling, unintimidated by the aspect of adversity."

A concise and easy Method of Preserving Subjects of Natural History. By W. Bullock, F. L. S. 1 vol. 12mo. Lackington and Co.

MR. BULLOCK'S Museum, in Piccadilly, has long been an object of delight and interest to the lover of nature's wonderful productions; the admirable classification of every subject in the animal world, and the preservation of colour and plumage in the feathered tribe, excite feelings unknown before in those who love to dwell on the stupendous and marvellous works of creation.

Persons who visit remote regions are anxious to be acquainted with the means of preserving, in a similar manner, the different objects of nature's works, especially those which differ materially from those of our own climate; and this diversity is more to be found in birds and fishes than in the quadrupeds: and of the preservation of the winged and finny tribe, this useful little work particularly treats. To the traveller it is particularly addressed, but those

who have much leisure at home, and are desirous of employing it in the investigation of nature, and are desirous also of forming a private museum, or cabinet, of natural curiosities, such will find it equally useful and valuable.

The first article laid down is the care which should be essentially observed in taking off the skins of birds, while the method is scientifically and easily related; and which, by strictly attending to, will aid the operator in keeping the feathers clean, and preserving them in all their native beauty. The stuffing and other process to be observed, are given with equal care and ingenuity.

When Mr. Bullock comes to treat of fishes, he directs, in a clear, concise, and easy manner, how to spread the fins, cut the gills, &c.

The nets for taking insects, and the manner of laying down butterflies, are next stated; and we are informed of what many are ignorant of, in his treating on the subject of beetles, that if not put into separate boxes, they will destroy each other. We are also informed by this experienced naturalist, that all shells are the finest and most beautiful that are taken with live fish in them. Plants and seeds Mr. Bullock preserves after the manner of that ingenious naturalist, Sir Joseph Banks.

To give our readers any extracts from a work which we ardently recommend them to purchase, would be useless; it being in itself a regular system on one subject, which, though extremely well written, cannot by mutilation afford any peculiar interest to the general reader.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Alfred; or, A Kingdom Regained. Adorned with Cuts. A Romance. 1u 2 vols. Paris.

THE title of this work promises much: to describe the first character in the world in the most trying situation, that of virtue combating against misfortune, is as difficult as it is interesting, in the hands of an able writer.

Alfred had received from nature a soul of a superior kind: his mind was great, and he was endowed with courage, grace, and beauty; he had every perfection which constitutes a hero of romance, every quali-

fication requisite for a great King, and what is yet better, every virtue that can adorn a private citizen. At the age of twelve years, having heard a Saxon poem recited of which his mother was very fond, he immediately gave up his childish sports, and applied himself to those profound studies which afterwards occupied all his leisure hours to the close of his life. Driven from his kingdom by the Danes who then ravaged England, he never lost sight of hope, and never did he shew himself so truly great as in the midst of his misfortunes. History informs us that under the disguise of a simple husbandman, wandering from one county to another, he laboured incessantly to deliver England from her enemies. At length he beheld the bright beams of the day of victory; and the better to conceal himself from the machinations of his enemies, he disguised himself as a minstrel, and penetrated into their camp. The barbarians thronged around him, while he charmed them by the sweetness of his voice and led their senses captive by the superiority of his skill in music. An eye witness of the divisions amongst their troops, and their total want of discipline, he made a vow of delivering his country, and he kept the oath he made. A mild and magnanimous conqueror, he wished not to impose any other laws on the conquered than commanding them to embrace that religion whose chief attribute is forgiveness. From that period he gave himself up to his people, of whom he was at once the father, the preceptor, and the judge. We behold him, during the dark age of ignorance, establishing public education, and laying the foundation of the celebrated university of Oxford. The sea became covered with ships, temples to the God of Truth were erected, and new laws added to the power of the people, and insured at the same time that of the sovereign. He was the first poet of the age in which he lived; and victories more brilliant than those he achieved, have made us almost forget that he regained his throne by conquest; but his glory has lived through every reign; and in the midst of all that renown which a thousand succeeding warriors have gained since his time, Alfred has still been cited as the greatest monarch that ever reigned in England.

Such a subject can scarce afford any thing to the mere imagination of a romance writer. Here truth carries with it all the interest of fiction. The heroic festival of the Danes; their marvellous mythology; those indefatigable warriors, who made it their boast never to have slept under the roof of a house, nor drank their beer beside a fire; those Kings, who married shepherdesses, and died in singing the song of their country; the spectacle of those people who discovered America five centuries before the birth of Columbus; whose victories caused Charlemagne, as he was dying, to shed tears; and who conquered and laid waste, almost at the same time, France, England, Italy, and Greece: such is the romantic picture, and yet a true one, that the author had to oppose to the rising civilization of England, and to the truly heroic virtues of Alfred. The incidents that the writer has chosen are well put together, and add much to the romantic interest of the work. In his short Preface he tells his readers, that he "did not pretend to write an historical romance, but to trace out a romance on some principal fact recorded in history." We confess we do not perfectly comprehend the nicety of this distinction. Perhaps it was only a delicate manner of making us understand, without wounding the feelings of any individual, that he was not publishing one of those fashionable works, in which our great Kings are depicted as being the prey of all the minor passions; perhaps, also, he wished to shun the term of historical on his title page, that he might not put a lash into the hand of the critic.

In his romance of *Alfred* we certainly find the hero rather of too feeble a character: the author wished to please the ladies, and therefore he could not paint a hero without some amiable weaknesses; and he has rendered this favourite of wisdom, recorded as such by all historians, as much in love as a madman: in a word, his life of Alfred, is the life of a lover.

Alfred loses his kingdom in trying to save his mistress: he hazards his throne, his people, his friends, his life, to the mere satisfaction of beholding her for one single moment. Descriptions, festivals, combats, funeral ceremonies, a thief reformed into an honest man, in order to establish his

own fortune (which is daily seen in our intercourse with the world), the criminal punished in the midst of his triumphs, as we may behold every week at the theatre: such are the *wonderful* incidents with which this romance is replete, not to speak of a few historical anachronisms: notwithstanding these faults, there are many highly interesting situations scattered through the work, and which compensate, in a great measure, for its errors. But one of the above-mentioned anachronisms is unpardonable: how was it that Edwy, King of England, who ascended the throne in 951, was able, as he related his adventures, to make a quotation from Dante, who was not born till the year 1265? It must be confessed, that the monarch was, at least, gifted with uncommon prescience!

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

In the press, and will speedily be published, *Astarte*, a Sicilian tale, by the author of *Melancholy Hours*.

Speedily will be published, a poem, in two parts, entitled *Harvest*; illustrated by an engraving. To which will be added, a few other poetical pieces, by Charlotte Caroline Richardson.

Messrs. Longman and Co. will shortly publish, *Antonia*, a tale, with other poems, chiefly written in Malta, during the interesting period of the plague in that island. To singularity of circumstance and character, this work will be found to add much variety of composition.

Early in March will appear, in octavo, the first volume of a complete translation of *Ovid's Epistles*, by E. D. Baynes, Esq. A faithful version of these elegant and impassioned epistles, has long been a desideratum in the literary world.

ALMANACK MAKERS.

FRANCIS MOORE has, according to his own confession, amused and terrified mankind with his prophecies and hieroglyphics for the space of one hundred and seventeen years. John Partridge has been dead and buried more than once, if all the printed accounts of him may be believed. Vincent Wing, the maker of our sheet almanacks, who was born in 1619, was said to have been living in the year 1775. In one of

Partridges's almanacks, that old gentleman roundly asserted, that he was living at the very time when Bickerstaff published an account of his death.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

RELIGION is a commerce established between God and man, wherein grace is employed on the part of God, and worship by mankind.

The best means of calming the troubles of the mind, is to fight against the object that caused them.

Adversity proves to us the value of our dearest friends.

Women, though by nature timid, are always ardent admirers of valour in men: a renowned warrior will gain more favour from them than the most assiduous of their lovers, if he is a mere sighing swain.

The certainty of being beloved, is a blessing a sovereign seldom knows. Even the esteem he creates, when it discovers itself, is often misconstrued into ambitious and interested views.

Mankind are often deceived by prudence: and the fault lies not in prudence or mankind; for prudence has against her the uncertainty of what is to come, while the passions of mankind, more strong, and more adroit than she is, are the sole springs by which man is actuated.

MUTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

In the year 1504, the master of the ceremonies of Pope Julius the Second ranked the Powers of Europe as follows:—

| | |
|------------|----------------------|
| 1 Germany | 13 Bohemia |
| 2 Rome | 14 Poland |
| 3 France | 15 Denmark |
| 4 Spain | 16 Venetian Republic |
| 5 Arragon | 17 Brittany |
| 6 Portugal | 18 Burgundy |
| 7 England | 19 Bavaria |
| 8 Sicily | 20 Brandenburg |
| 9 Scotland | 21 Saxony |
| 10 Hungary | 22 Austria |
| 11 Navarre | 23 Savoy |
| 12 Cyprus | 24 Florence |

Since this memorable period, what is now the proud imperial city of Rome, whose frown spread terror and dismay throughout the civilized world? Scarcely a speck in the scale of nations. The same question may be asked with regard to a

majority of the kingdoms and principalities which at that period shone with splendour in the political constellation: and which have since bid "farewell, a long farewell" to all their greatness. Neither Russia nor Prussia appears upon the list; they were at that time of too little consequence to assume a rank among civilized society.

WALTHAM FOREST.

Lines written on seeing the following *jeu d'esprit* in a handbill posted up in Plaistow, as a "Caution" to prevent persons from supporting the intended inclosure of Hainault or Waltham Forest, viz.—

- "The fault is great in man or woman,
- "Who steals a goose from off a common;
- "But what can plead that man's excuse,
- "Who steals a common from a goose?!"

Does he, who *seems* to plead a goose's cause,
Not read, or not believe, his Maker's laws?
Who says—"Set not thy heart on worldly pelf,
But love thy neighbour as thou lov'st thyself."
Or may we gather from this smart excuse,
He'd starve his fellow-creatures while he feeds a
goose!

THE PEARL.

THE production of the pearl is one of those mysterious operations of nature which the ingenuity of man has not yet been able to unveil. The Arabs, with whom the pearl was an article of great traffic, entertained a notion, which they had from the Brahmins, that when it rained, the animal rose to the surface to catch the drops which turned into pearls. By some of the natives they are considered to be formed of certain mineral substances, carried to the banks of the river which is opposite to them; by others, they are supposed to be formed from dew-drops in connection with sun-beams, which was pretty nearly the opinion entertained by Pliny, and other ancient naturalists of Europe. Some have thought them to be an accretion within the body of the animal of the superabundant matter which coats over the inside of the shell, called mother of pearl, and to which it is very common to find little knobs adhering, precisely like pearls, but not of clear water. Others again, among whom is Reaumur, consider them as the effect of disease or injury, like bezoars and other stones found in various animals, pearls being generally composed of *amellæ*, or coats, formed round

a foreign nucleus. In the early ages of the Christian era, it would appear that the people who lived on the borders of the Red Sea, were acquainted with the method of forcing certain shell fish to produce pearls, as the Chinese, at present, do the *Mytilus Cygneus*, the swan muscle, by throwing into the shell, when it opens, five or six minute mother of pearl beads, strung on a thread. In the course of a year these are found covered with a pearly crust, which perfectly resembles the real pearl. It is supposed that if sharp pointed wires be thrust through the shells of certain species of muscles and oysters, the animal protects itself from being injured and galled, by throwing off a substance which coats them over with little round knobs, resembling pearls. Beckman tells us that "Linnaeus once showed him, among his collection of shells, a small box filled with pearls, and said—'*Hoc unionis confecti artificio meo; sunt tantum quinque annorum, et tamen tam magni.*'" They were deposited," the Professor adds, "near the *Maja Margaritifera*, from which most of the Swedish pearls are procured; the son, who was not, however, acquainted with his father's secret, said the experiments were made only on this kind of muscle, though Linnaeus himself assured me, that they would succeed on all kinds." Dr. Stover, in his *Life of Linnaeus*, informs us that the manuscript containing this valuable secret is in the possession of Dr. J. E. Smith, President to the Linnean Society in London. We do not believe that this gentleman has yet enriched himself by a forced breed of pearls. The information of the real pearl is still, we suspect, a profound mystery, and the wisest of us must be content, after all, to say, with Hussan the Mahomedan traveller, "that God alone knoweth how this matter is."

BIRTHS.

The wife of Mr. G. A. Deane, of Kennington-lane, of a son.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the lady of Captain Edward Chetham, C. B. of H. M. S. Leander, of a son.

MARRIED.

By special license, at Lambeth Palace, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Hon. Lord Clive, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Powis, to Lady Lucy Graham, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose.

At St. George's the Martyr, Queen's-square, James Sadler, Esq. of Weyhill and Fort Morrison plantations in Jamaica, to Miss Kibblewhite, of Liddiard, near Wootton Bassett, sister to one of the Representatives returned for that borough.

DIED.

At Bently Priory, Staunmore, John James Hamilton, the Most Noble the Marquis of Abercorn. So anxious was his Lordship to prevent the anxieties of his friends, that he forbade the domestics ever alluding to his illness in the slightest way. To prevent the parade of physicians attending him at his country seat, he constantly came to town to meet them in Stratford-place, three times a week. The fatal complaint existed in the stomach, said to be attended by an enlargement of the liver; he suffered much previous to his demise. The Marchioness and Lady Maria Hamilton, his daughter, were present. He was in his 62d year.

At the house of a lady in Wimpole-street (Mrs. Thackeray), whom he was attending in childbirth, Sir Richard Croft, Bart. the celebrated *accoucheur*. The circumstance attending the fate of this gentleman produced no ordinary sensation, as it was known that ever since the fatal termination of the *accouchement* of the amiable Princess Charlotte, Sir Richard had laboured under the most severe mental affliction. The unfortunate circumstance preyed upon his mind, and his friends had long observed symptoms of uneasiness that alarmed them, and which, probably, prepared them for the event that has happened. The inquest was taken at the house, No. 86, in Wimpole-street, before Thomas Stirling, Esq. and a Jury of neighbours. Sir Richard had been called in to attend the *accouchement* of Mrs. Thackeray, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Thackeray. The lady's labour was tedious, and her situation became so critical, that Sir Richard wished to have further medical advice and assistance. Another gentleman having been called in, it was their joint opinion that the result would prove fatal. This desperate aspect of the case was observed to have thrown Sir Richard into great agitation. An apartment in the floor above that occupied by Mrs. Thackeray, was appointed for the residence of Sir Richard. In this chamber there were two pistols. He retired to rest about twelve o'clock; about one o'clock Dr. Thackeray heard a noise apparently proceeding from the room occupied by Dr. Croft, and sent a female servant to ascertain the cause; she returned, saying she found the Doctor in bed, and conceived him to be asleep. A short time after a similar noise was heard; and on going in to his apartment a shocking spectacle presented itself. The body of the Doctor was lying on the bed shockingly mangled, both pistols were discharged, and the head of the

unfortunate gentleman was literally blown to pieces.—The Jury returned a verdict finding that the deceased had destroyed himself while in a fit of temporary derangement.

At the house of her sister, Miss Cotton, in Wimpole-street, Mrs. Thackeray, who was a patient of the late Sir R. Croft. The child is perfectly well.

Suddenly, at his seat, Amptkhill-park, Bedfordshire, the Earl of Upper Ossory, in the 73d year of his age. Besides the Earldom of Upper Ossory (an Irish peerage), which had been for many years in the family of Fitzpatrick, he was a Peer of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Upper Ossory, of Amptkhill. His Lordship had previously represented the county of Bedford many years in the British Parliament, and had long held the important trust of Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the same county. He married in March, 1769, the Hon. Ann Liddel, daughter of the late Lord Ravensworth, and repudiated Duchess of Grafton, by whom he had two daughters, Ladies Ann and Gertrude Fitzpatrick. His Lordship was elder brother to the late General Fitzpatrick, M. P. who, had he survived, would have inherited the Peerages, which are now, we believe, become extinct. The late Earl of Upper Ossory was maternal uncle of the Marquis of Lansdowne and of Lord Holland, sisters of the noble Earl having married the fathers of these two noblemen respectively.

At their Grace's seat, Belvoir Castle, the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland.

At his house in Bedford-square, of an apoplectic fit, in the 78th year of his age, Sir William Fraser, Bart. F. R. S. and one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity-house. Sir William was, at the moment of his decease, inquiring of his servant the cause of a smoke in the house, when he fell down in a fit, and instantly expired. The previous day he had been at the Prince Regent's levee in good health. He married his lady when *fifty-six*, by whom he had *twenty-eight* children, *seventeen* of whom are living, three sons and fourteen daughters. Two of the ladies were lately married.

Suddenly, Mr. Hanwell, of Chancery-lane.—He went on a visit of condolence to a friend at Newington Butte, and on his return, in passing the Magdalen Asylum, in Blackfriars-road, he dropped down, and instantly expired.

Suddenly, Mr. John Dawson, at his house in Crown-court, Trinity-lane, late of Chester, in his 30th year. He was in perfect health the day before his death, and ate a hearty dinner.

At his house in Lincoln's Inn-fields, Sir Claude Champion de Crepigny, Bart. Receiver-General of the Droits of Admiralty, Director of the South-Sea House, &c.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM the elegant and pleasing publication, entitled *A Walk through Switzerland*, we shall avail ourselves of the Author's permission of giving a few interesting extracts in our next Number.

An outline of, and extracts from, the popular Novel of *Rob Roy*, in our next.

The interesting and moral tale entitled *Delusion*, shall be reviewed, if possible, in our next Number.

A Cruise on the Continent will be reviewed as early as possible. The new year brought with it so many modern publications for our notice, that we are compelled, against our wish, to put off several for a few months longer.

The review of a new and beautiful Poem this month prevents us inserting any original communications. *The Age of Happiness* has been received, and shall appear in our next Number.

The Lines addressed *To the Rose*, shall also meet with prompt insertion.

We are sorry to be obliged to reject the lines from Juliana to an absent friend, being only interesting to one object, and not sufficiently poetical for *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. We hope the fair Author has a duplicate of those lines; as, after keeping them near three months, we were obliged, from the strength of the unwholesome perfume with which the paper was impregnated, to destroy them.

Astarte has been received, and shall meet with attention as early as possible.

The revival of some new Music sent us must be deferred till next month.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For MARCH, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Eight.

MRS. GARRICK.

THE name of Garrick is yet venerated even by those who only listen to his praises from the lips of their parents; though there are many of the present generation that well recollect powers almost unrivalled, and ever inimitable. The interest attached to the object of our present sketch seems heightened by her being the daughter-in-law of George Garrick, Esq. a younger brother of the immortal David. Mrs. Garrick has, however, sufficient merit in herself to lay claim to the admiration of the public. She commenced her theatrical career at a very early period of life, for her father's benefit, Mr. Gray, who was then the principal singer at Sadler's Wells; and that part of a crowded audience who were competent judges of harmony, pronounced her voice to be of great promise. The following winter Mr. Harris, proprietor of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, offered Mr. Gray those terms for three seasons which he accepted; and Miss Gray made her first appearance at that Theatre in the character of *Polly*, in *The Beggars' Opera*, and in the opera entitled *The Woodman*. Some trivial dispute occasioned the breaking off the engagement, and it was resigned in favour of Mr. Astley, Westminster Bridge, where Miss Gray continued till the year 1801. When proposals of marriage were offered by Mr. Garrick, and receiving the sanction of all parties, the wedding took place on the 26th of October, 1802, at the town of Sittingbourne, in Kent. The sphere of life in which Mrs. Garrick seemed now destined to move was entirely changed; all professional pursuits were at an end, and future ease and affluence appeared to be her promised lot with that

of her family. Unavoidable circumstances attending Mr. Garrick's affairs, compelled her, however, in the year 1809, to resume her theatrical avocations, under the auspices of Mr. Macready, then manager of the Manchester Theatre. It is but justice to this gentleman to say, that he has ever rendered himself conspicuous in forwarding the talents of his performers; but his undertaking being subverted, obliged Mrs. Garrick to accept of very handsome and liberal offers made her by the manager of the Liverpool Theatre; she remained there during two seasons, at which period she received very advantageous proposals from Mr. Dimond, manager of the Theatre Royal Bath, where Mrs. Garrick made a most successful *début*, in the year 1812. The following summer she visited Vauxhall, and met with equal encouragement to the close of the season. Mr. Macready then possessed the Birmingham Theatre, and solicited Mrs. Garrick to take the first singer's situation, and occasionally to assist in the first characters in comedy. This she agreed to, and was received with the most unbounded and reiterated approbation. From thence she made several successful visits to the northern theatres, the Glasgow and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c. at length returning to those she always styles her kind and munificent managers, Messrs. Knight and Lewis, of Liverpool. Here she received an offer of engagement from Mr. Henry Harris, manager of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, which, of course, was accepted. On Mrs. Garrick's first arrival in town it was settled that she should first appear in the new opera of *Zuma*; feeling a diffidence in coming in

direct opposition to so general and well-deserving a favourite as Miss Stephens, at the earnest request of the managers, and from the circumstance of Miss Stephens being obliged to attend the Derby Concerts, and ever anxious to forward the business of the establishment in which she was engaged, at the immediate peril of her future welfare, and hazard of the estimation in which she might hereafter be held, Mrs. Garrick made a most brilliant and successful *début* in the character of *Lucy Bertram*,

in the favourite opera of *Guy Mannering*.—At present it can hardly be said that Mrs. Garrick has had a fair trial; she has had but little to do, but that little has been sufficient to prove that she is possessed of a voice of very fine tone and compass: the lower notes are peculiarly sweet, and we think the songs in *The Beggars' Opera* well adapted to her style. Her acting is easy and unaffected, and she bids fair to be no discredit to the name of Garrick.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

FAMILY OF TANTALUS.

WE have seen the family of Cadmus overwhelmed with misfortunes of every description; that of Tantalus we shall now see no less remarkable for the perpetration of the most heinous crimes. Tantalus was the son of Jupiter, and reigned in Lydia. The Gods having paid him a visit, he, wishing to try their divinity, served up to them the limbs of his own son Pelops. Ceres, who was rather greedy, had already eaten a shoulder, when Jupiter restored the young Prince to life, and gave him an ivory shoulder to supply that which he had lost. Tantalus was plunged up to the chin in a lake of hell, whose waters constantly withdrew from his parching lips to prevent his ever quenching his thirst; trees loaded with the finest fruit overshadowed his head, but their pliant branches rose to the clouds whenever he attempted to gather some.

The tragical end of Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, is still within the recollection of our readers.

Pelops married Hippodamia, daughter to Cœnoaus King of Pisias. The most passionate love alone could have persuaded him to solicit the hand of that Princess, for, in order to obtain it, the candidate was to beat her father in the chariot race, in which he excelled, and if vanquished was put to death without mercy. Several Princes had already perished in the attempt, but Pelops bribed Cœnoaus's charioteer, Myrtilus, who broke the chariot. Cœnoaus was killed, and Pelops married

Hippodamia. This event took place about the year 2680, A. C.

They had issue the famous Atreus and Thyestes. The latter seduced the wife of his brother. Atreus, to be revenged, apparently condescended to a reconciliation. At a banquet, to which he invited him, he served up to him the limbs of his children, whom he held as hostages. Towards the conclusion of the repast, the sacred cup, on which they were to swear eternal friendship to each other, was presented to Thyestes by his brother, filled with the blood of those innocent victims, whose bloody heads were brought before him in a bason. It was said that the sun retrograded in its course, not to afford his light to so abominable a crime.

Atreus was the father of Agamemnon and of Menelaus, whom we shall see acting a noble part at the siege of Troy. Thyestes had a natural son named Egisthus, who, worthy of such a father, seduced Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon, and afterwards murdered her with his own hands on his return from Troy, in the year 2321, A. C. He was killed the same as the guilty Clytemnestra, by Orestes, a son whom she had from her marriage with Agamemnon.

FAMILY OF DARDANUS.

DARDANUS, like other founders of most empires, passed for a son of Jupiter and of Electra, one of the Atlantides. He was a native of Arcadia, but settled in Phrygia, where, at the foot of mount Ida, he built a

city to which he at first gave his name, about the year 2499, nearly fifty years after the liberation of the Hebrews from Egypt: that same city was afterwards called Troy, after Tros, his grandson. - Tros was the father of Ganymede, who was carried off by Jupiter, and of Ilus, father of Laomedon, whose history has already been related. Besides Priamus, who succeeded him, Laomedon was father of Tithonus, the beloved of Aurora, and of that Hesione that was delivered by Hercules, and who married Telemon.

EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS.

WE have hitherto seen only in the history of heroical times events to which no particular date, or period, could be assigned. The most momentous concerns were generally decided in single combat, or by assassination: seldom did a whole nation declare war against another; in those days of barbarism the individuals alone were in a perpetual state of hostility. The most atrocious crimes were the indispensable consequence of that savage condition, and the heroes who put an end to it by ridding the world of the banditti who abused their strength to ravage it, were deservedly considered as the benefactors of the human race.

Those heroes soon became acquainted with, and esteemed each other; it was very easy to unite them for the undertaking of such expeditions as promised glory and riches, after which they were equally greedy. The like was done by Jason, the son of Eson, grandnephew to Athamas, of the family of Deucalion.

It may be recollected that Phryxus, to avoid being put to death, had left the court of his father Athamas, with his sister Helle; that he had crossed Pont Euxine on a ram with a golden fleece; and that on his landing in Colchis he had consecrated the fleece to Mars. It is proper here to inform our readers that those marvellous voyages may be naturally explained, and that the animal which the adventurers were supposed to have been carried over by, was no other than a ship, on the stern of which there was a figure of any beast, the same as is practised in our days. The golden fleece of Phryxus's ram, is expressive of the riches that he took away with him, and of which

his family retained the remembrance and regretted the loss.

Eson had been driven from Tolchos, where he reigned, by Pelias, one of his kinsmen; but the oracle had predicted that his son would avenge and restore him to his throne. The usurper had heard of the oracle, and to save Jason from his rage it was reported that he had died a few days after his birth. His father committed him to the care of Chiron, the Centaur, who concealed him in his retreat on mount Pelion, and taught him all the sciences which he himself professed.

Jason, when he was five-and-twenty years of age, quitted his retreat in consequence of his having consulted the Gods. He repaired to Tolchos, where he publicly demanded of Pelias to restore to his father the throne which he had deprived him of. The good looks and boldness of Jason interested the people in his favour; and Pelias, apprehensive of a revolt, was forced to have recourse to duplicity. The priests, whom he had bribed, declared that the Gods ordered Jason to avenge the death of Phryxus, who had been assassinated in Colchis, and to bring back to Tolchos the golden fleece. Pelias, at the same time, engaged upon oath to restore the throne that belonged to him upon his return. Jason, anxious to acquire glory, and the possession of immense treasures, seemed to submit to the will of the Gods, and seized with more than common eagerness the opportunity that was offered him of signaling himself. His expedition was announced throughout all Greece, and heroes came from all parts to Tolchos to take a share in it. Jason selected fifty-four of the most celebrated: Hercules himself joined them. The command in chief was conferred upon Jason, as being nearest of kin to Phryxus.

With several of those heroes we are already acquainted. Next to Jason and Hercules came Acastus, the son of Pelias; Admetus, the host of Apollo; Menætius, father to Patroclus the friend of Achilles; Peleus, the father of that hero, and married to Thetis; Castor and Pollux; Calchas and Zethus; Iolas, nephew to Hercules; Angeas, King of Elis; Deucalion, the son of Minos I.; Glaucus, father to Bellerophon; Laertes, the father of Ulysses;

Tydeus, the father of Diomedes; Oileus, the father of Ajax; Meleagrus, the son of Æneas, and King of Calydon, &c. &c.

Minerva sketched the design of the ship that was to carry the heroes, which was called *Argo*, and the adventurers in consequence were surnamed *Argonauts*. The timber was brought, the same as the mast, from mount Pelion and Dodona forest, owing to which the ship was considered as sacred—it was even pretended that it contained an oracle; and was finally consecrated to the Gods, and made a constellation of.

When ready to set sail, about the year 2778 A. C. Jason offered sacrifices, and Jupiter's thunder was heard to foretell the success of the heroes. After a long and perilous navigation, and many other adventures that have been made the subject of two poems, the *Argonauts* arrived at Colchis, where Eates reigned. Juno and Minerva, who patronized Jason, prepossessed in his favour Medea, the daughter of Eates and Hecate, a famous sorceress, skilled in the art of preparing poisonous draughts. She offered to assist him if he would engage, in the temple of Hecate, to marry her, and to take her with him.—Jason consented to every thing; and certain of so powerful a support, demanded of Eates the restitution of the golden fleece. It was kept by two bulls, a present of Vulcan, whose horns and hoofs were of brass, and who, besides, vomited flames; likewise a dragon kept watch day and night over the precious treasure. Eates promised to return it, provided Jason succeeded in yoking the bulls, and with a diamond plough making them turn up four acres of land consecrated to Mars: he was then to sow the teeth of a dragon that were to produce armed men, all of whom he must put to death; and next kill the formidable dragon. Jason accomplished the whole with the assistance of Minerva. A stone which he threw in the midst of the armed men made them turn their fury against each other till not one of them was left alive. By means of a magic potion prepared by Medea, he set the dragon to sleep, killed him with the utmost ease, took possession of the golden fleece, and carried off Medea with the riches of Eates. Being pursued by that Prince, they mur-

dered his son Absyrtes, brother to Medea, and strewed his limbs on the road in order to retard the progress of the King. They arrived at Circe's habitation, who, notwithstanding her own infamous character, felt such horror at their crime that she would not receive them. They next went to the court of Alcinoüs, King of the Phæacians, where they were married. From thence the *Argonauts* dispersed, and the happy, though guilty couple, arrived at Tolchos with the fleece.

Pelias meanwhile deferred restoring the crown to Jason. Medea had already made Æson young again by means of pouring into his veins a magic fluid in the place of the frozen blood she had drawn out of them. The daughters of Pelias solicited a similar favour for their father. Medea seemed to comply with their request, took hold, in their presence, of an old ram, cut it into pieces, boiled it with magic herbs, and soon after it appeared like a young lamb. The credulous daughters of Pelias scrupulously performed the same ceremony, when their father's limbs were entirely consumed, so that they could not even have his funeral prepared. This crime, notwithstanding, proved of no benefit to Jason, who, instead of receiving the crown, was turned out of Tolchos by Acates the son of Pelias, and forced to go to Corinth for a refuge. There he lived for ten years in perfect tranquillity, but falling in love with Creusa, the daughter of Creon, King of the country, he repudiated Medea. The vengeance of the magician followed close upon that act of ingratitude. Mounted on a car drawn by winged dragons, she murdered, in the presence of Jason, the two children she had by him; set fire to the palace of Creon, where he perished with all his family; and found means to escape the fury of her unfaithful husband. Jason afterwards lived a wanderer, and was killed, as Medea had foretold, by the fall of a piece of timber belonging to the *Argo*.

Medea, after having endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade several among the Kings of Greece to avenge the wrongs she complained of, retired into Asia, where she married one of the most powerful sovereigns of the country, by whom she had a son named Midas, who founded the empire of the Medes.

TWICE IN LOVE.—FROM THE FRENCH.

TWICE, in my life, I have been in love; and have, therefore, had a two-fold occasion of knowing, that this passion, when it is not propitious, is the greatest misfortune that can befall us. I may be able, perhaps, to retrace, from memory, a confused image of the sorrows this sentiment has caused me, and also the pleasures it has afforded me: but what I yet feel, I shall seek in vain to express: the heart of man, in his moral state, as well as in that which is physical, always survives every other part; so an old man may experience the raptures of love, but he can neither inspire, nor express them. I have long foreseen this cruel falling off, and I have, as I may say, found means to escape it, by taking notes of my sensations and sentiments, as we mark the features of a shadow on the wall, which leaves no trace behind.

I have written my memoirs with no other view than to compare myself with myself, and to be able to render a clear account of every epoch of my life, either in a physical or moral sense.

Love, which holds so important a place in the destiny of mankind, has had a two-fold influence over mine; and so perfectly compensated do I find myself on this subject, that I am something in the same perplexity with Corneille, when speaking of Cardinal Richelieu:

“He has done me too much good to speak ill of him,

“He has done me too much harm to speak well of him.”

The two following episodes, which I have extracted from the voluminous manuscript of my memoirs, are only a commentary on this antithesis:—

“Scarce had I attained my twentieth year, when I came to pass a few months at Paris, after the end of my first maritime voyage. I was not destitute of some outward qualifications, and I was already cited as one of the prettiest young men “whose beard was growing under the fragrant breath of maidens.”* I met, by

chance, with a very pretty young dancer at one of the shows at the fair of St. Germain, named Nanine, and I fell desperately in love. I said nothing about it, whatever my eyes and heart might express, but I could not believe there were any females in Paris handsomer than her; and of this I am sure, even now, when all the illusion is destroyed, that it is impossible to form such a bewitching compound of contrarieties: so much tenderness with so much coquetry, such irregular features with such a charming countenance, such an union of elegance and artlessness, such a versatility of wit, of grandeur of soul, and instability of character; she could seize, as she pleased, every form, and adorn herself with every caprice: and it was easier to idolize her than to esteem her. I was, as may be supposed, at twenty years of age, in possession of a feeling and artless mind. Nanine returned my love, and I was no longer a rational being.

My leave of absence being at an end, an old cousin, with whom I lived at Paris, and who was a kind of guardian to me, informed me it was time for me to depart.—I thought I had heard my death warrant; and I invented a thousand pretences to prolong my stay; he soon discovered the motive, and only pressed my departure more eagerly.†

Nanine shared my despair, of which she well knew the cause, and assisted me, as well as she could, to retard the separation, which equally afflicted us both, but which she regarded as inevitable. This idea, that racked my soul, suggested to me the most extravagant resolutions: I proposed marriage to Nanine. “I love you too well to consent to that,” said she, with an air of mingled vivacity and tenderness: “at your age, and from the rank you hold in life, you ought, my dear Paul, to endeavour at gaining respect and consideration; you would lose both were you to marry me. Examples are not wanting to prove that,

* The hermit says this quotation is from Shakespeare!—We find, in that author, nothing like it, except its originality.

† Vide—*L'Hermite de La Chaussée d'Antin*; or, the first part of the *Paris Spectator*. Vol. I. p. 3.

with riches, we may do every thing; neither you nor I are in possession of them, and, by marrying, we should effectually close up the path to wealth. Do you wish to have more forcible, or, rather, more reasonable objections? You are a proof, and I could furnish several others, that I should be fondly attached to my lover; but I must confess, I should not be so certain of loving a husband. I rather am of opinion, that love ceases to be a pleasure, when it is no longer a folly: and you are the last man with whom I would wish to verify this notion. Let us, then, speak no more of marriage; or, what is much the same thing, of making any vows of inviolable fidelity." I took Heaven to witness mine, however; and Heaven knows if I ever violated it.

I had a guardian who resembled, in some degree, the *father of a family*; and, to make good the resemblance, he solicited an order from the ministry to imprison Nanine: she was soon informed of it. "Your cousin," said she to me, one evening, as I was conducting her to the Theatre, "has found means to separate us; you are to be conducted to Rochefort, by an officer of the *Marechaussée*, and I am to be placed amongst the Magdalens, by a *lettre de cachet*: his intention is good, no doubt; he is not obliged to know that I have more credit at court than he has."—I was quite beside myself; I was like a madman, and I formed the most desperate projects—"You do not," interrupted Nanine, "adopt the most simple; order a postchaise, and let us both set off for Rochefort." I fell at her feet, and made use of all the rapturous language, inspired by love, to express my transports and my gratitude: at four o'clock in the morning we were on the high road for Rochefort.

Scarce were we arrived there when I was ordered immediately on board the *Apollo*, which made a part of the squadron destined to the Indies. In a few days we were expected to sail; what was I to do? "Nanine," said I, "why should I interrogate my heart? It is impossible to live without you: let what will happen to me I will remain on shore, if you refuse to accompany me."—"To the Indies! that requires some reflection."—"Ah! be guided only by our love; think how my tenderness, my honour, is concerned in it!"—

"And should I consent, how am I to put the scheme in execution?"—"I have provided for every thing; every officer is allowed to take his servant."—Nanine burst into a fit of laughter: "The lot is cast," said she; "it shall never be said that I drew back from this most signal species of madness."

Behold Nanine transformed into a cabin-boy, such as Ovid might have represented in a metamorphosis of the God of Love. How vexed was I to see her look so charming! but to transform herself was all I could obtain from her. As I dreaded the first impression her appearance might make, I conducted her on board at night, and I requested her not to shew herself till the morrow, when we should have lost sight of the coast.

The crew were all assembled on deck, and Captain St. Hilaire reviewed his men; while Nanine, under the name of Jules, was marked among those of the men. She was called: oh! how my heart beat! She looked up, and every mouth testified its admiration. M. de St. Hilaire, whom I regarded attentively, cast on her a scrutinizing eye, and then gave me a look yet more expressive.

After the review, he ordered the little Jules to follow him into his cabin; where he kept him for a quarter of an hour: I could not conceal my uneasiness: I went into the ward-room, where I found Nanine in tears; I felt little doubt but what she had disclosed our secret.

M. de St. Hilaire gave me a very severe reprimand, and did not forget to read to me the article where such a fault was strictly prohibited: I haughtily told him to make use of it to the very letter, and to set Nanine and me on shore at the first land he should touch. The Captain, who seemed less offended at my language than affected with the tears of my lovely accomplice, spoke to us both with kindness, and it was agreed on that Nanine, who could not flatter herself with remaining unknown under her present disguise, should again take the habit of her sex, and remain under the poop of the frigate, in that cabin which was next to that of the Captain. This arrangement was not exactly as I could wish, but any objections that I could start were not likely to change it.

To give an idea of the effect produced by Nanine appearing at table, for the first time, amongst ten or twelve officers, the oldest of whom had not attained forty years, is impossible: the ordinary scenes of life cannot present any thing like it: it is requisite to have taken a long voyage by sea, and to have felt, by experience, the power of female charms over a society of two or three hundred men, confined to a vessel, and condemned to the punishment of seeing only strong bearded chins for four or five months. Nanine would be distinguished amongst a crowd of pretty women; judge, then, of the homage she must receive where she was, without a single rival, the only object. She enjoyed this scene with all the coquetry imaginable, and which accorded with her character, while I felt it with all the jealousy attendant on my own.

I will suppress the tedious recital of all my disquietude, all my torments, where my love increased with every cause that ought to have diminished it.

Nanine, like another Armida, kindled the flame of love and discord in every bosom: she seemed to sport amidst the waves, and repose beneath the storm. All the prudence, all the severity of M. de St. Hilaire, were insufficient to restrain our quarrels; our hatred and resentment against each other daily increased; he saw no other means of terminating the disorder than by putting away the cause; and I have every reason to believe that, by this means, he imposed on himself a most painful sacrifice. When we arrived at Mahé, on the Malabar coast, he put Nanine on shore, telling me that he had recommended her to the care of the Governor, and thought proper to employ me on board all the time of her disembarkation. I did not hesitate on the part I ought to take: I left the vessel, never to enter it again, joined Nanine, and we arrived together at Surat.

Blessed in the sole possession of all I held most dear in the world, and which I trembled to lose, without care for the future, abandoning all to love, several months had already passed away in the delirium of a fatal passion, to which I had sacrificed every thing, and which had prepared for me so chequered a fate.

I will not dwell on the details of our ad-

ventures at Surat; of the extraordinary sensations produced there by Nanine; or the success she obtained at the expence of my repose and happiness. I now come to the fatal moment which broke in so distressing a manner the first chains I had formed.

I had been absent for a few hours, and on my return home I missed Nanine; one of her women put into my hands the following letter, which I read with the most inexpressible anguish of heart:—

“I quit you, my dear Paul, with more repentance than regret; I blush to confess it; but I can no longer make you happy: I have ceased to love you, and it is not in my power to offer you a single recompence for the many misfortunes which are ready to overwhelm us. If any one could have singly fixed my heart, you alone could have performed the miracle; no one has ever inspired me, nor ever can inspire me, with that tenderness of sentiment, of which I believe I have given you sufficient proofs. Convinced that love is the most inestimable good, while it lasts, I do not mention the sacrifices that you have made for me, nor those which I have been happy enough to make for you. We have loved: we are even. When I refused to marry you in France, I foresaw what would befall us in India; I had a presentiment of something fatal, for which I was resolved to ensure to myself the remedy; I have found it in a separation that I thought necessary, the moment I found it possible.

“You are not at present in a situation to appreciate the motives by which I act; and from what I know of your character, I knew I ought to shelter myself from your researches. You will, therefore, hear no more of me till the moment that you are embarking to return into France.

“Farewell, my dear Paul; the word is painful to pronounce you may judge by my tears, which have almost effaced it when written. After having loved me, my friend, as you have done, do not hate me; and when another love may have expiated my fault, believe that friendship will give you a first place in the heart of the thoughtless

“NANINE.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from page 57.)

GREEK MUSIC (CONTINUED).

AMONGST the musicians of Greece Plutarch mentions Dorion, a flute player, who made several changes in the state of music at his time. Celebrated justly as a renowned poet and musician, Dorion is yet better known to posterity for his prodigality, expence, and epicurism. Supping one night with Nicocreon, in the island of Cyprus, he admired a magnificent gold cup that was placed on the sideboard.—“The goldsmith,” said the Prince, “shall make you just such another whenever you please.”—“Sir,” said Dorion, “he will obey *your* orders more readily than mine; let me, therefore, have that, and do *you* bespeak the other.”—His wit and talents always made amends for his gluttony, and Dorion was a welcome guest wherever he appeared.

At this time the demand for flutes at Athens seems almost incredible, and also the price which was set upon them. According to Lucian three talents, equal to £581 5s. of our money, was given for a single flute by Ismenias, the celebrated musician, though he was certainly as eminent for his extravagance as for his skill on that instrument. Having once purchased a beautiful emerald, at a moderate price, he said to the person whom he had commissioned to buy it, “You are a fool, for you have disgraced the gem.”—The flute players at that time lived in the most splendid manner; their furniture was rich and costly, and they kept a numerous retinue of servants. We may cry out on the enormous salaries given to some of our favourite performers, but it is asserted of Amacbæus, the harper, that he was paid an *attic* talent per day, equal to £193 15s. of our money, every time he performed. A musician was also chosen whose name was recorded with those of the officers belonging to the state; and his office was to play on the flute, close to the ear of the priest during sacrifice, some pious air suitable to the service, to keep his thoughts intent on the exercise of his function. The

same custom still prevails, in some measure, in the present Greek church: while the priest stands with his face towards the east and repeats the prayers, the choir is almost constantly singing hymns, and he reads in so low a voice that the congregation is not supposed to pray themselves, or to hear the prayers he offers up in their behalf.

Amongst the most celebrated flute players of antiquity, it would be unpardonable, in a work like this, dedicated chiefly to females, to omit mentioning several of the softer sex who gave themselves up to the ambition of attaining an high degree of excellence on an instrument which is certainly far from adding to the charms of a feminine countenance, when the mouth is distorted, and the cheeks swollen in their efforts to breathe the strains of harmony for the delight of their auditors.

The most celebrated female flute player was Lamia: she was beautiful, witty, and a prodigy in her profession. An exquisite engraving of her head, on an amethyst, was in the collection belonging to the late King of France, which is sufficient to prove that history has not exaggerated the beauty of her person. She travelled from Athens to Egypt in order to ascertain the merits of the famous flute players of the latter country. Her person and performance soon attracted the notice of the court of Alexandria. In the conflict between Ptolomey Soter and Demetrius for the island of Cyprus, about 312 years before Christ, Ptolomey being defeated at sea, his wives, servants, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius. Lamia was among the female captives: though her beauty was on the decline, and Demetrius much younger than herself, yet her conqueror became completely her captive: at her instigation he conferred on the Athenians the most extraordinary benefits.

In Horace we find mention made of whole bands of female flute players; but as they became numerous so their manners became licentious; and so much so that

their occupation was forbidden in the code of Theodosius. These kind of performers had, indeed, at the latter end of his reign, obtruded themselves, unasked, at all private entertainments, so that their profession was, at length, regarded as infamous and degraded till it was utterly abolished.

Between the time of Alexander the Great and the conquest of Greece by the Romans, we find few eminent musicians upon record: music, like painting and poetry, was progressive in Greece, as was sculpture. The pious Plato always regarded music as fit only for the Gods: yet, as Dr. Burney justly remarks, a line ought always to be drawn between church music and that of the theatre. Plutarch speaks of music as having been corrupted by the theatre; and these are the expressions he makes use of on that head:—"If we look back into remote antiquity, we shall find that the Greeks were unacquainted with theatrical music. The only use they made of this art was in praising the Gods and educating youth. The idea of a theatre had not then entered their thoughts, and all their music was dedicated to sacrifices, and to other religious ceremonies, in which they sung hymns in honour of the Gods, and canticles in praise of great and good men."

The Greeks certainly cultivated music under the Roman Emperors, under their own government, and are still delighted with it under their Turkish rulers; but their music is now so far from being thought excellent by the rest of the world, that none but themselves hold it in much estimation. It is said that Pythagoras, one day meditating on the want of some rule to guide the ear, chanced to pass a blacksmith's shop, and observing there that the four hammers sounded very harmoniously,

he had them weighed, and found them to be in the proportion of 6, 8, 9, and 12. Upon this he suspended four strings of equal length and thickness; then fastened weights in the above-mentioned proportions to each of them, and found they gave the same sounds as the hammers had done; namely, the fourth, fifth, and octave to the gravest tone. Pythagoras is recorded as the first teacher of the philosophy of sounds; but it was so late as the beginning of the last century before the ancient theory of sounds was fully confirmed, and the doctrine of musical strings fixed upon the basis of mathematical demonstration. The above-quoted philosopher regarded music always as something celestial and divine: he therefore ordered his disciples to be waked every morning and lulled to sleep at night by sweet sounds.

According to Dr. Wallis, Euclid was the first who demonstrated an octave to be somewhat less than six whole tones; but Ptolomey, the most learned astronomer and musician of his time, treats all the writers before him and their systems with very little ceremony: he wantonly sported with the musical scale, and tried confusions by torturing it all possible ways. One out of his many systems, however, seems to suit our present practice, of music in parts.

Vocal music is of the highest antiquity; the voice of passion is easily articulated; and music may, in a manner, be considered as the language of the passions. Songs preceded the use of letters: the laws of ancient nations were originally sung, and prayers offered up to the Gods were chaunted. Popular hymns were sung at the head of an army; pæans were addressed to Mars and Apollo, and in process of time the deeds of heroes were sung.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

THE DUCHESS OF LAUDERDALE.

THIS lady, who was second wife to the Duke of Lauderdale, was famous in her day for receiving very frequent visits from Oliver Cromwell, at Helmingham, in Suffolk, which gave rise to the report of an amatory connexion between herself and the Protector; but as her politics were of

the same cast with those of her husband, it is supposed that their correspondence was merely relative to business of state, in which matters the Duchess evinced uncommon skill, and her penetration in what related to the interests of the kingdom was truly wonderful; while her ready wit, many accomplishments, and extensive knowledge

of the world rendered her company and conversation a perpetual treat. In Bishop Burnet's *History of his own Time*, he mentions a long letter he received from the Duchess of Lauderdale, wherein she made clear that the shutting up of the exchequer was both just and necessary. This same sort of necessity it was that put her Grace upon setting up to sale all kind of offices during the Duke's oppressive administration in Scotland; where it is well known he acted like an Eastern monarch, while his Duchess carried herself with the haughty demeanour of a Sultana, who completely governed her husband.

LADY TREVOR WARNER.

Few women were equal to this illustrious lady in beauty and elegant accomplishments. Converted to the Roman Catholic religion at the same time with her husband, she took the habit of the English nuns called Sepulchrines, at Liege, with Mrs. Warner, her sister-in-law, on the 30th of April, 1665. Both these ladies entered afterwards into the convent of the Carthusianesses, or poor Clares, where Lady Warner adopted the name of Sister Clare. Her cell was not large enough for an ordinary person to lie at full length, and Lady Warner was rather tall, so much so that she was obliged to sit up in her bed in order to procure the comfort of sleep. Her bed was only two feet and a half broad; and the cell itself was no broader, besides what the bed took up. All her furniture, she who had been used to every accommodation affluence could bestow, consisted only of a low stool to sit on, a straw bed and bolster, or, if sick, a pillow stuffed with chaff. Her habit consisted of little more than a blanket wrapped round her form—linen this order of nuns never wear, and always go barefoot, having only sandals to shield the sole of their feet from injury; they keep a continual lent, never being allowed to taste meat; with the most rigid of these rules Lady Warner complied till the day of her death, which took place on the 26th of January, 1670.

THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER.

RELIGION was, by no means, the guide of this lady's conduct and behaviour; she was a woman of the most sprightly and

fascinating wit, which, unaided by the beauty she possessed, was sufficient in itself to maintain her power even after that beauty was no more. She had been the mistress of James II. before he ascended the throne, and was soon after created Countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley, her father, repined at this splendid title, which he only looked on as rendering his daughter's dishonour more conspicuous. The King continued frequently to visit her, which gave great uneasiness to the Queen, who employed all her friends, and particularly the priests, to wean him from this connexion. The latter remonstrated with him on the guilt of such a commerce, and the disgrace he was bringing on the Catholic religion. This made the Countess employ all the ridicule she was capable of against the priests and their counsels.—Here, however, her wit was successful. They persevered, and prevailed on the monarch to forsake her. The King, at their instigations, requested her to retire into France, or to have her allowance of four thousand pounds a year withdrawn. She then deeply repented of ever having been the King's mistress; and it is alluding to this period of her life that Pope wrote the following line,

"Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd the King."

No woman at the English court dressed more elegantly, expensive, or extravagant; yet she understood dress well, and every ornament that peculiarly became her. She had a daughter by the King, named Catharine, who married Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

LADY BELLASYSE.

THIS lady adorned the sprightly court of Charles II. at the time she was the widow of Lord Bellasyse. Though rather deficient in personal beauty, yet her vivacity was of that fascinating kind, as served to render her universally admired; and she so won the affections of James Duke of York, afterwards James II. that he gave her a written promise of marriage. He was, as is well known, a bigot, and he left nothing untried to induce her to change her religion; but she held firm to that in which she had been educated. Her father-in-law was a zealous Papist, and he trembled at the idea of the influence that such a woman

might have upon the Duke in religious matters: he therefore waited upon the King, and disclosed to him the secret of this marriage contract. The lady was intimidated by threats to give up the original writings, but she took care to preserve a well attested copy. She died in the reign of Queen Anne.

MRS. MARY KIRKE.

Mrs. Kirke was the daughter of one of the grooms of the bed-chamber to Charles the Second, and whose a brilliant constellation amongst the crowd of beauties that composed the train of ladies who waited on Catharine of Bragaza; but Miss Kirke proved a wandering, and at length a fallen star. When she was in the pride of all her fame and beauty, Sir Richard Vernon, a country gentleman, with an estate of fifteen hundred a year, paid his addresses to her, but she rejected his suit with dis-

dain, and preferred the conspicuous brilliancy of being an acknowledged mistress at a licentious court. On being repulsed, Sir Richard retired to his rural seat, but found no longer pleasure in the sports of the field, and looked the living image of despondency. The sickness of man's nature soon deprived the imprudent Mary of her illustrious lover: and Mr. Killigrew, who was related to Sir Richard Vernon, went to comfort him in his affliction, by relating to him her recent disgrace; and this he did the more effectually to cure him of his passion. But Sir Richard was almost frantic with joy, and he renewed his addresses with more ardour than ever. In a short time she became his wife, brought him a fine family of children, and by her exemplary conduct in the marriage state atoned, in a great measure, for the lapse she had been tempted to make from virtue in her early youth.

CHARACTERS OF CÉLÉBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

LOUISA DE QUEROUAILLES DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

CHARLES H. with whom this lady was the most favoured of all his mistresses, was, by the insatuated monarch, created Duchess of Portsmouth, at a time when his treasury was impoverished by the great expenditure of the nation, and by his Majesty's continental connexions. Louisa, possessed of uncommon beauty, insinuation, and force of character, was sent to England by Louis XIV. in the train of Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, sister to Charles, to aid the French King in his stratagems, and bring over the amorous Charles to the interests of the Gallic monarch. This she did effectually; and, through her means, the business of the English court was constantly carried on with a subservience to that of France. Louisa was famous for constantly dissembling love, vapours, or illness, in such a manner as to deceive the most experienced; and she scarce ever failed of bringing the easy and good natured monarch to any point she wished; while the politeness and elegance of her manners, with a temper the most lively and agreeable, never failed to rivet

the affections of her royal lover still faster, and he continued to adore her to the last hour of his life. Her beauty was rather of a masculine kind; but it seemed very little impaired at seventy years of age. She survived the King, her protector, several years, and died in November, 1754, at the age of eighty-nine. She had attended her royal lover in his last moments with all the tender assiduity of a nurse, and her lips received his last sigh.

Louisa never could forget her high descent even after the degradation of her honour. When any one of the nobility, belonging to the court of France died, she wore mourning, and exhibited all the outward marks of sorrow. Eleanor Gwyon, her rival, who was of a very opposite character, used to make this circumstance a constant subject of her ridicule.—“Why,” said Nell, “does she so pride herself on her nobility? Is she not ashamed to disgrace it by living as a kept mistress? For my part it is my trade; I acknowledge it; and all I have to do is to please the King after my own fashion, and be as merry as possible.”

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF AN ANCIENT BANNERET.

SIR ROBERT DE SHURLAND was created a Knight Banneret by Edward I. for his valour at the siege of Caerlavoroc Castle. His death has in it something remarkable. Having a quarrel with his priest, he buried the father alive. The King happened then to lie at anchor under the Isle of Sheepee, and Sir Robert swam on his horse to the royal vessel, obtained his pardon, and swam back to shore on his trusty steed. A witch predicted that he would owe his death to that horse; but Sir Robert, who fancied, presumptuously, that he was the arbiter of his own destiny, drew his sword, and stabbed his faithful preserver to the heart. Long after, passing by the spot, he saw its bones bleaching on the ground: smiling with contempt, he gave the skull a kick; the bone wounded his foot, a mortification ensued, and caused his death.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XII.

LOUIS used to compare the nobility of his kingdom to so many Actæons. "They are," said he, "eaten up by their *dogs* and their *horses*." Being one day requested by some of his courtiers whilst in action (in which they thought their own lives in danger) not to expose his person to such imminent risk, he exclaimed, "Let all those who are afraid stand behind me!"—L'Alviano, the Venetian General, was taken prisoner, and brought before Louis. The King treated him with his usual humanity and politeness, to which the indignant captive did not make the proper return, but behaved with great insolence. Louis contented himself with sending him to the quarters where the prisoners were kept, saying to his attendants, "I have done right to send Alviano away; I might have put myself in a passion with him, for which I should have been very sorry. I have conquered him—I should learn to conquer myself."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF AN ANCESTOR OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

At the time when houses formerly were situated on the old Bridge of London, Ed-

ward Osborne, an ancestor of the present Duke of Leeds, was placed apprentice to Sir William Hewet, cloth-worker, who lived in one of the houses that hung over the water. The servant maid was one day playing with the infant daughter of Sir William, in a window that looked towards the river, and accidentally dropped the child. Young Osborne was present when the accident happened, and, despising all regard to his own safety, with as much intrepidity as generosity, he sprang into the river, and, contrary to every expectation, rescued the infant from a watery grave. As she was sole heiress to her father, who was immensely rich, when she arrived at womanhood many gentlemen of high rank, in particular the Earl of Shrewsbury, aspired to her hand: but Sir William declined all their offers, and, in gratitude, bestowed her on Osborne, her deliverer; saying, "That he who had risked his own life to save her's, was best qualified to render her happy."

CORONATION ANECDOTE.

THE whole behaviour of our present venerable King, at his coronation, was justly admired, and commended by every person present, and particularly his graceful and dignified manner of ascending the throne. There was another particular, which those only could observe who sat near the communion table, as did the Prebendaries of Westminster. When about to receive the sacrament, his Majesty inquired of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whether he should not lay aside his crown.—The Archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester, but neither of them could say what had been the usual form. The King determined within himself, that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the holy rite.

ANECDOTE OF COUNT TORRANO.

A RESPECTABLE man, an inhabitant of Frankfort, came to Count Torrano to complain to him of the number of soldiers who were quartered upon him. The Count being a Frenchman, his interpreter offered

his services to the Frankforter, but the latter did not conceive that he required them. He presented himself before the Count, and, with a low bow, accosted him as his *Excellency*. The Count returned the bow, and also the *Excellency*. Surprised at the honour which was paid to him, the Frankforter now began to think that he had not made use of a title high enough, and, therefore, with a still lower bow, said *Monsieur*.—"Sir," said the Count, very seriously, "we will not go any further, as we should probably get as far as your *Majesty*."—The Frankforter was thrown into great embarrassment, which the Count perceiving, he continued in a jocular tone, "What is your name, Sir?"—"My name is Spangenberg."—"And mine is Torrano," said the Count. "Now, Spangenberg, what is your business with Torrano? be seated, and we shall soon dispatch it."

ANECDOTE OF INCLEDON.

INCLEDON having once given offence, unintentionally, to a very hot-headed testy gentleman, the latter insisted on the actor's giving him *satisfaction*: on which Incledon immediately began singing *Black-Eyed Susan*; observing, at the conclusion, "There, Sir, I am sure you cannot be *dissatisfied* at what has given *general satisfaction*!"

LITERARY NECESSITY.

THE author of *Tristram Shandy* told the following story of himself:—"I happened," said he, "to be acquainted with a young man from Yorkshire, who rented a window in one of the paved alleys near Cornhill, London, for the sale of stationary. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement with wafers:—

"Epigrams, Anagrams, Paragrams, Chronograms, Monograms, Epitaphs, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Epilogues, Madrigals, Interludes, Advertisements, Letters, Petitions, Memorials on every occasion, Essays on all subjects, Pamphlets for and against Ministers, with Sermons upon any Text, or for any Sect, to be written here on reasonable terms, by

A. B. PHILOLOGERS."

"The uncommonness of the titles occasioned numerous applications, and at night I used privately to glide into the office to

digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnest, which was directed always to be left with the memorandums, the writing to be paid for on delivery, according to the subjects." Sterne soon became disgusted with this employment, and the moment he had realized a small sum of money, closed the scene.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

PREVIOUS to the publication of his poem entitled *The Deserted Village*, Mr. Griffin, the bookseller, late of Catherine-street, in the Strand, had given Goldsmith a note for one hundred guineas for the copy; which on the author's mentioning to a friend, the gentleman remarked that it was a great sum for so short a poem.—"In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is nearly five shillings a couplet; which is much more than the honest man can afford; and, indeed, more than any modern poetry is worth. I have not been easy since I received it; I will, therefore, go back, and return him his note:" which he actually did, and left it to the bookseller to pay him according to his profits produced by the sale. The success is well known of this sweet performance, and Goldsmith, in the end, received more for his generous proceeding than the first *douceur*.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S PURSE.

SOME time after his Lordship had been appointed to the Deanery of the metropolitan church, he still retained his confidential situation about the person of Mr. Pitt, and attended regularly, every morning, at the minister's residence in Downing-street. Returning one evening from Westminster to the city, at the bottom of the Strand he took out his handkerchief, and with it, as he appeared afterwards, his purse. He remarked the spot where he heard it fall, but being naturally shortsighted, and the evening very dark, he could not find it. The next morning, as he was walking to Westminster, his Lordship paused at the place where the accident had happened, and actually saw his purse, which had just slipped off the curbstone; and which had been overlooked by, perhaps, more than ten thousand passengers!

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONTAINING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

ON THE OMISSION OF THE SOCIAL DUTIES.

No circumstance can justify a cold-hearted selfishness. The sympathies of friendship and of love may flourish in the most inclement atmosphere, and in the most rugged soil; and he, in whose bosom they are not found, however he may be wanting in wealth, is more wanting in humanity. The excuses which men make for the omissions of beneficence, are very multiform and various; but they all usually resolve themselves into a narrow selfishness, however they are covered over with hues of a different character. One man excuses himself by his present needs; another by his future apprehensions. One is too sensual to have any thing to spare; another is too provident not to be more affected by the most remote contingencies which refer to himself, than by the most pressing wants of kindred or acquaintance. One man has numerous sons and daughters; and his heart is a frozen surface to the touch of distressed relatives or indigent friends. He does not consider that, though it is a bounden duty to provide for sons and daughters, yet those sons and daughters are only self under another name; and that he who confines all his beneficence to their exclusive good, may still be the most selfish of human beings. Beneficence is not pure and holy till it passes the regions of self; and instead of being restricted in its activity to a man's own family, steps over the threshold, and scatters blessings among neighbours and friends.—*History of Ceylon.*

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THOMAS THOEN.

The British forces had scarcely obtained possession of the Candian capital, when a man presented himself at head-quarters, in a Candian dress, but having the features of an European. His pale and haggard looks, and his long and matted beard, exhibited a melancholy appearance. This man, whose name was Thomas Thoen, said, that he had marched with the British army to Candi in 1803, and that he was

among the one hundred and fifty sick who had been left in the hospital when the capital was surrendered unto the enemy. When his fellow-sufferers were butchered, the barbarians, having torn off the blisters which had been previously applied to his stomach in the hospital, felled him to the ground with the butt-end of a musket, and left him for dead in the general heap. He recovered, however, enough to crawl to a neighbouring drain, when, on being discovered the next morning, he was hung up to a tree, and left to perish. The rope, happily, broke; when he was again discovered, and again hung up in the same way. But again the rope broke, when he contrived to crawl to a hut at a little distance, where he supported himself for ten days with nothing but the grass that grew near the door, and the drops of rain that fell from the roof. At the expiration of this interval, he was accidentally discovered by an old Candian, who, after looking at him, suddenly disappeared, but soon after came again with a plate of rice, which he put down and went away.

The King, who had never felt for human woe, was struck with the story which he received of Thoen's numerous and extraordinary escapes. Superstition, in the place of sympathy, made its way into the monarch's mind. He thought that Thoen would not have been so often preserved, if he had not been a peculiar favourite of heaven; and he accordingly ordered him to be taken care of by one of the chiefs, and to receive every accommodation which he required.

The King allowed him a house in the town of Candy, in which he remained till the arrival of the British. He experienced no further ill-treatment from the jealous tyrant; but the horrid barbarities which he beheld, and which the slightest offence was sufficient to excite, kept him in a state of constant inquietude and alarm. A woman, who had been detected in merely conveying a message from him to Major Davie, was instantly put to death.

The only source of solace which this

unfortunate man had access to, in the dreary hours of his long confinement, was in the perusal of a detached portion of an English Bible, which contained some chapters of Jeremiah.—*Ibid.*

FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN THE ISLAND OF SEPENDIE.

When a King dies, they lay his body on an open chariot, in such a manner that his head hangs backwards till it almost touches the ground, and his hair is upon the earth; this chariot is followed by a woman with a broom in her hand, therewith to sweep dust on the face of the deceased, while she cries out with a loud voice, "O man, behold your King, who was yesterday your master, but now the empire he exercised over you is vanished and gone; he is reduced to the state you behold, having left the world, and the arbiter of death has withdrawn his soul; reckon, therefore, no more upon the uncertain hopes of life."—This proclamation, or some other like it, they continue for three days; after which, the dead body of the King is embalmed with sandal wood, camphire, and saffron, and is then burned, and the ashes are scattered abroad to the wind.—*Harris's Collection of Voyages.*

SINGALESE PROVERBS, EXTRACTED FROM THEIR BOOK ENTITLED "WESSAKARE SATARE; OR, SAYINGS OF THE WISE."

WEIGH well the difference of good and evil; and, after sober deliberation, do not that to another which would be displeasing if done to yourself.

A vessel of water is filled by a succession

of drops; and wisdom, virtue, and riches, are the effects of minute accumulation, and unremitting perseverance.

A covetous man has two sources of inquietude; first, how to amass money, and, secondly, how to use it.

The good which is done to a good man, however small it may be, shall not be forgotten, but remain engraved on the heart, like letters cut in marble; but the greatest good which can be done to a bad man, shall vanish from his thoughts like the track of a ship in the waters.

Of the good or evil which befalls us, we ought not to ascribe the origin to this person or to that; for nothing can befall us which is not from God.

When the good are precipitated into indigence, they ought not to suffer their integrity to be shaken, but to preserve it as immovable as a column of adamant.

A kind-hearted man makes the little he possesses contribute to the benefit of others, as a well supplies water to him who needs; while a selfish man, out of his abundance, relieves no want, and ministers to no suffering, but is as voracious as the depths of the ocean.

Diligence, in the beginning, is like an enemy; but it is afterwards converted into a friend. On the other hand, indolence which is like a friend in the beginning, proves an enemy in the end. Diligence, at the commencement, may be the poison of delight, though it afterwards becomes the nectar of joy: But indolence, which resembles nectar at first, turns to poison at last.—*Knox's History of Ceylon.*

INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.

FEMALE FORTITUDE, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CHARACTER OF PORTIA.

Forty-four years before the birth of Christ, Decimus Brutus became the founder of the Roman liberty. He married his first cousin, Portia, the daughter of Cato. Brutus was the avowed enemy of Pompey, the murderer of his father, yet Brutus attached himself to his party, when he found that Cæsar was aiming at universal sway.—Bound by the strongest ties of friendship

to Cassius, he conspired with him against Cæsar's tyranny, and both uniting their prudence and courage, made choice of sixty colleagues, who were capable of undertaking the bold enterprize they conceived.

Portia, worthy of being the daughter of Cato, no less worthy of being the wife of Brutus, soon discovered their designs; and only drew from them an avowal of their projects, in order to second them. Brutus became the chief of so dangerous an enter-

prize, and to whom the destiny of so many illustrious Romans was attached, still preserved a calm and undisturbed demeanour. But when at home, with only his wife, he sought, in vain, to quiet the agitation of his perturbed spirits: she soon perceived that he was occupied with some grand design, which he wished to conceal from her. Portia, who loved him tenderly, had no other motive for wishing to be acquainted with his secrets, than that which proceeded from her ardent desire of sharing with, and lessening the weight of, all his troubles.—Nevertheless, before she urged him to repose this confidence in her, she first essayed how far she could rely on her own fortitude, and she gave herself a deep wound with a poniard. A copious loss of blood, and severe pain, brought on a fever. This accident filled the heart of Brutus with the most anxious fear and sorrow; but when he was about to call in medical aid, Portia prevented him, and, in the midst of her severest anguish, she said, “Brutus, remember I am Cato’s daughter, and that I am your wife: it was not only to preside at your table, and share the nuptial couch, that my father gave me to you, but to take my part in all your sorrows, as I have hitherto done in your pleasures; and, by alleviating the former, and encountering every danger for your sake, to prove myself the daughter of Cato: women are described as weak and wavering, but the example of such a father, and such a husband, is the rule of my conduct, and my manners and character are formed from it. Before, however, I would totally depend on myself, I was resolved to try how to vanquish bodily pain. Now I am certain,” added she, shewing her husband the wound she had herself inflicted, “I can, without being imprudent, interrogate you on the secret you have so long, and so carefully, concealed within your own breast.”

Brutus, penetrated with love and admiration, raised his hands to heaven, and supplicated the Gods that they would render him worthy of being the husband of Portia.

He then revealed to her, not concealing the minutest circumstance, the whole plan of the conspiracy against Cæsar.

At the moment this design was about to be put in execution, Brutus had a dreadful trial to undergo: his wife fell so dangerously ill, that it seemed next to an impossibility that she could live. The idea of the peril attached to her beloved Brutus in carrying on this hazardous project, had dreadfully alarmed her: the least noise augmented her terrors: she inquired of every creature she saw after Brutus, and in her impatience to be informed of his welfare, she sent every moment one messenger after another to bring her news of the state of his health, to the very place where the senate was then held. At length, sinking under the weight of the most cruel suspense, she entirely lost her reason; and her women fancying her life in danger, took care to inform Brutus of their fears. The situation of his beloved Portia cruelly distressed him; yet the interests of the public prevented him from yielding to the impulse of his heart; and he would have regarded himself as a coward, if he had not been the first to expose his own person in that dangerous enterprize, of which he was the chief.

After Cæsar had fallen under the hands of his assassins, Portia took leave of her husband at Velie, where she bade him a last farewell. Although assured of his ill success, she concealed the anguish of her mind: but a picture she chanced to cast her eyes upon, betrayed her emotions and alarm to Brutus. This painting represented the parting of Hector and Andromache; and this separation, so similar to her own situation, caused the tears to gush from her eyes: she hastily dried them, returned to Rome, and Brutus embarked for Athens.

After the death of Brutus, which happened soon after, Portia made a vow that she would not survive him. Historians do not agree after the manner of her self-immolation. Some say she swallowed burning coals; others, that she starved herself.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XV.

GREENWICH.—This is a market town, on the banks of the Thames, and celebrated for its hospital for decayed seamen: nor is its Park less entitled to admiration, which commands a grand view of London and its adjacent suburbs, towards the eastern part; the beautiful meandering of the Thames, crowded for miles with shipping, and a delightful surrounding country. On Easter and Whitsuntide weeks, this Park is the grand and general rendezvous of the common people, whose favourite holiday sport is rolling down the hill.

Edward the First made Greenwich his most favoured residence; and the manor was granted by Henry the Sixth to his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, who rebuilt the palace, and called it *Placentia*, or the Pleasant Manor. Henry the Seventh enlarged and embellished it. Henry the Eighth, Mary, and Elizabeth, were born at Greenwich; and it was the last scene of the short life of Edward the Sixth. Charles the Second pulled down the palace, without any intention of rebuilding it with any improvement; and he never completed the design on the old plan further than a single wing. This palace was the scene of many festive entertainments, both in the time of the voluptuous Henry, and of his daughter Elizabeth; and where was kept the first masquerade ever known in England, in the Christmas of 1513.

The ranger's lodge was begun by Anne of Denmark, Queen of James the First, who gave to it the appellation of "The House of Delight." It was finished by Inigo Jones, for the Queen of Charles the First.

The hospital, founded by King William the Third, and Mary, his Queen, chiefly at her instigation, consists of four grand buildings, separate from each other, yet they form one entire and beautiful plan, especially when viewed from the river.

These piles are distinguished by the names of the four sovereigns, Charles, William, Mary, and Anne. The first and the last stand next the river, from which they are divided by a spacious terrace, eight hundred and sixty-five feet in length, and

between them is a handsome square, two hundred and seventy-three feet wide, with a fine statue of George the Second in the centre.

Beyond the square appear the hall and chapel, with their beautiful domes, and two colonnades, which form a kind of avenue, terminated by the ranger's lodge in the Park.

In 1779 a dreadful fire happened in the building called Queen Mary's, which destroyed the chapel, with some other parts of the fabric; the whole has been since rebuilt, in a beautiful design of Grecian architecture, under the direction of Mr. James Stuart.

The entrance into the chapel is by a vestibule; here are four niches, containing the statues of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Meekness, in artificial stone. From the vestibule a flight of steps lead to the chapel, the entrance to which is through a beautiful portal of exquisite workmanship. On a tablet in front of the gallery is a *basso relievo*, representing angels playing on the harp. Over the altar is a large painting, by West, representing the shipwreck of St. Paul. The pulpit is richly ornamented with carved work, representing scripture subjects.

The royal hospital was first opened for the reception of pensioners in 1705, when forty-two were admitted; this number has gradually increased to two thousand three hundred and fifty, who are provided with lodging, food, clothing, and pocket-money; to which are added about one thousand two hundred out-pensioners, who receive seven pounds per annum.

The Park and Observatory are the chief objects of delight at Greenwich. The scenery is beautiful, especially from One-tree-hill, and from the eminence on which stands the Observatory, which was founded by Charles the Second, on the site of an old tower, for the purposes of astronomical observations: this tower had been built by Humphrey, commonly called the Good Duke of Gloucester, and it was used for the dwelling of the younger branches of the royal family. In the civil wars of 1642 it was used as a fortress.—

The eminence on which it is situated is called Flamstead-hill.

The ashes of General Wolfe repose at Greenwich; and it is remarkable also for two charitable institutions, one called Trinity Hospital, or Norfolk College, for the maintenance of twenty decayed house-keepers; the other is for the same number of poor, founded and endowed by William Lambard, Esq. and called by him the College of Queen Elizabeth.

BLACKHEATH, CHARLTON, AND LEWISHAM.—These all lie in the vicinity of Greenwich, and are remarkable for their beautiful villas, the most distinguished of which are West-Combe House and Woodlands. The first is adorned with beautiful plantations, and commands a fine view of Shooter's-hill, and the windings of the river Thames. This house was once the residence of that Duke of Bolton who, after the death of his Duchess, married Lavinia Fenton, the first *Polly*, in Mr. Gay's *Beggar's Opera*.

The gardens of Woodlands are beautifully dispersed; the greenhouses contain a fine variety of beautiful heaths; and the walls of the noble mansion are adorned with exquisite paintings.

In the year 1780 there was discovered near this heath, an extraordinary cavern, containing seven chambers, from twelve to thirty-six feet each way, and which have a communication with each other; the descent is an hundred and sixty feet, and a clear spring, the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, runs through it.

WOOLWICH.—The Dock-yard and Warren, now, by royal authority, called the Royal Arsenal, are the most striking objects of this town, which is situated on the banks of the Thames.

The Dock-yard is supposed to have been the most ancient of any, though the time of its establishment is unknown; but in 1572, the Great Ship Harry, *Grace de Dieu*, was built there.

The Gun-wharf anciently occupied the site of the present Market-place. When it was removed to the Warren it acquired its present name, though it has no affinity to the grand dépôt of artillery, and other

martial apparatus, belonging to the nation. The Warren covers one hundred acres of ground: within it is the Military Academy, for those destined to serve in the corps of Artillery, or the Engineers.

STREATHAM.—This village is about six miles from London, on the Croydon road: the Duke of Bedford is the owner of the manor, and bears the title of Baron Howland, of Streatham. The church is situated on a high spot of ground, in the centre of the village. At the west end of it is a square tower, with a taper spire, forming a very conspicuous object for several miles. In the pew belonging to the Thrale family, are two tablets of white marble, with elegant Latin inscriptions, from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, in memory of Mr. Thrale, and Mrs. Salisbury, his wife's mother.

TOOTING.—This is a hamlet to Streatham, and contains a beautiful villa, the residence of Mr. Piozzi, who married the widow of its former possessor, Mr. Thrale. In the library are a number of portraits of the most eminent literary characters of that time.

WIMBLEDON.—This manor formerly belonged to the See of Canterbury, but, after passing through many hands, it became the property of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who bestowed it on the Spencer family. The ancient manor-house was remarkable for its magnificence; but the Duchess had it pulled down to make room for one more modern, and which was destroyed by fire.

Many fine seats are scattered about Wimbledon Common; and at the south-west corner are the remains of a circular encampment. Camden, a writer of good authority, affirms, that a battle was fought there between Caulin, King of the West Saxons, and Ethelbert, King of Kent, in which the latter was defeated, and two of his generals killed. A well stands on this common, the water of which is never known to freeze, even in the severest winter.

The church is a modern structure, in the Grecian style. Some ancient relics of painted glass are preserved in it, particularly the figure of a crusader, armed cap-à-pied.

AMANDA; OR, THE CORRECT FEMALE.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Now, then, ye fair,
 Attend the call; awhile forget your scandal
 And your dress. Let not the mad, imprudent,
 Bend thy head, at robe of Tyrian die—
 Nor wink obtrusive, nor unmeaning leer;
 Should youthful Dæmon, with his beauteous bride,
 Too late arrive, or should some Belesaur trim
 Offer his seat with grace, while from his kerchief white
 A thousand odours spread their influence round.
 Nor you, ye sons of men, court not the maiden's smile,
 Display not now for them the whitened teeth,
 Or dazzling ring. Spare, spare, the ogling look,
 Save that for Brury's walls, or masque, or park.

BEING myself a constant worshipper of my Creator on the day which he has appointed to be kept holy, I conceive it not irrelevant to the pages of the well-ordered *Belle Assemblée*, to make a few observations on what is termed, going to church; but lest my volatile readers should be alarmed at the idea of a sermon, I think it proper to promise that I do not intend to attempt to doze them with some biblical controversy, or to disgust them with a polemical declamation. My remarks shall, therefore, be confined to the moral fitness, as it may render the observance of Sunday more grateful to their own feelings, and even add to their charms a more attractive air than can be given by the gayest attire, or the most fashionable habiliments. Human nature, it is imagined, is so beset with temptations, and so little resolution apparently given us to counteract their evil bias, that persons in the higher circles of life do not hesitate to confess, that as the allurements of pleasure are too powerful to withstand, so is it useless to resist their fascination. They, however, forget that indolence is too often the prompter of these suggestions; and that an unwillingness to resist their influence is the cause alone of all their power. But if we find a difficulty in obeying some of the sterner commands of Christianity, surely those of mere morality are not impracticable. Why then are those little kindnesses which we exchange with each other at home, forgotten in a place of worship, particularly when they do not interfere with a higher duty towards the deity?

Is it not sufficiently reprehensible that the modern fine lady, fatigued by the pleasures of the preceding night, and regard-

less of her future happiness, should languish on the bed of sloth until the matin peal has ceased, which would summon her to devotion? Must the vigilant and the pious be annoyed, or their devotions checked, by the pride and anger which she fails not to shew at finding her seat in the church already occupied by the humble suppliant at the throne of mercy, who, unconscious of offence, is perhaps indebted to some pecuniary offering for the accommodation now offered. How strenuous is this late visitor, this fashionable attendant, in obtaining her chief seat: with what energy does she strain every nerve to attain the elevated part, although difficulties present themselves which a sense of propriety should prevent her contending with. Her countenance, last night so smiling with unmeaning nothingness, is now soured with contempt. Her air of fashion demands that attention which her conduct repulses; her body is elegant in exterior, but is inwardly deformed with pride; her heart is bursting with envy and chagrin: and in this mood does she presume to address Him, who was all meekness, humility, and self denial.

It is, however, to the credit of the age we live in, that religion is not an unfashionable pursuit; and that impiety, whatever trappings it may wear, is very generally stigmatized with disgrace. No real well-bred person will now venture to ridicule the ordinances of religion, even though he be unconvinced of their truth. This fact being admitted, I would ask some unfeeling ladies of the *haut ton*, who attend church for the sake of parade (and unfeeling I must call them who are insensible to the pleasures of devotion), if they imagine that they ap-

pear in an unamiable point of view during the offices of devotion? Is there any thing inelegant in the bending knee, the uplifted eye, or the head bowed with pious resignation? or is there any indecorum in opening the pew door to respectable age or sickness? Why have our greatest painters, who are not deficient in the knowledge of the attitudes of grace, chosen the posture of prayer and charitable offices for their virgins, their saints, and Madonas? while, in the demonstration of their duty, women have ever claimed the admiration of the best of our sex: and if any of the subscribers to this work have the ambition to please the worst, reason, if not gallantry, compels me to confess, that I entertain but a very contemptible opinion of their judgment. Let not my female friends, I conjure them, under the apprehension of being thought hypocrites, appear unworthy our esteem; and let them, in every situation of life, recollect, that the poor and the ignorant, the more they are acquainted with their religious duties, will not only become better Christians, but better servants also.

The mother of Amanda dying before she was a year old, she was left to the care of a father, who was one of those kind of men who think religion a proper feeling for poor people; and whose belief in a state of rewards and punishments was founded on the conviction, that it prevented his servants from robbing him—his child from disobeying his commands. Amanda's aunt, by whom she had been educated, was a Presbyterian; the remainder of her family were rigid Calvinists. She inquired into

all their hopes and fears: she found religion was necessary to her happiness, because she possessed the most benevolent heart, and the most refined sensibility: she soon discovered that many would have saved themselves much misery in this world, had they been brought up in a religious manner: she argued, that a proper sense of our duty could not make us worse, and ought to make us better; she was not long in determining whose doctrines she ought to follow, and she adopted those of the established church. Amanda is young, handsome, and lively; she enjoys most of the amusements of life, but she suffers none of these to interfere with her duty. Should the Opera detain her late over night, she does not allow it to interfere with her Sunday avocations; she is always seated ere the clergyman reaches his desk: if at any time her eyes are suffered to wander, the poor suppliant, bending with age, is not disregarded; he is offered a seat in her pew, and if uninformed, she assists him in his devotions.—The poor and the sick, the young and the old, alike claim her assistance, so indifferent is she to the letter of rudeness, or the hauteur of the proud. If praised by our sex for her personal attractions, she answers the compliment with a smile, by observing, that if she is really so beautiful, she is an example that religion is not confined to the old or the ugly; and that her duty to her Creator does not render her insensible to the concerns of human life, or the regards of friendship, neither is it incompatible with affability and good manners.

No METHODIST.

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY; IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER XI.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—After the serious caution I gave you at the conclusion of my last letter, I expected to see your raptures somewhat checked in their usual display at the sight of your favourite squirrel: but you have no occasion; I love to see you happy, to gratify your taste as far as lies in my power, and to cherish your favourites; for being yours they become also mine.

It is difficult, indeed, I acknowledge, to behold the little creature without admiring his elegance, his agility, and his extreme docility: how very neat is his figure, how active and lively his disposition! At this moment I stopped my pen to present him with a nut, and he caressed my hand as I gave it him, in the same manner as you took the pains to teach him.

Poor little fellow, he is tractable enough,

but his species are apt to bite and be mischievous; and the sparkling eye and cunning visage even of this tame favourite shew that there is a deal of what the French call *esprit gleric*, in his nature. I am taking his picture in idea, as I now look alternately at him and at my writing. How supple are his little limbs! what a beautiful tail, that he is now lifting up over his head with a peculiar grace till it forms something like a plume of feathers above his forehead. This tail, while it adds to his beauty, serves in his native wilds to shield his prominent eyes from the rays of the sun, which at times seem very troublesome to him. Light as a bird, in a savage state, he leaps from bough to bough, inhabits the topmost branches of trees, eats the berries and drinks the morning dew, never descending to earth unless compelled to do so by the high winds.

Nothing is more cleanly about its person than a squirrel; it combs, and makes its coat shining with its teeth. The nests of these animals are extremely curious; after chusing a tree where the timbers begin to decay, and a hollow can be more easily formed, the squirrel begins by making a kind of level between the forks; then bringing moss, twigs, and dry leaves, it binds them together with such art that the nest is capable of resisting the most violent storm. This, covered on all sides, has only an opening at the top just large enough to admit the little animal; and this opening is defended by a kind of canopy, formed like a cone, to throw off the rain however heavy; and though the opening is small, the nest is very commodious below, soft, well woven, and warm. This nest is not made a repository for its nuts and acorns; these are in a store by themselves, in a hollow part of the tree, carefully laid up together, and never touched but in cases of necessity, when no other food is to be had abroad.

Nothing can be more vigilant than this little animal; if the tree in which it resides is but touched at the bottom, it immediately takes alarm, quits the nest, and flies off to another tree.

The grey squirrel is an inhabitant of Lapland and America, at which latter place its skin is used for ladies' shoes; the fur is often transported to England for

lining and trimming pelisses, and sells at a very high price.

The flying squirrel, as it is called, is a native of North America, and by means of a hairy membrane, extending nearly round the body, it leaps from tree to tree as if it was flying; this membrane passes the fore and hind legs to the tail; on the fore legs it adheres as far as the toes, including a peculiar bone attached to the wrist, which helps to stretch it out in flying; on the hind legs it extends to the ancles. This extended skin acts something in the manner of a paper kite; and the animal being naturally heavier than the air, of course must descend, and cannot support its flight like a bird: the length of its leaps, therefore, depends greatly on the height of the tree, which, when low, afford the animal more scope for its jumping. The skins of these creatures, as well as that of the European flying squirrel, form a most valuable article of commerce.

THE DORMOUSE.

This is another of those little beings that young ladies and children are very fond of keeping in cages and boxes; and it is a harmless quiet animal, no bigger than a mouse, but more round and plump. It lives in woods or thick hedges, forming its nest of grass, dried leaves, or moss, near the bottom of some close shrub.

Though dormice are not so sprightly as squirrels, they have many customs in common with those animals, particularly that of laying up hoards of nuts, acorns, and other food for the winter; though they consume but little of it, as on the approach of cold they roll themselves up in a ball, and lie torpid the whole of the gloomy season; though sometimes, on an unusually warm and sunshining day, they will revive, take a little food, and then again compose themselves to sleep.

Though every creature has its use in the great and stupendous work of creation, yet squirrels and dormice are not amongst those that, by their peculiar aid and benefit to man, seem to be almost requisite not only to his maintenance, but his very existence: my next letter shall, therefore, be devoted to the giving some description of such whose milk and flesh have become almost essential to our support and suste-

nance, and are amongst the most bountiful gifts which Providence, in its unceasing beneficence, has bestowed on the human race.

Adieu, my dear child; may you ever

evince that love and gratitude to your heavenly parent which you have already so largely testified to your happy and affectionate mother,

ANNA.

THE LISTENER.

HYPOCRISY.

* The only evil that walks unseen.

* Ravish'd; by God's permissive will."—MILTON.

A LADY with whom I was formerly in habits of intimacy, had, by a conduct something like that of *Mrs. Candor*, in *The School for Scandal*, rather estranged me from her, and made me desirous of discontinuing an acquaintance began about twenty years ago, when she was a very young, unassuming, and pleasant woman; and who, by being married to the son of one of my most intimate friends, had been the cause of a very pleasing familiarity subsisting between our families.

She has now been some years a widow, and, like myself, has fixed her residence in London; and many reports having come to my ears of her want of charity, in thinking and speaking well of her neighbours, particularly of those who are younger than herself, has caused a coldness on my part towards her; as there is nothing I detest so much in woman as the grimace of virtue, and a pharisaical self-applause of not being, thank God, like other women.

However, hearing that the lady was indisposed, and that she saw very little company except a few friends, whom she rejoiced had not forsaken her in the hour of age and sickness, a conduct she little expected from the good Mr. Hearwell, I was tempted to call on her one morning, and make my apologies for having so long neglected to pay my respects to her. I found her employed in correcting a manuscript. "I was not misinformed," said I, "that you have retired from the gay scenes of life, amongst which you were generally to be found."—"I have not quitted my house," replied she, "for these six weeks past: indeed, my friends have almost all neglected to visit me; but no wonder, my employments are not of a nature to please an

idle and luxurious race of trifling beings, for I am employed solely in ministering to the afflictions of the distressed."—"You are writing," said I, with a smile, for I could not avoid smiling at the sanctified air she assumed, "I dare venture a wager that you are turned author. Come, let me see your work; is it a romance, an idyll, an epic poem, or a pamphlet on the nation's distress?"—"Something," replied she, "like the latter; it is a treatise for making cheap soup."—"And I have no doubt," remarked I, "but that you have united practice to theory, and have distributed much from your own kitchen."—"What!" said she, with an air of surprise; "certainly, I have distributed a great many copies of my work: I am also employed on another, which is written to shew the necessity of levying a very heavy tax on dogs, cats, and birds."—"Why, my good lady, then the weight will fall on yourself," said I, "for you have two pug dogs, a terrier, and a spaniel."—"Pretty creatures, I certainly love them," said the tender-hearted lady; "but if I do not find a friend who may be willing to take them off my hands when the tax takes place, I know what I mean to do with them."—"What?" interrogated I, curious to hear how she would dispose of creatures whom she has hitherto seemed to indulge with a ridiculous fondness.—"I would take them," replied she, "in my arms, one by one, kiss their little heads, and bid them a last farewell, and then order them to be carried."—"Into the street, I suppose," interrupted I.—"No," said the compassionate lady; "to the Thames, and let them be drowned."

This conversation, though the happiness and comfort of her distressed fellow creatures played on her lip, did not give me any good ideas of the tenderness of her heart. I will try this woman's charity, thought I; and I soon after had an opportunity of proposing to her an act of real

benévolence. As I entered her house I was met by her coachman, who, coming up to me with a pitiful face, said, "Pray, Sir, as you have great influence with my mistress, and she esteems you very much, do have the goodness to speak a little to her on her duty to us poor servants: indeed, Sir, she treats us very ill."—"I will not believe a word of it," said I, sternly; "it is not possible for a woman of her kind and benevolent character to treat her servants ill."—"O, Sir," said the poor coachman, "only last night, for instance, I drove her to her bookseller's, up a narrow lane in the city, and as I drove by another carriage the wheels got entangled, and one of my wheels came nearly off; and to punish me for what I could not help, she has condemned me to go fourteen days without touching a drop of porter, and my poor dear horses are not to taste an oat in all that time; poor *beastie*, I feel more for them than for myself."

I got rid of him at last by making all the common-place apologies for his mistress that I could think on, when John the footman, and her waiting-maid, met me on the stairs, as I ascended to her back drawing-room, where she receives her morning visitors. They begged to know if I could recommend them a situation, for they could not possibly remain in the place they were in.—"Why, of what do you complain?" said I; "you have an excellent mistress, I am sure."—"Ah! Sir, before folks; but she is so stingy that we are half starved, and if we break a glass or cup she makes us pay for three."—"That is to make you careful," said I.—"Begging your pardon, Sir," said John, "but my mistress counts over every bottle that is to be returned to the wine merchant: and the other day I watched her, and saw her put two broken bottles amongst those which were whole, and she then declared that I had broken them, and for which she made me pay: she likewise stopped out of my last quarter's wages the value of two large china jars, which I declare, upon my word, her own men broke; but, poor young gentleman, I would not tell her so for the world: he is gone back to college, and knows nothing about it, and God forbid that his generous heart ever should."

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Tears came into the poor fellow's eyes, and had I wanted a servant I would that instant have taken him for his own generosity of heart. I promised them both, that if they were determined to quit their present situation, I would certainly recommend them, but advised them, as it was very difficult now to procure employment, to make themselves as contented as they could in that they held at present.

When I entered the apartment I found only the daughter of the good lady at home; and she was weeping over a new dress, half divested of the most tasteful trimmings that ever a modern artist of the toilet could have put together.—"Who," said I, "has been destroying this elegant piece of work?"—"Mamma," replied the young lady.—"And why?" asked I; "surely the inventive artist must find grace before a lady of such universal philanthropy!"—"Indeed, Sir," said she, "I never can dress myself in any way to please her."—She then burst into a flood of tears, and her mother entering at that moment, commanded her, in terms far from gentle, that instant to quit the room.

It was of no use to speak to her on my plan at that moment. I, therefore, after some desultory conversation, called on a distant relation, who had been a yet more intimate friend of her late husband than myself. We naturally spoke of her.—"What a woman!" said he; "her husband, poor fellow! a few years before his death, wrote me this letter;" and opening his bureau, he put the following writing into my hand:—

"My dearest friend,—I am now come to a resolution to have articles of separation drawn up between me and my wife. I could have pardoned her being in disposition a perfect devil, if she did not endeavour to make every one believe her to be an angel. I will not deprive her of so glorious a reputation—I leave that to time; but I dare tell you, who have long been the depository of my most secret thoughts, that she is a mass of the most systematic hypocrisy and dissimulation. You may call her generous; so she is amongst perfumers and milliners; that she is employed in offices of benevolence; true, in those places which offer her every kind of

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pleasure and amusement; that she often imposes penances on herself the most severe; perhaps it may be so, but it is at a masquerade or an opera. She makes use of her wit only to satirize her neigh-

bours; and invites her friends only to slander or make a jest of them. In short, I have found, too late, that she is that soft and deluding syren—a lovely female hypocrite!"

THE GIPSIES OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

IN Germany, as in most other kingdoms of Europe, severe laws had been directed against this vagabond people, and the Landgraves of Hesse had not been behind hand in such denunciations. They were on their first arrest, branded as vagabonds, punished with stripes, and banished from the circle; and, in case of their return, were put to death without mercy. These measures only served to make them desperate. Their bands became more strong and more open in their depredations: they often marched as strong as fifty or a hundred armed men; bade defiance to the ordinary police; plundered the villages in open day; wounded and slew the peasants who endeavoured to protect their property; and skirmished, in some instances successfully, with the parties of soldiers and militia dispatched against them. Their chiefs, on these occasions, were John La Fortune, a determined villain, otherwise named Hemperla; another called the Great Gallant, his brother, and others. Their ferocity may be judged of from the following instances.

On the 16th of October, 1735, a land Lieutenant, or officer of police, named Emeraner, set off with two assistants to disperse a band of gipsies, who had appeared near Hirzenhayn, in the territory of Stolberg. He seized on two or three stragglers, whom he found in the village, and whom, females as well as males, he seems to have treated with much severity. Some, however, escaped to a large band which lay in an adjacent forest, who, under command of the Great Gallant, Hemperla, Antony Alexander, and others, immediately put themselves in motion to rescue their comrades, and avenge themselves of Emeraner. The Lieutenant had the courage to ride out to meet them, with his two attendants, at the passage of a bridge, where he fired his pistol at the advancing gang, and

called out "Charge," as if he had been at the head of a party of cavalry. The gipsies, however, aware, from the report of the fugitives, how weakly the officer was accompanied, continued to advance to the end of the bridge, and ten or twelve dropping on one knee, gave fire on Emeraner, who was then obliged to turn his horse and ride off, leaving his two attendants at the mercy of the banditti. One of these men, called Hempel, was instantly beaten down, and suffered, especially at the hands of the gipsy women, much cruel and abominable outrage. After stripping him of every rag of his clothes, they were about to murder the wretch outright; but, at the earnest instance of the landlord of the inn, they contented themselves with beating him dreadfully, and imposing on him an oath, that he would never more persecute any gipsy, or save any *flesh-man* (dealer in human flesh), for so they call the officers of justice, or police.

The other assistant of Emeraner made his escape; but his principal was not so fortunate. When the gipsies had wrought their wicked pleasure on Hempel, they compelled the landlord of the little inn to bring them a flagon of brandy, in which they mingled a charge of gunpowder and three pinches of salt; and each partaking of this singular beverage, took a solemn oath that they would stand to each other until they had cut thongs, as they expressed it, out of the flesh-man's hide. The Great Gallant, at the same time, distributed to them, out of a little box, billets, which each was directed to swallow, and which were supposed to render them invulnerable.

Thus inflamed and encouraged, the whole route, amounting to fifty well-armed men, besides women, armed with clubs and axes, set off with horrid screams to a neighbouring hamlet, called Glazhutte, in which the object of their resentment had sought refuge.

They took military possession of the streets, posting centinels to prevent interruption or attack from the alarmed inhabitants. Their leaders then presented themselves before the inn, and demanded that Emeraner should be delivered up to them. When the innkeeper endeavoured to elude their demand, they forced their way into the house, and finding the unhappy object of pursuit concealed in a garret, Hemperla and others fired their muskets at him, then tore his clothes from his body, and precipitated him down the staircase, where he was dispatched with many wounds.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the village began to take to arms, and one of them attempted to ring the alarm bell, but was prevented by an armed gipsy, stationed for that purpose. At length, their bloody work being ended, the gipsies assembled and retreated out of the town with shouts of triumph, exclaiming that the flesh-man was slain, displaying their spoils and hands stained with blood, and headed by the Great Gallant riding on the horse of the murdered officer.

A country clergyman named Heinsius, the pastor of a village called Dorsdorff, who had the misfortune to be accounted a man of wealth, was also the subject of their cruelty. Hemperla, with a band of ten gipsies, and a villain named Essper George, who had joined himself with them, though not of their nation by birth, beset the house of the unfortunate minister, with a resolution to break in and possess themselves of his money; and if interrupted by the peasants to fire upon them, and repel force by force. With this desperate intention they surrounded the parsonage house at midnight; and their leader, Hemperla, having cut a hole through the cover of the sink, or gutter, endeavoured to creep into the house through that passage, holding in his hand a lighted torch made of straw. The daughter of the pastor chanced, however, to be up, and in the kitchen, at this late hour, by which fortunate circumstance she escaped the fate of her father and mother. When the gipsy saw there was a person in the kitchen, he drew himself back out of the gutter, and ordered his gang to force the doors, regarding as little the noise which accompanied this violence, as if the place had been situated in a wilderness

instead of a populous hamlet. Others of the gang were posted at the windows of the house, to prevent the escape of the inmates. Nevertheless, the young woman already mentioned, let herself down from a window which had escaped their notice, and ran to seek assistance for her parents.

In the meanwhile the gipsies had burst open the outward door of the house, with a beam of wood which chanced to be lying in the court-yard. They next forced the door of the sitting apartment, and were met by the poor clergyman, who prayed them at least to spare his life and that of his wife. But he spoke to men who knew no mercy; Hemperla struck him on the breast with his torch; and receiving the blow as a signal of death, the poor man staggered back to the table, and sinking in a chair, leaned his head on his hand, and expected the mortal blow. In this posture Hemperla shot him dead with a pistol. The wife of the clergyman endeavoured to fly, on witnessing the murder of her husband, but was dragged back and slain by a pistol shot, fired either by Essper George, or by a gipsy called Christian. By a crime so dreadful these murderers only gained four silver cups, fourteen silver spoons, some trifling articles of apparel, and about twenty-two florins in money. They might have made a more important booty, but the centinels whom they had left on the outside, now intimated to them that the hamlet was alarmed, and that it was time to retire, which they did accordingly, undisturbed and in safety.

At length, in the end of 1725, a heavy and continued storm of snow compelled the gipsy hordes to abandon the woods which had so long served them as a refuge, and to approach more near to the dwellings of men. As their movements could now be traced and observed, the land Lieutenant, Kroecker, who had been an assistant to the murdered Emeraner, received intelligence of a band of gipsies having appeared in the district of Solms-assenheim, at a village called Fauerbach. Being aided by a party of soldiers and volunteers, he had the luck to secure the whole gang, being twelve men and one woman. Among these was the notorious Hemperla, who was dragged by the heels from an oven in which he was attempting to conceal him-

self. Others were taken in the same manner, and imprisoned at Giessen, with a view to their trial.

Numerous acts of theft, robbery, and murder were laid to the charge of these unfortunate wretches; and according to the existing laws of the empire, they were interrogated under torture. They were first tormented by means of thumb-screws, which they did not seem greatly to regard; the Spanish boots, or leg vices, were next applied, and seldom failed to extort confession. Hemperla alone set both means of torture at defiance, which induced the judges to believe he was possessed of some spell against these agonies. Having in vain searched his body for the supposed charm, they caused his hair to be cut off, on which he himself observed, that had they not done so he could have stood the torture for some time longer. As it was, his resolution gave way, and he made, under the second application of the Spanish boots, a full confession, not only of the murders of which he was accused, but of various other crimes. While he was in this agony the judges had the cruelty to introduce his mother, a noted gipsy woman called the Crone, into the torture chamber, who shrieked fearfully, and tore her face

with her nails on perceiving the condition of her son, and still more on hearing him acknowledge his guilt.

Evidence of the guilt of the other prisoners was also obtained from their own confession, with or without torture, and from the testimony of witnesses examined by the fiscal. Sentence was finally passed on them, condemning four gipsies, among whom was Hemperla, to be broken on the wheel, nine others to be hanged, and thirteen, of whom the greater part were women, to be beheaded.

It is impossible to read these anecdotes without feeling that the indiscriminate application of the brand, the scourge, the boots, and the thumb-screws, against this unfortunate class of beings, merely because they followed the course of their fathers, from which the law made no provision for reclaiming them, must have hardened their hearts, and whetted their desire of vengeance. The narrations also place in a new light the gipsy character; and as they shew to what excesses it is capable of being perverted, may serve to stimulate the exertions of those humane persons who have formed the project of rescuing this degraded portion of society from meudicity, ignorance, and guilt.

PERSON AND CHARACTER OF HYDER ALI.

THE characters of eminent men, and the peculiarities attached to their persons and dispositions, can never fail to interest. This Eastern despot, whose son Tippoo, or the tiger, first stamped immortal glory on the name of Wellesley, by the conquest the renowned Arthur gained over him in the East, was, in his person, tall and robust, his neck long, his shoulders broad; his complexion, for an Indian, was fair and florid; while a prominent, and rather aquiline nose, and small eyes, imparted to his countenance a mixture of sternness and gentleness. His voice was musical and mellow. His turban, the various folds of which were said to contain one hundred cubits of the most brilliant scarlet, overshadowed his shoulders. Fond of shew and parade, he was always attended on great occasions by a thousand spearmen splendidly clothed and armed, preceded by

bards, who sang his exploits in the Canarese language.

He was a bold and skilful horseman; as a swordsman he was held in high esteem; as a marksman unrivalled: the volunteers engaged in single combat with the royal tiger were confident of being preserved in the last extremity by the fusil of Hyder from the balcony.

He could neither read nor write any language: and in making the initial of his name, to serve as his signature on public occasions, either from inaptitude to learn, or for the sake of originality, he always inverted its form: yet, besides the Hindostanee, he spoke with great fluency five other languages of the peninsula; and he possessed the extraordinary faculty of listening to the song of a bard, dictating to a moonshee, hearing and answering the report of a spy, and following the recital of

a long and complex account of his dewan, or treasurer. His intercourse with his harem was never permitted to divert him from the most rigid attention to public business. From sunrise till noon he was occupied in the durbār; he then took his first meal, and retired to rest for an hour or two; in the evening he rode out, and then returned to business till near midnight, when he made his second meal, drank largely, but secretly, and retired to rest.

He possessed the most disciplined command of temper. Colonel Wilkes, in his late sketches of the south of India, says, "His apparent bursts of anger were systematic, and intended to keep for ever present the terror of his name.—In spite of his well known inhumanity, and notorious system of exaction and torture, men of almost every country were attracted to his court by brilliant prospects of advancement and wealth; but a person found to be worth keeping was a prisoner for life; Hyder's was literally the lion's den—no footsteps led from it.

In common with all sovereigns who have risen from obscurity to a throne, Hyder waded through crimes to his object; but they never exceeded the removal of real impediments, and he never achieved through blood what fraud was capable of effecting. He fixed his steadfast view upon the end, and considered simply the efficiency, and never the moral tendency of the means. If he was cruel and unfeeling, it was for the promotion of his objects, and never for the gratification of anger or revenge; if he was ever liberal, it was because liberality exalted his character and augmented his power; if he was ever merciful, it was in those cases where the reputation of mercy promoted future submission. His European prisoners were in irons, because they were otherwise deemed unmanageable; they were scantily fed, because that was economical; there was little distinction of rank, because

that would have been expensive; but, beyond these simply interested views, there was, by his authority, no wanton severity; there was no compassion, but there was no resentment: it was a political expenditure for a political purpose, and there was no passion, good or bad, to disturb the balance of the account. He carried merciless devastation into an enemy's country, and even to his own, but never beyond the reputed utility of the case: he sent the inhabitants into captivity because it injured the enemy's country and benefited his own. The misery of the individuals was no part of the consideration, and the death of the greater portion still left a residue to swell a scanty population. With an equal absence of feeling he caused forcible emigrations from one province to another, because he deemed it the best cure for rebellion; and he converted the male children into military slaves, because he expected them to improve the quality of his army. He gave fair, and occasionally brilliant, encouragement to the active and aspiring among his servants, so long as liberality proved an incitement to exertion; and he robbed and tortured them without gratitude or compunction when no further services were expected: it was an account of profit and loss, and a calculation whether it were most beneficial to employ or plunder them.

Those brilliant and equivocal virtues which gild the crimes of other conquerors, were utterly unknown to Hyder. No admiration of bravery in resistance, or of fortitude in the fallen, ever excited sympathy, or softened the cold calculating decision of their fate: no contempt for unmanly submission ever aggravated the treatment of the abject and the mean. Every thing was weighed in the balance of utility, and no grain of human feeling, no breath of virtue or of vice, was permitted to incline the beam."

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,—I have for these five years past been a constant subscriber to, and reader of, your instructive and entertaining miscellany. At the end of every year I have my Numbers bound up, and frequently

find a source of real amusement in those interesting volumes.

I was last week employed in turning over the pages of some former Numbers, and was much amused by an article "La

the praise of females that are ugly." Now, though I cannot so ably plead my cause to you as the witty writer on that subject, yet I wish to say something in praise of those *men* that are ugly.

In this wish, self has certainly a considerable share; for as the elegant author of *Melincourt* says, "Possibly *you* may have seen an *uglier* fellow"—than myself I mean, but I hardly think it *probable*. What, however, is a handsome man worth? he is generally haughty, capricious, and ill tempered. He is seldom constant to his wife, whom he looks on no better than a servant: he thinks every woman handsomer than she is; and finds her only awkward, insipid, in his way, and renders her in general the most wretched being in the world.

An ugly man is a treasure to his wife; he is proud of the passion he inspires; he does every thing in his power to preserve his wife's affection; he is obliging, kind, and careful; he is, in fact, a treasure.

Start not, ye fair; ye who are too apt to be caught by outward show; I will draw my picture such as I really am.

I am young; that is to say, I am not old: I have taken such good care of myself that the summer of my life promises to be a long one. I go to bed early and rise early; I am sober, and hatred and envy are strangers to my breast: on this account I am likely to attain to a healthy old age.

I am master of a fine estate, about thirty miles from London; well wooded, well watered, and in good repair. When I visit London, for a few months in the winter, I take either a ready-furnished house or elegant lodgings.

I am well educated, have taste and fancy: I am a bit of a poet; and I take extracts from all the best works, so that I have a most voluminous scrap-book to amuse myself and my wife during the long evenings of winter, when we may chauce to be alone.

There is not, dear ladies, a man in town who can tie his cravat so elegantly as I do. In short, I am as accomplished a man as any handsome buck of the present day; but I am ugly enough, as the vulgar saying is, "to frighten a horse from his oats."

Bat why should women prefer a foolish

fellow as handsome as Adonis? Surely a sensible woman, after I have enumerated my great accomplishments, will not start at the following sketch of my person, which shall be faithfully given.

Figure to yourselves, ladies, Esop or Vulcan; and yet, without vanity, I am graceful with my deformity: I resemble the dromedary, who, with his double bump on his back, has, nevertheless, an air of dignity; nay, I dare venture to assert that I draw universal admiration; crowds of lovely young ladies will actually run after me at public places, and never take their eyes off me.

I have a very red, but very tender looking eye; such is my right eye: as for the left, I lost it many years ago in a fray with a hackney coachman.

My hair is as red as my eye; but what of that? Apollo had golden locks; and therefore, in that respect, I am a second Hyperion.

Surely it is not requisite for me to enter into any further details; I have said sufficient to convince any sensible woman, that the outside of a man has nothing to do with his mental qualifications.

I have heard women, and ugly women too, say that every little crooked fellow is conceited. Now, pray, Mr. Editor, let me ask you if my eye (and who that sees its colour will doubt its tenderness?) is not quite as handsome as the two little pigs' eyes, "confined in their narrow orbits," so much praised in the letter addressed to Edward, in your fifty-ninth Number? The width of my mouth is quite equal to the lady's therein mentioned, for mine reaches from ear to ear, and when I laugh, my face seems nearly severed in two.

Yet if beauty would be propitious, I must own I should prefer a handsome wife to an ugly one, fearful that we might, perhaps, produce a race of monsters: if not, I would willingly unite my fate even to such a female as Edward's correspondent describes, only fervently praying that the race of such objects might cease with ourselves. The man made by the modern Prometheus wished for the happiness of being a parent; if I marry a monster, I desire no such thing.

TORTICULUS.

SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE FORM OF A TRIAL BY BATTLE IN AN APPEAL FOR MURDER.

If the appellant accepts the challenge of the defendant, and takes up his glove, the parties must be put to their oaths. And, first, the defendant, laying his right hand on the Gospels, and taking old of the appellant's right hand with his left, will swear to this effect: "Hear this, O man, whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself William, by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Abraham, by the name of baptism, did not feloniously murder thy sister, Mary, by name, nor am any way guilty of the said felony, so help me God; [and then he shall kiss the book, and say] and this I will defend against thee by my body, as this court shall award."—Then the appellant, laying his right hand on the book, and taking the defendant's right with his left, will swear to this effect: "Hear this, O man, whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself Abraham, by the name of baptism, that thou art perjured, because thou feloniously did murder my sister, Mary, by name, so help me God; [and then he shall kiss the book, and say] and this I will prove against thee by my body, as this court shall award." The court must then appoint a day and place for the combat; and the lists must be prepared, by inclosing a piece of ground sixty feet square, the sides to be due north, south, east, and west.—Places just without the lists are to be provided for the judges, and also for the bar. On the day fixed, the court is, at sun-rise, to proceed to the spot from Westminster-hall, the judges being in their full robes; and, when they are seated, proclamation is made for the combatants, who appear with bare heads, arms, and legs, each led by a person carrying his baton, of an ell long,

tipped with horn, and preceded by another, carrying his target, made of double leather, and square. Each, on entering the lists, make *congees* to the several judges present; and, before they engage, they respectively take an oath against witchcraft and sorcery, to this effect: "Hear this, ye justices, that I [Abraham Thornton or William Ashford] have this day neither eat nor drunk; nor have upon me bone, stone, or grass; nor have done any thing, nor any other for me, whereby the law of God may be depressed, and the law of the devil be exalted: so help me God." And then, after proclamation of silence, under pain of imprisonment for a year and a day, the combat is to begin, and to continue, unless either party yields or is vanquished, till the stars appear in the evening.

Stories have been handed down of criminals being convicted by means of battle, even by antagonists far inferior to them in strength and expertness. The Chevalier Macaire, jealous of the favour shewn by the King to the Chevalier Aubri de Mondidier, took an opportunity of murdering Mondidier in the forest of Bondi, while accompanied only by his dog, an English bloodhound. The dog remained by his master's grave several days, and when compelled by hunger to quit it, he went to the house of an intimate friend of Aubri's, whom, by his cries and significant actions, he drew to the spot; where, on a search being made, the body was found. Afterwards the dog, on all occasions, assaulted Macaire; till suspicion was, at length, excited, and the King ordered a judicial combat between Macaire and his dumb accuser, before whom the murderer confessed himself vanquished.

PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO GENERAL MINA.

MINA was about five feet four inches in height; he was of a spare form, and of a delicate constitution. He was well read in ancient authors, and had studied modern tactics with care and attention. His ideas were just and clear; and his constant as-

sertion was, "I love my King and my country; I have given proofs of these sentiments by my conduct. I was only wrong in taking up, too warmly, the interests of the Cortes. On March 20th, 1815, I was at Bayonne, with sixty officers, who had

all served with me. Knowing that I should be put under arrest, I had but just time, with my almoner, to save myself by a back way, and to get out of Bayonne, without either money, clothes, or effects—merely escaping with what I stood in. I traversed mountains and forests in order to arrive at Bilboa. I had there some friends who would afford me their assistance to make my escape to England.

“When it was known that I was at Bayonne, the government of the usurper offered me first one million, and then two, if I would join a party against the King of Spain; besides offering me every means of assistance and a powerful force, and engaged to send emissaries to Spain to draw together all the Spanish malcontents on the frontiers, and to combat for the Cortes. This I always steadfastly refused, and they augmented their offers and their promises in vain: as I still held out resisting, they gave orders that I should be arrested, fearful that I should divulge their secret. I

ought therefore to fly; but I am in the utmost disquietude about those friends whom I have been informed are arrested.”

Mina never ceased to regret his separation from these his cherished friends; banished from his country, and condemned by his sovereign, he never ceased to repeat that he had ever fought for the cause of God and of his King. He at length engaged some eminent person to solicit his pardon from the sovereign of Spain: unhappily he did not succeed.

When he arrived in London, he saw several general officers in the English service, and constantly those Frenchmen, with whom he had disembarked on the British shore. After the restoration of Louis XVIII. he went to Gand, and from that town he travelled to Paris, whence he resolved to embark for South America: the result is but too well known; like many others of equal worth, he pursued the phantom liberty, till all his preceding qualifications were forgot, and his own ruin determined.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Rhododaphne; or, The Thessalian Spell, a Poem. 1 vol. 12mo. Hookhams; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

THE subject of this elegant and well-written poem is the magic of Thessaly, which, in the person of Rhododaphne, is of the most fascinating and alluring kind. Enamoured of a youth named Anthemion, who is devoted to the charms and virtues of the nymph Calliroë, with whom he had passed his days of childhood, Rhododaphne employs all the witchery of her attractions, at first, in vain, to win the heart of Anthemion: her rival, therefore, must be got rid of, and giving him a laurel rose, and pressing her lips to those of Anthemion's, she breathes the wish, or rather the spell, that the kiss may be “poison to all lips” but her own. The fatal consequence may be divined; Anthemion soon after meets his Calliroë, and giving her the tender embrace of constant love, the beautiful form of the nymph becomes a clay-cold corpse. Anthemion wanders about, the prey of anguish and despondency, when he beholds from “the rugged shore” a ship, the crew of which

are pirates: they drive to land, and seize the youth; and as he is seated on deck, Rhododaphne, to his infinite surprise, places herself beside him. She strikes her lyre, and accompanies it with the sweetest vocal melody, varying the subject of her songs with all the charms of fascination. The pirates put again to sea, when a violent storm arises, and, after experiencing whirlwinds, and all that is horrible in the tempest, the vessel strikes against a rock, but the “youth and the enchantress are borne safe to the golden sands.”

Rhododaphne continues to try the force of her attractions; Anthemion vows constancy to the memory of his lost Calliroë. The enchantress then pleads with all the soft tenderness of love: she tells him to seek her at her cell, if ever one thought of her should again intervene in his bosom. She leaves him; he does not then pursue her, but finding, as he wanders, no trace of man, and hunger assailing him, he returns to seek the lonely cottage he had left behind: in its place he finds a large illuminated building, and he strikes aloud against the gate of polished brass. He enters a

spacious hall, where a brazen image, "of dwarfish shape," speaks to him in a voice "like to a trumpet;" Anthemion tells him that he seeks only for food and repose till the morrow; his request is complied with; a door uncloses, and he passes to a room of state, where a beautiful boy ministers to him refreshments; as Anthemion quaffs a beverage from an enchanted cup, he hears a female voice, saying, "now thou art mine:" and placing another laurel rose in his bosom, Rhododaphne clasps him in her arms. In the midst, however, of the Cirian delights by which he is surrounded, the image of his loved Calliroë still pursues him; and after a short reign of fancied pleasure, the splendid hall becomes, one evening, desolate; the lamps cease to burn, and in the place of the dwarfish image, sits the image of Uranian Love, with his bow ready bent. Rhododaphne finds her power at an end; she expires on the bosom of Anthemion; and he finds himself transported to the door of old Pheidon, the father of his lost Calliroë: but what is his astonishment at beholding that beauteous female come forth from the cottage; she gives the kiss "he dare not give;" the spell is broken, and happiness and love take place of sorrow and momentary transport.

The above narrative evinces an invention and an imagination almost unequalled in ideal lore. The poem opens in the Temple of Love, at Thespia, a town in Bœotia, near the foot of Mount Helicon, and is related in seven cantos: the author has thought proper to envelope himself in an anonymous mantle; but it is impossible for him to disguise his peculiar sweetness, elegance of style, and real erudition: as he wishes, however, to screen his brightness behind a cloud, we will not give even our conjectures to the public; fully aware, that those who have read his former works with the same attention and admiration as we have, will easily discover his numbers in *Rhododaphne*; which is one of those fascinating poems that really casts a spell over the whole mind; and with which no reader of taste will be satisfied by only giving it a single perusal.

The following selections will, we think, convince our readers of the above assertion:—

DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

"Central amid the myrtle grove
That venerable temple stands;
Three statues, raised by gifted hands,
Distinct with sculptured emblems fair,
His threefold influence image bear,
Creative, Heavenly, Earthly Love.
The first, of stone and sculpture rude,
From immemorial time has stood;
Not even in vague tradition known
The hand that raised that ancient stone.
Of brass the next, with holiest thought,
The skill of Sicyon's artist wrought.
The third, a marble form divine,
That seems to move, and breathe, and smile,
Fair Phryne to this holy shrine
Conveyed, when her propitious wife
Had forced her lover to impart
The choicest treasure of his art.
Her, too, in sculptured beauty's pride,
His skill has placed by Venus' side;
Nor well the enraptured gaze desories
Which best might claim the Hesperian prize.

Fairest youths and maids assembling,
Dance the myrtle bowers among:
Harps to softest numbers trembling
Pour the impassioned strain along,
Where the poet's gifted song
Holds the intensely listening throng.
Matrons grave, and aëges grey,
Lead the youthful train to pay
Homage on the opening day
Of Love's returning festival:
Every fruit and every flower
Sacred to his gentler power,
Twined in garlands bright and sweet,
They place before his sculptured feet,
And on his name they call:
From thousand lips, with glad acclaim,
Is breathed at once that sacred name;
And music, kindling at the sound,
Wafts holier, tenderer, strains around:
The rose a richer sweet exhales;
The myrtle waves in softer gales;
Through every breast one influence flies;
All hate, all evil passion dies;
The heart of man, in that blest spell,
Becomes at once a sacred cell,
Where Love, and only Love can dwell."

PERSON OF ANTHEMION.

— "Soft glossy hair
Shadowed his forehead, snowy-fair,
With many a hyacinthine cluster:
Lips, that in silence seemed to speak,
Were his, and eyes of mild blue lustre:
And even the paleness of his cheek,
The passing trace of tender care,
Still shewed how beautiful it were
If its own natural bloom were there."

ANTHEMION THROWS AWAY THE MAGIC FLOWER.

"Anthemion paused upon the shore:
All thought of magic's impious lore,

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All dread of evil powers, combined
 Against his peace, attempered ill
 With that sweet scene; and on his mind
 Fair, graceful, gentle, radiant still,
 The form of that strange damsel came;
 And something like a sense of shame
 He felt, as if his coward thought
 Foul wrong to guileless beauty wrought.
 At length—"Oh radiant girl!"—he said,—
 'If in the cause that bids me tread
 'These banks, be mixed injurious dread
 'Of thy fair thoughts, the fears of love
 'Must with thy injured kindness plead
 'My pardon for the wrongful deed.
 'Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods, that rove
 'The precincts of this sacred wood!
 'Thou, Achelous' gentle daughter,
 'Bright Naiad of this beauteous water!
 'And thou, my Natal Genius good!
 'Lo! with pure hands the chrystal flood
 'Collecting, on these altars blest,
 'Libation holiest, brightest, best,
 'I pour. If round my footsteps dwell
 'Unholy sign or evil spell,
 'Receive me in your guardian sway;
 'And thou, oh gentle Naiad! bear
 'With this false flower those spells away,
 'If such be lingering there.'—

Then from the stream he turned his view,
 And o'er his back the flower he threw.
 Hark! from the wave a sudden cry,
 Of one in last extremity—
 A voice as of a drowning maid!
 The echoes of the sylvan shade
 Gave response long and drear.
 He starts: he does not turn. Again!
 It is Calliope's cry! In vain
 Could that dear maiden's cry of pain
 Strike on Anthemion's ear?
 At once, forgetting all beside,
 He turned to plunge into the tide,
 But all again was still."

HIS INTERVIEW WITH RHODODAPHNE AFTER THROWING AWAY THE FLOWER.

"A maiden on a mossy stone,
 Full in the moonlight, sits alone:
 Her eyes, with humid radiance bright,
 As if a tear had dimmed their light,
 Are fixed upon the moon; her hair
 Flows long and loose in the light soft air;
 A golden lyre her white hands bear;
 Its chords beneath her fingers fleet,
 To such wild symphonies awake,
 Her sweet lips breathe a song so sweet,
 That the echoes of the cave repeat
 Its closes with as soft a sigh,
 As if they almost feared to break
 The magic of its harmony.

Oh! there was passion in the sound,
 Intense passion, strange and deep;
 Wild breathings of a soul, around
 Whose every pulse one hope had bound,
 One burning hope, which might not sleep.

But hark! that wild and solemn swell!
 And was there in those tones a spell,
 Which none may disobey? For lo!
 Anthemion from the sylvan shade
 Moves with reluctant steps and slow,
 And in the lonely moonlight glade
 He stands before the radiant maid."

DEATH OF CALLIOPE, FROM THE SPELL.

"Oh! he has kissed Calliope's lips,
 And with the touch the maid grew pale,
 And sudden shade of strange eclipse
 Drew o'er her eyes its dusky veil.
 As droops the meadow-pink its head,
 By the rude scythes in summer's prime
 Cleft from its parent stem, and spread
 On earth to wither ere its time,
 Even so the flower of Ladon faded,
 Swifter than, when the sun bath shaded
 In the young storm his setting ray,
 The western radiance dies away.

He pressed her heart: no pulse was there.
 Before her lips his hand he placed:
 No breath was in them! Wild despair
 Came on him, as, with sudden waste,
 When snows dissolve in vernal rain,
 The mountain torrent on the plain
 Descends; and with that fearful swell
 Of passionate grief, the midnight spell
 Of the Thessalian maid occurred,
 Distinct in every fatal word:
 —"These lips are mine; the spells have won
 them,
 'Which round and round thy soul I twine;
 'And be the kiss I print upon them
 'Poison to all lips but mine!"—
 —"Oh, thou art dead, my love!"—he cried—
 'Art dead, and I have murdered thee!"—
 He started up in agony.
 The beauteous maiden from his side
 Sunk down on earth. Like one who slept
 She lay, still, cold, and pale of hue;
 And her long hair all loosely swept
 The thin grass, wet with evening dew."

THE VANITY OF HUMAN PLANS.

"Wreck is not only on the sea,
 The warrior dies in victory:
 The ruin of his natal roof
 O'erwhelms the sleeping man: the hoof
 Of his prized steed has struck with fate
 The horseman in his own home gate:
 The feast and mantling bowl destroy
 The sensual in the hour of joy.
 The bride from her paternal porch
 Comes forth among her maids: the torch,
 That led at morn the nuptial choir,
 Kindles at night her funeral pyre.
 Now turn away, indulge thy dreams,
 And build for distant years thy schemes!"

FASCINATING APPEARANCE OF RHODODAPHNE.

— "Her hands
 Still held the golden lyre: her hair

In all its long luxuriance hung
 Uringleted, and glittering bright
 With briny drops of diamond light :
 Her thin wet garments lightly clung
 Around her form's rare symmetry.
 Like Venus risen from the sea
 She seemed : so beautiful : and who
 With mortal sight such form could view,
 And deem that evil lurked beneath ?
 Who could approach those starry eyes,
 Those dewy coral lips, that breathe
 Ambrosial fragrance, and that smile
 In which all Love's Elysium lies ;
 Who this could see, and dream of guile,
 And brood on wrong and wrath the while ?
 If there be one, who ne'er has felt
 Resolve, and doubt, and anger melt,
 Like vernal night-frosts, in one beam
 Of Beauty's sun, 'twere vain to deem,
 Between the Muse and him could be
 A-link of human sympathy."

BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF CONSTANT LOVE.

"First, fairest, best, of powers supernal,
 Love waved in heaven his wings of gold,
 And from the depths of night eternal,
 Black Erebus, and Chaos old,
 Bade light, and life, and beauty rise
 Harmonious from the dark disguise
 Of elemental discord wild,
 Which he had charmed and reconciled.
 Love first in social bonds combined
 The scattered tribes of humankind,
 And bade the wild race cease to roam,
 And learn the endearing name of home.
 From Love the sister arts began,
 That charm, adorn, and soften man.
 To Love the feast, the dance, belong,
 The temple-rite, the choral song ;
 All feelings that refine and bless,
 All kindness, sweetness, gentleness.
 Him men adore, and Gods admire,
 Of delicacy, grace, desire,
 Persuasion, bliss, the bounteous sire ;
 In hopes, and toils, and pains, and fears,
 Sole dryer of our human tears ;
 Chief ornament of heaven, and king
 Of earth, to whom the world doth sing
 One chorus of accordant pleasure,
 Of which he taught and leads the measure.
 He kindles in the inmost mind
 One lonely flame—for once—for one—
 A vestal fire, which, there enshrined,
 Lives on, till life itself be done.
 All other fires are of the earth,
 And transient : but of heavenly birth
 Is Love's first flame, which, howsoever,
 Fraud, power, woe, chance, or fate, may sever
 From its congenial source, must burn
 Unquenched, but in the funeral urn.
 And thus Anthemion knew and felt,
 As in that palace on the wild,
 By daemon art adored, he dwelt
 With that bright nymph who ever smiled

Refulgent as the summer morn
 On eastern ocean newly born.
 Though oft, in Rhododaphne's sight,
 A phrensied feeling of delight,
 With painful admiration mixed
 Of her surpassing beauty, came
 Upon him, yet of earthly flame
 That passion was. Even as betwixt
 The night-clouds transient lightnings play,
 Those feelings came and passed away,
 And left him lorn. Callirote ever
 Pursued him like a bleeding shade,
 Nor all the magic nymph's endeavour
 Could from his constant memory sever
 The image of that dearer maid."

AMUSEMENTS IN RHODODAPHNE'S PALACE.

"Yet all that love and art could do
 The enchantress did. The pirate-crow
 Her power had snatched from death, and pent
 Awhile in ocean's bordering caves,
 To be her ministers and slaves :
 And there, by murmured spells, she sent
 On all their shapes phantastic change.
 In many an uncouth form and strange,
 Grim dwarf, or bony Æthiop tall,
 They plied, throughout the enchanted hall,
 Their servile ministries, or sate
 Gigantic mastiffs in the gate,
 Or stalked around the garden-dells
 In lion-guise, gaunt centinels.
 And many blooming youths and maids,
 A joyous Bacchanalian train,
 (That mid the rocks and pine shades
 Of mountains, through whose wild domain
 Cæagrian Hebrus, swift and cold,
 Impels his waves o'er sands of gold,
 Their orgies led) by secret force
 Of her far-scattered spells compelled,
 With song, and dance, and shout, their course
 Tow'rd that enchanted dwelling held.
 Oft 'mid those palace-gardens fair,
 The beauteous nymph (her radiant hair
 With mingled oak and vine-leaves crowned)
 Would grasp the thyrsus ivy-bound,
 And fold her festal vest around
 The Bacchic nebris, leading thus
 The swift and dizzy thiasus :
 And as she moves, in all her charms,
 With springing feet and flowing arms,
 'Tis strange in one fair shape to see
 How many forms of grace can be.
 Some, in giddy circlets fleeting,
 The Corybantic timbrel beating ;
 Maids, with silver flasks advancing,
 Pour the wine's red sparkling tide,
 Which youths, with heads recumbent dancing,
 Catch in goblets as they glide :
 All upon the odorous air
 Lightly toss their leafy hair,
 Ever singing as they move,
 —'To Bacchus! son of Jove!'—"

FASHIONS

FOR

APRIL, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH.

No. 1.—EVENING DRESS.

Castillian robe of pearl grey sarsnet, elegantly trimmed with pink satin, interspersed with crape and velvet: the petticoat worn under the dress is finished by a border of fine lace, which just appears below the robe: the sleeves are of fine figured net, with serpentine waves of rolled pink satin, continued close to the wrist, from whence depend two broad frills of blond made to fall over the knuckles. A *fichu* of the finest net, left open in front, and surmounted by a deep Spanish ruff, standing up à l'*Elizabeth*. Crown turban of white satin, net, and pearls, with tassels of the latter material, and crowned near the summit with a wreath of pink fancy flowers, and pearls. Pear pearl earrings, white crape fan, and white satin shoes.

FRENCH.

No. 2.—FRENCH COURT DRESS.

White satin petticoat, trimmed round the border with a *chevaux-de-frieze* of crape, over which is a rich ornament of full blown roses; the sleeves full, and reaching near the elbow, terminating by two full rows of lace: the body made to display the bust, very low behind, and ornamented with crape en *chevaux-de-frieze*. Train of royal purple or Prussian blue satin, superbly trimmed with fine broad lace, and lined throughout with white satin. The hair dressed round the face in ringlets à la *Néron*, and entirely divided from the forehead; the hair on the summit of the head raised in two rows of separate braids, twisted round with pearls; between these braids is a tiara of gold and pearls, to which are fastened the court lappets of the finest Brussels lace. Earrings and chain necklace of pearls, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves, ornamented at the tops with a rich embossment of white satin.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

As the breath of spring wakens into life and fragrance the opening blossoms, so the approach of that delightful season influences the changes of Fashion, and sheds a gentle radiance over the works of the loom, those of the artificial florist, and of the *plumassier*.

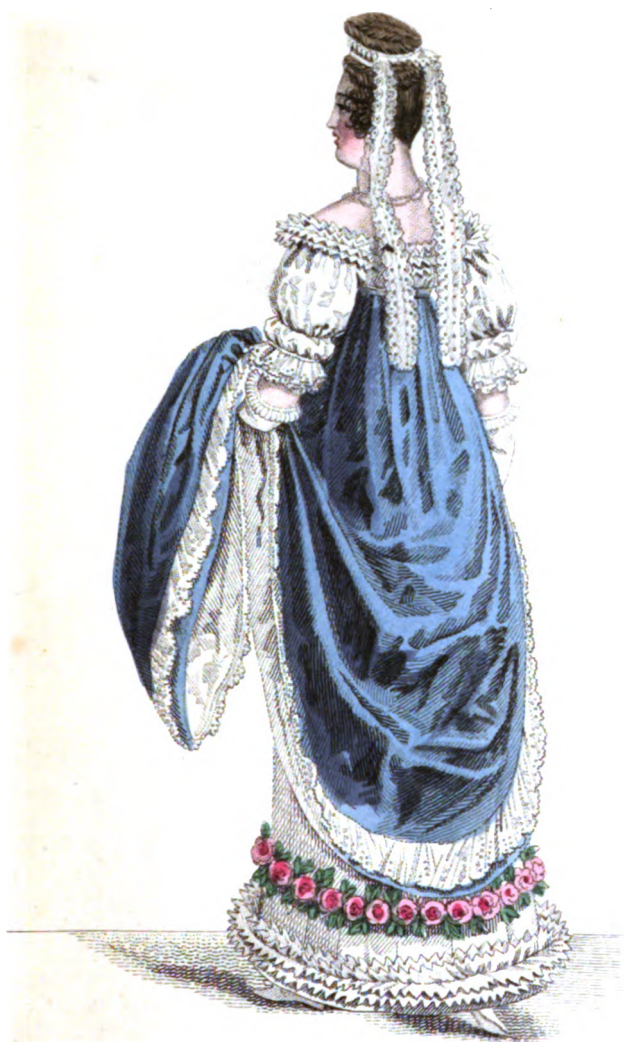
At Mrs. Bell's *Magazin de Modes* may be seen ample proofs of what we have above asserted; from the retired walking dress to that of the ducal carriage—from the easy morning *deshabille* to the *grande costume* of a splendid court.

The most elegant pelisses are of a fine Hessian green sarsnet, trimmed with shaded green shag silk of a lighter hue, in broad bordering, or of amber sarsnet finished in the most chaste and simple style with purple satin striped with narrow black velvet. A spenser is in preparation by this tasteful arbitress of the toilette peculiarly adapted to the spring season, and which we hope to present to our readers in the next Number. The new hats at her repository are charming; and first is a large bonnet, entitled the Princess Elizabeth bonnet; it is of blue sarsnet, with vandyke transparent edge of fine net, trimmed at the edge with a quilling of blond, and the crown encircled in bias, with a wreath of white roses and their buds. Next in favour, for the small featured beauty, is a hat of less dimensions, of black satin and net; with a full plume of heron's feathers bent down like the bird of paradise plume. Straw bonnets, notwithstanding the gelidity of the atmosphere, are in high estimation; a new kind has been invented at Millard's famous repository, which gives the idea of elegance on almost any head it may chance to be placed: the shape of the crown is entirely new, and is styled the



EVENING DRESS.

Invented by M^{rs} B. E. St. P. Journal S. Engwood, for L. A. Bells, London F103. Published April 1849.



FRENCH COURT DRESS.
Figured for La Belle Courtes N° 12. Published April N° 12.

cornette crown: it may seem extraordinary, but this crown actually assists the bonnet in being becoming to the features.

Gowns for dinner parties and for the evening consist of figured or plain sarsnets, or Irish poplins; but muslin lined with coloured sarsnet is much in favour. The Rutland breakfast robe of fine embroidered muslin, lined with celestial blue, is a most elegant morning home costume; and the half dress frock for receiving dinner parties, is truly fascinating, especially for young married ladies. It is of fine Bengal muslin, lined with pink; the body is made partially low, and the front is entirely of lace.

The head-dresses consist of *cornettes*, turbans, and Parisian caps. The Augusta *cornettes* are of pink or blue satin and net, either with or without flowers. Parisian caps are chiefly of blue satin and blond, crowned with every kind of full blown roses. The most elegant head-dress is the Sicilian turban of blue and white *soufflée* gauze and white satin, confined next the hair by a *bandeau* of silver tissue ribbon. The Polish turban is somewhat in the same form, and is composed of crimson satin and silver gauze richly spangled and embossed: nor should the Roxburgh cap be forgotten, of fine net and *rouleaux* of white satin, crowned with a superb *bouquet* of different kinds of flowers. Young ladies wear simply on their heads a wreath of pomegranate blossoms, or of the Almack rose; an elegant novelty of blush roses with silver leaves.

The following are the most elegant of the Court dresses worn at the late drawing-room; where the head-dresses are not specified they consisted of feathers and diamonds. The hoops invented by Mrs. Bell were more adopted than on the Court day before: we trust, therefore, we shall soon see them more general; they, at once, embrace ease, convenience, and elegance.

LADIES' DRESSES.

HER MAJESTY—Wore a petticoat of rich white satin, trimmed at the bottom, with a fullness of gold tissue, the draperies of gold tissue, elegantly disposed, supported with gold ropes and tassels; the mantua of puce and gold tissue velvet, trimmed with broad gold lace; the body and sleeves trimmed

with point lace, intermixed with gold. Head-dress an elegant toque, with a tiara of diamonds.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—A petticoat of black velvet, embroidered at the bottom with gold, the draperies gold net, spangled on either side; a short drapery of velvet, embroidered with gold, finished with gold fringe, and ornamented with handsome ropes and tassels; the mantua of black velvet, trimmed with gold lace, body and sleeves trimmed with point lace and diamonds. Head-dress ostrich feathers and diamonds.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A petticoat of white satin, embroidered in bright and dead gold, the draperies embroidered to correspond, fastened up and ornamented with gold ropes and tassels, finishing at the bottom with double flouncings of spangled net, intermixed with embroidered satin bows; the mantua of gold tissue, handsomely trimmed, body and sleeves with point lace and diamonds.

DUCHESS OF YORK.—A white satin petticoat, with gold embroidered flounce, relieved with fancy flowers, mixed with rich gold bullion cord; a gold embroidered lama drapery, and a geranium coloured velvet train; body ornamented with diamonds and point lace.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.—A petticoat of white satin, at the bottom flouncings of tulle, embroidered with silver; the draperies of tulle, richly spangled, deep borders, embroidered and covered with wreaths and bunches of gold flowers, finished with gold ropes and tassels; the mantua of gold tissue; the body and sleeves trimmed with point lace and diamonds.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.—A dress of white satin, with borders of silver lama on crimson satin, ornamented with silver flowers and tassels, crimson and silver tissue; robe trimmed with silver and point lace.

The Marchioness of **SALISBURY**.—Magnificently dressed in a white satin petticoat, ornamented with draperies of British lace and crimson, tastefully arranged with bows of gold leno.

The Marchioness of **HERTFORD**.—A petticoat of white satin, with draperies embroidered in silver lama, tastefully designed in bouquets, looped with silver cord and

tassels; the petticoat finished at the bottom with a beautiful garniture of tulle, with silver flowers, train of a rich geranium velvet *épinglé*, elegantly trimmed with silver and blond.

Hon. Lady CODRINGTON.—Net draperies, magnificently embroidered in gold lama, in bouquets and sprigs, over a petticoat of white satin, with blond lace at the bottom, headed with a rouleau of gold lama; train of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lama and blond lace. Head-dress gold lama toque, with ostrich plume, and diamonds.

Lady CAROLINE ASHLEY COOPER.—A white satin petticoat, blond lace, draperies festooned with bunches of pink flowers; train of white striped satin, trimmed with blond.

Lady JOHN BERESEFORD.—A white satin petticoat embroidered, net draperies, ornamented with wreaths of wild flowers, train of blue satin trimmed with Brussels point.

Lady BOLTON.—Lilac satin petticoat, Brussels lace draperies, trimmed with bunches of lilac flowers and beads, lilac satin train, trimmed with pearls and point lace.

Lady ELIZABETH COMPTON.—A petticoat of white satin, with embroidered drapery, ornamented with wreaths of China aстры; robe to correspond.

Lady HOTHAM (on her presentation after her marriage).—A petticoat of white satin, with gauze draperies, looped with bouquets of lilies and tuberose, and edged with blond lama; train of white satin, trimmed with rich point.

Lady JOHN MURRAY.—White net draperies, embroidered in pearls and chenille, forming a rich border in bouquet, looped with pearl cord and tassels, over a petticoat of white satin; train of white satin, trimmed with point.

Lady CAROLINE MURRAY.—A pale blue satin robe and petticoat, ornamented with draperies of white embossed gauze, trimmed with blond lace, and looped up with bunches of convolvulus; the bottom of the petticoat festooned with deep flounces of blond lace: the robe blue satin, trimmed with blond, and tucked on the train and sleeves with sprigs of convolvulus. Her Ladyship wore a bandeau of pearls, and fine plume of white feathers.

Lady SOPHIA COVENTRY.—Petticoat of

white satin, with draperies of gossamer gauze, flounced with blond, and satin rouleaus with wreaths of flowering myrtle; robe of white satin and blond lace. Head-dress a coronet of feathers and pearls.—This dress was much admired for its simplicity and elegance.

The Right Hon. the Lady MAYORESS.—White satin petticoat, with gold embroidered flounces, the draperies of gold network, with a gold border of pomegranate blossom and narcissus tastefully entwined, looped up with gold cords and tassels, with broad embroidered ribband bows at the pocket-holes; body and train to correspond.

Mrs. BUSH (the American Minister's lady, presented by Lady Castlereagh).—A drapery petticoat of rich silver lama over white satin, trimmed with lace, and intermixed with blue satin; robe to correspond, trimmed with blond. Head-dress feathers and pearls.

Mrs. CHARLES SMITH.—A white satin petticoat embroidered in wreaths of grapes and acorns; robe of lilac satin trimmed with lace.

Mrs. BATHURST.—A dove coloured satin robe, trimmed with lace; petticoat of white gauze, elegantly ornamented.

Mrs. A. SANDFORD.—A white satin petticoat, with drapery of silver lama, embroidered and festooned with blond lace, and arranged with flowers; robe of white satin, trimmed with blond lace.

Mrs. A. THOMPSON.—A white satin petticoat, with lace draperies, trimmed with satin on tulle, intermixed with blush roses.

Mrs. C. DRUMMOND.—A white satin petticoat decorated with blue figured gauze; Saxon blue satin train.

Mrs. MITCHELL.—A white satin petticoat, gauze draperies of a beautiful rose pattern, trimmed with blond, and looped with bunches of crimson roses; train of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold.

Mrs. HENRY OSBORNE.—A white satin petticoat, net draperies embroidered with pearls, edged with Brussels point, train of figured satin ornamented with pearls and point.

Mrs. CHARLES LONG.—Petticoat of white satin, with emerald green satin draperies, intermixed with net, embroidered with gold lama; train of emerald green

satin, with net sleeves and trimmings embroidered to correspond. Head-dress of green feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. CHARLES RICKETTS.—A white satin petticoat, elegantly festooned, tastefully ornamented, and trimmed with point lace and pearls; a richly ornamented lavender coloured train.

Hon. Miss F. EDEN.—A white satin petticoat with rich floss silk and net draperies, decorated with blush roses, white satin train.

Two Misses DUNCOMBE.—White satin petticoats, with gauze draperies, decorated with pink and white liburnums; pink satin trains.

Miss MORGAN.—Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of *soufflé* gauze, festooned with wreaths of blush roses and May, and tastefully tied up with bunches of the same; train of figured satin trimmed with Mechlin lace.

Miss A. MORGAN wore the same as her sister.

Two Misses DRUMMOND.—White satin petticoats ornamented with gauze draperies and pink liburnums, white satin train.

Four Misses MANNERS SUTTON.—White satin petticoats, bordered with crape, robe, train, and draperies full trimmed with *chevaux-de-frise* of net; they were simple and elegant.

Miss LUSHINGTON (presented by her mother).—Robe and coat, white satin draperies of fine sprigged net, full trimmed with blond, and finished with wreaths and bunches of pink roses, which had a beautiful effect on the lovely wearer.

Miss GEORGIANA CORRINGTON.—A white satin petticoat, draperies of gauze, looped up with white roses and tuberoses, train of velvet *épinglé*, trimmed with blond lace and rolls of satin. Head-dress ostrich feathers and pearls.

Miss MITCHELL.—A white satin petticoat, with tulle draperies, embroidered with raised convolvuluses, and looped with bunches of flowers. Head-dress of feathers and jewels.

Miss VANSITTART.—A dress of marone, and gold tissue, trimmed with gold.

Miss LETITIA TAYLOR.—Was dressed with elegance and taste; a white satin petticoat, elegantly ornamented with flowers and pearls, and train richly ornamented.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

As it will no doubt be gratifying to our female readers to see the description of a few of those Court dresses which were most conspicuous for their simplicity, taste, and splendour, we shall be obliged to give only a short extract from the letter of our Parisian Correspondent in treating of the

COSTUME OF PARIS.

WITZCHOURAS, for out-door costume, again take their justly admired station on the appearance of a cold day. Why will your milliners call long cloaks by this name, when witzchouras sit to the shape much more like a pelisse? Those that have appeared at Paris this winter have a large cape entirely of fur, with a collar of the same: the witzchoura itself is generally of velvet. Mantles of a plaid kind, left open, with a spenser underneath, are also very prevalent. All ladies, whether old or young, wear a *cornette* under their bonnets for morning walks; and beaver hats are much worn in undress, ornamented with a simple bow of ribband. For the carriage and for the public promenade the hat is of satin or sarsnet, with a trimming round the edge formed of small artificial hyacinths without leaves: and bonnets of canary yellow silk, or green, are simply bound with ribband, and ornamented with a large bunch of lilacs. The gowns are made in much the same form and of the same materials as last month. Ball dresses consist of a frock of gauze, with a woven border of stripes cross ways, the number seven or eight; others supply these with as many rows of ribband on plain gauze: a *corsage* of satin encircles the waist, with a belt the same as the trimming round the border.

Dress hats of satin, with very narrow brims, are still very general at evening parties; the brims are extended, and the plumes that surmount these hats are small. Ladies who wear turbans have them of crape, very fine India muslin, or Cachemire; but *cornettes* were never in such estimation as they are at present, they are worn in every costume, made of tulle and blond; and when worn at evening card parties, or at the Opera, are crowned with a plume of feathers. At the late benefit of

Mademoiselle Mars it was, however, a complete blaze of diamonds; every lady in *les loges grillés* had their hair adorned more or less with these brilliant ornaments; the most superb were in wreaths, placed very much on one side of the head.

The favourite colours are pink, lilac, spring-green, and yellow.

DRESS OF THE LADIES OF FRIEZE- LAND.

THE females of this country are generally very pretty; but while they conceal the charms of their countenances by large gipsy hats, they display all the beauties of

a well shaped leg and ankle by wearing their petticoats remarkably short. Their hair is parted in rich clusters of curls on the forehead, and confined by a broad *bandeau* of silver or gold. They wear immense earrings, and a necklace fastened in front with a broad golden broach. The lining of their bonnets is brought about four inches over the brim, and being of a different colour, looks like a broad binding: from a cap worn underneath depends a kind of cape behind, which falls over the back part of the neck, or else a long piece of ribband hangs down like a streamer. Their slippers are remarkably neat, and sit easy on their pretty little feet.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY; INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

A new ballet pantomime, entitled *Zephyr; or, The Return of Spring*, has been performed at this Theatre, and received with universal applause. It is the composition of M. Duport, the brother of Madame Baptiste, and has been got up with admirable fidelity by M. Guillet. It is a pretty little allegory, in which the amorous *Zephyr*, or the western wind is personified. On the return of spring he enters, and seems to float in air, and to kiss the various flowers that are opening to his refreshing breath. The Nymphs represent the different flowers—the rose, the lily, &c. &c.: the inconstant *Zephyr* flies from Nymph to Nymph till, at length, *Cupid* touches his heart, and he settles on the *Rose*. The opening scene was danced between *Zephyr* and *Chloris*, by M. Baptiste and Mademoiselle Milane, and gave to the spectators the most lively sensations of pleasure.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A new opera has been produced at this Theatre, entitled *Zuma; or, The Tree of Health*, written by Mr. T. Dibdin; the music composed by Mr. Braham and Mr. Bishop. The plot is simple and obvious. The bark of *The Tree of Health* is that denominated the Peruvian. The Peruvians had

concealed it from their Spanish conquerors. The Vice-queen of Lima is afflicted with a malady attributed to a slow poison. The bark is discovered by *Piquillo*, a Spaniard. The secret is known to *Zuma*, the favourite of the Vice-queen; but she is under a tremendous oath not to discover it. Faithful to her oath, but anxious to save the life of her benefactress, she prepares to miugle some of the bark in her mistress's drink. Discovered in the act, she is charged with the design of poisoning her. *Zuma* refuses to discover the quality of the powder. She is sentenced to death, and a burning pile is prepared: as she is about to suffer, *Piquillo* presents himself with an announcement of the discovery of *The Tree of Health*. Some bark is administered to the Queen, and she recovers instantly. It is analyzed, and found to be the same powder which the affectionate *Zuma* had put into the cup of the Vice-queen.

There is a fine song sung by Braham, which he has been compelled to repeat three times: it is a martial parody of the *Marseillois Hymn*. The opera, as a dramatic piece, is dull and heavy, but the music is charming: some of the songs are truly affecting; and the scenery is grand and appropriate.

The managers have also produced an excellent drama, entitled *Rob Roy M'Gregor; or, Auld lang syne*. The story is fabulous,

but is got up with spirit. The piece opens with the failure of the house of *Osbaldistone*, and the first material scene is the parting of *Diana Vernon* with her lover. Then follows his journey, with that of *Owen*, to Glasgow: the adventure, and the speeches *verbatim*, in the tolbooth of that city; the duel between *Francis* and *Rashleigh*; the scene and quarrel with the party at the inn, and the prowess of *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*; the unfortunate expedition of *Capt. Thornton*; the capture of *Rob Roy* through the treachery of *Rashleigh*, and his escape in time to save the *Baillie* from the vengeance denounced against him by his wife *Helen McGregor*. *Francis Osbaldistone* is at length united to *Diana Vernon*, *Rashleigh* falls by the hand of *Rob Roy*, and a pardon is procured for the outlaw.

At the Oratorios performed at this Theatre during the season of Lent, the sacred selections were all interspersed with the compositions of different authors, which could not fail of producing the most pleasing variety. The superior merits of Miss Stephens, Braham, Miss Corri, &c. are too well known to need any comment. Miss George possesses a powerful and mellifluous *mezzo soprano* voice of great compass and flexibility.

DRURY-LANE.

There has been nothing new at this Theatre since our last accounts, except *The Castle of Gwydir*, which met with rather an untoward fate. *The Bride of Abydos* continues to be performed with increased applause: and Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Alsop, and Mrs. Harlowe, as usual, give fashion, archness, and broad mirth to the long established and favourite productions of the comic muse.

HAYMARKET THEATRE AND ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The season of Lent again afforded us the peculiar pleasure of hearing the astronomical lectures delivered by Mr. Lloyd, at the Haymarket Theatre. The explanatory part was given in language so clear and comprehensive, that we are persuaded no one retired from those lectures without feeling their judgments improved and their ideas exalted in the contemplation of a science so sublime.

No. 108.—Vol. XVII.

At the English Opera House Mr. Walker also delivered his lectures in astronomy on the Eidouranian, where the different phenomena connected with astronomy were exhibited, and most ably and intelligently explained.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.

(Continued from page 90.)

NEW YORK THEATRE.—Mrs. Barnes is the tragic actress of the New York company, and is certainly admirable in that line; her *Juliet*, *Isabella*, *Jane Shore*, and *Lady Macbeth*, are very fine, and in many other characters she is equally successful.—Mrs. Darley (sister of Mrs. Wood, of Philadelphia) is admired, and deservedly so, in the higher walks of comedy and opera; and although her voice is not equal in power to Mrs. Burke, yet she always gives her songs with taste and judgment.—Miss Johnson is in the vocal line, and possesses considerable merit; her performances are not confined to this line only, she performs parts in comedy very respectably, and she has played *Juliet*, and other tragic characters, with considerable *eclat*.

Such are the merits and principal strength of the New York and Philadelphia Theatres, which may be called the Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane of the United States.

BOSTON THEATRE is next in rank to New York, and is under the management of Messrs. Powell, Dickson, and Duff. Here, both tragedies and comedies are performed in a very respectable manner, though the strength of the company is better adapted to the latter. Mr. Duff is the principal tragedian; but the preference is generally given to Mr. Frederic Brown, both in tragedy and comedy. Mr. Duff has some merit in tragedy; his *Malec*, *Manuel*, and *Bertram*, are very respectable. Of Mr. Brown I have spoken before; he has a great number of admirers, and always acquits himself well.—Mr. Green, Mr. Pelbey, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Drummond, are all good in their line, which is second rate parts.—Mr. Bray, in low comedy, is a close pattern of Emery, of Covent-Garden; he never fails to please.—Mrs. Wheatley generally takes the higher walks of comedy, while those characters of tragedy are divided between Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Duff, though Mrs. Powell is superior in either. Mrs. Drum-

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mond, late Miss Henry, in opera and light characters where beauty and loveliness are required, is always successful; she generally takes first rate parts in opera, and second rate in comedy and tragedy.

The Charleston and Norfolk company is very respectable: since the death of Mr. Holman, the late manager, the company is under the superintendence of his son-in-law, Mr. Gilfert. Mr. Young is the principal in tragedy and comedy; next to him ranks Mr. Carpenter, in the same line. Mr. Dalton, in low comedy, and Mr. Nichols, in vocal parts, are favourites.—Mrs. Young is the heroine in tragedy, comedy, and opera, in all of which she is admired: she is seconded by Mrs. Claude and Mrs. Jacobs.

This company performs during the autumnal months at Norfolk, and in winter at Charleston. The Philadelphia company divide the year between Philadelphia and Baltimore, where there is a superb Theatre lately put up under the patronage of the state legislature. The New York Theatre opens in September and closes in May: and the Boston Theatre opens in October and closes in April or May; and the rest of the year is divided between Portsmouth (N. H.), Providence, and Newport, in Rhode Island State.

A Mr. Mude has lately made his appearance at Norfolk, in the character of *Hamlet*, with success.

Mr. Incledon has lately made his appearance on our boards, and given great satisfaction. He made his first appearance in New York, in the part of *Hawthorn*, in *Love in a Village*, and was received with great acclamations of applause; he played twelve or fourteen nights to crowded houses, and his benefit was the greatest ever taken in the New York Theatre. He has been at Baltimore and Washington, and is now performing in Philadelphia.

Mr. Phillips also, from Covent-Garden and Dublin, has been performing at New York; he is much admired also. He has repeated the character of *Count Belino*, in *The Devil's Bridge*, several times; the cast was as follows:—*Count Belino*, Mr. Phillips; *Baron Toraldi*, Mr. Simpson; *Countess Rosalina*, Mrs. Darley. He has also played *Young Meadows*, *Lord Aimworth*, &c. &c. with much applause; the

encouragement given both to him and Incledon is certainly highly flattering.

The Apostate has been brought out at Boston with much applause; the cast is thus:—*Hemaya*, Mr. Brown; *Malec*, Mr. Duff; *Pescara*, Mr. Green; *Florinda*, Mrs. Powell: it has been also successfully played both at Philadelphia and New York.

The Libertine, with Bishop's beautiful arrangement of Mozart's music, has been brought out at New York, and is in rehearsal at Philadelphia; it was performed as follows:—*Don Juan*, Mr. Simpson; *Octavio*, Mr. Pritchard; *Masetto*, Mr. Darley; *Leoporello*, Mr. Hilson; *Leonora*, Mrs. Darley; *Zerlina*, Miss Johnson. It was well received and much admired.

The following is a correct statement of the theatrical strength of the principal companies of the United States:—

PHILADELPHIA & BALTIMORE CORPS.—For general performances, Messrs. Wood, Barrett, Anderson, Francis, Burke, Warren, Jefferson, Stewart, Abercrombie, Betterton, Hathwell, Johnson, Durang, F. Durang; Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Anderson (late Miss Jefferson), Mrs. Jefferson, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Simpson, Miss White.—In Opera, Messrs. Stewart, Jefferson, Burke, Francis; Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Harris.—The Ballet, Mr. Durang, F. Durang, C. Durang; Mrs. Harris, Miss M. White, Miss C. Durang, Miss A. Durang, and others.

NEW YORK THEATRE.—General performances, Messrs. Simpson, Robertson, Pritchard, Barnes, Baldwin, Jones, Hilson, Darley, and Thomas; Mesdames Barnes, Darley, Baldwin, Miss Johnson, Miss Delinger.—In Opera, Messrs. Darley, Barnes, Hilson; Mrs. Darley, Miss Johnson, and Miss Delinger.

DRAMATICUS AMERICANUS.
(To be continued.)

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

RETURN OF LAFON AND TALMA.—These two favourites of the public have again appeared on the stage; and Lafon, in the character of *Warwick*, after an absence of three months, was received by a numerous audience with the most marked applause. In that trying and grand scene of the third act, so delicate and difficult to

perform, he was inimitable; and no one can deny but that Lafon has much dignity, energy, and intelligence; but a little more simplicity in his attitudes, fewer gestures, and less violence in his declamation, would render him a much more pleasing actor. *Warwick* is certainly a fiery kind of character, impetuous, inflexible, and irritable; and of such a character Lafon knows how to make the most. Talma is not equally great in *Coriolanus*: the admirable play of his features must ever enchant the energy of his action, and his complete personation of the character he assumes: but his voice is monotonous, and his manner sometimes too familiar for the dignity of tragedy, which should never descend to a domestic kind of conversation.

This interesting actor, and justly cherished favourite, has lately suffered much from severe indisposition; his re-appearance was preceded by an apologetic letter in the public journals; and comments were made on his long absence, &c. The public have, however, no right over an actor but when he is on the stage; his talents are all that an audience has to do with.

The first night that Talma performed *Coriolanus*, expectation sat mute. He appeared on the scene—his emotion was visible, his voice faltered: a few solitary hiccups were heard, but a thunder of applause soon drowned them. The faint opposition restored to the actor all his energy: Talma evinced some exquisite touches; but, in general, he displayed the fury of a facetious tribune more than that of a haughty patrician.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—*The Magic Cestus*, Opera Buffa, in one act, imitated from John Baptist Rousseau.

Amongst the dramatic pieces written by John Baptist Rousseau, a foolish fanfaronade, composed in 1701, by order of the Prince of Conti, has been preserved, because it was played at the Prince's chateau, but never was intended to be represented on a public theatre. It cost the author only twelve hours in putting it together. This piece has tempted a young author to work on its materials his first dramatic attempt: but there has been no other change made in the old opera except that of giving a Spanish termination to the different names of the characters: and the

whole is so flat, that even the charming music of Gretry could hardly make it go down. The magic of the *Cestus* is as follows:—*Francisco* is a sharper, who chains together two old fools by a *Cestus* fastened by a padlock, and only gives them their liberty on condition that they will give up all pretensions to obtaining the hands of their wards, and bestow them on their lovers. The piece was so much hissed that the curtain was obliged to fall before it was quite concluded; nevertheless, it has been performed again, with some alterations.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODÉON.—Sketch of *Alphonso*; or, *The Consequences of a Second Marriage*. An anonymous author has produced a dull and heavy drama at this Theatre, and seems to have thought that by thickly laying on his colours, and going beyond nature, he should give more strength to his undertaking. He has drawn a mother-in-law as absurd as she is cruel. This *Madame Darmancour* is an Agrippina, disinheriting the son of Mesalina for the sake of Nero. *M. Darmancour*, like another Claudius, sacrifices to an ambitious woman the son he adores: the preceptor *Sainville*, is only a second Seneca; and the *dénouement* alone is different to the ancient Roman story. The son of *Madame Darmancour* is as much a model of heroism and disinterestedness as Nero is of villainy and barbarity. The projects of the mother-in-law are confounded, and the members of the family assembling together, put the legitimate heir in possession of what the usurper was about to take from him.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Frankenstein; or, *The Modern Prometheus*. 3 vols. 12mo. Lackington and Co.

THIS is a very bold fiction; and, did not the author, in a short Preface, make a kind of apology, we should almost pronounce it to be impious. We hope, however, the writer had the moral in view which we are desirous of drawing from it, that the presumptive works of man must be frightful, vile, and horrible; ending only in discomfort and misery to himself.

But will all our readers understand this?

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Should not an author, who has a moral end in view, point out rather that application which may be more generally understood? We recommend, however, to our fair readers, who may peruse a work which, from its originality, excellence of language, and peculiar interest, is likely to be very popular, to draw from it that meaning which we have cited above.

The story of *Frankenstein* is told in a letter from a Captain Walton to his sister, Mrs. Saville, residing in England. Walton is almost as much of an enthusiast as the wretched Frankenstein, whom, as the Captain is in search of finding the north west passage, and penetrating as far as possible to the extremities of the pole, he meets, engaged in the pursuit of the demon-being of his own creation: Walton rescues Frankenstein from the imminent danger of losing his life in this pursuit, amongst the floating flakes of ice; and after this Prometheus recovers, in part, his bodily strength, and relates his history to Walton.

Frankenstein is a Genevese; (these people are not naturally romantic) but Frankenstein's mind has been early warped by a perusal of those authors who deal in the marvellous. His father is a respectable Syndic, and has taken under his protection a niece, born in Italy. In due time, Frankenstein and his fair cousin become lovers, and their union is sanctioned by his father. He has also the blessings of a sincere friend, Henry Clerval, of a stronger mind than the Prometheus, who is absorbed in the study of natural philosophy, which he declares as "the genius that regulated his fate."—When he becomes a student at the University of Ingoldstadt, he bewails, as his first misfortune, the death of his mother; and when his grief has begun to subside, he devotes himself entirely to chemistry and his favourite science: the structure of the human frame particularly excites his attention, and, indeed, every animal endowed with life: he then proceeds to examine the cause of life and death—(how vain)—and finds himself capable (we use the writer's own words) "of bestowing animation on lifeless matter!!!"

This reminds us of the famous philosopher who declared, that, give him but matter enough, and he could create a world! Why, then, could he not form one

in miniature, about the size of an egg or a walnut?

To return to Frankenstein; he had no longer any doubt but what he could create a perfect man! But his workshop, and the process he was compelled to observe, disgusted him; for he tells Walton, that "the dissecting-room, and the slaughter-house, furnished him with materials." On a dark night of November he completes his work, and the eye of the creature opens; whom, in order to make superior to his species, he has formed eight feet high! He is soon after surprised by a visit from his friend Clerval; and trembles at the idea of his seeing the monster he has created: he steals up softly to his apartment, and finds that the demon has fled.

After a fit of illness, which causes a cessation of his studies, he is afflicted, on his return to them, by a letter from his father, acquainting him that his little brother William is murdered; the picture he wore round his neck being found in the pocket of an interesting young girl, the attendant on Elizabeth, Frankenstein's cousin, she is accused, and suffers innocently. After visiting the parental roof, as the unfortunate Prometheus is wandering among the Alps, he beholds the frightful being he has formed, and he feels convinced in his own mind that he is the murderer of his brother.—This being seems, indeed, to have a supernatural power of following his maker wherever he goes, and he soon after meets with him near Mont Blanc. He here relates to Frankenstein how he has supported his miserable existence; but he feels the charm, and the imperious want of society, by having beheld, in a cottage, an old peasant and his daughter, with a young man; they are indigent, but, in comparison with his forlorn state, most happy. Delighted with the picture of social life and its affections, he seeks to contribute to their wants; piles wood before their cottage, when they want fuel, and other offices unperceived: by listening, he gains speech, and understands the meaning of different words. The arrival of an Arabian lady serves to complete the savage's education: he hears the young man read to her, and obtains a slight knowledge of history. This part of the work is rather prolix and unnatural; the monster learns to read, and is delighted with *Pa-*

Eden Lost, *Plutarch's Lives*, and *The Sorrows of Werter*!

The demon then confesses himself the murderer of Frankenstein's brother; and, moreover, declares his intention of immolating the rest of his family, if he does not create a female like himself, with whom he may retire to undiscovered wilds, and molest mankind no more. Frankenstein, at first, positively refuses, but at length consents.

After passing some time in travelling, Frankenstein and Clerval visit Scotland; and the former retires from the society of his friend, to undertake, in the solitude of the Orkney Islands, the dreadful task assigned him. When he has half finished the wretched work, he reflects that, perhaps, he is bringing a curse on future generations, and he tears the thing to pieces on which he is engaged. The monster presents himself, and after some severe upbraidings, he tells him he will be with him on his wedding night.

The fragments of a human being lying before him, urge Frankenstein to seek his safety by flight; he packs them in a basket, sails from the Orkneys, and sinks them when he has attained the midst of the sea: he next arrives at a good harbour, where he is taken up for murder; and for the murder, too, of Clerval, his friend, whose mangled body is presented before him: this deprives him of reason; and in a gaol, loaded with irons, like a malefactor, he suffers all the agonies of the mind, accompanied with frenzied fever. He is, however, at length, honourably acquitted, and accompanies his father, who comes for him, back to Geneva, where preparations take place for his wedding; for which, when the day is arrived, Elizabeth is found dead, after coming from the sacred ceremony, and lying across her bridal bed. He now makes a solemn vow to find out the fiend of his creation, and to destroy him, though the work of his own hands. He traverses wild and barbarous countries; where, in some places, he beholds inscriptions on the rocks and trees, as, "My reign is not yet over"—"You live, and my power is complete," &c. &c. By perseverance, Frankenstein, at length, meets with him, where Captain Walton first discovers him; and whom Frankenstein, after bringing his narrative

to a close, intreats to avenge his cause by killing the monster, should he die. He expires soon after; and this wonderful work of man comes in at the cabin-window of Captain Walton's ship, breathes a soliloquy over the coffin of his creator, and then plunges into the icy waves, the same way as he entered.

This work, which we repeat, has, as well as originality, extreme interest to recommend it, and an easy, yet energetic style, is inscribed to Mr. Godwin; who, however he once embraced novel systems, is, we are credibly informed, happily converted to what he once styled *ancient prejudices*.

We are sorry our limits will not allow us a more copious review of *Frankenstein*. The few following extracts will serve to shew the excellence of its style and language:—

ENTHUSIASM OF FRANKENSTEIN IN HIS WORK OF FORMING MAN.

"Life and death appeared to me ideal bounds, which I should first break through, and pour a torrent of light into our dark world. A new species would bless me as its creator and source; many happy and excellent natures would owe their being to me. No father could claim the gratitude of his child so completely as I should deserve theirs. Pursuing these reflections, I thought, that if I could bestow animation upon lifeless matter, I might in process of time (although I now found it impossible) renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption."

DESCRIPTION OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MAN WHEN FIRST ENDOWED WITH LIFE.

"It was on a dreary night of November, that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety almost amounting to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful!—Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuries only formed a more horrid contrast with

his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips."

HIS REPENTANCE AT HAVING FORMED HIM.

"I considered the being whom I had cast among mankind, and endowed with the will and power to effect purposes of horror, such as the deed which he had now done, nearly in the light of my own vampire, my own spirit let loose from the grave, and forced to destroy all that was dear to me."

ARGUMENTS HELD OUT BY THE MONSTER.

"All men hate the wretched; how, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and spurn me, thy creature, to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us. You purpose to kill me. How dare you sport thus with life? Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse, I will glut the maw of death, until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends."

"God, in pity, made man beautiful and alluring, after his own image; but my form is a filthy type of yours, more horrid from its very resemblance. Satan had his companions, fellow-devils, to admire and encourage him; but I am solitary and detested."

FRANKENSTEIN'S AGONY ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH.

"Great God! why did I not then expire!—Why am I here to relate the destruction of the best hope, and the purest creature of earth. She was there, lifeless and inanimate, thrown across the bed, her head hanging down, and her pale and distorted features half covered by her hair. Every where I turn I see the same figure—her bloodless arms and relaxed form flung by the murderer on its bridal bier. Could I behold this, and live? Alas! life is obstinate, and clings closest where it is most hated. For a moment only did I lose recollection; I fainted."

THE MONSTER'S REFLECTIONS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF FRANKENSTEIN.

"That is also my victim!" he exclaimed; "in his murder my crimes are consummated; the miserable series of my being is wound to its close! Oh, Frankenstein! generous and self-devoted being! what does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst.—Alas! he is cold; he may not answer me."

A Companion to the Globes. Law and Whitaker.

THIS work is designed chiefly for schools and private tuition; it treats, in a parti-

cular manner, of the solar system; which, with the figure and motion of the earth, are rendered as clear as possible to the geographical student. This useful work also comprises recapitulatory questions on the lines and circles on the globe, with a variety of problems relative to longitude, latitude, &c.

In the Appendix we are told, in a very scientific, yet easy and pleasing manner, the derivation of the names of the sun, moon, planets, and constellations. This is a piece of such useful and interesting intelligence, that, while it affords instruction to the youthful reader, is also a source of amusement, leading on to that love of application, so essential to a study so sublime.

The vocabulary of proper names of places contained in the volume, form, at the conclusion, a concise and useful kind of gazetteer, which renders the work highly valuable to the purchaser, as it can be referred to on any occasion, where the precise situation of a place may have escaped the memory; and such lapses will, at times, happen, even in minds the most retentive. In short, this volume, taken altogether, is one which cannot fail of answering the end proposed; and which we highly recommend to the public, particularly to those intrusted with the care of youth.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

MISS CROKER's novel, entitled *The Question—What is Anna?* in three volumes, is now in the press, and will shortly appear.

A romance, from the popular pen of Mrs. Isaacs, authoress of *Tales of To-day*, *Ellis St. Laurence*, &c. is in the press, and will appear early in May.

Mrs. Richardson is translating, from the French of Madame Susaz, the interesting tale of *Eugenie et Mathilde, ou Memoires de la Famille de Mons. Revel*.

BUST OF MEMNON.

A person who is now in Egypt, writes from thence to his friends in England, that he has actually drawn out from among the ruins of the city of Thebes, the colossal bust of Memnon; that it was shipped at Alexandria for Malta, whence it would be conveyed to England to be deposited in the British Museum. It weighs about 1400

tons. The person who discovered it continued his researches, and found a range of Sphinxes, of black marble, having the bodies of women with lions' heads. The sculpture of these figures is beautiful, some of them are perfect, as well as a statue of Jupiter of white marble. After accompanying the bust of Memnon as far as Alexandria, the traveller returned to Thebes, and among other researches he found a beautiful colossal head of Osiris, and one of the arms eleven feet in length. After three weeks' indefatigable labour, an entrance was effected into the Temple, which contained fourteen spacious apartments, in which were eight statues, each thirty feet high, all standing erect and quite perfect: four other statues were in the sanctuary. They also carried off a small statue of Jupiter, which they found in the great vestibule, and two lions, having each the head of an ox. These are to be immediately shipped for England.

INCREASE OF PUBLIC JOURNALS.

At Paris, the children of the stock of Abraham, have lately set up a daily journal, under the title of "*The French Israelite: (L'Israelite Français)*" and it does not fail to make some stir in the synagogues, for the Jewish critics do not agree any better than the Christians. The *New Hebrew Gazette* has already given rise to many reflections from M. Berr: they appear dictated by sound sense, and are written with spirit and energy. He reclaims, in the name of the Israelites those rights which the charter allows them: and certainly, we do not breathe in those tyrannic times, when they were treated only like beasts of burden, and subject to the same tax as the animal which they hold in the greatest abhorrence. Already they have presented a petition to the Chamber of Peers, to obtain for their Rabbis those privileges allowed to the clergy of other persuasions. At the same moment their Belgic brethren were traducing a journalist before the tribunes for having calumniated them: they have, nevertheless, demanded the liberty of the press. If usury is written against, perhaps they will change their opinion, and wish the press restricted: as far as regards their own personal interests, many Christians would act precisely the same.

FORCE OF GUNPOWDER.

When Sir Christopher Wren was proceeding to rebuild St. Paul's, he found the pulling down the walls of the old cathedral to be a troublesome and dangerous work, and after some men had lost their lives in it, and he had come to the middle tower that bore the steeple, the remains of which were nearly 200 feet high, the labourers were afraid to work upon it, and he then conceived the idea of facilitating their operations by the use of gunpowder. The four pillars that supported the tower were each 14 feet in diameter; and by the side of the north-west pillar a hole was dug four feet wide, and into the centre of the pillar another hole was wrought two feet square. In this cavity was placed a small deal box, containing 18lbs. of powder; a cane with a quick-match was fixed to the box; along the ground was laid a train of powder; and after the mine was closed with stone and mortar to the surface of the ground, the train was touched with fire. The effect of this small quantity of powder was wonderful. It lifted up not only the whole angle of the tower, with the two great arches that rested on it, but also two great adjoining arches of the aisles, and all above them, cracking, as it were leisurely, the walls to the top, and visibly lifting the whole weight about nine inches; and causing it to fall suddenly down, produced a heap of ruins, without scattering them far abroad. It was half a minute before the heap opened, and then, from one or two places, some smoke was emitted. Thus, by the means of only 18lbs. of gunpowder, above 3000 tons weight of stone were lifted up.

LATE DISCOVERY.

LATELY as some men were digging in a field, called the Priory Field, near the Angel, Tunbridge, they discovered a leaden coffin, enclosed in a grave carefully lined with stone. The coffin, which was of very ancient form, measured six feet two inches in length, and twenty-three inches over.—On being opened, the body of a man was found deposited in it. Every limb and every feature appeared fresh, as if but lately interred; there was some little hair on the skull; the teeth and nails were also perfect. The body was wrapped in a covering, the bandages of which remained, and the bows

thereof, as if just tied. On being exposed to the air, the greater part of the body mouldered away to dust, leaving nothing but the principal bones. There was no inscription on the coffin. The remains are supposed to be those of one of the De Clares, which family formerly possessed the castle and manor of Tunbridge. Near the spot where the above was found, two other graves were discovered. The bodies did not appear to have been in coffins, but were merely laid in a grave lined with stone, and another stone laid over the surface.

BIRTHS.

In St. James's-square, the Duchess of Northumberland, of a still-born child.

The Lady of Colonel Affleck, of Pelham, Norfolk, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Mr. Harrison, of Oxford street, to Elizabeth, second daughter of George Hitchcock, Esq. of Horley, Oxfordshire.

DIED.

Captain Fitzclarence, eldest son of the Duke of Clarence. He was a young man of uncommon energy of character, and of talents and acquirements. He was an admirable linguist, and, as we understand, was about to return to England, with the view of being employed in the diplomacy, for which he was peculiarly qualified.

On his passage to Ceylon, Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine, Lord Erskine's youngest son. He served throughout the campaigns in Spain as a Captain of Light Infantry in the 51st Regiment, and behaved with great gallantry in the battle of the Pyrenees, where, being shot in the thigh, he was sent home by the Medical Board, and on his recovery was placed by the Duke of York on the Staff of the Army in the Adjutant-General's department, when the Duke of Wellington took the command in Flanders. He was in the battle of the 16th of June, and afterwards on the 18th, at the battle of Waterloo, where his station placed him in the dangerous position of being attendant on the Duke, around whom almost every officer was either killed or wounded. Amongst the rest this brave young man had his left arm carried off by a cannon ball, which, passing along the other, laid bare the whole of it, by which he lost the use of two of his fingers, but that arm was saved. When the cannon shot had thrown him from his horse, and as he lay bleeding on the ground in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry and trumpet being heard at a distance, he seized

his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it round him, cheered his companions amidst the dying and the dead. The Duke of Wellington being then close by him, desired he might be carried to his tent. It must be some consolation to his afflicted family, that he must have distinguished himself in the opinion of his great commander, as he was immediately recommended by him for the rank of Major, though a very young officer, and in a year afterwards to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, with the appointment of Adjutant-General in Ceylon. He was only 25 years of age, and has left three sons and a daughter, and an infant of a few months old.

At Novotcherkassk, the gallant Hetman of the Cossacks, Count Platoff. The honest ardour with which this brave and loyal chief led on his irregular bands to the defeat and discomfiture of the unprincipled tyrant of Europe, reflects immortal honour upon his memory, and will hand his name down to posterity as one of high rank among the illustrious heroes of his day. Nothing could more strongly prove his honest detestation of the ferocious enemy and unrelenting ravager of his country, than his promising his daughter in marriage to any man who would bring the unprincipled Napoleon a prisoner to his camp. He died at a very advanced age. Peace to his illustrious manes!

At Melville-house, Fife, Jane, Countess of Leven and Melville.

At her house in New Norfolk-street, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Ker, in the 79th year of her age, third sister of his Grace the late John, Duke of Roxburgh, groom of the stole to his present Majesty.

At his house in South Audley-street, the Hon. Sir George Berkeley, G. C. B. This gallant Admiral was the first person, we believe, who gave the popular toast, "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

Of a typhus fever, Mr. John Firmin, of Hatfield Broad Oak, aged 42; and on the following morning, Miss Grange, aged 27. They were to have been married a few days preceding, every preparation having been made for that purpose; but, after an illness of only fourteen days, they patiently resigned themselves to the Divine will.

At Yarmouth, aged 84, Mr. Robert Oliver.—He was a petty officer on board his Majesty's ship Orford, in 1759, and was with a party of seamen and marines attacking the Heights of Abraham, to favour the approach of General Wolfe, at the taking of Quebec in that year.

At Colsterworth, aged 75, Mr. William Taylor, formerly a farmer of that place, and only surviving relative of the great Sir Isaac Newton, who was born at the little hamlet at Woolsthorpe, attached to that parish.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BRING

Ball's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM an extreme pressure of previous contributions, we are compelled to defer commencing the article entitled *The Old Maid*, till our next Number. We are sorry, on receiving the conclusion, to find it longer than we wish these light articles to be for the present versatile plan of our work.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a very pleasing volume of Poetry from Mrs. M'Mullan; which, in a future Number, shall meet with due attention.

From the number of new publications already under revision, we are under the necessity of deferring for some time the scientific and useful work of Mr. Moir; it being of a nature to suit our yearly Supplement, we shall, perhaps, in order to give it a more copious review, reserve it for that Number.

We are obliged to defer the review of *Delusion* for another month.

We trust Mr. Hill will accept our apologies for having so long deferred the publication of his useful letter; it shall certainly appear in our next Number.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 23, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger* Office, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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MAY 1, 1818.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

of Hesse Homburg.

Published by John Bell, for La Belle, Piccadilly, 82 No. May 1st 1818.

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ner to the Queen.

This accomplished Princess was, on uniform, and wore several of the same,
crosses, &c. being ten in the whole. Her



John Bell

— Published by John Bell, for La Caille, Aberdeen, N. York, May 1st 1818.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For APRIL, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Nine.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE HOMBERG.

THIS truly amiable and lovely Princess is the third daughter of our present beloved King and his august consort, and was born the 22d May, 1770.

Accomplished as she was beautiful, the mind of the Princess Elizabeth seemed early imbued with an ardent love of literature and the fine arts. As a musician, the skill and delicacy of taste she evinced might have ranked her high even as a professor: and the elegance of her designs shew that she was equally capable of handling the pencil; in this delightful art she has laboured at improvement with unwearied diligence, and taught the canvas to breathe with mimic life, to the admiration of all who have witnessed the almost unrivalled specimens of her skill as a painter.

Her *Progress of Cupid*, published under the name of Lady Daashwood, cut in paper-work, is a *chef d'œuvre* of feminine ingenuity, representing, allegorically, the power of the hood-winked deity. Nor is the *Progress of Genius*, from the same royal hand, less worthy of our admiration, which exhibits the different acts of that intellectual power. Her Royal Highness etched and invented each of these designs entirely herself. They were bestowed as presents and marks of esteem, and consequently were only to be seen amongst a select few: they were dedicated in an affectionate manner to the Queen.

This accomplished Princess was, on

Tuesday, the 7th of April, wedded to Philip Augustus Frederic, Prince of Hesse Homberg; between whom and her Royal Highness a tender attachment took place, as we have been informed, about two years ago, on their first introduction to each other; and a correspondence was, from that time, kept up between them.

Little doubt can be entertained of their mutual happiness; the amiable disposition of the Princess is well known; her virtuous benevolence has been long witnessed by all those who inhabit the vicinity of Windsor, and her absence from this country will be universally regretted. The Prince to whom she is united discovers a congenial disposition; his manners are condescending, while his demeanour is dignified and princely.

The splendid saloon in the Queen's palace was the place determined on for the marriage ceremony. An altar was ordered to be fitted up under the magnificent throne which was fitted up as the Queen's throne; the whole covered with crimson velvet and gold lace. At a quarter before seven o'clock the company began to arrive, and had all assembled before eight.

The Queen took her station in a splendid chair of state to the left of the altar. His Serene Highness the Prince of Hesse Homberg was dressed in a General's uniform, and wore several of his orders, crosses, &c. being ten in the whole. Her

Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth was conducted to the altar by the Dukes of Clarence and Kent, and the Duke of York appeared to give her away. As soon as the ceremony had concluded, ~~forty-one~~ cannons were discharged in honour of the joyous event. The Tower guns were also discharged on the occasion.

Nothing could be more splendid than the appearance of the saloon: on the altar were placed two large communion waxes; on each side were large candelabra near ten feet in height, with five wax candles, each reflecting against superb pier glasses. The front railing of the altar was covered with crimson velvet; on each side of the railing were candelabra with wax candles in each; and in the centre were three immense lustres, and a variety of smaller ones. The adjoining room, called the Japan Room, was beautifully illuminated, and a variety of exquisite refreshments were served up and administered to the illustrious company who were present at the nuptial ceremony.

Her Royal Highness was dressed in a rich and elegant silver tissue, with two broad flounces of fine Brussels lace; each flounce headed with silver net in the form of cockleshells. The body and sleeves of this superb dress were trimmed with Brussels lace, and tastefully looped up with silver tassels: the robe of rich silver tissue, trimmed with lace to correspond with the petticoat, was fastened round the waist with a very fine brilliant clasp. Her head-dress consisted of a *bandeau* of diamonds of exquisite workmanship, with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers.

After the conclusion of the ceremony, and her Majesty had received the congratulations of the most distinguished characters present on this joyful occasion, the female attendants had the honour of kissing the bride's hand.

The illustrious pair then retired, and having divested themselves of their splendid attire, his Serene Highness the Prince of Hesse Homberg appeared in a full ball dress, and her Royal Highness in a white satin pelisse and a nun's veil of fine lace. At nine o'clock they left the palace in her Royal Highness's landaulet and four, for the Prince Regent's cottage at Windsor.

The splendour attached to royalty is, however, but a slender thread, on which the mind, attuned to the more solid virtues and accomplishments of domestic life, scorns to place its dependance or its hopes. The illustrious pair, so lately united in indissoluble bands, have each, as we are credibly informed, a store of intellectual resources in themselves, and are endowed with all those qualifications which are the charm of private life. To this continual source of real happiness, as far as human life, ever chequered with good and evil, may be said to enjoy, the Prince of Hesse Homberg unites that real personal bravery that renders his renown honourable as a soldier: and the military character of his Serene Highness was well proved in the memorable attack on Leipsic, as may be seen in the following extract from the twenty-third bulletin of the Crown Prince of Sweden, dated Leipsic, Oct. 21, 1813:—

"The French attacked the town of Acken, and the division of the Prince of Hesse Homberg moved in that direction, and the bridge and town of Acken, were regained. Our columns were moving upon Leipsic, when large masses of the enemy were seen debouching between Molka and Engelsdorf, threatening to turn our left. General Blucher ordered his troops to make a front movement; the troops at that point did not appear to be sufficiently numerous; it was necessary to reinforce them; the Prince of Hesse Homberg was ordered to proceed, and he executed his movement with the precision and regularity of a parade; General Bulow then attacked two villages, and was successful.—At five next morning, the enemy having retired into the suburbs of Leipsic, the Prince Royal (now King of Sweden) ordered General Bulow to carry the city; the latter directed the Prince of Hesse Homberg to make the attack, the division of General Hertzell was intended to support it. The gate was protected by a palisade, and the walls were loopholed; notwithstanding which, our troops forced their way into the streets, when the Prince of Hesse Homberg was wounded by a ball; the city was taken, and such of the enemy as did not surrender were put to the sword."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.

THE most considerable and most famous enterprise of the coalesced Greeks, however, was the siege of Troy, situated on the coast opposite to Asia-Minor; it began in the year 2810 A. C. and lasted ten years.

Priamus, the son of Laomedon, reigned at the time. He had married Helena, by whom he had several children, namely, Hector, the hopes of his family, Deiphobe, Helenus, and Paris, who was to cause the ruin of his country. A short time after the famous judgment which he had pronounced between the three rival Goddesses, he was acknowledged by his father, who, apprehending the misfortunes with which he was threatened at his birth, had condemned him to die on his being born. He was next sent to Greece, there to consult the oracle: at Sparta, for the first time, he saw Helena, the daughter of Tyndarus, and wife to Menelaus; he succeeded in gaining her affections, and ran away with her.

Offences of the kind were customary at the time, as may be observed. Helena herself had already been carried off by Theseus; but when Tyndarus had given her in marriage to Menelaus, he had exacted an oath from the Grecian chiefs, who almost all aspired to her hand, that they would unite to punish the offender, whoever he might be, that should presume to take her from her husband.

Menelaus, at the news of Paris' crime, supported by his brother Agamemnon, King of Argos and of Mycenæ, applied to the Greek chieftains for the fulfilment of their promise: however, the magnitude of the enterprise, together with the misfortunes that (according to the oracles) awaited both the conquerors and conquered, frightened most of them. Ulysses, King of Ithaca, the wisest and most eloquent of all the Greeks, pretended to be deranged, and to plough the sand on the coast of the sea; but Palamedes, the son of Nauplius, King of Eubœa, discovered the stratagem by placing Telemachus, the only child of

Ulysses and Penelope, before the ploughshare, which the father turned aside for fear of hurting the child. Ulysses sought revenge, and was the cause of Palamedes' death.

Thetis, the Nereid, aware that the oracle had foretold that her son Achilles should meet with his death at Troy, disguised him in woman's clothes, and secreted him at the court of Lycomedes King of Scyros, where he married Deidamia, who became the mother of Pyrrhus. But Ulysses, disguised as a pedlar, got admission at the court of Lycomedes, and intermixed arms amidst some articles of wearing apparel which he pretended to sell to the ladies. The sight of arms awoke the martial ardour of the youthful Achilles, who immediately chose them. Ulysses instantly was made conscious of his real character, and conducted him to the army that was assembled in Aulis, under the command of Agamemnon, who had been appointed chief of the coalesced powers.

Besides the heroes we have just named, Agamemnon had under his command Nestor King of Pylos, the most aged of all the Greek warriors; Ajax, the son of Oileus, King of the Locrians; Ajax, the son of Telamon and Hesione, the bravest among the Greeks next to Achilles, but, like him, proud, brutal, and passionate; Diomedes, grandson to Æneas, King of Calydon, who was inferior in valour to the two former alone; Idomeneus, King of Crete, grandson to Minos; Menelaus, King of Sparta; Patroclus the friend of Achilles, and many other warriors whose fame would only be obscured by that of such renowned heroes.

Priamus neglected nothing to oppose the dangers that threatened him; in his own family he had numerous brave defenders, amongst whom Hector held the first rank; Æneas, another descendant from Tros; Memnon, the son of Aurora: several princes and warriors from Asia assisted, likewise, in defending Troy. Even the Gods would interfere in the contest. Juno and Minerva, incensed at the decision of Paris, warmly

espoused the cause of the Greeks; Apollo, Mars, and Venus, sided with the Trojans.

Meanwhile an obstinate calm retained the fleet of the Greeks at Aulis. Calchas, who held the situation of high priest, declared, that in order to obtain a favourable wind, Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, must be sacrificed. Diana, irritated at that Prince having shot a doe that was consecrated to her, demanded that horrid sacrifice, which is said to have produced the desired effect. Others have said that Iphigenia did not die, and that Diana herself sent a doe in her stead.

However, the Greeks had scarcely reached the Trojan shores, when a dreadful plague thinned their ranks. Calchas being consulted anew, declared, that to make it cease, Apollo must be appeased, by restoring to his priest Chryses, his daughter Chryseis, whom Agamemnon kept among his slaves.

Agamemnon, compelled to yield to the demand of the Greek Princes, and especially of Achilles, as an indemnification for his loss, seized upon Briseis, the slave of that hero. The haughty Achilles would have instantly taken vengeance for the insult, had he not been prevented by Minerva; yet implacable in his resentment, he withdrew from the army and refused to fight. The Trojans, headed by Hector, availed themselves of this misunderstanding, and set fire to the vessels of the enemy. Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, by dint of earnest solicitations, obtained the arms of that hero, and flew to meet Hector, but was slain by the Trojan Prince. The grief of Achilles caused his rancour to subside; and his mother Thetis prevailed on Vulcan to forge other arms for him, with which he challenged Hector to single combat. The Trojan hero, forsaken by the Gods, fell under the triumphant ascendancy of Achilles, who gave up his body to the insults of the Greeks, dragged it several times round the walls of the city, and exacted from the disconsolate Priamus rich presents, before he would condescend to send back to him the disfigured remains of his beloved son. Achilles himself, enamoured of Polyxena, the daughter of Priamus, was some time after allured, under the pretence of marrying her, into a temple, where he was killed by Paris.

The fate of Troy, in the present contest,

depended on several circumstances that have been called the *fatalities* of Troy. The first, and certainly the most natural, was the death of Hector; next it was required that a descendant of Eacors should be in the Greek army, on account of which, after the death of Achilles, his son Pyrrhus was sent for: next, the arrows of Hercules were wanted, and Pyrrhus was commissioned to persuade Philoctetes, who was in possession of them, to join the Greeks; it was he who afterwards killed Paris. The fourth fatality of Troy was the *Palladium*, which must be carried off; and that was executed by Ulysses and Diomed: it was requisite in the fifth place, to prevent the horses of Rhesus, King of Thrace, who had joined Priamus, from being watered in the river Xanthus. On the very night of his arrival, Diomed and Ulysses entered his camp, and the former killed him, while Ulysses was loosening the horses with which he made off. Achilles, by killing Troilus, the son of Priamus, accomplished another requisite. The destruction of Laomedon's tomb, and the arrival of Telaphus, the son of Hercules, who had been an ally of the Trojans, decided the fate of that devoted city, that could not be taken, unless a son of Hercules should join its enemies.

After ten years of alternate advantage, the Greeks, despairing of taking the place by main force, had recourse to stratagem. Pursuant to Minerva's advice, they constructed an enormous wooden horse, inside of which their choicest warriors were secreted. They spread a report that it was in consequence of a vow to obtain a happy return, and they embarked and left the shore. An impostor, called Simon, whom they left behind them, presented himself to the Trojans as a deserter, and advised them to pull down part of the wall that they might get the horse into the city, which, added he, according to the answers of the oracle, would accomplish the ruin of the Greeks. The Trojans followed the perfidious advice; the horse was introduced amidst the acclamations of a people intoxicated with joy, who, thinking themselves free from all danger, had neglected every precaution; but the Greeks, who had removed but at a short distance, reached the shore in the dead of night, when Simon let out the warriors, who got possession of the gates. The re-

mainder of the army soon joined them; Troy became a prey to the flames and plunder: the valiant defence of some of the Trojans only increased the carnage.

Priamus was killed at the foot of an altar, where he had sought a refuge, by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, who himself, on the next day, killed Polyxenes on the tomb of that hero. Deiphobe, whom the guilty Helena had married after the death of Paris, was massacred in the most cruel manner by that fierce woman, who expected by this means to be reconciled with her base Menelaus, in which she, indeed, succeeded. The remainder of the Trojans became slaves to the Greeks, who divided them into lots. Hecuba fell to the lot of Ulysses; Cassandra, her daughter, to Agamemnon. She could read into futurity, and predicted to that Prince the misfortunes that awaited him; destiny, however, had decreed that her predictions should never be credited. Andromache, the widow of Hector, and Astyanax her son, fell to the share of Pyrrhus. Eneas alone, followed by a few Trojans, escaped; his wife Creusa, was carried away by Cybele, who wished to save her from the calamities attending a city taken by storm.

This war proved no less fatal to the conquerors than to the vanquished. We have already related the tragical end of Agamemnon. Ulysses, persecuted by Venus, wandered for ten years over the seas, without being able to land in Ithaca, and to meet his faithful Penelope, who was continually harassed by suitors contending for her hand, and who squandered away the riches of Ulysses. With the assistance of Minerva, however, he arrived at last, reduced to the utmost distress, after having lost all his companions. Telemachus, his son, aided him to overpower his profligate guests.

Menelaus ended his days in ignominy with his Helena. Ajax, the son of Telamon, killed himself because, after the death of Achilles, the arms of that hero were given to Ulysses. Ajax, the son of Oileus, scorned the Gods, and especially Minerva. The Goddess accordingly applied to Neptune, who sent a tempest that sunk all his ships. "I shall escape in spite of the Gods," cried the son of Oileus, who had swam and reached the top of a rock; but Neptune

struck the rock open with his trident, and the impious wretch perished in the waves.

Venus, who had been wounded by Diomedes, kindled shameful passions within his breast: she plotted his destruction, and he was exposed to great danger before he had at last succeeded in retiring to Italy, where he founded a kingdom. Idomeneus, assailed by a tempest, vowed, in case he should escape, to sacrifice to Neptune the first person he should see on reaching the shore. His son, uneasy about him, was the first object that struck his view, and Idomeneus plunged his sword into the body of the youth. The Cretans, being seized with horror, refused to receive their King, who also went to found a kingdom in Italy.

Pyrrhus, passionately in love with Andromache, and anxious to marry her, repudiated Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus. Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, and cousin to the Princess, whom he loved tenderly, murdered Pyrrhus, when before the altar.

The events of the siege of Troy have furnished the subjects of the most beautiful poems that exist. We have only tried to give a brief sketch of it to make the present work complete: to the above masterpieces we refer our readers, in hopes that this treaty shall have enabled them to reap due benefit from the perusal of those immortal works.

APPENDIX.—EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

We have already observed, more than once, that the Greeks had borrowed their religious system from the Egyptians. Error, the same as renown, increases in its progress; their lively imagination soon added new fictions to those ancient traditions, and their vanity strived to naturalize amongst them the Egyptian Gods, by ascribing to them a Greek origin. The Romans, in their turn, adopted, with some modifications however, the theogony of the Greeks. At the expiration of some centuries, both nations neglected the new deities they had created to themselves, and returned to the ancient Egyptian Gods, whose worship, although frequently proscribed, became general throughout the Roman empire; and, from a strange ebbing of opinion, the Egyptians themselves gave to their ancient Gods the attributes of the new deities.

In such a state of things we have thought it advisable here to affix a brief sketch of Egyptian mythology; and so much the more so, as the monuments and writings of the latter Roman ages are full of allusions to those superstitions.

ISIS AND OSIRIS.

We conform ourselves to the general custom, by placing here first the Goddess who seems to have been held in higher veneration than her husband. The whole Egyptian divinity rested on those two deities, who comprehended the essence of all the heathen Gods; for the private particular deities of either sex were only the attributes of Isis and Osiris, that had finally been personified.

Let us proceed to examine what the best informed Greek authors have transmitted to us, respecting those two deities. They do not agree with regard to their origin: they even pretend to say that there existed an Osiris prior to the present; although they all acknowledge that the one we are now speaking of married his sister Isis, by whom he had five children, amongst whom was Orus, of whom we are going to speak, and another Osiris, who likewise married his sister called Isis, the same as her mother. So far this is like the history of Uranus.

The married couple lived in the most perfect union, and both applied to the civilization of their subjects, taught them agriculture, and all such arts as were most useful in common life. Osiris next formed a resolution to go and conquer India, less, however, by force of arms, than by using conciliating manners and persuasion. He raised a considerable army composed of both men and women, and succeeded in his enterprise not only in India, but in Ethiopia, Arabia, Thrace, and the adjoining countries; every where did he leave marks of his bounty by introducing civilization. When he set off for his expedition he left the government of his kingdom to Isis. Upon his return from Egypt, Osiris was informed that his brother Typhon had plotted against his government at the head of a formidable party. As he was naturally of a mild and pacific disposition, he endeavoured, by using clemency alone, to reconcile that ambitious spirit, but failed in his expectation.

Typhon, dissembling his heinous projects, invited him to a sumptuous banquet. The repast being over, he proposed to his guests, by way of amusement, to be measured in a trunk of exquisite workmanship, which he promised to make a present of to him who should happen to be exactly of the same dimensions. Osiris, in his turn, laid down, when all the conspirators shut the trunk and threw it into the Nile. Isis being apprized of the tragical end of her husband, went in search of his body: she was informed that it had been driven by the waves into Phœnicia, and concealed under a tamarind bush. She accordingly set off for Byblos; and in order to facilitate her researches, entered the service of Astarte, Queen of that country. At last, however, after having taken infinite pains, she found the dear body, and uttered such lamentations, that the son of the King of Byblos, sympathizing in her grief, fell a victim to his sorrow; which melted the King to such a degree that he allowed Isis to carry away the corpse of her husband, and to retire into Egypt. Scarce had she arrived when Typhon found means to take possession of the trunk, tore the corpse to pieces, and had the limbs scattered over different parts of Egypt. Isis carefully had them dug up, however, enclosed them in coffins wherever she found them, and consecrated, by religious ceremonies, substitutes for those that escaped her researches.

She next thought of being revenged; mustered all her troops, and put her son Orus at their head. The young Prince defeated the tyrant in two pitched battles, slew him with his own hand, and re-ascended the throne of his father. Nevertheless, he was subsequently overpowered by the Titans, who took away his life. Isis, his mother, who possessed the most extraordinary secrets of the healing art, even that of bestowing immortality, having found his body in the Nile, brought him to life again, and taught him physic and divination. Orus, owing to those talents and abilities, acquired great reputation, and overwhelmed the world with benefits.—Here ends the historical part of the origin of those Gods.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from page 107.)

ON CHURCH MUSIC.

If we study the latter part of the Acts, we shall find that all the primitive Christians were accustomed to sing psalms and hymns at their assemblies, or as was otherwise called, the church. Lucian also speaks of the first Christians as singing of psalms.

During the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, in the year 384, the chaunt called the Ambrosian, was established in the church at Milan; and St. Augustin says, the voices flowed in at his heart, and his eyes ran over with tears of joy. And such was said to be the powerful and happy effects of church music in and near that time, that it drew the Gentiles into the churches from mere curiosity, who so well liked the Christian ceremonies that many were baptized before they went out of the Temple of the only true God.

Musical instruments do not seem to have been used indiscriminately in the church in the early ages of Christianity; the harp and psaltry were always preferred for religious uses. The choir was formerly separated from the altar, and elevated in the form of a theatre, with a pulpit on each side, where the Epistle and Gospel were sung.

In the middle ages we read of a school being established at Canterbury for ecclesiastical music, and that the rest of the island of Great Britain was furnished with masters from that foundation. At the same period Roman music and singing were much in favour here; and St. Dunstan, the monk, is universally spoken of as being not only a great musician, but also the inventor of music in four parts. According to William of Malmesbury, the Saxons had organs in their churches before the conquest; one of which was a present from Dunstan to the Abbey of Malmesbury: nor was this the only one he gave; he is asserted to have furnished many English churches and convents with organs.

Mr. Strutt, in his diligent and interesting researches into antiquity, rather imagines

musical instruments were brought hither by our conquerors, the Romans, for the amusement of their commanders: and Cicero, in a letter to Atticus, speaks with great contempt of our ancestors in regard to the progress they made in arts and sciences.

Many writers on ecclesiastical subjects, assure us that the organ was first admitted into the church at Rome by Pope Vitalian, in 666. In 680, Bede informs us that Pope Agatho sent over John, the præcentor of St. Peter at Rome, to instruct the monks of Weremonth, and for teaching music in other parts of the kingdom of Northumberland.

The ancient inhabitants of Wales were great encouragers of poetry and music, and their poems were generally accompanied with musical instruments. In the half barbarous ages music was held in the highest estimation; so that he who cultivated letters always endeavoured also to be a proficient in music.

THE TROUBADOURS.

It was in the ninth century that those poets and songsters, known by the name of Troubadours, were multiplied; they were originally from Provence, in France, and their profession was honoured by the patronage of the Count de Poitou, and many great Princes and Barons, all cultivators of poetry and music. They were received at all courts, where they were protected with consideration and respect. The ladies, whose beauty they celebrated, always gave them the most flattering reception; listened attentively to their tales of tenderness, and the descriptions of the havoc their irresistible charms had made in these singers' hearts. These musical architects built their poems on plans of their own invention; and the Troubadours, by singing and writing after a new method, occasioned a revolution not only in the art of writing, but in the human mind. *Jongleurs*, or musicians, were employed very early to

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sing the works of the Troubadours, some of whom, from want of voice or knowledge in music, being unable to do it themselves. Modern history, during this dark period, has no other materials to work upon than the works of these ancient bards.

The history of the Troubadours contains several natural and affecting sentiments; particularly that of Blondel with Richard Cœur de Lion; Blondel being a minstrel, or Troubadour. Gaucelm was also a Troubadour, who was much esteemed and patronized by Richard, when he was Count of Poitou, and resided at Provence during the lifetime of his father, Henry II. He accompanied him to Palestine in the holy war: he was a composer of witticisms as well as some good tunes. He seduced a beautiful nun from a convent at Aix, and married her; and she accompanied him in his travels from one court to another, for many years. Besides her personal charms and accomplishments, this lady had a very fine voice, and was much admired for the style in which she sang the songs composed by her husband.

The Troubadours, at length, degraded themselves to such a degree by the licentiousness of their conduct, that they were totally suppressed, and their order banished with ignominy. It was soon discovered that their talents were imaginary, and only owed their reputation to impudent effrontery with a fascination of manner; they were found to be rapacious, and their morals most corrupt.

MUSIC IN FRANCE.

THE songs most in vogue in the ninth century were moral, merry, and amatory. Melody, at that time, seems to have been little more than plain chaunting. The harp was reckoned the most majestic instrument, and is always, by romance writers, placed in the hands of their heroes. Machau, an old poet, who flourished in the fourteenth century, says it is a profanation to use this instrument in taverns, being only fit to be used by knights and

other persons of high birth, or by ladies with plump and delicate hands: the instrument which served as an accompaniment to the harp was a viol, which was played, on with a bow, and must not be confounded with the *vielle*, called by the common people in England hurdy-gurdy, and which produces tones by the friction of a wheel.

An antique bason was dug up some years ago near Soissons; and on it is represented a musician playing on a viol with a long bow. Abbé le Bœuf is of opinion that the workmanship of this bason was executed in the time of some of the first French Kings, so early as 752; which makes the use of the bow in France of higher antiquity than in any other country.

Among the illuminations of a MS. of the beginning of the fourteenth century, of poems by the King of Navarre, is the figure of a minstrel, sitting on an elevated seat, and who seems playing to the King and Queen of Navarre.

The ancient and respectable monuments upon which we find the viol represented, proves it to have been long a favourite instrument in France: and there is little doubt but that the minstrels were the best performers on the viol of the age they lived in.

MINSTRELS.

MUSICIANS of this kind abounded in the reign of Charlemagne; they sung those verses which were composed and set by the Troubadours to whom nature had denied a fine voice. Charlemagne speaks of the minstrels, however, as persons branded with infamy. They continued, notwithstanding, to amuse the great in private and the people in public; yet their licentiousness was frequently repressed, and their conduct put under the regulation of a vigilant police. During the reign of Philip Augustus, the Troubadours and minstrels were involved in the same disgrace, and for a time banished the kingdom, which left a lasting stigma on their order.

(To be continued.)

ANÉCDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MADAME DORE.

FEMALE presence of mind it was that once saved the town of Lymington from the destructive visits of the French. A party of marauders from that country landed for the purpose of plunder. But the leader, yielding to the calls of extreme hunger, resolved to satisfy his appetite before he completed the purpose of his visit. He was directed, by seeming chance, to the habitation of Mrs. Dore, a person of consequence, and who was then seated at the head of a plentiful table. The abrupt entrance of her foreign guest discovered to her in a moment the danger which threatened the town and its inhabitants. An intuitive quickness of thought, and an uncommon degree of fortitude, instantly pointed out to her the proper line of behaviour she had to observe. She received the Frenchman and his boisterous followers with the greatest affability; set before them all the delicacies her house afforded, and enlivened the repast with many sallies of wit, and the most unrestrained pleasantry of manners. The commander, who possessed much of his nation's gallantry, was completely fascinated by the winning manners and profuse bounty of his amiable hostess: he sacrificed his interest to his gratitude, and left the town without perpetrating one act of devastation.

LADY HARRIET AUKLAND.

SUCH was the heroic devotedness of this illustrious lady to her husband, that she quitted the bosom of a family, every member of which adored her, to follow him to Canada, during the long American war, and where she shared with him all the perils of a most dangerous expedition; compelled, in several instances, to remain in a miserable hovel while the two armies disputed the passage of Hudson's river; there, as she waited with the most torturing impatience and agitation the result of the combat, she learnt that her husband was severely wounded, and taken prisoner by General Gates. It was then that this intrepid female, though possessed of a form and manners the most delicate, threw aside the natural weakness of her sex, nor would

she listen to the solicitations of those by whom she was surrounded. She braved all the inclement rigours of the season, the dangers of the navigation, and on a fearful and tempestuous night, went and delivered herself up to the enemy, that she might share the imprisonment of her husband. It is but justice to say, that she found in the conqueror all the sensibility which her tenderness and courage had a right to demand.

MRS. ROSS.

THERE are few traits more capable of rendering woman illustrious, and few to be compared with that which shone in the conduct of Mrs. Ross, during the above-cited disastrous war, though the result was more fatal to her and the object of her love than the incident we have recorded above.

Captain Ross had made engagements with a young female, which her parents refused to ratify. Honour and duty compelled him to go to America, and the object of his affections was resolved to follow him. She departed in men's clothes, and just arrived at the scene of war time enough to learn that a sanguinary skirmish had taken place between the savages and the detachment commanded by the object of her search. She flew to the field of battle, found it strewn with dead bodies, in the midst of which she perceived the form of Captain Ross! She instantly caught him in her arms, and thought she felt his heart beat. She discovered he was wounded, and she endeavoured to staunch the wound, which was yet bleeding; and for some time she applied her lips to it and sucked it. This remedy, well known, but seldom resorted to, insensibly restored him to life. In the mean time she feared, by making herself known, she might cause an emotion to her lover which might be attended with certain danger. She, therefore, disguised her complexion and her features as she had already disguised her sex, and with unremitting care nursed and attended him for forty days; at the end of which, perfectly assured of his restoration to health, she made herself known to him, who, during his long indisposition, had never ceased to

speak of her, and to express the regret he felt, that ere he quitted this world he should not have the satisfaction of being united to her he so fondly loved. It is not easy to describe the joy of the lovers in a meeting so unhopèd for. They departed together for Philadelphia, where they ratified their vows of eternal affection at the altar.

But scarce had they tasted the cup of felicity when a languor that no medical art could heal, attacked the system, and threatened the existence of Mrs. Ross. It was soon known that her husband had been wounded with a poisoned arrow, and that in sucking the wound she had imbibed the venom, which, by degrees, had changed the whole mass of her blood into an im-

poisoned state. Captain Ross could not survive this last cruel stroke: he died the victim of despair, at seeing the frustration of all his hopes destroyed in her who had perished by restoring him to life. He expired at Johnstown, in the spring of 1778. Mrs. Ross supported herself only after the loss of her husband, by the certain hope of soon following him. But she had fortitude sufficient again to cross the Atlantic, to implore the pardon of her parents, with whom she languished a short time, and died at Hammersmith, in the month of July, 1779, aged twenty-five years. A monument is erected to her memory in Hammersmith church, recording this memorable event.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

THE COUNTESS DE SACONEY.

THE Countess was of a character the most amiable and excellent; and when arrived at a very advanced age, she preserved all the sweetness of temper and cheerfulness of her early youth, and her words and actions were accompanied with a gentleness and kindness that shed over her conduct and conversation an irresistible charm. She was never seen to evince a single trait of impatience, though no woman was possessed of more feeling; nor was she devoid of all that tender sensibility so common to great minds.

Once when this lady was in her carriage, she perceived that her coachman was hurrying his horses along in order to get before another coach, and that he proceeded so ill that she was in danger of being overturned; she pulled the check-string, and ordered one of her servants to go and stand before the horses, and tell her coachman to come to the door of the carriage. She then said to him with the utmost *sang froid*, "When a person wishes to drive before every one else, he should be a handsome figure and drive well. You are little and ugly, and drive very ill; get upon your box and go slowly, it is better for you to keep behind."

No lady was more attached to her husband than the Countess de Saconey; she was wretched at the least appearance of

indisposition which he might evince. One morning she perceived him walking in the garden with a very serious countenance. She trembled lest something fatal had happened, and hastened to him with visible uneasiness.—"What is the matter, Sir. What has happened to you? You are not well."—"Madam, I am very well, I assure you nothing has happened to me."—She implored, however, she intreated and begged him not to conceal from her what troubled him. At length the Count told her that his embarrassment proceeded from not being able to guess an enigma he had seen that morning in the *Mercure*. By mere accident, never having seen the enigma, Madame de Saconey guessed at a word, which happened to be the solution. But she rejoiced less at that singular circumstance than at her having been the means of removing any disquietude from her husband's mind, though ever so trivial.

Madame de Saconey had a great aversion to full dress and ornaments. When any one reproached her for not being dressed well enough for her rank, she would relate, with much pleasantry, what once happened to her on such an occasion.—Being alone at her country house, she was employed one morning in setting her waiting-maid to clean her diamonds: the girl asked her permission to shew them to her father, who was a wealthy miller, and lived near

the chateau of the Count. She not only consented to her maid's request, but desired her to tell her father to come in to the apartment, that she might witness the good man's astonishment. He was accordingly introduced into the closet of the Countess, who had all her jewels spread out before him, and was much amused by the admiration he evinced to each particular article. In the mean time the artless countryman, emboldened by the kindness shewn him by a lady of quality, asked if such and such things were very dear, and what profit might be gained on them?—"They are all very dear," said the Countess, "and confer no profit, yet every one sets a great value on them."—"Then," replied the good man, "I had rather have the stones belonging to my mill; they cost

me, it is true, an hundred pistoles, but they bring me in four hundred francs every year, and I am not afraid of any one stealing them from me."—Madame de Saconey used to say she never wore her diamonds without thinking of this lesson, which was sufficient to prove to her the inutility of these ornaments.

The Count de Saconey was of illustrious birth, and united to an handsome person the most valuable and amiable qualities; he was formed to merit the affection of his wife, as well as the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was a man of the most obliging manners, and had the rare happiness of meeting with grateful hearts capable of appreciating the benefits he conferred.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF BERNADOTTE.

AMONG the wounded prisoners at Cudalore, in the memorable war with Tippoo Saib, was a young French serjeant, who so particularly attracted the notice of Colonel Wangenheim, commandant of the Hanoverian troops in the English service, by his interesting appearance and manners, that he ordered the young man to be conveyed to his own tent, where he was treated with attention and kindness until his recovery and release. Many years afterwards, when the French army, under Bernadotte, entered Hanover, General Wangenheim, among others, attended the levee of the conqueror.—"You have served a great deal," said Bernadotte on his being presented, "and, as I understand, in India."—"I have served there."—"At Cudalore?"—"I was there."—"Have you any recollection of a wounded serjeant whom you took under your protection in the course of that service?"—The circumstance was not immediately present to the General's mind; but, on recollection, he resumed:—"I do remember the circumstance, and a very fine young man he was; I have entirely lost sight of him ever since, but it would give me pleasure to hear of his welfare."—"That young serjeant," said Bernadotte, "*was the person who has now the honour to address you; who is happy*

in this public opportunity of acknowledging the obligation, and will omit no means within his power of testifying his gratitude to General Wangenheim."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG CAVALRY OFFICER IN INDIA.

THERE was in Sir Eyre Coote's body guard in India, a young cavalry officer distinguished for military address; on ordinary service always foremost to the verge of prudence, but never beyond it; of physical strength, seldom equalled; on foot, a figure for a sculptor; when mounted—

—"He grew into his seat,
"And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
"As he had been incorporated and demi-natured
"With the brave beast."

In common with the rest of the army this officer had smiled at the recital of the Mysore officers' absurd challenges; but while reconnoitring on the flank of the column of march, one of them was personally addressed to himself by a horseman, who, from dress and appearance, seemed to be of some distinction. He accepted the invitation, and the requisite precautions were immediately acceded to. They fought; and he slew his antagonist. After this incident the challenges were frequently addressed, not as formerly to the whole army, but to Dallas, whose name

became speedily known to them: and whenever his duty admitted, and his favourite horse was sufficiently fresh, the invitations were accepted, until the Mysoreans became weary of repetition. With a single exception, the result was uniform. On that one occasion the combatants, after several rounds, feeling a respect for each other, made a significant pause, mutually saluted, and retired. As a fashion among the aspiring young officers, these adventures were not calculated for general adoption; it was found that in single combat the address of a native horseman is seldom equalled by an European.

HIGH CELEBRITY OF LOPE DE VEGA.

CARDINAL BARBERINI followed this celebrated character with veneration as he passed through the streets; the King would stop and gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country, this "monster of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DR. WATSON, BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

DR. WATSON being at the King's levee in November, 1787, he was standing next a Venetian nobleman, with whom the King was conversing about the republic of Venice, when his Majesty hastily turning to Dr. Watson, said, "There now, you hear what he says of a republic." The Bishop replied, "Sir, I look upon a republic to be one of the worst forms of government."—"The King gave Dr. Watson, as he thought, another blow about a republic, but the Bishop answered, that he could not live under a republic. His Majesty still pursued the subject till the worthy prelate thought himself insulted, and said with much firmness, "Sir, I look upon the

tyranny of any one man to be an intolerable evil, and upon the tyranny of an hundred to be an hundred times as bad."

ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.

ONE of the English Princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to take a portrait of Haydn. Haydn accordingly went to the painter's house, sat to him, but soon grew tired. Sir Joshua did not like to paint a man of such known genius with a stupid countenance, and put off the sitting to another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring, Sir Joshua waited on his Royal Highness, who, when he was informed of the circumstance, contrived a stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a very pretty German girl, in the service of the Queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time; and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native language, with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly seized its traits.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II. AND MOZART.

JOSEPH pretended to be a connoisseur in all the fine arts, and he ventured to criticise Mozart's charming opera of *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, saying to the composer,—"My dear Mozart, this is too fine for my ears, there are too many notes."—"I beg your Majesty's pardon," replied Mozart dryly, "there are just as many as are necessary."

ANECDOTE OF VAUQUELIN DE YVETAUX.

WHEN this courtier first lost his place about the person of his sovereign, he had it first in contemplation to retire to the Abbey de la Trappe; but relinquishing that idea, he retired to enjoy an epicurean life, more according with his heart's desire. Becoming deranged in his mind, as he had heretofore been in his morals, his insanity took a pastoral turn; and by the aid of strong fancy, he converted his garden in the Fauxbourg St. Germain into one of the valleys of Arcadia; dressed himself like a shepherd of romance, and with a straw hat lined with rose-coloured satin, a scrip by

his side, and a crook in his hand, he drove his imaginary flocks up and down the regular *allées* of the garden, protecting them from the wolf; while his mistress, Mademoiselle Dupuis, who had been a street musician, paraded by his side in the same costume, and played the harp to the pastoral verses which he sang.

ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

HISTORY, in recording the great and shining qualities of the Czar Peter I. has not concealed his imperfections, nor those peculiar faults which he committed, either when wine had drowned his reason, or those he was guilty of in his cooler moments.

Once, in a dispute with Catharine, his wife, he broke a beautiful Venice glass, and cruelly glancing on the former obscure condition of the Czarina, he said, "You see, how, with one stroke of my hand, I can reduce this glass to the dust it came from."—"Yes, Sir," said Catharine, turning on him her eyes bathed with tears, "you can destroy the most beautiful ornament of your palace; you have done it, do you find your palace more splendid?" This remark appeased the anger of Peter, which had been kindled at Catharine's energetic pleading in behalf of her lady-in-waiting, who had been sentenced to receive the punishment of the knout. The Czar let her off with six lashes, which he thought was a great proof of his clemency.

A Boyard, with whom he was once crossing a river, in a boat, ventured to contradict him in conversation. The Czar seized him by the collar, and was about to throw him overboard: "You may drown me," said the Boyard, "but it will not embellish your history." The Czar was struck with the truth of this remark, shook hands with the Boyard, and ever after gave him marks of friendship and esteem. Often

ashamed, himself, of his excesses, he frequently said to his favourite, Lefort, "I have improved and reformed my nation, would to heaven I could reform myself."

CURIOUS INCIDENT RELATIVE TO A YOUNG AFRICAN.

ABOUT 1782, a young Prince, son of the King of Bunda, was sent by his father to prosecute trade on the Gambia, with strict injunctions not to cross the river: this, however, he imprudently did; and while he was reposing, during the heat of the day, in the open air, he was seized by some Mandingoes, and sold to a slave-trader of the name of Pyrke, who was just on the point of sailing. Advice was sent to the father, but the ransom came too late; the ship had sailed; and Job, as the young Prince was called, became an agricultural slave in Maryland, in North America.—Ridicule of his adherence to the rites of his religion, for he was a strict Mahometan, and not his master's ill-usage, caused him to run away: but he was arrested in the bay of Delaware: fortunately he found an accidental interpreter in another slave, and, his case becoming known, he was sent to London; in which metropolis he was received like most curiosities of the day; presented to the royal family, introduced to many of the nobility, and instructed in the English language, and some of the minor arts. On his arrival on the coast nearest his native country, in 1784, he waited four months at Fort James for the return of a courier, whom he had dispatched to his father; and when the messenger did come back, he brought the sad and heart-rending news, that the King, Job's father, had died from excess of grief at the loss of his son; who returned to his native country, but what was his destiny afterwards has never yet transpired.

TWICE IN LOVE.—FROM THE FRENCH.

(Concluded from Page 105.)

It seems as if nature, creating, one after the other, those pleasures which she has scattered through the path of life, repented of the present she chose to make

us, and that she has taken care to dispense with our acknowledgments, by accompanying all her favours with a greater share of evil than the pleasure which pro-

ceded it. The inconstancy of Nanine, for which her infidelities ought to have prepared me, rent my heart, filled my mind with tumult, and made a revolution in my whole existence, like to those violent diseases which, when once over, seem to give us a new constitution.

Betrayed by a public dancer, I felt for the whole sex a sentiment which I disguised under the name of contempt, and I adopted an opinion, with regard to women, like that entertained by the people amongst whom I resided. I only chose to look upon them as beings too tender to conserve for them any lasting impression; and amongst whom there was no other choice to be made, than from old to young, ugly to pretty, or brown to fair.

During the term of twenty years, which passed away since Nanine abandoned me, till my arrival in the wilds of Guyanne, love did not once assail my heart; for I call not the changes of fancy, or capricious connections, by that name, where the senses are taken by surprise, and which leave no trace behind, not even in the memory. I was arrived at that period of life, when the maturity of age serves to throw a light on the illusions of youth. Undeceived in my ideas of friendship, by which I was at first betrayed, in glory, which often appertains to good luck alone; in fortune, whose favourites had disgusted me, I thought myself safe from the attacks of love, which appeared to my mind only as the forerunner of all those misfortunes of which it was the actual cause.

I had become an inhabitant of the country of the Zangais (to which the most unaccountable lot had conducted me) but for a few days, when one of the elders of the tribe came and presented to me the young Amioia, whom he had destined to be my wife. Amioia was just in her thirteenth year, and was the offspring of a Zangais father, and a Metisien mother. Her features, without having that perfect regularity which constitutes the tones of beauty amongst Europeans, had a peculiar character of gracefulness and feminine sweetness—which charm may be easier felt than described. In a climate where females arrive very early at maturity, the age of this beautiful Zangaide had just arrived at that interesting period, when every outward at-

traction is in its early prime. Her shape was easy and elegant; her large black eyes were softened with an expression of innocent voluptuousness; her look was a tender caress; and whenever she spoke, she imparted pleasure.

Chance, in uniting us, justified every incredibility; and let me, at forty years of age, into the true secret of my heart: a savage child taught me what it was to love, and I blush at the sentiment to which I formerly gave the name. This marriage, contracted in the midst of the wilds of Guyanne, between two beings so little formed to meet in this world, became the source of pure and equal happiness—without sorrow, without differences; the tranquil duration of which certainly belongs to another state.

I cannot express, because I cannot conceive, myself, by what gradation of feeling and sensations I arrived from the sweet and tender sentiment, which had something in it paternal, to that passionate love, of which I had yet only experienced the torments, to approach to the felicity of angels, the possession of which excludes not hope, and the repose of which is but a sweet delirium.

When I try to give an account of the happiness I enjoyed, I find that it was composed of those principles, diametrically opposite to that from which the man of civilized life seeks to form his enjoyment. Constancy, tranquillity of mind, an uniform life, nature, and liberty, were the sources of my well-being; and which, perhaps, it was given to me alone to know how to appreciate in their utmost extent.

The sweetest of all experience that I have reaped, has convinced me, that women arrive much sooner from a savage state to that of civilization than men; my young partner, whose education most agreeably employed my leisure hours, learned all I wished to teach her; and while she applied herself, she seemed to recollect what she was; even in her artless nudity, a certain charm of modesty accompanied her, and she seemed to have an idea of that which dress, and the usages of society, might yet afford.

As Montesquieu justly observes, "in those scorching climates, love is sought only for itself. It is what constitutes our

happiness; it is our life." I am certain it would be vain for me to attempt to give either a Parisian, or an inhabitant of London, any idea of the delightful state I am about to portray.

At the first dawn of day I took my bow and arrows, and I went out in search of sport. Amioia often accompanied me, and served as my guide. When arrived at the spot which I wished to range over, I left her by the side of a cataract, or on the summit of a mountain, where she awaited my return, as she would sit weaving together, with exquisite skill, the plumage of a thousand different birds, from which she fabricated our garments.

One hour was sufficient to obtain provisions enough for a day. I hastened to my lovely companion, and thus easy as to the necessities of life, we thought only of its pleasures.

Wandering, then, without any end, or any object, in those climates, where nature, from her superabundance, has lavished wonders with a prodigal hand, with what delightful intoxication have we admired her beauties, to which our love lent new charms! With what ardour have I followed my active companion, leaping over the tops of the mountains, whereon all nature seemed to have collected at her pleasure all that charms the eye or delights the heart! With what looks of love have I followed all the movements of her beautiful form!—

"Adorned with grace, and clad in innocence!"

Seated beside her, I have exclaimed, with transport, like unto our first parent, whose felicity, in Paradise, I seemed to enjoy, "The source of our happiness is placed within ourselves: even our wants are pleasures; they are attached to our senses, and *thou art my part, I, thine.*"* This child of the forest had never read Milton, but nature and love have only one language: "I have admired," said she, with a sigh, "the splendour of the sun, and the serenity of day, the flowers of the field, their beautiful colours, and I have scented the perfume of the orange flower and of the rose; but thy presence is, to me, ten thousand times more delightful, and the

sentiment I feel for thee comprises all others." Such were the tender expressions which issued from her lips, as I drew in her balmy breath, fragrant as the zephyrs of the early spring. Constaney was not the price of an attachment so pure, it might rather be said to be the food it fed on.

Amioia became a mother: it was then I learned the full force of tenderness in a female's heart, and the distance that nature has placed, in this point, between the affections of the two sexes. Amioia seated by the cradle of her infant! Never had so delightful a picture presented itself to my eyes: what care! what a total forgetfulness of herself! what touching idolatry! She lost, at the end of a few months, this first fruit of our loves, and her tender superstition saved her from the excess of her grief. She was persuaded that her child would revive in a flower, if it was bedewed with the milk of its mother; and I was careful not to weaken, by the least appearance of doubt, a religious belief, whereon her mind rested with that strength, which was necessary to her existence. I had raised, with my own hands, a little mound on the banks of a river, and which I had covered with branches; in the midst of which, on the grave where her son laid buried, Amioia had planted a young corosol. Every evening, at the cry of the golden-winged parroquet,† she returned to visit the last abode of her child, and, leaning over the plant, she bedewed the single flower with her milk, mingled with her tears; while the pale primrose-colour of the blossom, seemed the emblem of decaying nature.

Four years had glided away in this sweet and delightful union, when, one day as I came in from fishing (having been out with only Zamep, and leaving him the charge of bringing the boat to shore, that I might the sooner arrive at the habitation where Amioia awaited me), I took my path across a long dried-up savannah, the road through which I was ignorant of: I walked for some time, till I stopped at a height, where I tried to take my course eastward, by the sun, which was sinking behind the

† A species of parroquet in Guyana, whose cries are always heard at the going down of the sun.

* *Paradise Lost.*

horizon. Excessively thirsty, I gathered, without paying much attention to what I was about, a green fruit, from a tree I found in my road, which had an acid taste; but scarce had I swallowed a few grains of it, than I was seized with violent pains, followed by a numbness, under which I sunk, without absolutely becoming insensible: I had been a full hour in this state, when I perceived Amioia and Zameo seeking me in the savannah, in which they supposed I had lost my way: as I could not possibly rise, I at length succeeded in making myself to be heard; Amioia knew my voice, and ran forward first; when she saw me, she shuddered, and began to interrogate me with much inquietude: I had only strength to point out to her the fatal tree: she shrieked with terror, rushed forward, and seizing a cluster of the poisoned fruit, instantly devoured it. This desperate action, to which I could only oppose but vain and feeble efforts, was perceived by Zameo: he understood my gestures, rendered himself master of Amioia, and, with desperate hand, tore from her teeth the remains of that venom, which had already begun to circulate through her veins. Zameo, who knew all the properties of this fatal tree, knew also that it bore an antidote to its own poison: he stripped off a portion of the bark, which he bruised between two stones; he then dilated the powder with some milk of the cocoa nut, with which he had filled his calabash, and made us drink it. The efficacy of this remedy was

such, that, after a few hours rest, we were able to gain our hut.

I was quite well at the end of a few days; but Amioia struggled several months against the strength of the poison, of which she had taken so potent a dose. I cannot say that this proof of her affection rendered her dearer to me; for my love was such it could not be increased, and had taken too full possession of my heart. Her declining health, entirely impaired by a long sickness, retarded for some years an event which we hoped might have produced a change in her favour; but it gave the death-blow to my happiness. Amioia lost her life in giving birth to a daughter, whom we named Amizilie; and I might say with Young, "Thy cradle purchased with thy mother's bier."

After twenty years are elapsed I cannot suffer my thoughts to dwell on that fatal moment, after which I might be said to die daily. The companion of my exile expired as she embraced her husband and her child, and smiled as she sunk into the icy arms of death.

I promised to live for Amizilie's sake her lovely features brought all her mother to my mind; and her childhood shed delight on the commencement of my old age. I cannot now describe my sufferings at the last sad sorrow that has befallen me; and which is irreparable: one only consolation enables me to support it; because I am arrived at an age, when the prospect of death is unattended with regret.

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Amongst all the discoveries of mankind, and which is daily receiving improvement, none is more useful than agriculture: by this art of general utility, the earth becomes fertile, and produces abundantly all that is requisite to our existence, and to the sustenance of those domestic animals, without whose useful aid we should find all human skill but of little avail. In most countries the greatest support to agriculture is

THE OX.

It belongs to this robust and hardy animal to perform the chief part of that labour which belongs to the tiller of land; without his help, many of our fields would remain dry and sterile. He seems perfectly adapted to the service of the plough. The enormous mass of his body, his strength, his patience, and tranquillity; even the slowness of his movements—all conspire to render him of infinite service in the culture of our fields. The female of the bull, less

endowed with strength, is less employed in rustic labour than the ox: but nature has rendered the cow a source of benefits to mankind, but in a far different way, in giving to her, as to almost all four-footed females, a quantity of milk, of a rich, substantial, and nutritive quality. This milk, in the cow, is renewed almost every minute, and affords to the world in general, but more particularly to children, a most salutary aliment. From this milk we also make butter, which seasons for us every repast; and cheese, the constant finishing of every dinner, and which frequently composes the supper of those whose circumstances oblige them to be frugal. Milk, butter, and cheese, are always objects of considerable traffic; and often an indigent family live entirely on the aliment produced by their cow.

These animals, who render us such infinite service during their life, are of essential use to us after their death. Their nourishing and wholesome flesh is served up at the first tables; their skin, after going through a certain process, becomes a solid leather, of which our shoe-soles, and many other useful articles, are fabricated. Their fat is used in making tallow; their horns furnish matter which, in the primitive ages, were used in the place of glass window panes; boxes, combs, &c. are also manufactured from them; their bones are used in the making of buttons; their sinews, gristles, the parings of their skin, and the feet of oxen, are used for making a strong kind of glue. In a word, every part of the ox and cow have various properties, which human industry well knows how to turn to the profit of man.

THE CHAMOIS.

I WAS surprised, when I sent you a pair of black chamois gloves, on a recent melancholy occasion, to find that while, with a kind of school-girl's wonder, you admired the peculiar sort of leather of which they were fabricated, you said also, that you should like much to know from what animal it was taken. Various circumstances caused me to forget what I meant, at the moment, to have explained to you as soon as possible. Your uncle, looking over the above description I have given you of the cow, &c. asked me, if you had yet found

out what the real chamois leather was fabricated from? This reminds me that I ought to inform you of the nature of the animal from whence this soft and excellent leather is made.

It is a wild and agile creature; prudent, but very timid. It is to be found on the Pyrenees, the Alps, and also among the mountains of Dauphiné, in France. The chamois are generally seen together in flocks, of about fifty in number, wandering in search of food. While they are feeding, one of them always separates itself from the rest of the party, and keeps watch over the safety of the others. If he perceives or hears any thing moving, he utters a kind of shriek, and this serves as a signal for his comrades to make good their retreat. This cry of alarm is a kind of whistle, but so violent that the rocks and forests resound with it from all parts; at first it is very sharp, but dies away towards the conclusion. The vigilant sentinel reposes only for a moment, he then looks round on every side, begins to whistle, strikes the ground with his foot, then mounts on the most elevated crags, looks round again, leaps over the eminences, and if he sees an enemy, betakes himself to flight.

The hunting of this animal is attended with great peril; he must be pursued over the most craggy precipices, which he bounds over with the most incredible swiftness. It is astonishing that this creature can throw itself from twenty to thirty feet across those enormous masses which are to be found among precipices inaccessible to man, and which overhang abysses of the most immense profundity. The hunter will oftentimes fall into these gulphs, or become entangled in his pursuit amongst narrow straits from whence he cannot effect an escape; the chamois impedes his passage, leaps upon him, and causes him to roll from the top of the rock to the bottom. Yet the covetousness of man—that insatiable thirst after gain, cause him to brave all these perils. The inhabitants of these mountains are spurred on by the desire of securing the skin of this animal, which is a most lucrative branch of commerce. When this skin is skilfully prepared, it is soft and supple; no gloves are so warm as those made from this leather: and when made into those kind

of gloves which bear the name of *washed leather*, they possess the rare advantage of being scoured with soap, without losing their excellent quality.

The gall of the chamois is said to have a fine medicinal quality; the horns are made use of for handles and ornaments of canes.

I think my next letter will complete the history of quadrupeds; and before I offer to your notice the wonderful economy and

order of the feathered race, with the astonishing powers and instinct bestowed on various insects and on the finny tribe, I shall just write a short account of those animals that are amphibious: all equally present "a chain of miracles," a beauteous variety which mark and prove that—"The hand that made them is divine!"—Adieu. Your affectionate mother,

ANNA.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PERIALS JOURNALS, &c. &c.

DESCRIPTION OF THE KING OF CONGOU.

THE King was stationed on a wooden scaffold of timber, so elevated that he could be seen by the whole assembly. He sat in a chair of ivory, ornamented with some pieces of well carved wood. His dress consisted of skins of beasts, which are praised as glossy, and blacker than his own skin; the lower part of his body was covered with a damask robe, presented to him by Diego Cam; on his left arm he wore a bracelet of brass, and on his shoulder a horse's tail, accounted here a peculiar ensign of royalty. His head was covered with a bonnet of very fine cloth, made from the palm tree, with works in *alto* and *basso relievo*, resembling the texture of our velvet satin. Ruy de Sousa then did courtesy after the European manner, which the King returned in his own, by placing his hand on the ground, and making a semblance of taking up dust, then pressing it to the breast of the Ambassador and afterwards to his own.—*Murray's Recent Discoveries in Africa.*

LAMENTABLE DESTRUCTION OF COLONEL BAILLIE'S CORPS IN THE WAR WITH HYDER ALI.

COLONEL BAILLIE, after ordering his fire to cease, went forwards to ask for quarter, by waving his handkerchief; and supposing acquiescence to be signified, he ordered his Europeans, who to the last moment preserved an undaunted aspect and compact order, to lay down their arms. The enemy, although they at first paused, and received him as a prisoner, after being

slightly wounded, perceiving the same unauthorized straggling fire to continue, rushed forwards to an unresisted slaughter. Of eighty-six officers thirty-six were killed or died of their wounds, thirty-four were wounded and taken, and sixteen were taken not wounded; the carnage among the soldiers being nearly in the same proportion. Hyder's young soldiers, in particular, amused themselves with brandishing their swords, and exhibiting their skill on men already most inhumanly mangled; on the sick and wounded in the doolies, and even on women and children; and the lower order of horsemen plundered their victims of the last remnant of their clothing. None escaped this brutal treatment excepting the few who were saved by the humane interposition of the French officers, and in particular Monsieur Pimorin, of the regular French line, who had joined with a small detachment from Mahe, a short time previous to its capture in 1779, and Monsieur Lally. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the whole corps, with all its equipments of every description, was irretrievably and totally lost.

Among the prisoners was a son of Colonel Lang, who commanded Vellore, a child rather than a youth, born in India, who was serving as a volunteer. Hyder sent for the boy, and ordered him instantly to write a letter to his father, offering him a splendid establishment on the condition of surrendering the place, and announcing that his own death would be the result of refusal. The boy, at first, received the proposition with a cool rejection; but on

being pressed with direct threats, he burst into tears, and addressing Hyder in his own language, "If you consider me," said he, "base enough to write such a letter, on what ground can you think so meanly of my father? It is in your power to present me before the ramparts of Vellore, and cut me into a thousand pieces in my father's presence; but it is out of your power to make him a traitor."

The threats were, however, renewed by the attendants in a separate tent, but being found ineffectual, the child was remanded to the quarters of the other prisoners.—*Wilk's Sketches of the South of India.*

EVILS KNOWN TO ARISE FROM A LONG PEACE.

THE continued peace, which produced a rage for dress, equipage, and magnificence, appeared in all forms of riot and excess; corruption bred corruption. The industry of the nation was not the commerce of the many, but the arts of money traders confined to the suckers of the state; and the unemployed and dissipated, who were every day increasing the population in the capital, were a daring petulant race, described by a contemporary as persons of great expence, who, having run themselves into debt, were constrained to run into faction, and defend themselves from the danger of the law. These appear to have enlisted under some shew of privilege among the nobility, and the metropolis was often shaken by parties, calling themselves roaring boys, brivadoes, roysters, and bo-naventures. Such were some of the turbulent children of peace, whose fiery spirits, could they have found their proper vent, had been soldiers of fortune, as they were younger brothers, distressed often by their own relatives, and wards ruined by their own guardians. All these were clamorous for bold piracies on the Spaniards: a visionary island, and a secret mine, would often disturb the dreams of these unemployed youths in the pacific reign of James the First; such felt—

"In this plenty
"And fat of peace, our young men ne'er were
train'd

"To martial discipline, and our ships unrigg'd,
"Rot in the harbour."—MANSINGER.

The idleness which rusts quiet minds, effervescences in fiery spirits pent up together, and the loiterers in the environs of a court surfeiting with peace, were quick at quarrel. It is remarkable that in the pacific reign of James I. never was so much blood shed in brawls, nor duels so tremendously barbarous. Hume observed this circumstance, and attributes it to "the turn that the romantic chivalry for which the nation was formerly so renowned, had lately taken." An inference probably drawn from the extraordinary duel between Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Lord Dorset, and Lord Bruce. These two gallant youths had lived as brothers, yet could now resolve not to part without destroying each other; the narrative, so wonderfully composed by Sackville,* still makes us shudder at each blow received and given. Books were published to instruct them by a system of quarrelling, "to teach young gentlemen when they are before-hand, and when behind-hand." Thus they incensed and incited those youths of hope and promise, whom Lord Bacon, in his charge on duelling, calls, in the language of the poet, *Aurora filii*, sons of the morning—who often were drowned in their own blood! But, on a nearer inspection, when we discover the personal malignity of these hasty quarrels, the coarseness of their manners, and the choice of weapons and places, in the mode of butchering each other, we must confess that they rarely partake of the spirit of chivalry. One gentleman biting the ear of a Templar, or switching a poltroon Lord; another sending a challenge to fight in a saw pit, or to strip to their shirts to mangle each other, were sanguinary duels, which could only have fermented in the disorders of the times, amidst that wanton, pampered indolence, which made them so petulant and pugnacious. His Majesty published a voluminous edict exhibiting many proofs that it was the labour of his own hand, and some magnificent periods, whose structure discovers they were formed to his own ear; for the same dignity, the same eloquence, the same felicity of illustration, embellish the state papers. Even against this evil James, who

* *Vide The Guardian.*

rarely consented to shed blood, condemned an irascible lord to suffer the ignominy of the cord.

But while extortion and monopoly prevailed among monied men, and hollow magnificence among the gentry, bribery had tainted even the lords. All were hurrying on in a stream of venality, dissipation, and want; and the nation, amidst the prosperity of the kingdom in a long reign of peace, was nourishing in its breast the secret seeds of discontent and turbulence.

Of the prevalent vices of the age, not one was the King's; his infirmities were not those of extortion, bribery, or pomp; he lived without shew, and could not afford to maintain a court. The evils of those luxuriant times were of quick growth; and as fast as they sprung up the father of his people encountered them by his proclamations that, during those long intervals of parliamentary recess, were to be enforced as laws: but they passed away as morning dreams over a happy but a thoughtless and wanton people.—*D'Israeli's Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I.*

AFFECTING ADVENTURE OF GASPAR STOERI, AND TWO OF HIS FRIENDS.

GASPAR STOERI, and two of his friends, were one day chasing chamois on Mount Limmeren. While they were traversing the snows with that confidence which the idea of perfect safety inspires, Stoeri sunk into a deep abyss of dissolving ice. His friends were horror-struck; they conceived that instant death awaited him, or that he would survive only to contemplate its slow but inevitable approach, pierced as he was by cold, bruised, bleeding, motionless. Despairing of success, they yet reflected on the means by which they might effect his deliverance: they could not leave him to perish; their struggles to save him would, for a few moments, assuage their agony. They fled to the nearest cottage, which was three miles distant, to procure ropes; none were to be found: a wretched counterpane was the only thing which could prove useful to them; they cut it into strips, and hurried from the cottage.

Poor Gaspar was almost perishing when they returned to the brink of the chasm:

he lay wedged in the bottom of this rugged, deep, and narrow cleft: nearly one half of his body was plunged in ice-water, and such was the depth of it that he could not see its bed: with his arms extended on the broken and melting ice, he awaited approaching death. You may picture his situation; but the horrors of his mind must have been for ever confined to his own breast.

He was almost yielding to the excess of his sufferings, and was commending his soul to the divinity, when the voices of his companions fell upon his ears; and, as they spoke, they lowered the bandages which they fastened together. Although dying a few moments before, the hopes, the near prospect of deliverance, gave him energy and courage, and he was enabled to fasten the bandage around his body. His friends drew him gently from the chasm—he was approaching the verge of the precipice—he had almost embraced his deliverers, when the bandage broke, and he again sunk.

If deliverance was almost hopeless before, what was now poor Stoeri's situation! one half of the bandage had fallen with him—his blood was freezing, the second shock had almost rendered him insensible; and, to consummate the terrors of his situation, and for the extinction of the last faint spark of hope, one of his arms was broken by the fall. What less than a miracle could save him? With sinking hearts his friends renewed their endeavours to preserve him: the bandage in their hands was again cut, and lowered into the chasm. Can you conceive the pain and distress with which poor Gaspar made one last and desperate exertion to save himself, when I inform you that with one arm he supported himself from sinking, and that with the other, broken as it was, he twisted the bandage round his body, and fastened it? He was thus drawn to the summit of the precipice a second time, and life was ebbing fast from him as he fainted in the arms of his companions.

Gaspar's friends conveyed him to his cottage; but it was very long before his health and cheerfulness were restored to him.—*A Walk through Switzerland*, in 1816.

AFFLICTIONS OF ROYALTY.

CAN we close without casting a melancholy look on our aged and venerable sovereign? No, we cannot forget him, rendered sacred, as it were, by his deep misfortune. Yes, my brethren, our love hovers round the confined and mournful abode of him whose range was once a great kingdom. We look back on what he was and what he did; and our regret and our sighs attend him as if he were dead. In an ideal world of his own he is far removed from the knowledge of this general calamity. As the songs of triumph and victory, and of his kingdom's glory, that lately rose loud to heaven, could not reach him,

so, as a balance mercifully given, he perceives not now the public woe; he hears not, understands not, what, in his bright days, would have wrung his soul with the bitterest anguish—for he was benevolence itself. May angels quiet the slumbers of the amiable monarch! If his illusions continue, may they be pleasing. Where truth is rudely chased away, may innocent and delicious error feed the soul, like a delightful dream that cheats the tediousness of the night, and makes pain and wretchedness to be forgotten.—*Extract from a Sermon preached at St. Enoch's, Glasgow, on the funeral of the late Princess Charlotte, by the Rev. Dr. Taylor.*

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XVI.

RICHMOND.—This village, which, from its beauty and salubrious situation, has been justly styled the Montpellier of England, was once called Sheen, or Shining. Queen Elizabeth had a palace in this place, and it was long a favourite residence of our English monarchs. Edward III. died here, of grief, as it is supposed, for the loss of his son and companion in arms, Edward the Black Prince. Though our virgin Queen was once a captive at Richmond, she was still fond, in the days of her freedom, to make it her favourite residence, and in this place she resigned her breath. Some relics of her royal dwelling are yet standing. That which is called Cholmondeley House covers a part of the ground whereon her palace stood; it now belongs to the heir of the late Duke of Queensberry's inheritance.

In the Old Park formerly stood a lodge in which Cardinal Wolsey withdrew when he was disgraced. It was afterwards granted on lease to the Duke of Ormond, who repaired it, and made it his residence till he was impeached. In the place where it stood is now an Observatory, built by George III. in 1768.

Richmond Park was formerly called the New Park, to distinguish it from that near the Green, and was enclosed by Charles I. Sir Robert Walpole often used to hunt in it; and his son built the elegant lodge, with wings of brick, which now stands in

it. The Park is eight miles in circumference.

The town runs up the hill for a mile. The church is a plain brick building, but the bridge is of stone, and has five semi-circular arches. In the summer a small Theatre is opened for the entertainment of the inhabitants, and which has served as a kind of school to many of our minor performers.

Thomson, the celebrated author of the *Seasons*, resided at a house called Rosedale House. The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, when she became its inhabitant, had the poet's favourite seat in the garden repaired, and placed in it the table whereon he wrote his verses. Amongst other inscriptions the following is placed in the center:—

“ Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial, though simple elegance, lived JAMES THOMSON. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable *Seasons*. Warmd with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the universe, its flame glowed through all his compositions; animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow creatures, save only by his death, which happened at this place, on the 27th August, 1748.”

BRENTFORD.—Famous for a battle fought between the royal and the parliamentary

troops during the civil wars. It takes its name from an ancient ford over the Brent, which, after receiving the Grand Junction Canal, falls into the Thames at this town. A very ancient bridge crosses the river. In the time of Edward I. a very heavy toll was laid on all the Jews, both male and female, whose business obliged them to pass over it; persons professing any other religion went free. Brentford is divided into Old and New; each has a chapel which supplies the want of churches.

This town is generally the scene of much riot and confusion when parties run high at the Middlesex elections.

In ancient times Brentford gave title to an Earl, and in 1558, six Protestants suffered martyrdom there: it has been rendered famous of late years for having long been the residence of the excellent and pious Mrs. Trimmer, to whose moral works the rising generation are so much indebted.

CHISWICK.—This place is embellished with several very elegant villas, particularly that of the Duke of Devonshire: it was built by Lord Burlington, in the Italian taste; in imitation of one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Palladio. It is shaded in front by the cedars of Lebanon; and the decorations of its interior are superb; the ceilings and mouldings of the apartments are richly gilt on a white ground; and the walls adorned with the finest paintings of the Flemish and Italian schools: very few of the apartments are there but what are furnished with book-cases all round; these are made chair-high, and their tops are covered by beautiful Carrara marble, with gilt edges.

The gardens are laid out in the Italian style, and are adorned with temples, obelisks, and statues. The house has been lately enlarged by two convenient wings: it was before rather too small for the residence of a nobleman. Lord Hervey wittily remarked of it, before this enlargement, that it was too small to live in, and too large for the trunk of a watch.

The ashes of many illustrious dead repose in a neat plain church; amongst whom are those of Charles Holland, an eminent actor; Sir John Chardin, famous for his travels in Persia; and William Hogarth, the celebrated painter-artist.

HANMERSTON.—Sir Nicolas Crispe

here built for himself a superb mansion near the water side, now called Brandenburg House. The descendants of Sir Nicolas sold it to Prince Rupert, who bestowed it upon his mistress, Mrs. Hughes, a celebrated actress. When it, in after-times, became the property of Lord Melcombe, he improved it by modern embellishments, and built a spacious gallery for marbles and antiques. The late Margrave of Anspach was the last purchaser; and the exquisite taste of the Margravine is amply displayed in all the state apartments. The drawing-room is hung with white satin bordered with Prussian blue in a gilt frame. At the upper end is a regal chair, over which is suspended a fine picture of Frederic the Great, of Prussia, the Margrave's uncle. The chimney-piece is of milk-white marble, representing the union of Isis with the Thame. Near the side of the Thames the Margravine had erected a tasteful and elegant Theatre, in which she was frequently conspicuous, both as a writer and a performer.

CHELSEA.—This village is on the border of the Thames, yet may be said to commence at Hyde Park corner; and it takes in a considerable portion of Knightbridge: the church of Chelsea is, however, two miles from London. A noble Hospital has been founded here for invalid soldiers, the honour of which institution is attributed to Mrs. Gwynn, the mistress of Charles the Second. It is a handsome brick edifice, ornamented with stone, having two principal fronts, one towards Hyde Park, the other towards the river. The former is very simple, but before it is a very extensive area, planted with avenues of trees. The front next the Thames is very elegant. The design of this Hospital was the work of Sir Christopher Wren: its interior is simply elegant. The infirmaries are a pattern of neatness, and have the accommodation of hot, cold, and vapour baths. The gardens are not well laid out; all in strait lines, with two paltry kinds of canals. The whole Hospital, with its appendages, covers above forty acres of ground. The pensioners, who are above three hundred in number, wear a military uniform of red lined with blue: they mount guard and perform other garrison duty. There are, besides, an unlimited number of out-pen-

sioners, who receive an annual allowance from government.

The Physic, or Botanical Garden, at Chelsea, was commenced by the Company of Apothecaries, in 1673, and patronized by Sir Hans Sloane.

The Water Works were constructed in 1724, when the persons concerned in that undertaking obtained a charter of incorporation. A canal was then dug from the Thames, near Ranelagh, a place formerly celebrated for a pleasant evening lounge, where concerts were performed while people of rank and fashion used to walk and converse, take tea and coffee, and listen to the music. The canal ends at Pimlico, where there is a steam engine to raise the water into pipes, which convey it to Chelsea, Westminster, and the adjacent parts.

Amongst other charitable institutions, that of the Duke of York's Military School confers the highest honour on its royal founder: it is for the children of soldiers, who not only learn proper discipline to qualify them for the army, but are also put apprentices to different trades, as their genius seems most to point.

The celebrated Chancellor Sir Thomas More, resided at Chelsea, as also did the

Duchess of Mazarine, the beautiful Hortensia Mancini, one of the most lovely women of her time.

KENSINGTON.—On the great western road, about a mile and a half from Hyde Park corner, stands Kensington; where is to be seen an ancient mansion of great celebrity, called Holland House: it is the manor house of the Abbots of Kensington, and takes its name from the Earl of Holland. It is a fine specimen of the architecture of the beginning of the seventeenth century. When it came into the possession of the Earl of Holland, he improved, without modernizing it. Addison, by his marriage with the Countess of Warwick and Holland, became its possessor, and under this roof he breathed his last sigh. It was afterwards purchased by Lord Holland, the father of the celebrated Charles Fox.

William III. purchased the mansion called Kensington Palace: it now belongs to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The Gardens are too well known to need any particular description; they form a very fashionable promenade on the Sundays of spring, from three o'clock to half past four.

MORE WONDERS!

OUR last chapter of wonders gave a faint outline of Melandria's serene enjoyments, when, adapting her pursuits to her years, she gracefully resigned trivial pretensions to admiration to secure unquestionable claims to esteem and deference.

To acquaint our readers with the character of Melandria's nephew, Mr. Hampden, we must return several years, to the epocha when he became a patient of our most celebrated modern Esculapius. The first autumn after his return from India, the approach of a cold season so greatly affected Hampden's health that his aunt hastened with him to London. The fine disposition, the talents, the acquirements of Hampden gained the affections of his enlightened and worthy physician. He thought with himself that such a husband would be a greater blessing to his Olivia than the hand of a Duke; but would Olivia make happy a man of sense and delicate

feelings? What a piercing doubt for a fond parent—but partiality could not blind his understanding, his upright veracity of judgment. Since the death of his wife, when Olivia was twelve years old, his sister, a widow lady, presided in his family. Mrs. Stanwix, a well bred, well disposed woman, was unhappily deficient in firmness of character; but till Olivia became the attraction of circles who consume life in sporting with the brilliant *bagatelles* of fashion, the foibles of Mrs. Stanwix passed without notice. Dr. Bryant had gained a large fortune by the most honourable exercise of his profession, Olivia was beautiful and innocent as a seraph, gay as a lark, and thoughtless as a fawn in her native wilds. A dashing Countess, with insinuating condescension, obtained such ascendancy, that while our Esculapius had every moment engrossed in chasing disease from all ranks, in palaces, castles, mansions,

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or cottages, Olivia passed the mornings in bed, and the nights in dissipation; and Mrs. Stanwix was devoted to the card-table. Destitute of mental resources she had always liked a sober game for amusement; but now she played deep, and her niece would probably have caught the infection, if a friend of Dr. Bryant's had not warned him of her peril. He narrowly observed her movements, and tried to engage her with more rational society; but she repelled with arch raillery every argument; or softened with tears every attempt to reprove her errors. The Doctor was in despair; all his skill could not minister to a mind diseased—unless an introduction to the handsome, elegant, undesigningly fascinating Hampden, might act with salubrious efficacy. He sent his sister to wait upon Melandria. That lady returned the compliment, but could not leave her nephew to accept an invitation to dinner. Dr. Bryant said he would dispense with punctilio, and dine with her. Hampden could do the honours of the table, though confined to the house. Olivia had been accustomed to homage as a divinity; Hampden behaved to her with the cordial frankness of a brother, and the easy gaiety of a polite gentleman. As the daughter of his venerated medical friend he regarded her with warm interest; but her features, complexion, and graceful form, made no impression disquieting his susceptibility till he discovered through the flimsy, yet entangling veil of tonish follies, a mind fraught with lovelier charms than any exterior attraction. Olivia was piqued by his tranquil kindness; she determined to subdue the insensible heart, and flattered herself that the lively pleasure she found in frequent calls upon Melandria originated in ambition for conquest, and in the pleasing vivacity of the aunt; but ere she suspected the fetters she was forging for herself, they were rivetted beyond recall.

The Countess was figuring at Paris with many of her British intimates who made a party to the emporium of pleasure; and separated from those fashionables, Olivia's native propensities gradually revived. One forenoon she was ushered into Melandria's drawing-room, where she found Hampden alone, reading a fashionable magazine.

She rallied the young gentleman upon this effeminate theme of his studies. He said his aunt had been called out on business soon after the Number arrived, and had bid him cut the leaves and glance it over to pass the time till her return. He was happy to find so much solid instruction in a lady's magazine; and confessed he had been very agreeably entertained.

"Now," said Olivia, "though I am a subscriber, I never read a column unless I can discover some narrative clothed in figured, fanciful, and splendid drapery; for indeed I have an insatiable craving for wonders. I must dive into the ocean, or to subterranean scenes of supernatural production."

"Here are marvels quite to your taste," said Hampden; "and not less wonderful than true. It is the great advantage of magazines to select from bulky *tomes* the most useful and amusing particulars for the fair, which saves them the trouble of wading through tedious, dull, or abstruse pages."

"If those wonders are really to my taste I shall allow you to direct my studies a whole month; and if they do not please me, I doom you to read every terrific German tale I can find during the same space."

"Agreed. Permit me to read, in the first place, an account of the sea anemone. You are an admirer of flowers; would you not be more delighted to behold sensitive creatures of floral form, red, green, white, orange, or yellow. They live only in salt water, and feed on fish, crabs, and mussels. If a part should be broken off it grows again, and are propagated like plants by shreds torn from the native flowers. If a small fish approaches, it shuts its petals upon it, and it is soon devoured."

Olivia was now disposed to be delighted by any communication from Hampden. Dr. Bryant's watchful anxiety soon discovered the secret which the young people had hardly acknowledged to their own bosoms: he encouraged Hampden's addresses, and gave him to understand he would be accepted as a son-in-law. Olivia became Mrs. Hampden; yielded to the benign influence of a wise and amiable spouse, and, as the happiest, best of wives and mothers, smoothed the decline of life to her father.

HISTORY OF A PIN.—FROM THE FRENCH.

MADAME DE MAINTENON had received, as a present, from the Abbé Gobelin, her confessor, a pincushion, which fell, one day, out of her pocket, as she was paying a visit to the famous Ninon de L'Enclos. This lady, as curious as the rest of her sex, made Madame de Maintenon blush, by asking her a thousand embarrassing questions; as, where did she get that pincushion? Was it Villarsceau who had given it her? Was it Chevreuse? Was it the King himself?—No, it was the pious and holy director. Ninon was astonished. "I could never have imagined," said she, "that the Abbé Gobelin could have been capable of exciting my curiosity in such a manner: but since it has so fallen out, I will have the honour of placing the first pin in this pincushion. There is one, now, that I have stuck in this ribbon only to remind me that Lachatre is to visit me this evening; the placing this pin there first, will only serve to render the adventure more *piquant*."

See, then, the first pin in this pincushion belonging to the greatest prude about the court, placed there by the hand of the most celebrated courtesan in Paris. At this period, Madame de Montespan began to repent having introduced so dangerous a rival as Madame de Maintenon into the palace. One summer's day, during her promenade, the heat of the sun being more intense than usual, she found herself very much oppressed by it. Wishing also to conceal a few tears that, in spite of all her efforts, gushed from her eyes, she endeavoured to throw a gauze veil over her face, but the wind continually bore it upwards. Her temper, never of the best, did not require this contradiction to sour it; and she impatiently asked Madame de Maintenon to give her a pin, who, after looking over her pincushion, said, mildly, that she had not one: for she did not reckon the pin Ninon had given her, which, at that moment, fastened her neck-kерchief, and which her native modesty would not allow her to displace. "Pardon me, Madame," said the Marchioness de Montespan, angrily, "you have one, but you are so disagreeable to-day!" and so saying, she very

imprudently snatched the pin which served to conceal the sacred charms of Madame de Maintenon. The amorous Louis was a spectator—and Madame de Montespan, in a rage at seeing, by the looks of the monarch, what was passing in his heart, and having wounded herself, by her haste, in her finger till the blood came, she vented all her ill-humour on Madame de Maintenon, and threw the pin away with vexation. The King picked it up, and exclaimed, with his usual gallantry, "Henceforward this shall be mine, since it is stained with blood so precious as yours."

Very soon this famous pin again came into the hands of Madame de Maintenon; and it was on one fine day, that, as the hand of the monarch, after some resistance, had taken it from an envious handkerchief, that, by capitulation with the lady, he again became possessor of this memorable pin.

Louis XIV. placed it carefully in his casket of jewels, where it remained idle till that remarkable epoch when James II. King of England, betrayed by his subjects, was driven from his throne by the Prince of Orange, and went to take refuge at St. Germain, with the Queen and Prince of Wales. It is well known that Louis received him with magnificence, and yielded up his own apartment to the fallen monarch. As he was going to meet him, Madame de Maintenon, who regarded this moment as the most glorious in the King's life, wished to add to a diamond loop which fastened his hat, a plume of white feathers, tied with a ribbon on which she had embroidered the following words—*If James had been like Louis, his subjects would all have remained faithful*. This legend, which flattered at once the feelings and the vanity of the King, pleased him extremely; but he wished, in wearing it, to keep it secret. He, therefore, called to him Bontems, his favourite *valet-de-chambre*, told him to bring him his casket of jewels, and taking out, with that peculiar grace which belonged to him alone, the cherished pin, he said, "Madame, this only is worthy to fasten and conceal the precious words you have embroidered, and to which this mysteriou

pin will lend new charms." Madame de Maintenon cast down her eyes, fastened the ribbon with the pin, which, having fulfilled the use to which it was destined, was again replaced with care in the precious case, after the august monarch had consoled, on his throne, the unfortunate James, who had just abdicated his own.

We leave, for awhile, Louis XIV. to finish his reign, sometimes at the height of power and glory, at others within two inches of destruction. Let us pass over the period of the regency; and leave our pin lying idle in the late King's casket, either from forgetfulness or veneration, never having been employed during the whole of that time. We hasten towards the end of the reign of Louis XV. when the pin came again into employ through a very extraordinary adventure.

The ease and familiarity with which Madame de Barry behaved towards Louis XV. is well known: nothing was sacred from her sallies, whether idleness or folly were the motives which actuated her. One day after dinner, not knowing how to support a languid and desultory conversation, she took it into her head to open a closet, where the King kept a great number of curious articles belonging to his ancestors. Important and rare manuscripts, curiosities of different kinds; and all these things the favourite threw *pêle-mêle*, one over the other, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of the King, who, losing the monarch in the lover, had, for a long time, lost his dignity in an unbounded compliance with the will and fancies of his mistress. In the midst of this devastation, the jewel-casket of Louis XIV. fell from the hand of her to whom that refined monarch would never certainly have confided it. It was filled with the most beautiful diamonds, with an enamelled ring that had formerly belonged to Madame de Maintenon, and which was ornamented with all the heavenly attributes; and on the inside was engraven all that love and elegant wit could invent, in the most tender devices and amatory embellishments. There was, besides, a little cross of violet-coloured wood, made in memory of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, on which was engraven the names of Letellier, M. Pere Lachaise, and Madame de Maintenon, with the fatal date

of the 10th of October, 1685. In one of the corners of the casket was a little case of amber, of exquisite workmanship, in which was enclosed the famous legend given to the King by Madame de Maintenon on the day of the arrival of James II. at St. Germain, and the celebrated pin fastened to the two ends of the ribbon with a paper, on which was written the anecdote that rendered the pin of such intrinsic value. To open the paper, to read the legend, to take possession of the pin, and break the amber case, was, for Madame de Barry, only the work of a moment; who, giving herself up to all the despotism of her own will, never listened to any thing that was offered in opposition to it. "I shall keep this pin," said she; "and it shall, this day, fasten the plume of feathers I mean to wear on my head." In vain the King tried to oppose his arguments against it: there are cases in which opposition only is the forerunner of new weaknesses. The King declared he would not expose himself to the consequences of losing this pin, so precious to his grandfather: but his mistress, as careless as she was insolent, had already gained her apartment, and was occupied in fastening an elegant plume of feathers with that very pin, which had been heretofore consecrated to glory and to love.

This little incident happened precisely at that moment when M. D'Aguillon felt almost certain of seeing that intrigue end happily, which he had formed with Madame de Barry, to dismiss from court M. de Choiseuil.

The minister, as fortunate as he was adroit, had, for a long time, suffered the storm to gather over his head; and without embarrassing his numerous friends by his fears, and who, by their imprudence, might only have injured him, he appeared always easy, and sure of keeping in his exalted station.

In the meantime things came to that crisis, that, yielding to the instances and importunities of those who surrounded him, he consented, from mere complaisance, to take a step which wounded his own vanity, but which appeared the only way of parrying the last stroke levelled at him by the King's mistress and her powerful party.

He had always thought that there were only two ways for an able and captivating man to succeed with a woman, who might be, perhaps, his most inveterate enemy. These methods had always been successful, and with a head as fertile as his, to think and act were the same thing. He, therefore, approached the Countess, and seemed to contemplate her with admiration: he spoke to her with gaiety and freedom; slightly lamented that he had caused her that momentary ill-humour, which only served to render her yet more lovely; and assured her that one quarter of an hour's conversation would easily destroy all those prejudices that she had conceived against him: and he made himself so insinuating, that the triumvirate, composed of the Chancellor, the Duke D'Aiguillon, and the Abbé Teray, began to fear the success of an intrigue which had, till then, seemed so well conducted. Again they assailed the Countess, and endeavoured to keep her from forming any connection with so formidable a man. But the rendezvous, under the title of explanation of business, had already been appointed (and was to take place in the minister's cabinet) by the dangerous favourite, who was highly amused in keeping the matter secret, and whether through caprice, or from the wish of not appearing inconsequent, she would not give it up, but promised to reject, in the most positive manner, every proposal that might be inimical to the interests of her friends.

It is right to inform the reader, before we proceed any further, that for several days the King had asked, with some degree of ill-humour, and that over and over again, of Madame de Barry to restore him the pin; but she, to vex him, always told him she had lost it: and when the King wished to make her sensible that this pin had formerly belonged to Louis XIV. and was even connected with some of the most important circumstances of his life, she ought, he told her, not only to have preserved it, but to have respected it. But Madame de Barry, from the mere spirit of contradiction, made the pin subservient to the most whimsical offices. Sometimes she would make use of it to fasten the Chancellor's wig to her window-curtain, who, when he rose to re-

tire, exhibited his hideous bare head.— Sometimes she would pierce with it the lame leg of the Abbé Teray; or the back of Cardinal Giraudi; who, in quality of the Pope's nuncio, thought it an honour to put the slippers of the favourite on her pretty little feet: and all these mischievous tricks only rendered the pin doubly dear to Madame de Barry.

At length the day of rendezvous arrived. It was at six o'clock; and the King had been at the chace: he was expected to return late. Monsieur de Choiseul had put off twenty important rendezvous. Every thing seemed to conspire to set his mind at ease, and to afford him every hope of a reconciliation; which, though it wounded his pride, he thought he ought not to refuse to his friends.

The two folding-doors were thrown open, and Madame de Barry made her appearance, in a dress conspicuous more for its elegance than for its splendour; her beautiful tresses hung in careless ringlets, but in the arrangement of which the utmost art had been resorted to; and she wore, on one side of her bosom, a superb bouquet of those flowers that were in season, fastened together with a knot of ribbons, and fixed to her bust by the famous pin. She appeared like Venus descending from Mount Olympus: but, unfortunately, the ideas of Monsieur de Choiseul were merely terrestrial; and, in the beautiful Countess before him, he saw no other deity than the charming *ci-devant* courtesan, L'Ange.

"Well, Monsieur," said she, flinging herself on a sofa, "you will not do what I require of you; I am very angry with you, that you may be assured of: it is not with impunity that a woman in my situation should be denied what she asks, and I hope the King will see justice done me." The air of dignity with which she pronounced these words, was so diametrically opposite to the voluptuousness of her outward appearance, that the Duke could not forbear smiling; and answered her by a flattering kind of sarcasm, of which she felt all the point. She replied with an acrimony that Monsieur de Choiseul affected to mistake for mere caprice, only put on to give more variety to her attractions, and which he thought to put an end to by his temerity.

Perhaps he might not have met with a repulse had not that confounded pin, always fated to play an important part, presented its point, tore a beautiful lace ruffle, and most *unmercifully scratched his wrist*. He cried out, and quitted her in haste. Madame de Barry, who had no notion of the accident that had befallen him, thought herself insulted in the very moment when, perhaps, she was on the point of granting his pardon. She precipitately quitted the apartment, without the bleeding hand daring to detain her. The minister was dismissed two days afterwards; and as he was going to Chanteloup, the place of his exile, as every one in the carriage was speaking of the cause of his disgrace, he answered by the following words, which were an

enigma to them all—"A pin has changed the destiny of France."

Scarce had the favourite gained her own apartment, before the King returned from hunting. His mistress flew to meet him, impressed with the desire of vengeance for the imaginary affront she had received.—Never had the monarch beheld her so tender. This gave him an opportunity of asking her again for the pin: it was restored to him, again carefully put by, without the monarch imagining how useful it had been to him.

We will now leave the pin safe lodged again in the royal casket, and we shall soon see how it got out in the succeeding reign, never to be placed there again.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE LISTENER.

I RECEIVED last night the two following letters; they require no comment; that signed INQUISITOR merits serious attention.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—Whether you be a sectary of Heraclites or of Democrites of old; whether you be inclined to laugh at the miseries of human life, or to weep at the follies of our frail human race; I cannot question, from the correspondence addressed to you, your being endowed with an uncommon share of patience and good nature, and flatter myself accordingly that, by informing you, at once, that I am a foreigner, I shall be entitled to more indulgence, and that my observations may perhaps be listened to with more attention, from the same principle that imported *gew-gaws* will fetch a higher price than home manufactured goods.

Accustomed to hear the English called (no offence intended) a nation of shop-keepers, the first object of my curiosity was naturally to visit those shops so highly spoken of; neither could I help admiring the taste and ingeniousness with which every article, so trifling as it may be, is exposed to the view of passengers, and consequently must command numberless purchasers. This mode of inviting customers

no one can find fault with; but a certain method adopted in many shops cannot fail, I think, of creating serious and gloomy reflections. It hurts me, for instance, when I see, in a confectioner and pastry-cook's shop, a young woman obliged to stand up nearly all day long, or, at least, to rise whenever any individual, high or low, a modest woman or an impure one, enters the place. If the girl be handsome (oh! unconquerable power of beauty!) I feel still more for her. I regret a man not filling the situation: but it would not answer, I am told, the purpose of the master or mistress of the house. Mothers, governesses, and children alone, if that were the case, would enter their doors; whereas the hired *brunette* is an inducement to the grown children, or *bucks*, as they are called, who will gobble as many shillings' worth of ice-cream as the others can eat pennyworths of cakes. Those *bloodes* ogle and talk nonsense, if not worse, to the poor creature behind the counter. If she be modest and virtuous, how liable to seduction! The only character inquired into, before she is hired, is, whether she is honest; by which is meant, incapable of robbing the till.—Now this same poor girl must be neatly dressed, and her wages are so very scanty that it cannot be credited they will suffice

to defray the expence of wearing apparel alone, as her erect posture will not allow her to use her needle. Here sad thoughts will crowd in my mind! Here morality must shudder!—Let a silent curtain be drawn over the scenes in prospect.

Scandalous, however, as the above practice may be, as a mere peccadillo I consider it when compared to another, which I cannot forbear pointing out. To my utmost surprise, in many a respect, I have seen shops frequented by females only, the whole stock whereof is composed of articles intended for their use; I have seen, Mr. Listener, in those said shops, lace, gauze, ribbons, and tiffany, measured by individuals dressed in men's clothes; and whom, at sight of their bushy whiskers and blue beards, I would have thought to be real men, had they been otherwise engaged. The ridiculous distortion of their features, their elaborate lisp, and their antic gestures, suggested an idea of their being of a doubtful sex, which surmise occasioned in me a reluctant frown, accompanied with a contemptuous shrug of my shoulders.—This being noticed by a friend, who had the goodness to act as my *Cicerone*, he inquired, using my native language, into the cause of my so vexatious sensation. I no sooner let him know, than he informed me that, from the same principle that females were appointed in some houses to fill up situations best suited for men, in some other magazines it was thought most profitable, and of course advisable, to employ men, with a view of alluring female customers: my friend added further, that those youthful personages, whom I viewed there with such strong symptoms of disapprobation, were allowed a weekly stipend, proportionate, some to their athletic, others to their effeminate countenance and figure, owing to the ladies not entertaining the same opinion with regard to the secret merits of either. Ovid and Brantome have been found, in this case, to be more explicit on the subject of the fair sex than of ours.—Hence, continued my instructor, it proceeds that you observe some of these cajolers to be beardless, and others with indigo-coloured china, so as to please either taste or fancy. Prior to my visiting this country, I had heard of the superior beauty of the females of Great Britain. In history, the British,

from the earliest period, are represented as a fine race of men; their wives and daughters as equally beautiful and modest. I, therefore, scrupled giving credit to my friend's insinuation; and should think it very kind if you were to supply me, any how, with a refutation of his statement.—Meantime, till you favour me so far, I cannot help lamenting that numberless females, for want of a moderate salary, which nature had invariably intended them to procure, are discarded, to the disgrace and ruin of a multiplicity of interlopers, who might have become useful members of society, had they not, at an age of inexperience, been kidnapped from the honourable pursuits of agriculture; or others, equally meritorious in the estimation of men of sound reason, occupied in the employment of first carrying a band-box, and, when of a proper growth, to perform a disgraceful part behind a counter in a milliner's shop.

In my opinion this is, besides an attempt against national policy, an infringement of the laws of nature. Wherefore has omniscient nature (you know, as well as I do, another name might have been used) ordained, that the number of the births of males should exceed that of females? Is it not obvious that it was because the human race, in a state of civilization, according to their destiny, were indispensably in need of masculine powers to make that state of civilization comfortable, and even admissible; but does it not shew that, beyond the powers of increasing the human species, the other sex are intended merely for the comfort of the labouring sex; with full liberty, that unbounded duty being performed, to attend to the trifling business of buying or selling blond, gauze, caps, &c.; from which, however, all other human beings, not wearing petticoats, should be excluded. Notwithstanding ladies wear pelisses and riding-habits, made of cloth, never does a female make her appearance behind the counters of the respectable woollen-draper, for the very reason that the tailors are left to procure the patterns.

INQUISITOR.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

MR. LISTENER,—I am a young widow, who, after having given a decent time to tears and lamentations (and, surely, you will think two years a very long portion of

a short life to give to sorrow), am at length consoled with the reflection that "whatever is, is right;" and that heaven did not give us bright eyes to be always drowned in tears, or a complexion, bordering on the *brunette*, to be always shaded, or, rather, rendered dusky, by continually wearing dismal black: I have, therefore, now entirely thrown off my mourning; heaven, too, pleases that I should live a little longer, and I always submit to its decrees.

Besides, grief and retirement made me grow very thin; my eyes were always red with crying, and I began to look like a witch. But my health becoming perfectly re-established, all my native plumpness is restored; the gracefulness of my air and figure is improved. A kind Providence shews its goodness in everything. I know it is not myself that has wrought this change; yet here am I again launched into the world, and I signalize my re-entrance into it by writing this letter. I am not about to flatter you, for I know that is not the way to please you.

I am going to pass a week at Richmond, while my house in Manchester-square is getting ready: but do not imagine I am going alone. I am desirous of taking with me some kind friend, to share with me the delightful pleasures of such a retreat. But how difficult it is to find a real friend! Besides, I do not mean this friend to be one of my own sex; and we poor widows are always treated with rigour: every one that we distinguish by any degree of preference, is sure to be set down as a lover. We are watched, censured, our actions made the source of a thousand slanderous innuendoes, and all our sentiments depreciated. I, therefore, am convinced I ought to marry again: and I should wish my husband to be about thirty years of age, of a lively disposition, and of elegant manners. I do not want a philosopher; but a man of mild and agreeable manners, and an easy temper: I would wish him always to be well dressed; and, above all things, I would wish his heart to be in the right place.

The illusions of youth, and all its boasted romantic notions, will never be able to delude me. I wish to have a husband who knows how to appreciate, in a proper manner, both the manners of the prude and coquette; and who, by experience, may

have arrived at that prudent system which, without being capable of destroying pleasure, knows how to refine upon it. If such an one was kind, I should be ever faithful to my conjugal vows. Women are, by nature, virtuous; and when we wander out of the right path, it is never accidentally or by mere chance.

The proof that virtue is natural to us, may be seen in our deep repentance after having gone astray: we are overwhelmed with regret, we are consumed by sorrow, and often our sex have been known to resort to the most violent measures to put an end to their mental anguish. Happily for me, I am not reduced to this extremity; I can safely say, that my life has been pure, and my conscience quiet. The step I am now about to take ought not to excite the wonder of any one. Circumstances alter cases. In worldly societies we now find only policy regarded; gallantry is but little thought of. The drawing-room is frequently deserted for the pleasures of Bacchus: and over the bottle, politics, fortune, and the way to rise in the world, are the favourite topics of men's discourse, as they have long been the deities of their worship. Will you not agree to this truth? and does it not, my good Mr. Hearwell, require great efforts to chain to the car of beauty men so devoted to such cold and impenetrable powers?

Since, therefore, nobody aspires to my hand, I beg, through the medium of your Numbers, to offer it. But I warn every one who shall accept my challenge, that though I confess my good will to enter a second time the pale of matrimony, I shall not be the less fastidious on that account. I will not allow any man who is not really amiable to enter the list of those competitors, who are inclined to take up the glove I throw down: and I shall take care to acquaint myself with every particular of their conduct and character. *En attendant*, I shall bespeak my wedding dresses; for I was always fond of being busy in cheapening feathers, flowers, lace veils, and all the paraphernalia requisite for a youthful bride, the laced night-cap, the afternoon hat, and the morning *dishabille*. How many women, as well as myself have found their happiest moments passed in preparations for the wedding!

EUPHRASIA.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Astarte; a Sicilian Tale: with other Poems. By the Author of "Melancholy Hours." 1 vol. 12mo. Chapple, Pall-Mall.

WE have only to lament that *Astarte* should have been left a fragment; since it is the very pleasing and truly poetic effusion of a young poet; and if it does contain a few slight incongruities, is, nevertheless, possessed of much merit. The writer is a female, and from that cause claims our indulgence, while the talents she evinces command our admiration.

Adelmorn is enamoured of a beautiful Sicilian named *Astarte*, whom he had known from childhood; he is represented as serenading the fair one under her window, who informs him she is, by parental authority, destined to give her hand to Herman. Adelmorn urges her to flight. After his departure, preparations soon take place for the nuptials, but *Astarte's* bosom is torn with the rankling thorn of disappointed love. As the "bells ring the bridal hour," the thunder roars heavily and tremendously: Adelmorn comes to claim his love, but she is already the bride of Herman. Adelmorn becomes the prey of death, and his beauteous mistress soon follows him. The serenade is well written, but is too long; we shall, therefore, give a few extracts from another part of the poem.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

So to the mourner's eyes grown dim with tears,
Joys that are past assume a lovelier light,
As gazing back thro' the dark mists of years,
The scenes of other days appear more bright:
For Memory's prism loves to strew,
O'er joys long past a softer hue;
And Fancy sheds o'er pleasures flown,
A lustre lovelier than their own!
The transient clouds that dim life's infant day,
In manhood's sterner sorrows melt away;
They are but shadows to the weight of woe,
That life's maturer years are doom'd to know;
Childhood's light griefs soon vanish from the mind,
But all its sun-bright hours remain behind!"

REAL AFFECTION.

"In thoughtless youth's impassioned hour,
When boyhood kneels at ev'ry shrine,
I own'd no other maiden's power,
I wore no chains but thine.

No. 103.—Vol. XVII.

'Twas not the love by fancy lighted,
The fever'd idol of a day;—
A meteor flame, soon rais'd, soon blighted,
Just lit to blaze, and then decay;—
But that which stands the test of years,
Unchang'd by absence, doubts, or fears,
Unmov'd by ill, unchill'd by time,
That burns the same in ev'ry clime.
Affection forg'd the gentle chain,
And time has tried its power in vain,
It cannot read one link in twain.
Oh, there are ties no time can sever,
That twine around the heart—and bloom for ever."

THE HAPPINESS OF DOMESTIC LOVE.

"O'er us domestic bliss shall shed
Its purest beams, its holiest light,—
And as life's downward path we tread,
The torch of Love will glow more bright;
Years cannot make affection range,
Time will not see our love the less;
If age produces any change,
'Twill be increase of tenderness;
For each revolving moon will see
This heart more firmly fix'd on thee:
Should pale disease its terrors spread,
Upon this true and faithful breast,
I'll pillow thy reclining head,
And lull each throbbing pulse to rest;
And kiss the starting tear away,
And bid thy drooping heart be gay.
When the last—fatal—hour shall come,
That severs ev'ry earthly tie;
Together—we will meet its doom,
Together—breathe life's parting sigh;
And having past Oblivion's wave,
Love will revive beyond the grave!"

The poems subjoined to this poem are some of them sweetly simple. The following extract from the *Dying Bard's Address to his Mistress*, is beautiful:—

"Oh, is it not sweeter thus early to fly
Where the storms of the world can pursue us no more,
Than to linger on earth, till the once loving eye
Looks cold on the heart that it gladden'd before?
(For how few do we find in the valley of years,
With whom the light wings of life's morning were tried!
Clashing int'rests, ambition, new hopes, and new fears,
Soon sever the friend of our youth from our side.)"

We shall conclude our extracts, highly recommending this volume to our fair readers, with the following ballad:—

Z

BALLAD ON LIBERTY.

"I ask not wealth to make me great,
Nor could I brook the monarch's state,
No! be it mine to wander free,
And taste the sweets of liberty!

I would not wear the kingly crown,
Nor could I rest on beds of down,
Ah, no, an humble life give me,
With all the sweets of liberty!

Still let me as the zephyr rove,
From myrtle bow'r to orange grove,
And like the gaily ranging bee,
Sip ev'ry sweet at liberty!"

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW PLAY OF "ROB ROY."

WHEN the sun marches in his mid-day height,
And earth, air, water, heaven, all are bright;
And the white clouds that wreath their forms
on high

Floated o'er his light, like the thin drapery
That modest beauty flings o'er beauty's face,
Not to conceal—but lend a charm to grace;
All is thus warm and glorious to the view,
For 'tis the sun that gives the golden hue.
But change the hour, and let the moon's pale
beam

O'er the same spot of earth in silence gleam,
The fields look black, the drooping flowers
weep,

And ocean's sapphire waves in darkness sleep—
The scene is still the same, but changed the
hour,

And ah! too soon is changed the guiding power.
'Tis thus the Mighty One, the still unknown,
With genius o'er Macgregor's story shone,
That in the telling made their deeds his own.
Macgregor's still the hero of our tale;
The scene's the same, but half its glories fail.
A different light must lend a different hue,
And scatter different shadows to the view.
Diana Vernon, once of nought afraid,
Is now a timid self-retiring maid;
Helen, more great in virtue and in crimes,
Stands like a granite in the wreck of times;
And more is broken from the novel's scene,
Like ruins telling of the things *have* been.

Be gentle, friends, nor with too rude a blow,
Crush a young plant that, suffer'd still to grow,
May live in one, and not far distant hour,
To offer to your hand a sweeter flower.
Oh! might my voice—but 'twere unfit reveal
The pangs your Poet now is doom'd to feel,
His doubts, his hopes, his agony of fear,
Long sleepless nights, and sometimes too, the
tear

That manhood wears, and yet disdains to wear,
If—but oh, no—for you have ever been
The generous patrons of his mimic scene.
Forgive his doubts, and, if he be to blame,
His wish to please you well may share the
shame.

'Tis true his toil has woven but a wreath
Of flowrets springing wildly on the heath;
Yet Gratitude's fair blossoms now bind
The humble gift, for your acceptance twin'd;
And should your kindness deign to wear one
flower

Of all his care has cull'd in weary hour,
With grateful heart, ere dies the circling year,
He hopes to bring his votive offering here!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO FRIENDS FAR DISTANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WALK THROUGH SWITZERLAND."

NEVER did weary pilgrim rove,
By travel and by suffering faint,
With heart more tranced by holy love,
To kneel before his patron Saint,
Than I would fly your smiles to view:
When will it be my happy fate
To make a pilgrimage to you,
And bend before your cottage gate?

THE AGE OF HAPPINESS.

LET me tune my song to thee,
Golden age of infancy!
Sweet early years of innocence,
When nature to the raptured sense
A lovely gay enchantress seems,
Gilding with fairy land our dreams,
And leading on our waking hours,
Swift and light o'er fancied flowers.
Let me tune my song to thee,
Golden age of infancy!

Ah, lovely age! how pure, how bright
Seems ev'ry object in thy sight!
Deceiv'd by all, thyself deceiving,
Thy joys exist but in believing;
Wilder'd in thy sportive maze,
Dazzled by the solar blaze,
Thou think'st at all innocent as thou—
Deceit might once have lived, not now!
Let me view the world with thee,
Golden age of infancy!

Ill judging mortals, vainly wise,
Why chase the shadows from our eyes?
Why tell the Indian ye are men,
And your superior powers explain?
He sees thro' the frail garb ye wear,
The charm is melted into air;
The soft illusion hence is driven,
By which ye seem'd the race of heaven.
Let me turn again to thee,
Golden age of infancy!

Give me back, unthinking men,
My early thoughts of you again;
Rock me, stretch'd in fancy's beam,
Back to my delightful dream;

In charmed seeming still be hid,
And let me love you as I did.
Give the sweet bandage back again;
The glass of truth gives too much pain—
Let me dream again with thee,
Golden age of infancy!

Norwich.

G. B.

THE ROSE.

AN, lovely rose! around thy fragrant lips
The Zephyr loves in sportive mood to play,
And ever and anon nectareous sips
The trembling dew-drop from thy pearly
spray.

Sweet as thou art, thy beauties must resign
To her who pluck'd thee from thy mossy bed:
Thine are but transient—hers will ever shine,
When thou art wither'd, and thy charms are
fled.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. M'MULLAN.

POMONA's promise decks the vale,
Rich perfumes breathe in every gale;
Italia lends her cloudless sky;
Nor shall the woodlands hear a sigh.
Come weave fresh garlands—bail the morn!
Each bud combine, each vase adorn;
Select the garden's blooming pride,
Salute Eliza, Royal Bride!
Exalt the lyre, attune the lay,
Let druid-harps record the day;
In Windsor's groves, in princely bowers,
Zephyrs awake the sweetest flowers;
And smiling Flora, haste to bring
Beauteous wreaths and charms of spring:
Echo each blissful sound prolong—
To virtue, beauty, truth belong
Hymeneal bliss and nuptial song.

A MORNING AT KINRARA,
BELONGING TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF
GORDON.

BEHIND yon eastern hill, where twilight bends
Doubtful and faint, the purpling dawn ascends;
Stronger and stronger the soft streaks arise,
And ruddy morning beams o'er all the skies,
Slow from the lake, and up the waving trees
Ascends the mist and mingles with the breeze;
With weak'ning form it skirts the mountain-rise
And hangs its filmy fragments on the skies.
'Tis silence all—save where the bird of morn,
Or on the heathy tuft, or spangled thorn,
Shakes the dank dew-drop from his quiv'ring
wing,
And eager swells his little throat to sing;
And on a parent's pinion, high in air,
Dimoves in song above his nursing care.
Save yon faint murmurs of the rippling flood,
And softer murmurs of the rustling wood.

And when you cock, with shrill and frequent
scream,
Strikes on the morn, and breaks the shepherd's
dream.

O solemn come thou, renovating day!
Though beauty marks thy mild, thy onward way;
Thy gradual steps with gradual splendour rise,
And the deep night is lost in brilliant skies.
But stronger still, for o'er yon mountain grey,
Pour thou thy beams, O sun! thy mighty day,
Thy piercing beam which rent the realm of night,
And sheds the awful blaze of life and light.
Great in thy might, fast up the various skies,
Solemn and still thy flaming glories rise;
While broad o'er earth thy bounteous hand is
spread,

And lifts in rapture wearied nature's head;
To thy full harp she wakes her dewy train,
And robes them charming for the day again.
Now o'er yon cottage mantled round with trees,
Slow swells the smoke, and curls along the breeze;
From his heath couch the early shepherd springs,
And, with his dog, along the hill he sings.
The flocks spread bleating o'er the fragrant hill,
The herds low hungry by the grassy rill;
And soft and wild through all the forest long,
The airy minstrels lift their morning song;
While proudly rolling through the verdant scene,
Through rocks reluctant, and through glens so
green,

The Spey conjoins her deep, her growing voice,
And men and angels on her banks rejoice.
To crown the scene, to crown the charms of day,
Fair of Kinrara, on the sounding Spey!
Are thus thy steps so early on the dew,
And swells he his wild voice, yon thrush, for you?
Is't all for thee, the glen, the brook, so fair,
The woods Arabian on the desert air!
The hills, the rocks, beyond a painter's hand,
A fairy picture in a fairy land;
A people living in an angel's eye,
An host for friendship, or an host to die.
O! 'tis for thee—all hail! a soul like thine,
Which in the desert or the court can shine;
Which strong in worth will shape its steady way,
And stamp on crime-worn time primeval day.
O! seekat thou here, where 'twiching nature
sports,

Far from the gazing world and pomp of courts,
To nurse thy mind within thy ivy'd bower,
And give to reason reason's pride and power;
To set wild fancy on a seraph's wing,
And clothe the passions with the buds of spring;
To fix thy soul long in the eddying world,
By fortune varied, or by fashion whirl'd;
And with a lifted eye and soul sincere,
In purest nature dart beyond the sphere.
These are the halls where Ossian rais'd the song;
These are the hills where Fingal pour'd along,
Great in the chase; or with the flaming sword
Press'd to the ground proud Lochlin's bloody
lord.

And on yon clond perhaps Malvina lies,
Thy kindred genius on the earth or skies.

Z 2

Here from his mist will Kaimes thy footsteps
tend,

Thy early favourite, and unerring friend.

And Burns, lost Burns, his tribute too will bring,
No peacock's feather on a lavrock's wing;

The cloud which wafts him from the highest
skies,

Will pour a thousand bards before thy eyes;

Their three blind chiefs will touch the harmo-
nious string,

And thee and thine the enraptur'd host will sing;

Haunts of their time, their long forgotten joys,

Will lift to heaven their dread aerial voice.

Here ancient times prevail o'er all the land,
Pure as just smoothed by a patriarch's hand:
Vice strides not here with fearless frontless face,
Nor sits presumptuous in meek virtue's place;
Guile lifts not up the smooth, the varnish'd head,
To cheat the living, and to bloat the dead:
Here bliks not round the dark, the insidious
eye,

Nor swells the dubious uninviting sigh:

Its ermine trims not pride with palsy'd hand,

Nor wave's fell faction her devouring brand;

Nor war, the scourge of God, the pride of kings,

Comes here all bloody on a statesman's wings.

F A S H I O N S

FOR

MAY, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—MORNING DRESS.

Deshabille round dress, finished at the border with open vandykes and embossments of rich embroidery, over which are three rows of narrow tucks, two tucks in each row. Full sleeves *à l'Évêque*, finished at the wrists with a double ruffle of lace; the gown made partially low, and trimmed with lace next the bust; plain *fichu* of fine French lawn worn underneath. Village *cornette* of fine lace, ornamented simply with a broad satin ribband, of celestial blue. Kid slippers of Modena red.

No. 2.—WALKING DRESS.

Bridal morning robe of fine cambric, richly embroidered, and trimmed with puckered muslin round the border and down the front, which folds over *à la Sultané*. Elizabeth spenser and bonnet of ethereal blue; the spenser elegantly ornamented in a novel style with white satin, &c. The bonnet of blue satin and fine net, crowned with a superb *bouquet* of full-blown white roses; a Brussels lace *cornette* is worn with this elegant bonnet. Cachemire shawl *drapé*, with a rich variegated border: triple ruff of broad Brussels lace. Half-boots of ethereal blue kid, the upper part of fine cachemire coloured cloth.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE gay and crowded metropolis now exhibits a motley display of winter, spring, and almost summer fashions in unison: the cold weather that yet prevailed in the middle of April, and, indeed, on many days towards the conclusion of that month, caused the warm pelisse to be wrapped over the cambric or muslin robe; and even if the British fair did venture out in their spencers, the drapery of the warm cachemire shawl, or the swansdown tippet, became indispensable appendages to their dress.

Among the pelisses, we have noticed one in particular of an elegant pattern, of a spring-like hue, but of that warm texture which renders it an appropriate winter covering. The material is a rich Tobine silk, the ground a reddish purple of a shade somewhat darker than the Persian lilac: it is striped with white satin, and ornamented round the border with rich white satin in puckers, and the *pockettes*, which are placed backwards, are elegantly slashed and ornamented with *rouleaux* of white satin. A currie coat of cachemire colour, with three capes, and a beautiful shag silk



WALKING DRESS.

Invented by M^{rs} Bell 58 St. James Street, Brighton and J^{rs} L. & Co. of London. N^o 1175. Published May 1882.



MORNING DRESS.

Engraved for La Belle Assemblée, No 109 Published May 1. 1818.

collar a shade darker, is a very fashionable article for the open carriage. Spencers promise, however, to be the most prevailing out-door covering this spring. They are made chiefly in the form and fashion of that which we have given in our Print, and which is the sole invention of Mrs. Bell, of St. James's-street; who has also invented another, at the express desire of a lady of high rank: this last is formed of the new Parisian silk, which has the appearance of a very fine close net over a silk ground; it is of a bright grass-green, bound with narrow white satin, with a pointed pelerine cape, ornamented in the same manner. The bonnets, head-dresses, and trimmings, invented since last month by the tasteful *marchande de modes* above-mentioned, are *unique* and elegant: for walking, a bonnet of very large dimensions, either of Leghorn, fine straw, or improved willow, is tastefully finished either by fine blond or coloured silk shag at the border; rose colour is most prevalent, with a Neapolitan crown of the same colour and material. Others are made entirely of straw or willow, and are crowned either with a bunch of French double poppies, or with a clustre of the Indian lotos with its buds. An elegant carriage bonnet of white satin, trimmed with narrow shag silk, and crowned by a plume of white feathers, seems to claim universal admiration.

Nothing is reckoned more elegant for the morning costume than the *déshabille* bridal robe, as given in our Print of a Walking Dress. Poplins and sarsonets are still most prevalent for the dinner and evening party; their trimming is formed of waves in bias of different coloured satins, best correspondent to the colour of the dress; these borders are from five to seven inches in breadth, according to the height of the wearer. Young ladies, in evening parties, wear dresses of clear muslin, richly embroidered, over peach-coloured satin; these dresses are all *à-la-Suissine*. For ball dresses, leno or crape, worn-over peach or rose colour, are most fashionable, with an elegant trimming at the border in serpentine waves of fine puckered net and floize silk; on each side of which is a row of green foliage, generally of rose-tree leaves. The wreaths of flowers, worn on the hair at balls, are

formed of the magnolia blossoms, the lotos, and the jessamine and rose entwined. A *corsage* of satin, the colour of the slip, finishes the dress.

Black gauze dresses, richly figured, are, as usual, at this season, a favourite dress at the Opera and the dress-boxes of the Theatres. At the Opera, hats of white satin, turned up slightly, and edged with pearls, or those of French net striped with blue satin, and surmounted by a plume of white cypress feathers, seem much in favour.

A morning visiting *cornette* is amongst the novelties for half-dress; it is composed of fine Brussels lace, and ornamented with a full bunch of white hyacinths; the *cornette* for receiving parties, or for the familiar visits of friendship, is of fine blond and net, crowned profusely with mozarian and small poppies, or with a full branch of the Indian lotos, both white and purple. The Hesse Homberg turban of white net and pearls, ornamented at the summit with a full plume of drooping white ostrich feathers, is much in estimation for full dress.

We have remarked at evening parties a very elegant *toque* in the Arabian form, of striped gauze; the *rouleau* part in front made in bias; two full ostrich feathers are fastened from the back part, and droop over the front.

Sautoirs, or half handkerchiefs of French gauze, beautifully embroidered in colours, or of white figured Barcelona silk, are carelessly tied or thrown across the bust, at routs and evening assemblies.

The favourite colours are garter blue, bright grass-green, blue, pink, and lilac.

The following is a list of dresses made for her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, on her nuptials with the Prince of Hesse Homberg, and were made by Miss Wing, of St. James's-street:—

An elegant rich white satin robe, superbly embroidered with Roman pearl beads, and richly trimmed with blond lace; body full trimmed to correspond, and long sleeves, composed of beautiful blond lace: worn over a rich white satin dress, embroidered with beads to correspond.

A rich white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with flounces of Brussels point lace,

headed by a border of satin roses; body and sleeves composed of Brussels lace, tastefully ornamented with roses to correspond.

An elegant figured white satin dress, with a broad flounce of blond lace, headed with a full trimming, to correspond, of net satin and blond; body and sleeves very full, and handsomely trimmed with blond lace.

An elegant rich striped white satin dress, with two flounces of broad blond lace, each flounce headed with blond shell trimming; body richly trimmed, and full sleeves, ornamented with blond lace.

A very rich amber satin dress, with a superb border of blond lace, headed with an elegant trimming of patent net and satin; sleeves composed of blond lace and satin *tulle*; body richly trimmed with blond lace.

An elegant blue satin dress, trimmed round the train with blond lace shell trimming, tastefully fastened with bows of white ribbon, headed with a flounce of blond lace; sleeves composed of blue satin, and vandykes of blond lace.

A green and white striped satin dress, trimmed round the train with an elegant trimming composed of patent net and satin, edged with blond lace, and fastened with white satin roses; sleeves tastefully ornamented with a scallop.

A beautiful Pomona green satin dress, with a very rich trimming at the bottom of net and blond lace, ornamented with roses of blond lace and satin: very full sleeves of patent net and blond lace; top of the dress trimmed with blond lace to correspond.

White satin wedding pelisse, trimmed round with broad Mechlin lace, and cape full trimmed to correspond.

White satin dress, to wear under wedding pelisse, with full ruff of muslin lace.

An elegant muslin lace cap, to wear with white satin pelisse.

An elegant fine bobbin lace robe, trimmed with fine broad Mechlin lace and pearl beads, worn over a very rich white satin dress.

A superb Honiton lace dress, trimmed at the bottom with festoons of lace and bows of ribbon, full sleeves, and cape of handsome lace, worn over a rich blue satin

dress, with full trimmings of net and satin.

Two very fine India muslin dresses, with Mechlin lace bodies, and flounces of Mechlin lace; worn over satin slips, white and lilac.

Fine India star book muslin dress, let in with broad lace, and trimmed with broad flounce of fine Mechlin lace, and Mechlin lace long sleeves; top richly trimmed to correspond; worn over a white satin slip.

A fine India spotted muslin dress, trimmed with flounces of broad Mechlin lace and satin, body and sleeves of Mechlin lace; worn over a blue satin slip.

Two fine India sprigged book muslin dresses, with flounces of Mechlin lace; bodies and sleeves let in with Mechlin lace.

A fine India lace striped muslin dress, fully trimmed with flounces of fine Valenciennes lace, headed with borders of blue satin; *tulle* body and sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Three fine India sprigged muslin dresses, trimmed handsomely with Mechlin lace.

A white silk pelisse, trimmed with beautiful blue and white brocade trimming, with full frill and cuffs of blond lace; a rich and elegant white satin bonnet, trimmed with blond lace and a handsome plume of feathers.

A rich lilac and white striped satin pelisse, with French foldings of white satin; Mechlin lace frill.

Fine India muslin pelisse, trimmed with elegant Mechlin lace, lined with lilac sarsnet.

Four elegant satin and sarsnet pelisses, handsomely trimmed with satin and plush trimmings, and handsome lace ruffs.

A very fine white kerseymere dress, body and sleeves embroidered, and rich trimmings of white satin round the bottom; frill of fine Valenciennes lace, collar and cuffs.

Four fine coloured cloth dresses, elegantly embroidered, with very handsome lace collars.

An elegant white sarsnet morning dress, handsomely trimmed with borders of blue and white brocade trimming, with muslin lace frill.

A fine India striped muslin morning dress, flounces of French work, trimmed

with Valenciennes lace; worn over a green satin slip.

Four handsome bordered muslin dresses, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Four handsome bordered muslin dresses, trimmed with fine-work and lace.

Two elegant cambric bordered pelisses, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; bonnets, caps, &c. to correspond.

The following dresses were also made by Miss Wing, for the occasion:—

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—A superb train dress, with striped lavender silver tissue borders, richly embroidered in silver lama, and headed with beautiful trimmings of silver, intermixed with celestial blue; body and sleeves trimmed with blond lace; the sleeves tastefully ornamented with silver tassels, and fastened at the waist with a superb diamond clasp. Head dress, a superb plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.—A rich and elegant white satin dress, with two borders of gold fringe; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blond lace; the sleeves tastefully ornamented with gold trimmings, and superb netted tassels; a gold tissue robe, of beautiful pattern, elegantly bordered with gold fringe, to correspond with the dress, and fastened at the waist with a superb diamond clasp. Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

It is well we have had but few changes in our modish hemisphere since I last wrote to you; for, no doubt, ere this reaches England, your pages will be engaged for a detail of the wedding-dresses of the Princess Elizabeth, and you will not have much to spare to foreign correspondents. *Bref*, then, shall be the word. Though this is the season of spring, yet cold and wet have kept the pelisse in its station: this *sensible* covering, as the English ladies term it, is now, however, of slight sarnet, and of a spring-like hue, such as celestial-blue or

sea-green; it is generally fastened down the front in very long *brandenburgs* of the same colour; and the pelisse is ornamented round the border with two rows of satin ribbon, a shade darker than the sarnet.

Lemon-coloured crape hats, ornamented with puffings and tufts of red ribbon, or myrtle-green ribbon, are all the rage: on green hats, long feathers of straw-colour are very prevalent, intermixed with a kind of bell flower, of a bright scarlet. In carriage costume, hats of plaid gauze are much worn, or those of white crape, bound with a broad plaid ribbon; they are slightly bent down over the forehead. Fine Leghorn hats are most in favour for the promenade; and at the public walks, transparent bonnets of white crape, or of Chinese gauze, are reckoned very elegant; they are ornamented with green foliage, all the leaves of which are composed of different shades of green, in feathers: they are uncommonly beautiful, and very expensive. Straw hats, with coloured borders, are among the novelties of the day; they are turned up behind, and have a bunch of flowers in front; these consist generally of Japanese roses, amaryllis, apple blossoms, or the Chinese rose. Grass green bonnets of *Gros-de-Naples*, are relieved by a trimming of gauze, delicately variegated in chequer work of very light green and neptune blue; many ladies add a bunch of white lilac. The Scotch cap, as usual, still retains its pre-eminence amongst the favourite out-door costume of our modish belles; it is made of plaid silk, and the only alteration is the divesting it of its plumes, and crowning it with a full bunch of clove carnations or yellow ranunculus: it has not gained by this change; and is now more fitted to the theatre than the public promenade.

The gowns have received no material alteration this month; white cambric and muslin are most in estimation: cachemire and silks are but partially worn: in full dress, every lady now wears a *bouquet*, generally formed of lilacs and hyacinths, or other flowers most in season.

Evening *cornettes* of tulle, surmounted by a plume of feathers, are much worn at the Opera, and at late dinner parties of ceremony: and turbans of lemon-coloured

crape or gauze, spotted with silver, are reckoned most elegant in full dress.

The hair is parted from the forehead, and falls over the temples in large corkscrew ringlets, *à-la-Ninon*. Wreaths of flowers,

for ball head-dresses, are composed of lilacs or ranunculus, with their leaves, or everlasting.

The favourite colours are lilac, lemon-colour, and myrtle-green.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY ; INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

A NEW farce has been performed at this Theatre, and with complete success, called *The Sleeping Draught*. Its chief merit is in the plot and incidents, which, though somewhat improbable, are whimsical and well contrived, and keep the audience in uninterrupted good humour. Harley is the life of the piece; the character he performs is that of a servant, the chief agent in a love intrigue; in the course of his enterprise, which takes place at the house of a medical practitioner, he swallows a liquid left on a table, which proves to be a *sleeping draught*, and being supposed dead, is put into a chest. He afterwards undergoes a variety of perils and adventures; and becomes, in the end, by accident, the means of uniting the two lovers in whose service he was engaged. The scene where he takes the potion, and imagines himself poisoned, and that of his recovery, when, from some speeches he overhears and misinterprets, he thinks he is to be killed, are managed with great skill. The piece promises to become a favourite.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Nothing new has been produced at this charming theatre since our last accounts: *Rob Roy* continues its wonted attraction, and draws together a most brilliant and crowded audience.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MR. MATTHEWS, by his comic *Mail Coach* performances, has succeeded most admirably, to the entire approbation of numerous and delighted audiences: the receipts of the house averaged two hundred and fifty pounds per night since the time

he commenced this novel entertainment.—It is said he is engaged by Mr. Arnold for the ensuing season.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.

(Concluded from page 138.)

BOSTON THEATRE.—General performances, Messrs. Duff, Brown, Green, Pelly, Drummond, Hughes, Bray, Dykes, Adamson (from Bath, England), Shaw, and Jones; Mesdames, Powell, Duff, Drummond (late Miss Henry), Brown, Wheatly (late Mrs. Williams, of the New York stage), Barnes, sen. and Bray.—In Opera, Messrs. Drummond, Hughes, Dykes, and Bray; Mesdames Drummond, Wheatly, Duff, and Brown.—The Ballet, Mr. Jones; Miss Jones, Mrs. Clarke, and Miss Clarke.

NORFOLK & CHARLESTON THEATRES.—General performances, Messrs. Young, Carpenter, Mude, Clarke, Bignal, Dalton, Faulkner, Nichols, Page; Mesdames Holman, Gilfert (late Miss Holman), Young, Claude, Jacobs, Clarke, and Faulkner.—In Opera, Messrs. Nichols, Faulkner, and Dalton; Mesdames Young, Holman, and Claude.—The Ballet, Miss Lattine, Miss Clarke, and others.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a concise description of the principal theatrical corps in this country; and should you consider it worthy of insertion in your elegant repository, I shall feel myself fully compensated for the exertions I have taken to procure correct information on this head. Should opportunities offer, I will continue my communications.—I have the honour to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DRAMATICUS AMERICANUS.

N. B. A new Theatre is just opened in Alexandria, under the management of Messrs. Caldwell and Entwisle. They

opened with *The Honey-moon*—*Duke Aranza*, Mr. Caldwell: *Juliana*, Mrs. Entwisle.
D. A.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

WHEN Mademoiselle Georges quitted Poitou, for Lorraine, and made her *début* at the Theatre in Metz, places were so eagerly sought after in that small Theatre, that two *gens d'armes* were obliged to be stationed over the places taken on each row.

Talma departed for Marseilles about the middle of March; Mademoiselle Anals, who was only prevented by party intrigue from succeeding at her first *début*, quitted Paris, to play at the Argyll Rooms, in London. This is a serious misfortune: the best French performers are now growing old, and the early *débütant* does not meet with sufficient encouragement; therefore the theatrical art, in France, may be said to be on the decline.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Walk through Switzerland, in September-1816. 1 vol. 12mo. Hookham, jun.; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

THESE letters, written with much feeling, taste, and elegance, were addressed to a lady, and are now collected by the author, and inscribed to her. There have already a few of them appeared before the public in the *Monthly Magazine*, and were duly appreciated and admired by the greater part of that public: there are now added to them several others, containing much additional interest; and the whole forms together a most pleasing and amusing volume; which is enriched by two very correct maps—the one of Switzerland; the other, of peculiar interest, offering to the astonished view, the Simplon passage over the Alps.

The following beautiful extracts will serve to shew the author's descriptive powers:—

THE CASCADE OF TOURTMAGNE.

"The next object which arrested our attention, in a forcible manner, was the cascade of Tourtmagne. I believe that it is rarely visited; but, from the singularity of its situation, and

the magnitude of its volume, it is truly deserving of the inconvenience, not unaccompanied by danger, which must be experienced in viewing it to advantage. We approached it by the left bank of the river: the opposite side is easily accessible; but the view which is obtained from it is too partial to gratify the ardent curiosity and exhaustless love of that mind which adores the charms and sublimities of nature. Words cannot present this extraordinary and impressive scene. If you could picture to your imagination a natural arena in a mountain-side, perhaps ninety feet in circumference, and nearly one hundred feet deep, with a rising ground on one side, covered with bright verdure, rising from the bottom of this arena, and overhanging a craggy abyss, into which the collected waters of a considerable mountain-river fall perpendicularly; if, above the apparent summit of this, you could look beyond it, and see the first fall of the stream, rolling its vast sheet over a bank partially fringed with underwood, or small trees, which overhang the torrent; and if, to view all this, you could recline on the verdant acclivity of which I have spoken, you would place yourself where I was: and can you form a conception of the deafening reverberation occasioned by the fall of this vast torrent into a spot so circumscribed and deep?—Yes, perhaps you can imagine all that I attempt to describe: but, to be agitated, to be awed, to be delighted, as I was, you must hear the torrent roar, and behold, with your own eyes, the wonders of this scene. I felt as if I had entered the most hallowed sanctuary of nature: I involuntarily sunk almost upon my face: I lay prostrate—in an attitude of worship: fear—wonder—delight overcame me: my emotions would have approached a fearful intensity, had I visited this spot alone. You have read of the dangerous tendency of religious beatitude: may not lonely visits to the most sequestered, awful, and sublime scenes of nature lead to transports or musings which verge on delirium?"

AWFUL SCENERY OF THE ALPS, AND THE DANGER OF CROSSING THEM.

"Among the awful scenery of the Alps, the traveller is never free from peril, but during the depth of winter: then only do the ravages of snow, ice, and hurricane, pause; but this stillness is the dreadful silence of death; nothing moves or lives; every object is wrapped in the poisonous atmosphere of intense frost.

"In spring, the mild and gentle breezes awaken nature from her trance; but, like the breaking of day upon the collected forces of two mighty empires, she is roused to the terrific energies of tumult and desolation: the enormous masses of snow, which lie on the sides of the rocks, are penetrated by the dissolving atmosphere, and are precipitated, with destructive violence, into the valleys; tearing away, and dragging with them, fragments of rock, earth,

A a

and trees. Although the imperceptible decay of atmosphere is the herald of danger, yet are the mazes, in general, motionless, until some concussion of the air dissolves the magical and indefinable power which restrains them. The foot-step of a traveller—a shout—the tinkling of a bell—the flying of a bird—the leap of a chamois—an echo—an articulation—will break the charm. He who is destined to travel among the Alps at this fatal season, moves through these valleys of death as soon as the faintest dawn appears to direct his steps: he is speechless: he walks quickly, but not with heedless rapidity: he thinks that he is violating the sanctuary of nature, and fears to provoke her terrific vengeance. Among these cheerless scenes, the church bell is suspended but a few inches from the ground, and in some districts it is never heard."

In our *Gleaner's Porte-Folio*, and amongst our *Original Poetry*, are two very interesting extracts from this charming little volume.

Modern Times. By Mrs. Beverley. 8vo. pp. Second edition.

THIS pamphlet is well written, and is in the form of a sermon; setting forth, in a particular manner, the heinous sin of hypocrisy, and the real want of religion, charity, and benevolence, amongst many of the professors of christianity; and which duplicity, as it is mockery before God, is more likely to draw down national calamities on a kingdom, than even those vices which, from their being unmasked, excite more disgust: and, certainly, we agree with Mrs. Beverley in this respect, for

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
"As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

A Voyage to Greenland, By Messrs. Giescke and Egede-Saabye.—Copenhagen.

AT the moment that we are sending out navigators to discover a north-west passage, two travellers have offered to the public the observations they have made in the northern hemisphere. One of them is a M. Giescke, a native of Augsburg, and professor of mineralogy at Dublin, who was actually at Greenland from the month of May, 1806, to August, 1813; and who penetrated as far as the seventy-seventh degree, where an immense maritime glacier terminated the part explored by the Dane. The relation of M. Giescke, which is very

important, as it regards natural history and science, appeared a very short time ago, written in German and English; but an extract has been circulated at Copenhagen, wherein this traveller has spoken of a numerous collection of curiosities to be found in Greenland. M. Egede-Saabye is a Danish Missionary, who sojourned in divers parts of Greenland from 1770 to 1778; and his work has just been translated into German: it is truly valuable, by the genuine observations displayed in it on the manners and way of living of these people, who seem cast at such an immense distance from animated nature.

An horrible chain of glaciers are situated on the summit of the mountains that cross Greenland from north to south; these stupendous masses of ice, often as thick, in circumference, as three hundred feet, fill the vallies, and descend to the very midst of the sea; where, broken by the waves, they form caverns of chrystal, of the most picturesque appearance. The rocks, covered with red, blue, and yellow lichens, as well as different kinds of verdant moss, serve to decorate the icy acue; which glitters with the purple rays of an oblique sun, and displays a variety of the most brilliant tints. Rivulets, issuing from the foundation of the snows, precipitate themselves, in cascades, over the rocks and glaciers. These palaces of an eternal winter have a pomp and sublimity difficult to be described, and which can be only offered to the idea by the hand of an eminent painter.

The shores offer a fresh and brilliant prospect of verdure; and it is to this illusion that the country owes its name of Greenland: but these lands only contain heaps of turf and marshes full of weeds, in which the feet sink at every step. In the meantime, there are, certainly, in Greenland, both plains and vallies, from whence the wild thyme and the angelica shed their wholesome and pleasing odour.

The huts of the natives of Greenland are composed of different pieces of slate, branches of trees, and moss. The smoke and smell of these tanneries are insupportable; and it is almost impossible for a person, accustomed to civilized life, to stop, for a few minutes, before their fires when the pot is on, filled with the flesh of seals,

boiling under a lamp, the exhalations from which may be easily conceived, in a close and generally crowded atmosphere of about fifteen feet square.

It is almost superfluous to repeat, that the Greenlanders are of the same origin as the Esquimaux, the tribes of which have spread, in North America, through all the polar regions; and which are incontestibly a branch of the Mongol race, the mistress of central or northern Asia. The yellow complexion, the hair, hard and crisped, like that of a horse; thick lips, flat noses, eyes, as black as jet, yet full of fire and penetration, with the peculiar smallness of the hands and feet; all attest them to be of the same origin as the Esquimaux. The only charm which nature has bestowed on the female sex, is an exuberant head of hair; some having this covering of about six feet in length; and which serves as a warm wrapper to those who are seldom more than four feet high in stature.

These people, who, according to our ideas, are so wretched, are passionately attached to their native country: every one says, with all the pride of a Roman, "I am a *Kalalit*!" This is the name they distinguish themselves by, as a nation. Greenlanders have been taken to Copenhagen, brought up as Europeans, and treated with the utmost kindness, yet they always have sighed after their paternal shores. "There is *sky enough*," they say, "in Denmark, but yet it is never cold enough; no beautiful glaciers, no seals, no whales. Setting aside these wants, the country is almost as fine as ours." But, they would add, "You have very poor people among you: why do not the rich help them? You have servants, slaves: how can you make your fellow-men wait upon you? Should men be treated like dogs? You are afraid of thieves and assassins: ah! take care and make your countrymen better men, before you take upon you to find fault with us."

It is certain that the Greenlanders all live together in brotherly unity. If one finds a piece of wood that has floated to the shore, which he thinks he has a right to, he takes possession of it; marking it as his property by placing on it a couple of stones: he may then safely leave it; no other Greenlander will attempt to take it away. If two natives take umbrage at

each other, they offer a mutual challenge; not to fight, but to a trial of song: all the neighbours assemble, and, before a wild kind of space, the two adversaries, dressed in their best clothes, and surrounded by a party of friends, try, with all their might, which shall render the other the most ridiculous. The loud laughter of the assembly decides the victory, and the conqueror carries off some valuable deposit, laid down as the prize of the combat.

The modesty of a Greenland virgin exacts of him who is to be her husband the carrying her off by force: he must even drag her along by her long tresses; and when he has brought her to his hut, she should then run off several times, till her lover gives her a proof of his affection, by making a few incisions on her instep, in order to keep her quiet.

This custom appears to have been very common among the ancients; we discover some traces of it among the Greeks, and that at the epoch of their highest civilization; the seventh day after the wedding, the young couple went to sleep in a house belonging to the parents of the wife; but, in more barbarous times, the wife ran thither alone, and the husband came, and carried her away by force.

Those Greenlanders who are converted to christianity, have civilized their national manners. The young man explains his wishes to the minister of his parish, who sends for the bride-elect, and says to her, "It is time you was married."—The young woman, although she is secretly engaged to her lover, replies, firmly, "I will not marry."—"It is a pity, for I have found a husband for you."—"Who?"—The pastor then names him.—"He is good for nothing; I will not have him."—"Very well, I shall not compel you to have him; but he is young, and an excellent hunter of the seal."—"I shall not marry; I will not have him."—"Very well; I have another wife for him."—He is then silent, and the young girl sighs; a tear trembles in her eye, and she says, "As you please, pastor."—"No, it is as you please; I shall not persuade you."—The girl fetches a deep sigh, pronounces the monosyllable *yes*, in a voice scarcely articulate, and the affair is concluded.

The Pagan Greenlanders have several

wives: one among them, a very virtuous man, who, for two years, had followed the instructions of a Danish priest, came to him one day, and asked him if he would baptize him?—"Willingly," said the priest; "but you have two wives."—"That does not hinder me from being a Christian."—"O yes."—"How miserable you make me, pastor; can I send away my wife and abandon my children?"—"Continue to take care of your wife, but do not live with her as with your wife."—"It is difficult. God then will reject me if I do not reject my wife!"—"The rulers of my country have forbade me to baptize any one that has two wives."—"Pastor, do not you think that the Great Ruler of heaven is more indulgent than the rulers of your country? I wish to become a Christian and I cannot. Nevertheless, I will continue to obey God and abstain from evil; and I hope he will not reject me at my last hour."—"The missionary took the Greenlanders by the hand, and said to him:—"May thy father and my father, the great father of us all, have mercy on thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, both in this life, and in that to come."—"Farewell," said the Pagan; "farewell, my good pastor, we shall see each other again in the presence of the Almighty."—He brushed off a tear, and took his departure.

Memoirs of Madame Manson. Written by herself. Translated from the French.
1 vol. 12mo. Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy.

THESE memoirs, from a female who has been the theme of conversation, not only in France but in England, are addressed in a letter to her mother; and are told in that seeming conviction of innocence, so far as her not having any participation in the horrid murder of M. Fualdes, that on perusal, the reader feels inclined to pity a woman who seems the victim of her own thoughtless indiscretion, a romantic disposition, the dread of violating a solemn oath, and trembling for the fate of a beloved child should she divulge what she was compelled to be a witness of. She appears to be conscious that not only her own life, but that of her father and her son, might be endangered by the vengeance of wretches who have proved themselves most sanguinary, and an utter disgrace to human nature.

It is not that we mean to extenuate the conduct of Madame Manson, or to stand up in her defence: even to her mother, to whom she declares she will unbosom herself without disguise, she, in fact, divulges nothing essential, but observes the same kind of mystery as on her trial, except positively denying that she was at Bancal's house; and states that she was only terrified by the menaces of her father to say she was there. And she seems rather to assert it as her opinion that her young friend, Mademoiselle Rose Pierret, was present at the horrible assassination. Many circumstances in these memoirs have been already laid before the public in the trial and examination of this extraordinary woman; we shall therefore confine ourselves merely with giving a few extracts, to shew to our readers the energy of Madame Manson's style, and which proves her to be possessed of no ordinary mind.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE PREFECT.

"Yes, Sir, I am determined! A moment longer and I had said every thing. But my safety is involved; no matter, I will relate every thing. You are responsible—for the secret in particular. My deposition, you will see, is a mixture of truth and falsehood. I have never been at Bancal's, and yet I must be considered as having been there. For God's sake pity me!"

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER.

"Oh! Sir, what information have I not derived in the course of a single week! What experience does not adversity supply! I have passed my life in a state of seclusion from the world, with which I was little anxious to be acquainted; and but for a passionate love of theatrical amusements, might yet have lived unknown. What has the world to expect from me when it is so incensed against me? Whom have I injured? Whose hatred have I merited? I surely never provoked the envy of any person. I am without fortune; nature has imparted to me neither beauty nor genius; if some partial admirers have given me credit for talent, I clearly shew I am devoid of common sense. I have enemies, I know not why; but this truth is too evident to require demonstration: it is I who forge all the darts that are pointed against me."

Her evident knowledge of the horrid transaction appears in the following extract from a letter to the Prefect:—

"I could unfold!—Oh! If I were not a mother!—Never, no, never.—You are far from being acquainted with my character. Alas me

to intreat you will not shew my letter; it is nonsense—a mere tissue of absurdities; give it what name you please: what can you expect from a mind half distracted?"

The inconsistent character of Madame Manson, wherein lightness of mind with a great degree of firmness are mingled, may be discovered in the following expressions. We should imagine the woman who was accused of so dreadful a crime as a participation in a murder the most fearful and horrible, could have little inclination to laughter:—

"The Prefect led me into his study, where I found Victoire, who appeared to have been put to the question. In spite of my sorrows, I could with difficulty help laughing. She wished to speak in set phrases, but the fear with which she was inspired, no doubt, by the elevated rank of her opponent, betrayed her into a number of expressions so truly ridiculous, that the bare recollection of what passed on this occasion makes me laugh even at this moment in my prison," &c.

There is much point and wit in the following extract, which proves too that the lady can be severe "in spite of her sorrows":—

"If I am to be tried as an accomplice, I shall retain no counsel. I should be sorry to owe my acquittal to his ingenuity. I will plead my own cause; and after having acquired the reputation of an extraordinary witness, the public will perhaps consider me still more extraordinary as a criminal. You are acquainted with the merits of the system adopted by a modern writer, a countryman of yours, profoundly skilled in metaphysics, and still more remarkable as a logician. This philosopher denies that women have souls; but as there is scarcely an animal whose instinct does not lead it to defend itself when attacked, I shall endeavour to make use of the feeble means nature has given me for that purpose. I will reply to his remarks one of these days; for if I am accused of having *divorced* * myself from common sense, I shall console myself with the idea that I do not stand alone."

* Her farewell to her son and mother is pathetic and affecting:—

"Farewell, my son, my only blessing, my only consolation. Farewell, my dear mother; I leave you. May this memoir serve to divert your thoughts: may you find some alleviation of your sufferings. Edward will peruse it one day, but he can never form an idea of the anguish he has caused his unfortunate mother."

* M. de Bonald, the philosopher to whom Madame Manson alludes, is the author of a treatise on *Divorce*.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Night-Mare Abbey; by the author of *Headlong Hall*.

In a short time will be submitted to the public, a *Latin* and a *Greek Grammar*, intended to facilitate the study of those languages, on an entirely new plan. By T. H. Black, of Bath-House Academy, Muswell Hill, Crouch End.

A pamphlet has been printed, and is delivered, free from expence, to parents, in which the principles of education are developed, and the errors and defects of the ordinary mode of instruction pointed out. By T. H. Black, of Bath-House Academy.

Early in May will be published, *Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints*, and those various and extensive derangements of the constitution arising from hepatic irregularities and obstruction. The Third Edition, very considerably enlarged. By John Faithhorn, formerly Surgeon in the East India Company's service.

Among the physiological publications of this month, we have to announce Mr. Curtis's *Introductory Lecture to his Course on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear*, as delivered at the Royal Dispensary, 1816. This Lecture contains much ingenious reasoning on the structure of the ear, from which the author has deduced important practical conclusions, rendering the Lecture both interesting and amusing.

NEW MUSIC.

Beside the low Grot. A Ballad, composed by Mr. T. Cooke.

The pleasing songs of this composer have ever been popular, and the peculiar sweetness of this admired ballad, has rendered it a favourite with every lover of simple and touching melody. There is a grace and expression in the above composition which are peculiarly adapted to the words, which are elegantly poetic and original.

Rob Roy. A Dance, arranged for a Rondo, from an admired Opera. Composed by C. E. Horn.

The piano arrangement of this charming composition is by H. F. Smith; and the whole reflects honour on the science of the composer, and the one who has thus ar-

ranged it. The *8vo alta*, second time, is well judged, and produces a striking effect; while the sweetness of the preceding notes gives a pleasing variation to the whole: much, however, in the execution of this composition depends on the grace thrown into the *ad libitums*, which no one knows better than Mr. Horn how to introduce amongst his works of harmony.

The Ray that beams for ever. The words by J. W. Lake, Esq. Set to music by Mr. T. Williams.

This air has been sung with great applause by Mr. Duruset, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and by Mr. Pearman, at the Bath Concerts. The music forms a pleasing compound of sprightliness and sweetness; and where expression is required to be given to the words, we find it strong and well marked, while the softer notes have a touching tenderness which is truly pleasing, and well accords with the meaning of the author.

EXTERIOR OF THE CITY OF PEKIN.

THE walls of Pekin, like those of Tongchow, are built of brick, with a foundation of stone; they are of considerable thickness, the body of them being of mud, so that the masonry may be considered a facing: there is not, however, sufficient strength at the top to allow of guns of large calibre being mounted in the embrasures. At all the gates, and at certain intervals, there are towers of immense height, with four ranges of embrasures intended for cannon; none are actually mounted, but in their stead are some imitations of wood. Besides the tower, a wooden building of several stories marks the gateways: one of these buildings is highly decorated; the projecting roofs, diminishing in size according to their height, are covered with green and yellow tiles, that have a very brilliant effect under the rays of the sun. A wet ditch skirts a part of the walls. Pekin is situated on a plain; its lofty walls, with their numerous bastions and stupendous towers, certainly give it an imposing appearance, not unworthy the capital of a great empire. On the side near Hai-teen, is a large common, wholly uncultivated; a remarkable cir-

cumstance so near Pekin. There are large tracts of ground covered with the *nelumbium*, or water lily, near the walls, which, from the luxuriant vegetation of this plant, are extremely grateful to the eye. The Tartarian mountains, with their blue and immeasurable summits, are the finest objects in the vicinity of Pekin.

TOMBUCTOO, A CITY IN AFRICA.

THIS city, which was founded A. D. 1215, does not appear to have been very splendid. The houses were built in the form of bells; the walls of stakes or hurdles, plastered over with clay, and the roof with reeds interwoven together. One mosque, however, and the royal palace, were built with stone; the latter by an artist brought from Grenada. Cotton cloth was woven in great quantity. The merchants were extremely rich; and the King had married his daughters to two of their number. The inhabitants were copiously supplied with water; that of the Niger, whenever it overflowed, being conveyed into it by sluices. The country round abounded with corn, cattle, and all the necessaries of life, except salt, which was brought from Tegazza, situated at a distance of five hundred miles; which was held so valuable, that Leo had seen a camel's load sold for eighty ducats. The King had a splendid court, and many ornaments of gold, some of which weighed thirteen ounces. He maintained also three thousand horsemen, and a numerous infantry; many of whom were in the habit of using poisoned arrows. Horses were not bred, but imported from Barbary, and eagerly sought after; so that the King, whenever any number arrived, insisted on making a selection for himself, paying, however, a handsome price. Manuscripts are particularly mentioned, not only as one of the imports from Barbary, but as bringing more money than any other commodity. The inhabitants were mild and gentle, and spent a great part of the night in singing and dancing. The town was extremely exposed to fire. The religion was Mahomedan; but the intolerance, so strongly reported in modern times, is mentioned only in regard to the Jews, who are said to have been most rigorously excluded.

RESTRICTIONS IN THE DRESS OF APPRENTICES, IN 1600.

APPRENTICES were not allowed to wear hats, nor any other covering on the head but a woollen cap; no ruffles, cuffs, loose collars, nor any thing more than a ruff at the collar, and that only a yard and a half long. Their doublets were to be of fustian, sackcloth, canvas, English leather or woollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimmings. They wore cloth or kersey hose, but of no other colour than white, blue, or russet. Their breeches were always of the same material as the doublet, and was neither stitched, laced, nor embroidered. Their upper coat was of cloth or leather, without pinking, stitching, edging, or silk trimming. Surtouts they were not allowed to wear, but instead thereof a cloth gown or cloak, faced with cotton, cloth, or baize, with a plain fixed round collar. No pumps, slippers, or shoes were allowed them, but English leather, without being pricked, edged, or stitched. No garters, but what were made of crewel, woollen, thread, or leather. They were not allowed to carry either sword or dagger, but a knife only. All rings, jewels, gold, silver, or silk, were forbidden on any part of their dress. Nor were they allowed to frequent any dancing, fencing, or musical schools, under very severe penalties, one of which was to be publicly whipped in the hall of their company. In our times, when the present style of dress levels all distinctions, the apprentice is often more gaily attired than his master, and attends public diversions with as much ardor and liberty as the peer who helps to support that master.

CARDS IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

CARD-PLAYING seems to have been as universal in the days of Elizabeth as in modern times, and carried on, too, with the same ruinous consequences to property and morals; for, though Stowe tells us, when commemorating the customs of London, that "from All-Hallows eve to the day following Candlemas-day, there was, among other sports, playing at cards for counters, nails, and points in every house, more for pastime than for gain," yet we learn from contemporary satirists, from Gossin, North-

brooke, and Stubbes, that all ranks, and especially the upper classes, were incurably addicted to gaming in pursuit of this amusement, which they considered equally as seductive and pernicious as dice. The games at cards peculiar to this period, and now obsolete, are,

1. *Primero*, supposed to be the most ancient game of cards in England. It was very fashionable in the age of Shakespeare, who represents *Henry VIII.* playing at *Primero* with the *Duke of Suffolk*; and *Falstaff* exclaiming, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,

"I have never prospered since I foreswore myself at *Primero*."

The mode of playing this curious game is thus described by Mr. Strutt, from Mr. Barrington's papers upon card-playing, in the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*: "Each player had four cards dealt to him one by one; the seven was the highest card, in point of number, that he could avail himself of, which counted for twenty-one, the six counted for sixteen, the five for fifteen, and the ace for the same; but the two, the three, and the four, for their respective points only. The knave of hearts was commonly fixed upon for the *quinola*, which the player might make what card or suit he thought proper; if the cards were of different suits, the highest number won the *primero*; if they were all of one colour he that held them won the flush."

2. *Trump*, nearly coeval in point of antiquity with *Primero*, and introduced in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a comedy first acted in 1661, where *Dame Chat*, addressing *Diceon*, says,

"We be fast set at trump, man, hard by the fyre."

And we learn from Decker, that, in 1612, it was much in vogue:—"To speake," he remarks, "of all the sleights used by card-players in all sorts of games, would but weary you that are to read, and bee but a thanklesse and unpleasing labour for me to set them down. Omitting, therefore, the deceipts practised (even in the fayrest and most civill companies) at *Primero*, *Saint Maw*, *Trump*, and such like games, I will," &c.

3. *Gleeke*. This game is alluded to twice by Shakespeare; and, from a passage in

Cook's Green's *Tu Quoque*, appears to have been held in much esteem :—

"*Scot.* Come, gentlemen, what's your game?
"*Staines.* Why, gleek; that's your only game."

It is then proposed to play either at twelve-penny Gleek, or crown Gleek.

To these may be added, Gresco, Mount Saint, New Cut, Knave Out of Doors, and Ruff; all of which are mentioned in old plays, and were favourites among our ancestors.

CHINESE SHOP BILL.

The following is a correct translation of a Chinese shop bill, which enveloped a packet of Indian ink :—

"*Sinbone.*—Very good ink, very fine; grandfather, father, and self make this ink; fine and hard; picked out very fine and hard, before and now. Sell very good ink, prime cost is very dear; this ink is heavy, so is gold; no one can make like it: the others that make ink do it for money, and to cheat; I only make it good for a name. Plenty of gentlemen know my ink: my family never cheat, always a good name. I make ink for the Emperor and all the Mandarins round: all gentlemen must come to my shop, and know my name.

"UNGWHANGHI FUKI."

CURIOUS NOTICE PAINTED ON A BOARD NEAR VIRGINIA.

ANTHONY MACDONALD teaches boys and girls their grammar tongue; also geography, terrestrial and celestial. Old hats made as good as new.

BIRTH.

At the Manor-House, Wandsworth, the Lady of Alderman Magnay of a son.

MARRIED.

At Great Marlow, Bucks, Mr. Edward Wyatt, Jun. of Oxford-street, to Frances, eldest daughter of John Holroyd, Esq. of Northumberland-street.

Mr. W. G. Gowing, surgeon, of St. Stephen's, to Miss Watson, only daughter of Mr. Watson, St. Gregory's, Norwich.

DIED.

At Melbourne-House, Viscountess Melbourne. Her Ladyship, who was the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, was married to Viscount Melbourne in 1769. By the marriages of her children, she was connected with the noble families of Devonshire, Spencer, Bechtolough, and Cowper.

At Team Hall, in Staffordshire, at the advanced age of 96, Mrs. Phillips, relict of John Phillips, Esq. In this amiable woman the poor have lost a constant friend and benefactress, and society an endearing and cheerful companion; she retained, till within a few days of her death, all her faculties unimpaired; and her wit and vivacity, by which she was ever wont to be the life of her domestic circle and of her numerous friends, never deserted her.

After a long and painful illness, aged 57, William Peirce, Esq. of the house of A. M. Pedra and Co. of Old Broad-street. His remains were attended to the grave by a numerous concourse of his family and friends, anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of this great and excellent man.

At his house, Brompton, Kent, at the advanced age of 91, Joshua Peake, Esq. uncle of Sir Henry Peake, Surveyor of his Majesty's Navy.

At Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham, at a very advanced age, Mrs. Catherine Oswald, sister to the late Mr. James Oswald; the celebrated composer of Scottish music, whose memory will be immortalized in the beautiful airs of *Roslyn Castle*, *The Braes of Ballindine*, *Tweed Side*, *Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town*, &c. &c. Oswald wrote *The Seasons*, in four volumes; *The Caledonian Pocket Companion*, and the music of several dramatic pieces.

At Moulton-sons-end, aged 41, Mr. George Spreckley, boot and shoe-maker. The funeral took place at Moulton: the carriers were shoe-makers; each wore a leathern apron, and a leather skin was laid upon the coffin in place of a pall.

At Spalding, whilst engaged in prayer with the family with whom he had lived for several years, and in the act of reading a chapter in the bible, in his 74th year, Mr. H Ezekiah Barrett, a dissenting minister. He was kneeling on the floor; his voice faltered, and he fell, and was dead before those around him were aware of the awful and sudden change: A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body.—Verdict—Died by the Visitation of God.

In the hospital of Namur, Maria Charlotte Cario, aged 109 years and nine months. She preserved, to the last moment, all her mental faculties, and had a great appetite; she never was ill.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BRING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

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1. A Correct Likeness of MRS. ALSOP, of Drury-Lane-Theatre, Engraved from an original Painting by MISS DRUMMOND.
2. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in an ENGLISH EVENING DRESS.
3. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in a PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Tale descriptive of the Northern Regions from our valued Caledonian Correspondent, is unavoidably postponed till next month.

We are also obliged to defer noticing the useful juvenile publication of *Edwin and Henry* till our next Number.

The Confession; or, The Novice of St. Clare, shall be reviewed as early as possible.

We again request of our Correspondents to observe that our *Literary Intelligence* consists of Reviews of New Publications, and notices of Works in the Press; all mention of those already published it is expected will be paid for as Advertisements.

The lines addressed to the Sun-beam shall meet with early insertion.

We are sorry to be compelled to postpone the review of *A Cruise on the Continent* to another Number.

It is requested that all letters containing merely remarks on *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, should be post paid.

London: Printed by and for JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, and of the WEEKLY MESSENGER, Clare-Court, Drury-Lane.

JUNE 1, 1818.



M^{me} Alceste.

Engraved by J. A. from an Original Painting by Rose Emma Drouin.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For MAY, 1818:

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Ten.

MRS. ALSOP.

THIS lady is one of the elder daughters of the late celebrated Mrs. Jordan; and like that charming and highly distinguished actress, she evinces herself a true and native disciple of Thalia, and in the character of that muse, which she so ably personates, we have presented her faithful likeness to the public.

Nature speaks in the voice, and diffuses herself over the manners of this captivating actress; the same delightful variety in her action, the same spell-like accent when Mrs. Alsop speaks, so remind the audience of her mother, that while each hearer is charmed by the perfect resemblance, each hails the strong similitude; because it is nature that speaks and acts in the daughter: in any other it might seem like imitation.

In Mrs. Alsop's personation of *Rosalind*, we scarce know how to regret the best *Rosalind* that ever was performed when played by her inimitable mother, who seemed, in short, the very *Rosalind* that Shakespeare drew: it is a most difficult character, to unite archness and naïveté with those manners that had received their polish in a court. Mrs. Alsop, like her mother, does all this.

Her *Lady Dainty*, in *The Double Gallant*, is also a faithful personation of the ridiculous and *outré* whimsicality in the fine lady of the seventeenth century. To enumerate, however, the many excellencies of Mrs. Alsop in the various characters in which

she has already appeared, would be an endless task: a highly gratified public are sensible of her merits, and the brilliant and often crowded audiences that have attended her performances with continual pleasure, will testify that her merits are not over-rated, when we declare her to be one of the very first comic actresses of the present age, and the only one, we will venture to assert, capable of enacting those peculiar characters which Mrs. Jordan might claim exclusively as her own. This assertion cannot be regarded, we trust, as any depreciation of the excellent talents possessed by many of our other female performers; each have a peculiar talent; and few are able to unite fascination with hoydenism, and distinguish and draw the line between vulgarity and artlessness, or to turn with quick transition from the rusticity which native elegance may chuse to adopt, to polished ease of manners when the disguise is thrown off.

Such is *Rosalind*—and such has she been depicted by Mrs. Jordan, and as such is she still seen in Mrs. Alsop.

We will venture to affirm, that a more excellent, a more pleasing likeness has never yet been taken of Mrs. Alsop, than the original picture of the engraving we present to our readers, painted in crayons, by that excellent young artist, Miss Drummond, whose happy talent at seizing likenesses and character is already well appreciated by a discerning public.

B b 2

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

(Concluded from Page 152.)

ISIS AND OSIRIS.

THE Egyptians, in commemoration of the benefits which Osiris had lavished upon them, paid him divine worship; and, after some time had elapsed, changed his name for that of Serapis, who became their supreme deity, in whom were combined most of the qualifications that belonged to the Supreme Being, in their opinion, as we shall explain more at large in the article of Serapis.

The discovery of the body of Osiris was represented in mysteries at Sais, Busiris, Memphis, and Phelo. Those mysteries subsequently were celebrated in Phœnicia, Greece, and Italy; it is even thought that some insignia of those ancient institutions exist in the present day. The figure of Osiris is more rarely seen than that of other deities, because, in latter times, he was no longer represented but as Serapis. The monuments that still remain represent him with his head surrounded with beams, or wearing a kind of mitre, from beneath which two horns project: he has a forked beard; holds in his left hand a stick in the shape of a crook, and in his right a whip with three thongs. Sometimes he carries a flail across his shoulders, and is often attended by a hawk, or is seen with a blossom of the lotos tree. All these attributes appertained also to Sol, whom the Egyptians considered as the only eternal God; the same as they regarded Luna, represented by Isis, as the only Goddess. The beams which encircle his head may be easily understood; the mitre has the same meaning: the whip was used for the horses that draw his chariot; the flail and horns imply the union of Sol with Terra, which he renders fruitful, and the invention of agriculture attributed to Osiris; the crooked stick denotes divination. Lastly, the hawk and lotos were sacred to Sol; the former on account of its piercing eye sight and rapid flight; the latter because it turns towards that point of the horizon which the sun illumines.

After the death of Isis, the Egyptians worshipped her in conjunction with her husband. As they had both taught and encouraged agriculture, the ox and cow were made symbolical of them. It was stated subsequently that the souls of Isis and Osiris were gone to inhabit Sol and Luna, and had identified themselves with those luminaries, the very ancient worship of which became common to all. The Egyptians celebrated the festival of Isis at the period at which they supposed she was lamenting the loss of Osiris, which was at the time when the waters of the Nile began to swell; and they pretended that its overflow, which fertilized the country, was occasioned by the tears of Isis.

The name of Isis was never changed like that of Osiris; but the fictions with which the planetary idolatry, the most simple and ancient of all, was surcharged, occasioned the attributes with which she was represented, according to her different functions, to be varied and multiplied without bounds. Thus have some Greek mythologists mistaken her for Ceres, others for Luna and Juno; a third for Minerva, Proserpina, and Thetis; a fourth even calls her the mother of the Gods, Minerva, Venus, Diana, Belona, and Hecate.

The Egyptians worshipped her nearly in the same manner as Ceres was; but, in fact, we shall repeat it once more. Isis and Osiris were the original Gods of the Egyptians, and the essence of deity. They were represented with their divers attributes, which the Greeks had personified, or by symbols, which the Egyptians themselves finally worshipped.

Besides the festival which we have mentioned, and the mysteries that were called after Isis, the Egyptians had established other solemnities to her honour, to which they gave the name of *Festival of the Ship of Isis*. It was celebrated on the return of spring at the opening of the navigation, which Isis upon the occasion was supposed to protect.

Crowds of people would repair in great pomp to the sea shore, where they consecrated to the Goddess a ship artfully built and covered with Egyptian characters; the vessel was purified by means of a lighted torch, eggs, and brimstone: on the sail, which was white, were inscribed, in large characters, the form of prayer that was renewed every year to obtain successful navigation.

The priests and the people vied with each other in carrying to the ship baskets filled with perfumes and whatever was requisite for the sacrifices. A mystic paste was thrown into the sea; they weighed the anchor, and the vessel appeared as left to the mercy of the elements.

This festival was adopted by the Greeks, who, in contempt of their own Gods, celebrated it in the name of Isis. The Corinthians, especially, distinguished themselves by their zeal for that Goddess, to whom they had erected four temples in their city. The Athenians were too proud thus easily to admit of foreign Gods; yet it is very probable that the sacred ship of Minerva, which was borne so pompously in the Panathenæa, was only an imitation of that of Isis.

The Romans, under the Emperors, kept the same festival, the period whereof was marked in their annals; it was one of the most solemn and most magnificent—and at the conclusion prayers were recited for the prosperity of the Emperor, of the Roman people, and of navigators. The Romans, notwithstanding, were very repugnant to admit of Isis being worshipped amongst them: the dreadful licentiousness attending her mysteries, and the indecent singularity of her representations, often occasioned her worship to be prohibited. Nevertheless it finally triumphed over all obstacles, became at last the predominant worship, and even several public places in Rome were called by the name of Isis.

The priests who officiated in the temples and chapels of the Goddess, went by the appellation of *Isiacs*: they were dressed in flaxen stuff, the Goddess having introduced the cultivation of that plant. They carried a knapsack and a small bell, nay, sometimes bore the statue of the Goddess on their shoulders. After they had sung the praises of Isis at sunrise, they would go

begging all day long; at night they returned into their temples, where they worshipped the statue of the Goddess standing. They only covered their feet with thin rind of papyrus, ate neither mutton nor pork, never tasted salt with their meat, diluted their wine with water, and shaved their heads. Notwithstanding all these apparent austerities they were the vilest and most corrupt of mankind.

Isis was represented sometimes in the figure of a woman with a cow's horns, in allusion to the changes of the moon and to agriculture which she had introduced; with a cithara in her right hand and a vase in her left, the emblems of the progress of nature and of the fertility produced by the Nile. She sometimes wears a flowing veil, stands on the globe, her head crowned with turrets the same as Cybele, and sometimes has straight horns. She is also seen with wings and a quiver, holding a cornucopia in her left hand, and with her right a throne, on which are the sceptre and the cap of Osiris. Lastly, she is represented with a lighted torch, and a serpent twisted round her right arm, which, after having pressed on her legs, reaches her bosom. The distinctive characteristic of Isis and the Egyptian deities is a kind of a T, whose figure and name were introduced into the Greek alphabet.

The figure of Orus often accompanies that of Isis. He is most commonly represented as a young child, sometimes dressed in a tunic, sometimes in swaddling clothes, or enveloped in a chequered habit. With both his hands he holds a stick with a bird's head and a whip at the upper end. Several mythologists have been of opinion that Orus and Harpocrates were the same, and that both were meant for the sun, or Sol. Orus, indeed, bears some resemblance with Apollo, on account of his skill in physic and in divination: the Greeks pretended they were one and the same God, and they have often given him the name of Orus-Apollo.

SERAPIS.

THE Greeks, agreeable to their usual favourite hobby, boast of having introduced this God among the Egyptians. They pretend to say that Cippi, King of the Argæans, a son of Jupiter, having gone to Egypt, was there worshipped as a God, and

that he was substituted for Osiris. Certain it is, however, that Serapis is represented on no one of the most ancient Egyptian monuments; but the most probable opinion is, that the mythological refinements of the Greeks having altered the original simplicity of the Egyptian worship, the priests, who adopted them, invented an imaginary being to whom they assigned all the attributes of Osiris, and in addition to them, those of the Gods of their neighbours.

From this it occurred that he was mistaken for Jupiter and Sol, and called Jupiter, Sol, and Serapis: he was also mistaken for Pluto, for which reason he is often seen accompanied by Cerberus. He was also considered as the God of health, was frequently invoked in acute diseases, and is said to have performed several miraculous cures.

The Egyptians had several temples consecrated to this God: the most ancient was that of Memphis, yet that of Canope was held in higher repute. Strangers were not allowed to enter the former; but that of Canope was left open for the pilgrims that flocked from all parts: nothing was more gay than those pilgrims.—“Towards the period of certain festivals,” says an ancient author, “it is incredible what number of people sail down the canal from Alexandria to Canope where the temple is; both by day and by night boats are seen full of men and women singing and dancing freely. At Canope there are on the canal an infinite number of inns, where all those travellers alight and amuse themselves.”

At the east of the temple there was a small window through which, on certain days, a ray of the sun could penetrate, and struck exactly on the mouth of Serapis. At the same time, the priests would bring forward an iron statue of Sol, which being attracted by a loadstone concealed in the vault raised before Serapis, when it was said that Sol bowed to the God. When the sun withdrew from its mouth the iron statue fell, and it was supposed that Sol took his leave, and that his visit was at an end. This deception, and several others, such as subterraneous passages, and hollow statues, by means of which the priests used to impose on the people, were discovered when that temple was destroyed by command of the Emperor Theodosius.

The Greeks and Romans also erected

temples to Serapis, the latter even established festivals in his honour; but his worship and mysteries contributed much to accelerate the corruption of their morals. At the gate of his temple was seen a man with his finger on his mouth, as to recommend silence.

The common symbol of Serapis is a kind of basket, or bushel, which he carries on his head, to imply plenty, which that God, mistaken for Sol, procures, or in commemoration of his having taught agriculture: the bushel was a substitute for the flail of Osiris. Serapis is represented with a thick beard, and, were it not for the bushel, resembles Jupiter, for whom he is often mistaken. As Serapis-Pluto, he holds in his hand a pike or a sceptre, and Cerberus is at his feet. The Jupiter-Hammond of the Lybians was no other than Serapis viewed as the protector of nature. Serapis is never seen with the attributes of Neptune, because the Egyptians ascribed the empire of the seas to Typhon, whom they considered as the genius of evil.

APIS.

APIS was the living representative of Serapis, and ended in being mistaken for the God, and worshipped in his stead. Apis was, however, no better than an ox, the symbol of agriculture, which Osiris had introduced. It was to be black with a white square spot on its forehead; on its back there was likewise to be the figure of an eagle; under its tongue it must have had a knot in the shape of a beetle; the hair of its tail was to be double, and a white spot on its right flank was to resemble a crescent. We need not say that art was used to stamp those different marks.

When an ox had been found qualified to represent Apis, it was committed to the care of females, who fed it during forty days in the city of the Nile; they alone were allowed the sight of it. The animal then was brought to Memphis in a barge magnificently gilt; the priests, followed by an immense crowd, went in great pomp to receive it: next it was taken to the temple of Osiris, where two stables, richly and artfully decorated, were prepared for his reception. The ox would seldom leave them except to go into a sacred field, or meadow, where it could not be seen. When

brought about the city, officers would attend, preceded by choristers who sang its praises, and who kept the people at a distance. The Egyptians committed this ox; if the animal ate the provender that was offered to him, it was reckoned a good sign: they who came to consult placed their ear close to the animal's mouth; they next carefully stopped both their ears till they had left the temple, and the first words they then heard spoken they construed into an answer. It was also thought that such children as the animal had breathed upon could prophecy. In short, the success or reverses of the state were supposed to depend on entering either of the stables, one of which forboded good, the other bad luck.

This ox was to live only a certain limited time, and at a fixed period the priests drowned him, with great ceremony, in the Nile: his body then was embalmed, a grand funeral was performed, and the people would lament his loss the same as

if Osiris himself had been dead. When a successor had been found, mourning was at an end, rejoicings were renewed, and the festivals lasted for seven days.

ANUBIS.

HERCULES and Mercury, the two ministers of Osiris, were also worshipped. Hercules, the Theban, has caused the former to be buried in oblivion; but Mercury, under the name of Anubis, maintained his post at the entrance of the Egyptian temples so long as that religion lasted. He was represented as having a dog's head, to express his sagacity and vigilance; with an Egyptian guitar and a caduceus in his hands; and to prevent mistakes he was called Herm-Anubis (Hermes is the name of Mercury in Greek). In those times, when superstition was predominant, the Egyptians worshipped a dog, as the symbol of Anubis; other animals likewise, and even plants, which originally had only been the attributes of their chief deities.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from page 154.)

MUSIC OF THE ROMANS.

In the time of Numa, who reigned 715 years before Christ, we find mention of the Salli, who were dancers and singers of hymns in honour of the God of war; and in which ceremonies they kept time to a flute.

The Roman flute players, in the time of Livy, were incorporated into a college, and Ovid expressly mentions their importance. Yet music had not arrived at any very great degree of perfection till after the conquest of Antiochus, King of Syria. None of the musical instruments amongst the Romans were invented by themselves, but were rather borrowed from the Greeks and Etruscans: but during the latter end of the Roman republic music was in very high estimation at Rome, and amongst the most voluptuous of the Emperors. According to Apuleius, who was an excellent judge of music, and who lived in the second century, music must have been in a very high state

of cultivation at that time among the Romans: though, certainly, there is every reason to believe that the melody, or harmony, of the ancient music was much inferior to the modern; but music in all times has been a delight to its hearers.

Nero, in the sixtieth year after Christ, instituted musical exercises: and in the sixty-third year he exhibited himself on the stage at Naples as a public singer. He entered also the lists with common musicians at the Olympic games, and acquired the prize of music, though it is asserted that this success was owing to his corrupting the judges by bribery. Every where Nero was accustomed to challenge the best performers, and was always declared victor, perhaps by the same means; for so tenacious was this Emperor of musical fame that, according to Suetonius, he commanded the statues of all other victors to be pulled down, dragged through the streets, then broken to pieces, and cast into the

common sewers. The solicitude with which Nero attended to his voice, is very curious, and throws some light on the practices of vocal performers of antiquity. Suetonius assures us that he always used to lie upon his back, with a thin plate of lead on his stomach; and often took cathartics and emetics; abstaining carefully from all kinds of fruits, or such aliments as were thought prejudicial to singers. At length, fearful of injuring his voice as a singer, he forbore to harangue his soldiery, or to speak in the senate, issuing his orders in writing or by the mouth of his friends and freed-men. When he returned from Greece he kept about his person an officer for the express purpose of taking care of his voice; and would never speak but in the presence of this vocal governor, who was charged to admonish him when he strained his voice to too high a pitch; and if the Emperor did not attend to his advice he was ordered to stop his mouth with a napkin. The voice, however, of Nero was both thin and husky; but whoever pretended to be

in raptures with his singing, and to intreat him to gratify them that way, was sure of winning his favour. Thus encouraged, he appeared almost every day on the stage, where he frequently detained the audience not only the whole day, but all night, for till he himself was weary, no one was suffered to depart. Vespasian, afterwards Emperor, greatly offended him by making his escape from the theatre during Nero's performance: he returned to make amends, but unluckily fell asleep while the imperial harmonist, as he fancied himself, was singing: this had nearly cost Vespasian his life.

The Emperor Commodus, was also fond of appearing on the stage as a public singer: but, notwithstanding all this high protection and support that were given to vocal and instrumental music, the Romans never advanced half so far as the modern Italians, who have greatly surpassed their ancestors, the ancient Romans, in several arts, but in that of music most particularly.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MARY, EMPRESS DOWAGER OF RUSSIA.

Mary, like Catharine, was one of the most beautiful women at the court of Petersburg; yet, like Catharine, Mary could not obtain the affection of her husband. The regular beauty of Mary, the unalterable sweetness of her temper, her unwearied complaisance; her docility as a wife, her maternal tenderness, did not prevent Paul from attaching himself to one the very reverse of her both in mind and person. Yet the unremitting attention of the Empress to please was inimitable. A thorough sense of conjugal duty, in which no woman has ever yet exceeded her, enabled her to endure fatigues and exercises ill suited to her sex or the native delicacy of her frame. She would attend her husband on horseback at the most fatiguing reviews, and though exhausted with heat and fatigue, sometimes drenched with rain or covered with snow, she has still displayed the most ready acquiescence by her smiling countenance. Frequently, before the death of Catharine, Paul would post Mary, then

only Grand Duchess, on a height to serve as a mark of attack to his soldiers. One day he was known to place her thus in the ruinous balcony of an old wooden mansion, round which he had disposed his troops: here she stood exposed to a heavy rain. Much in this manner did the lovely Mary spend her mornings; though she excels in all the arts that polish life—music, painting, etching, and embroidery. Of reading and study she is so fond that they are less the objects of business with her than a recreation.

Paul unhappily was infected with a military mania; and he once put the interesting Maria under arrest for twelve hours for only having given a trifling order to one of her women which he did not approve. On the accession, however, of the father of the virtuous and amiable Alexander to the imperial dignity, his attentions to this, his second wife, gradually improved, and he shewed himself sensible of her exalted worth.

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF.

THIS lady was once the principal friend and confidante of Catharine the Great. She was immaculate in her tastes, her gait, and her exploits, and was appointed Directress of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, though she seized Catharine to appoint her Colonel of her Guards. Endowed with courage equal to her beauty, she gave sufficient proof of the former in that revolution which placed Catharine on the throne. The Princess always remembered with *houteur* the eminent services she had performed for the Empress.

In the very time that the Princess Dashkoff seemed only taken up with pleasure and intrigues of state, she was diligently improving herself in science, and in a knowledge of the fine arts. She presided over, and edited almost every Newspaper that was published at St. Petersburg; and in doing which she always first consulted the Empress. Independent of the talents of the Princess in spreading false reports, she displayed unparalleled eloquence in the discourses she pronounced at the academy.

The assuming character of the Princess Dashkoff rendered her, at length, odious in the eyes of Catharine: but the Princess had sacrificed her sister, her father, and her whole family to the elevation of her imperial friend. When she asked the command of Colonel of a regiment, in which uniform she had undauntedly stood beside Catherine in the first dangerous moments of the revolution, the Empress sarcastically answered that she cut a better figure amongst a company of academicians, than at the head of a troop of soldiers. The Princess, cruelly humbled, then gave way to every invective against Catharine, when alone with her friends, and resorted to every means of vengeance: her perfidious friend Odart, was the first to repeat what he had overheard to the Empress, and the Princess Dashkoff had orders to depart from Moscow.

Shortly after, Catharine recalled her to court, and wrote her a long letter, in which having lavished on her the most tender appellations, she conjured her, in remembrance of their former friendship, to reveal to her what she knew of a fresh conspiracy

forming against her. The Princess Dashkoff, irritated to think that Catharine should make her an instrument whereby to wreak her revenge, answered the letter of the Empress, which was four pages long, by only four lines, as follows:—

“MADAME,—I have heard nothing: but if I had heard any thing, I should take very good care not to divulge it. What is it you require of me? That I should expire on a scaffold? Behold me ready.”

Many curious anecdotes of the Princess Dashkoff are detailed by the old Russian officers, who were personally acquainted with her. Her parsimony and avarice were proverbial: she, who boasted of having given away a crown, would send to all the officers or aides-de-camp of her acquaintance, to beg old *epaulettes* and old lace: to *untwist* and sell these were her chief employment; and persons who wished to gain her interest, began by sending her old gold and silver lace. She had no fires made in the winter in the apartments of the academy, yet she expected the academicians would regularly attend the meetings: she, herself, never failed to be there, well wrapped in furs.

To the celebrated Gregory Razomofsky, she sent an academician's diploma, unsolicited. Some time after, she sent him a bale of Russian books, in value about sixty pounds; Razomofsky declined them, saying, that he had the originals of these Russian translations in his library. The Princess replied, that she had created him an academician only on condition of his purchasing those books; he, in consequence, resigned his diploma.

Alexander Narishkin had an estate contiguous to that of the Princess. One day his pigs got into her grounds, and devoured some of her cabbages: the heroine of the revolution of 1762 ordered them every one to be massacred. Among the attractions of the Princess, were cheeks of the hue of the damask rose. Narishkin seeing her soon after at court, exclaimed, “There she is, still red with the blood of my pigs!”

LADY VENETIA DIGBY.

THIS lady was justly esteemed one of the most beautiful women of her time. Sir

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Kenelm Digby, reckoned a model of romantic virtue, married her at a period of life which raises our wonder at the silly arts he continually caused this lovely woman to adhere to, in order to preserve, and, if possible, add to her outward attractions: he frequently, though her own light hair was uncommonly fine, would cause her to wear head-dresses composed of hair of different colours, and to colour her eyebrows with various shades, to see which best became her: but he not only sought to improve her beauty, but also to preserve her health, by a strange variety of experiments. Amongst other curious remedies, he fed her frequently with capons, fattened with the flesh of vipers: and the great snail, which is so often found in the woods near Gotherst, in Buckinghamshire, is an exotic, introduced into this country by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for his lady.

To improve her complexion, he was continually inventing new cosmetics, and most probably she fell a victim to these arts; for she was found dead in her bed the 1st of May, 1633, in the thirty-third year of her age.

No lady had ever a greater number of portraits taken of her than lady Venetia: certainly, both she and her husband were the finest subjects for a painter that could be imagined: the late Lord Orford was in possession of several exquisite miniatures of this lady; the most valuable was in a gold case, where she is represented with her husband: Lord Orford had another painted after she was dead; and four others in water-colours.

GODEVA, COUNTESS OF MERCIA.

THE cause which prompted this beautiful and patriotic female to procure to the people of Coventry an enfranchisement by the strange manner in which she rode through the town, must have been equal to the deed—desperate and unheard of. Long had Leofric, her arbitrary husband, resisted all her pleadings in behalf of the citizens,

on account of the profits he gained by oppressing them. At length he resolved, as he thought, for ever to silence her by the strange proposal; which is well known, and is also as authentically known and recorded, that she acceded to: happy in a profuse and long head of hair, she rode, decently covered from her head to her feet only by her lovely tresses. The history of this event was preserved in a picture in the reign of Richard II. in which were portrayed the Earl and the Countess: he holds in his hand a charter of freedom, and thus seems to address his lady—

“I, Leofric, for love of thee,
“Doe make Coventre toll free.”

To this day the love of Godiva to the city is annually remembered by a procession, and a valiant *fair one* still rides, though not literally like the good Countess; but in flesh-coloured silk, closely fitted to her shape and limbs.

COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

THIS lady had, unhappily, a great ascendancy over her husband, and was one of the most beautiful as well as rapacious women of her time: she made use of the exalted situation of the Earl to indulge her avarice, and she took bribes from all quarters. When Sir Francis Bacon, in the Star-Chamber, was pleading against her husband, he wittily compared her to a woman on the Exchange who kept a shop, while Sir John Bingley, a teller of the Exchequer, and a known tool to the Countess, cried out, continually, “What d’ye lack?” Her beauty was said to be irresistible, but it is suspected that she made a bad use of her attractions. In a diary kept by the famous Anne Clifford, is the following memorandum, under the year 1619:—“Lady Suffolk had the small pox at Northampton-house, which spoiled that good face of her’s; which had brought to others much misery, and to herself greatness; which ended in much unhappiness.”

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MARGARET OF ANJOU, WIFE OF HENRY VI.
KING OF ENGLAND.

THE marriage of this extraordinary female was celebrated with Henry VI. at Nancy, in 1444. She embarked soon after for England, and was crowned at Westminster the 30th of May, 1445.

To a handsome countenance and fine figure Margaret united a superior understanding and lofty character. Enterprising, courageous, unshaken in her resolves, she joined the abilities of a warrior with talents for administration; and she thirsted to get the reins of government into her own hands. To effect this, she resolved to get rid of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the King, who had, in consequence of Henry's frequent indispositions, been invested with sovereign authority, and was greatly beloved by the people.

The artifice of Margaret worked on the mind of her imbecile husband; the Duke was imprisoned in the Tower, and found strangled in his bed. The ambitious Margaret, delivered from him of whose talents she was most afraid, named the Earl of Suffolk prime minister; who, hated by the populace, was assassinated, and the Queen appointed the Duke of Somerset in his stead.

And now recommenced the fatal quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster; the rebellion of Cade, and various other remarkable incidents irrelevant to the depicting solely the character of Margaret, who, on all these occasions, evinced the daring courage of a man, with the fortitude of a philosopher. Henry fell sick in 1453, and his recovery was almost pronounced hopeless. The birth of a son, to whom was given the name of Edward, seemed to impart to the monarch new life, as it gave him reason to hope that the Duke of York would abandon his projects: but the Duke of Somerset was taken prisoner even in the Queen's apartment, and Richard, Duke of York, was declared protector of the kingdom, till such time as Edward should be of a proper age to take upon himself the regal power.

This was like a death-blow to Margaret. At first she thought of taking refuge with

her son, in France; but, restored on a sudden to the natural firmness of her character, she resolved to wait a more favourable moment, and, if possible, to save the Duke of Somerset: she represented to her husband, in the most energetic terms, the misfortunes that hung over his family; and intreated him to parry this dreadful stroke, aimed at the total destruction of his family.

The Duke of York's power being shaken by the adroitness of Margaret, he shut himself up in his estates in the country with the Earl of Salisbury; but, while the Queen was felicitating herself on the failure of her enemies, the county of Kent, almost to a man, declared for the Duke of York: the intrepid Margaret marched to Northampton at the head of her troops, and a battle of five hours took place, in which the royal party were worsted. After the parliament had taken their oaths of fidelity to the house of York, Margaret remained at Durham, without troops, without money, and almost without hope: she received an order from Henry to repair to court, to ratify the treaty which had just been concluded. Her answer marks well her native character: "Return," said she to the messenger. "Hitherto I have obeyed my husband as my King; but, in the present business, he will better, hereafter, approve my conduct if I refuse to comply." Her love of glory, her affection for her son, the hatred she felt for her enemies, all conspired to impart to the mind of Margaret the most audacious determination. She caused a report to be spread that she was about instantly to depart for France; and she quitted Durham, secretly, to join the Lords Roos and Clifford; and she counted on the succour she might receive from the north. She sustained, with unexampled constancy, a long and wearisome journey, in which she travelled more in the night than in the day-time, and often in want of the common necessities of life. Chance, one evening, led her to the house of an officer whom the Earl of March had deprived of his head: she there found her son, who embraced her cause with transport. Succeeding in gaining men through the Earls of Roos and Devonshire, she

flattered their avarice to inflame their zeal and courage, and promised the plundering of the Duke of York's estates, and of those belonging to the chiefs of his party. Animated with heroic ardour, she seemed to inspire her soldiers with the same spirit. But as all virtues, when carried to extreme, closely border upon vice, so the courage of Margaret united itself with cruelty. Not content with the death of the Earl of Salisbury, she stuck his head on a pike, with those of the Duke of York and the young and beautiful Rutland—which three heads she posted on the castle at York.

After several sanguinary battles, Edward, Earl of March, was declared King, by the title of Edward IV. Margaret took refuge in Scotland with her son Edward, the Prince of Wales, and soon after repaired to France to solicit the assistance of Louis XI. Edward's quarrel with the Earl of Warwick made the watchful Margaret again return to England, where she was assisted by Warwick with a sufficient force to cause Edward to abandon the throne to the quiet Henry. The death of Warwick, at the memorable battle near St. Alban's, again turned the fortune of the day in Edward's favour; and Margaret was shut up a prisoner in the Tower, having been deprived, by death, of her husband and her son.

She had been confined for four years, when her father, René, King of Sicily, gave up, in favour of France, all his possessions in Provence and Anjou to Louis XI. if he would solicit Edward IV. to grant his daughter her liberty. This unfortunate Princess was obliged, however, to pay her ransom by delivering up to the conqueror all her jewels, and by her laying aside all claim to the title of Queen Dowager of England. She quitted London in 1475, and repaired to Aix, where she resided near her father till his death; and this active spirit there was doomed to be damped in obscure retirement. After the death of René she retired to the castle of Dampierre, in Anjou, where she formed an intimate friendship with the Earl of Richmond, the only remaining branch of the house of Lancaster, and she became the centre of all those intrigues which were then forming in favour of that young Prince. It was destined that the house of Lancaster should possess the throne of England, but it was also fated that Margaret should not have the happiness of seeing its restoration. This extraordinary Princess, who was scarcely equalled, and never surpassed by the greatest monarchs, in courage, activity, political knowledge, or talents, died on the 25th of August, 1482.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

PARLIAMENTARY DESPOTISM.

At the time of those unhappy differences between James I. and his parliament, the King was one day mounting his horse, which, though usually gentle and quiet, began to bound and prance.—“Sirrah!” exclaimed James, who seemed to fancy his favourite prerogative was resisted even on this occasion, “if you be not quiet, I’ll send you to the five hundred *kings* in the lower house; they’ll quickly tame you.”

THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

THE same witty monarch once silenced the pride of one of the Lumleys (who was boasting of his ancient genealogy) in the following manner:—“Stop, man, thou

needest say no more; now I learn that Adam’s surname was Lumley.”

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT LORD COLERAINE.

THE reader well knows that this nobleman was the famous and eccentric Colonel George Hanger, who served with honour during the American war, and who still enjoys the favour of a Prince, to whom he was ever most loyally attached. Soon after the peace with America, the Parliament were always, in their debates, speaking of the *majesty of the people*. Colonel Hanger, on the 1st of May, was one day walking through the streets of the metropolis, and met a company of chimney-

sweepers, who, according to ancient custom, were dancing about in their robes of gilt paper, and crowned with artificial flowers: the Colonel was leaning on the arm of one of the members belonging to the Opposition; "Ah!" said he, "I have often heard speak of the majesty of the people, but I never had the pleasure before of seeing the young princes."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR.

OUR readers are already acquainted with the fact that the late Lord Mayor is a native of Tiverton, and lived for some time with a chymist in that place; during which he had occasion to employ a young man of the name of Obadiah Bennett to perform for him some odd jobs, as a tailor, and being pleased with the way in which his (then very unimportant) orders were executed, one day, on a coat being brought home to him, he jocularly said, "Well, Bennet, if I should ever become Lord Mayor of London, you shall make my state liveries."—Time rolled on—young Wood came to London, and with every new change of situation his prosperity increased. Bennett, the tailor, also came to London, and took up his residence in Cripplegate Ward—to the honourable rank of Alderman of which, his former customer, Mr. Wood, was elected. To the memory of Bennett the declaration of the Alderman, when a youth, now occurred; and, although he had not renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Wood, he yet determined if he should, as was then expected, be chosen Lord Mayor, to apply to him for the fulfilment of his promise. The event anticipated at length came to pass. Mr. Wood was elected, and Mr. Bennett made his application. The new Lord Mayor recollected his promise immediately on its being mentioned to him, and lamented he had not been reminded of it sooner—observing, he had already promised the order for his liveries to another, who had been more early in his solicitation. His Lordship, however, said he should give Bennett something to do for him during the year, and added, "If I should become Lord Mayor a second time, you may depend I shall not forget you." Although this event at that time was not considered to be very probable by Bennett, he was yet content, and had only to regret he had

not been sooner on the alert. As if Providence was resolved not to disappoint the honest tailor, however, the event hinted at by the Lord Mayor did take place. His Lordship was chosen a second time to fill the high office, the duties of which he had so creditably performed; and, true to his pledge, Mr. Bennett had the honour of making his second set of state liveries: and thus the Tiverton prophecy, however remote and chimerical, was, as in the case of Whittington, fulfilled to the letter.

ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG GREEK.

THE chapel of St. Theodore, on the coast of Chaouia Aormis, is built at the foot of a perpendicular rock. The walls are covered with inscriptions, some of them belonging to tombs hollowed into the solid rock. Among these inscriptions is one, concerning which is recorded a singular anecdote. A captain of a merchant vessel belonging to the Greek Islands in the Archipelago caused his remains to be brought to one of these tombs, which he had previously prepared. The sepulchral inscription, engraved under his own eyes, in the Greek language, but in Syriac characters, contained the following notice:—"that any one of his countrymen sufficiently versed in languages to read the present inscription, was to remove the stone, when, in the tomb, he would find two hundred sequins destined for him." The inscription remained long unnoticed; when, about twenty years ago, a young Greek Morean, returning from Venice, where he had performed his studies, touched at the port of St. Theodore, and having decyphered the inscription, dug out the sum. He then engraved the translation of the original notice below it, and affixed his name, his country, and a declaration of his having fulfilled the conditions imposed, all which is still extant.

ANECDOTE OF BARON DE GERAMB.

THE family of Geramb is of French origin, and has long been established at Vienna, where its different members have distinguished themselves in the various employments given them by their sovereign, who has always estimated their worth as it deserved.

One of them, who was chamberlain

to Francis II. was intrusted by that Emperor with a diplomatic mission of a secret nature, and went, by his orders, to Ham-burgh. It was at that period when Bonaparte was at war with Austria. Scarcely had Monsieur de Geramb arrived at the inn, where he purposed staying some time, than he found himself surrounded by the satellites of the tyrant, who had arrived the evening before, and who, disguised as servants, had announced him under another name, saying, that he was only going to stop to change his carriage, as he was to go on in the one they had brought. He was, therefore, soon after his arrival, seized on, and carried off with all his papers, without being able to speak to any one, or make himself known. He was transported to the Chateau de Vincennes, thrown into a dungeon, where he could only see the light of day through a hole made in the roof, and through which he received a scanty portion of food. From that time he had little doubt but what he was shortly destined to become a victim to the atrocious policy of the man into whose power he had fallen in a manner so contrary to the laws of nations. He, therefore, set about preparing himself for instant death. In the meantime his imprisonment was prolonged from day to day, from week to week, and from year to year, without any questions being asked him—without his seeing the face of any human being, except that of the gaoler, who, every twenty-four hours, let down a basket from the height of fifteen feet, and which contained his scanty meal; who inquired of him, every fortnight, if he wanted any thing, and never replied to any question he asked him.

At length, after several years passed away in this frightful solitude, he was much surprised, in the month of April, 1814, to hear several doors opening in the caverns, and even that of his own dungeon. He had no doubt but what the hour of his punishment was arrived, and he was so resigned to this long-expected fate, that he scarce felt any emotion. In the meantime, the gaoler, presenting himself before him, only said, with a harsh voice, "Come out, Sir." However he might feel himself prepared to meet his fate with submission, he thought he ought not to shew too much haste in hurrying on the fatal moment; and he re-

mained quiet, waiting to see how he should be disposed of, while he employed himself in prayer and meditation. Half an hour after the gaoler appeared again, found him on his knees, and cried out, "Well, are you coming out? every body is gone out." Baron de Geramb, not rightly comprehending these words, and becoming more and more astonished, rose up, followed the man, who walked before him with a lamp in his hand, and ascended, with difficulty, a long flight of stairs. He, at length, arrived in a court, where he saw a number of persons, whose squalid figures and meagre countenances, nevertheless, evinced some great and joyful surprise. They were, like himself, prisoners just relieved from their fetters; and who, by their cries of "Long live the King," felicitated each other, as they mutually embraced, and hailed the return of *Louis le Désiré*. Amongst these groups was a venerable Bishop, who, extending his hands over one and the other, alternately bestowed on them his blessing and pious exhortations. The Baron threw himself on the bosom of the prelate, and, with his eyes suffused in tears, he said to him, "Ah! Sir, this moment, so sweet to my companions, how cruel is it to me!—At an immense distance from my native country, unknown to any one in Paris, having but very slight means of subsistence, I expected death would soon terminate my sorrows: I have now no other wish than to make confession of my faults to a minister of our holy religion, and receive that absolution which I hope to find ratified in heaven, as my penitence is sincere: the liberty that is now granted me is a more cruel gift than that death to which I fancied myself destined."—"My dear son," said the Bishop, pressing the Baron to his bosom, and leading him out of the castle, "never despair of the goodness of Providence; he never forsakes those who put their trust in him. If heaven has been pleased to try you thus, it, perhaps, may recompence your patience and sufferings even in this life; I dare hope, after the religious sentiments you have just manifested, that you are destined to be one of the chief supports of our church." As he uttered these last words they had arrived at the outward gate of the castle, and were interrupted by the clamour of the drum

and trumpets. Baron de Geramb turned about, and that moment perceived his brother, who was a Major-General in the Austrian service, and was then at the head of a corps of Cuirassiers belonging to the Emperor. The two brothers rushed to each others arms, and offered a most affecting scene to the surrounding spectators, as

well as to the venerable prelate, who seemed to have foreseen the goodness of the Almighty rewarding the piety of Monsieur de Geramb; which determined him, from that moment, to renounce the vanities of this world, and to enter a monastery of the most rigid order of discipline and austerity.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

INITIATION OF A NUN AT MESSINA.

I WENT this morning to the convent of St. Gregorio to see a young lady take the veil; a ceremony worth seeing; heard high mass, and very fine music. On such occasions the friends invite the principal nobility and gentry to the ceremony, and I had my invitation. We all first assembled in a room, where the novice conversed with every one; chocolate, coffee, and cakes were handed about. After spending a full hour we went into the church—the ladies and gentlemen all in full dress; the church illuminated: the lady to take the veil sat behind the grating, which was now open, so that she appeared in front, very close, like a singer in front of an orchestra.—After high mass, she and her sisters (for she has two in the convent, but who will not become nuns) sang: she then took up the scissors, and made the signal of cutting to her acquaintance, laughing, and seeming very gay: she is certainly either very superstitious, or she acted her part admirably: her mother assured me she did all in her power to prevent her becoming a nun, but to no purpose: she was most splendidly dressed, as if for court, and had a profusion of diamonds; for, on these occasions, they are lent by all the relations and friends. After the blasphemous song of "*Oh! Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ, come and marry me,*" a priest got into the pulpit, and preached a sermon: a grand concert of church music succeeded, during which she was taking up the scissors, and making significant signs, when the chief priest and lady abbess came and cut off her fine hair: she then began to undress, throwing into a large dish the worldly follies of

dress; the diamonds, earrings, bracelets, &c. &c. all were tossed away with disdain: after which she went out, and returned, in ten minutes, completely metamorphosed, in the dress of the order—a gloomy black, and very badly made: the company withdrew to the room we first assembled in; her friends and the ladies were all presented, and kissed her; strangers bowed; I conversed with her, and advised her to repent.

The rule is this:—After the noviciate, they take the white veil, as above; and this day she spends with her family: at night she returns to the convent, and no one can see her for a month, after which she may come to the grate like the others; at the end of one year she may take the black veil, which is a fatal vow never to be reversed; or, rather, she then takes the vows: but, if she chooses, she may ask another year, and even a third, at the end of which she must declare her intention finally. They say there is no force; but there is the same thing. These poor girls are educated for it, and their minds warped, and perverted for the purpose. I advised her to renounce at the end of the year; she, however, smiled, and said her resolution was taken. These ceremonies, when public, like this, are expensive, and defrayed by the family. Every person, of any distinction, in Messina, attended on the occasion, as this lady was the daughter of the grand judge. The ceremony ended with a discharge of guns and paterrocs.

The black veil is a more singular ceremony, as I am told, and more expensive. On this occasion, the nun, being married to Jesus Christ, renounces the world for

ever; and, in testimony thereof is put into a coffin, surrounded with candles, and ends with three vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity.—*General Cockburn's Voyage to Sicily, Malta, Gibraltar, &c.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

I MUST leave this town, my dear sister; I must fly from it for ever. All my speculations have failed. A governess of unimpeached morals cannot earn a decent subsistence in it, though even hair-dressers drive their own tandems, and tailors entertain their customers with turbot and champagne. Every day some new trade is invented. A man has made a fortune here by staining bottles, so as to imitate the incrustation of old port. A certain dentist purchased several thousand teeth, plucked from the jaws of those young warriors who fell at Waterloo; and it is now no uncommon circumstance to see a dowager of seventy displaying, in her smile, two rows of posthumous pearls, once the property of some sergeants in the forty-second regiment, or of some privates of the Connaught Rangers. The great secret is to get a hard name for yourself, or your shop, or your goods. A book called *The Art of Dancing* would not sell at all; but yclep it *The Treasures of Terpsichore*, and the whole world will buy it. Tooth powder must be termed *Oriental Dentifrice*; and pomatum, *Pommade Divine*. A shop must be called a *Bazaar*; and a dress-maker has no chance of success unless she entitle herself a *Marchande-de-Modes*, or a *Tailleuse*. I went to one, the other day, to bespeak something: absolutely she was unintelligible. She talked of *toques*, *cornettes*, *tulle fichus*, *coiffures*, *slashes*, and *capotes*. She earnestly recommended to me curls *à-la-corkscrew*, *Eau de Nison* for washing my face, and *Pomade de Concombre* for anointing it!

As it is now the middle of summer, one might imagine that the town would be altogether deserted: quite the contrary.—This is the height of the season; and the fashionables, content with pots of mignonette and wreaths of artificial flowers, are unwilling to ruralize amidst brooks and meadows, till the brooks are encrusted with ice, and the meadows covered with snow.

Nay, not only do they reverse the seasons,

by transferring to summer the natural amusements of winter, but they likewise turn day into night, and night into day. From eight to nine o'clock is the usual time for dining; and I know a young country gentleman, who, having been met in the street and asked to dine, by a friend, was obliged to refuse the invitation, on the plea of his having already supped.

"Besides," said this young gentleman to me, "I, who have so restricted an income, really cannot afford to dine out often."—"Nay," cried I, "your limited means ought to make such a saving very acceptable."—"A saving!" exclaimed he, "it is the most extravagant plan you can conceive; coach-hire, and the servant's vaids for handling plates, and returning one's hat safe, cost twice as much as a dinner at a coffee-house. Believe me, a man of moderate fortune here would soon ruin himself by dining at other people's expence. Besides, the lady of the house, probably, compels you to play at cards; in which case, you may lose, in half an hour, the price of three hundred and sixty-five dinners."

"Of course you may, if you stake much money," replied I.—"Ay, if you do not stake a single farthing," said he; "for now that money is scarce, there are some who have adopted the system of playing *sheep* points, and *bullock* rubbers!"

"Probably, then," said I, "they will soon begin to play for each other's wives and daughters?"

"They would not consider that high play enough," answered my friend; "and in this they are borne out by the law: for if I steal a man's snuff-box, I am hanged; but if I steal his daughter, I am only fined."

Wonder not, then, good sister, that I, who have no money, should quit a town, where one person is esteemed wiser, or better, or wittier than another, by a percentage on his pocket. I return to the country with renovated delight; nor have I gained much more by my trip to town than the conviction of this truth, that we can never estimate the blessings of tranquillity, till we have experienced the turbulence and heartlessness of the busy world. DIANA.—*Letter to the Editor of the Cheltenham Journal.*

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF HADDOCK, AN IMPOSTOR IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

ONE Haddock, who was desirous of becoming a preacher, but had a stuttering and slowness of utterance, which he could not get rid of, took to the study of physic; but recollecting that, when at Winchester, his schoolfellows had told him that he spoke fluently in his sleep, he tried, after his first sleep, to form a discourse on physic. Finding that he succeeded, he continued the practice. He then tried divinity, and spoke a good sermon. Having prepared one for the purpose, he sat up in his bed and delivered it so loudly that it attracted attention in the next chamber. It was soon reported that Haddock preached in his sleep; and nothing was heard but inquiries after the *sleeping preacher*, who soon found it his interest to keep up the delusion. He was now considered as a man truly inspired; and he did not in his own mind rate his talent at less worth than the first vacant bishopric. He was brought to court, where the greatest personages anxiously sat up through the night by his bedside. They tried all the maliciousness of *Puck* to pinch and to stir him: he was without hearing or feeling; but they never departed without an orderly text and sermon; at the close of which, groaning and stretching himself, he pretended to awake, declaring he was un-

conscious of what had passed.—“The King,” says Wilson (no flatterer of James,) “privately handled him so like a chirurgeon, that he found out the sore.”—The King was present at one of these sermons, and forbid them; and his reasonings on this occasion brought the sleeping preacher on his knees. The King observed, that things studied in the day time may be dreamed of in the night, but always irregularly, without order; not, as these sermons were, good and learned: as particularly the one preached before his Majesty in his sleep; which he first treated physically, then theologically:—“And I observed,” said the King, “that he always preaches best when he has the most crowded audience.”

This sleeping preacher's practice proceeded from his natural infirmity of stammering: he found he could speak better in bed, with his eyes shut from every object, and his habit of talking in his sleep. This induced him to practise the deception.—“But were he allowed to proceed, all slander and treason might pass under colour of being asleep,” added the King; who, notwithstanding his pretended inspiration, awoke the sleeping preacher for ever afterwards.—*DIsraeli's Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I.*

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR CHILD,—In the perusal of natural history I wish you, above all things, to mark with an eye of care and precision the great attention of Providence to mankind; as a spur to our industry and cleanliness, so conducive to our health, he has created some few little animals, which, though they have all their use in the great scale of creation, yet, from their prolific nature, increase in such numbers that they become noxious and offensive, and keep us in a state of constant vigilance and warfare against them. The terrier dog and the cat are provided for this purpose: the former an avowed enemy to rats; and the cat,

endowed with every kind of stratagem, innate love of cleanliness, and watchful assiduity, clears our houses, barns, and stables of mice. I shall first offer to your notice that troublesome animal

THE RAT.

THESE animals are but too well known by the havoc they often make in private dwellings in town, and the devastations they cause in the country, when once they establish themselves in our granaries, hay-lofts, and those stores where grain or fruit is kept: from these different places they spread themselves all through a farm, and are continually increasing in numbers in

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spite of poison, traps, terriers, or cats. They make their nests in the walls, destroy the timber, often making their lodgement between the floor and the thick plaster, only quitting their holes when in search of food; and return laden with as much provision as they can possibly plunder. They not only devour every thing that is eatable, but destroy woollen cloths, cotton, and other stuffs, together with the household furniture. Sometimes it so happens that their prodigious numbers are the cause of their destruction; famine prevails amongst them, and the strongest destroy each other: the few scattered tribes which are left, but who seldom outlive this unnatural warfare, betake themselves to emigration, and thus suddenly rid the almost ruined mansion of its troublesome inhabitants.

THE MOUSE.

THE mouse is a pretty arch-looking little creature, much smaller than the rat, and though its great increase, and the havoc it makes in our pantries, bring it under the class of vermin, yet it is by no means so destructive as the rat. The mouse is easily tamed, but it has no attachment in its nature. A small hole serves it for its dwelling, from whence, like the rat, it never stirs except to obtain food, and the first symptom of alarm drives it back again. It has many enemies to contend with; not only cats, but bats, weazels, and even rats, though certainly of the same genus: it is too feeble to oppose itself against them, and only escapes from peril by its agility and diminutiveness, which cause it to find a refuge in such places where no other animal can find an entrance.

The food of the mouse consists of bread, cheese, bacon, flour, and other aliments made use of by man.

I will no longer dwell on these species of animals which may be regarded, in some measure, only, as I remarked before, as incitements to cleanliness; and introduce to your notice that beautiful little creature,

THE ERMINE.

THE eyes of this animal are remarkably brilliant and sprightly, the countenance indicative of cunning, and its movements are so rapid that it is impossible to follow them with the eye. The skin of this crea-

ture is of immense value; it is therefore used to line and adorn the robes of royalty; and formerly, when ceremonies of state were observed, all the nobles, the magistracy, and the clergy appeared in robes ornamented with ermine. It is at present much used amongst the higher classes of females to adorn their winter pelisses. It is reported of the ermine, that such is its great attention to cleanliness, that it will prefer death to sully the beauty of its fur: the hunters, therefore, take care to chase it to a miry place, which the ermine will not enter, and in turning back falls into the hands of its pursuers. It is a native of Switzerland and the Cape of Good Hope; but is most common in Armenia, from whence it derives its name.

THE BAT.

THIS is one of the most whimsical objects of creation: it is neither a quadruped nor a bird, yet it seems imperfectly to be both. Its forefeet are neither legs nor wings, though they serve the creature wherewith to fly, and also to drag itself along the ground. Its head is deformed and shaped like that of a hog, and all its members are disproportionate: in a word, it is a little monster, which seems to unite in itself two opposite natures, and which does not offer any model like the other great classes in nature. Bats avoid the light of the sun, only dwelling in the darkest situations, going abroad at night, and concealing themselves in the day time, when they remain in a torpid state, sticking to the walls. At the commencement of winter they fall into a kind of lethargy, from whence they do not awake till the spring. They go for several days without taking any food; they may, however, be reckoned amongst the number of carnivorous birds; and when they enter the kitchens of the country people, they eagerly attach themselves to the side or flitch of bacon which may chance to be hanging there, or on the racks: they will also eat raw meat as well as cooked, and care not whether it is sweet or putrid.

Bats are found in almost every country; in the East Indies, and other warm climates, they are of an enormous size. Your uncle George told me that when he was at Bengal, it was customary for a servant to stand

with a horsewhip, on a warm evening, to drive these troublesome visitors away, who enter without ceremony the apartments, flap out the lights, and are very disagreeable in many respects.

Though the bat is an equivocal kind of being, yet it must not be classed among the amphibious; because it has rather an aversion to the water: it is, at best, a nondescript—with which I shall close this letter: and do not say that you wonder what use can such a creature be of? When I can assure you that its use is infinite in warm climates; it is an inveterate enemy to that disagreeable insect the bug, de-

stroys musquitoes, ants, and other destructive little beings in the oriental climates, and often rids our storehouses and granaries of mice.

Be assured also, my dear daughter, that even animals the most disagreeable to sight, and those seemingly noxious, have each their important uses, unknown, in part, to man, but who, by his researches into nature, frequently and continually makes new discoveries to point out to his understanding the real utility of every object possessing life and being. Adieu.

Your affectionate mother,

ANNA.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.

CHARACTER OF THE EMPEROR JULIAN, COMMONLY CALLED THE APOSTATE.

No character has been more differently appreciated than that of Julian: Christians style him the Apostate, while the philosophers of the eighteenth century compare him to Marcus Aurelius.

Few sovereigns, it is certain, had more courage, a more active or enlightened solicitude for the affairs of government. As to literary merit, which is less requisite in an Emperor, it is well known that Julian was sufficiently endowed with it to make a figure in whatever rank he might be placed; and had he been by profession an author, he would have been reckoned one of the first writers among the ancients. It is not, however, for this reason that he merits to be styled, as he is by Voltaire, *The second man in the world*: for if moral qualities are requisite to the attainment of such a title, it must be confessed he was totally unworthy of it. Perfidious and intolerant, hypocritical and ambitious, he wore only the mask of philosophy. It was to his intolerance and his unbounded hatred to the Christians, that he gained the enthusiastic applause of the infidels of the last century; these, his admirers, contrived to erase from the page of history the infamy of his conduct, in order to attach more credit to his opinion, and to give more authority to their own sect.

It is a difficult undertaking to divest Julian of this borrowed reputation: he has

been always flattered, and he possessed talents to justify such eulogium. One trait in his character, and which all agree in admiring, was his dislike to publicity, and his repugnance at power. When he was informed at Athens that he was invested with imperial sway, he wept, and languished after the charms attached to a retired life; he regretted the shades of the academic groves, and the humble dwelling of Socrates. It was with constraint and real sorrow that he accepted the title of Augustus; and he uttered complaints against Jupiter for having encircled his brows with the regal diadem.

When arrived at the empire of the whole world, Julian, in his despair, concealed himself in the palace of Thermes, there to sigh at liberty over those woes always inseparable from despotic power. But this wretched grimace in an usurper, depraved enough in his moral character, to dare to accuse the Gods, could only succeed with a people that an excessive degree of refinement and civilization were gradually leading back to barbarism: it is ridiculous and odious in history, and requires all the effrontery of the new philosophy, insolently presuming on the credulity of one particular century, to detail with such confidence the virtues of an illustrious juggler, who founded his power only on imposture.

Julian had learned, by experience, that revolutions are brought about through sophists and rhetoricians. When he swayed

the imperial sceptre, he found himself obliged to conciliate these characters; he therefore made them his ministers, his favourites, or rather his admirers and parasites, by placing them in office. His court was a kind of Lyceum, where, among other talents, one only was brought to perfection, namely, the art of flattery. The Emperor composed books, men of letters made the laws, and Paganism, with the twofold auxiliary of Julian's pen and his sword, seemed falling, never to rise again. It seems impossible for Christianity to have found a more formidable adversary. To attack it, Julian united together sense, false belief, the art of dealing in sarcasm, the power, and, perhaps, the wish to proscribe it, a valour distinguished by the most warlike deeds, an invincible tenaciousness, the

height of good fortune in all his undertakings; armies devoted to his cause, with all the frenzy of fanaticism, counsellors who were skilled in all the acquirements of former ages, faithful followers whom he had magnificently rewarded; all these circumstances ensured him success: but the triumph of his opponent's cause is at least a miracle that Julian himself could not deny.

Julian had the glorious advantage of dying like a soldier; and, as he bit the dust, he threw up his bleeding hands towards heaven, crying out, "Galilean, thou art avenged!" Therefore, though he was an apostate, he seemed with his dying breath to acknowledge the truth of Christianity.

VOYAGES UNDERTAKEN FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

For above two centuries past the probability and improbability of a north-west passage has been a matter of dispute; and justly has it been observed by travellers accustomed to the frozen shores of Greenland, &c. that should it once be found successful, yet, on a second voyage, the passage may be totally stopped by insurmountable barriers of ice, forming solid rocks and almost stationary islands, from the intensesness of that severity of frost unknown in other climates.

To the enterprising genius of Henry of Portugal, that nation owed that spirit of discovery which, for succeeding ages, animated other Europeans. Henry was the third son of John, King of Portugal; and when he returned from besieging Ceuta, he conceived the important design of improving the navigation of his country, and was inspired with a view of finding out a passage round Africa to the East Indies. This event did not, however, take place till the reign of King Emanuel; who, with the idea of finding out a new passage to the East Indies by the discoveries in 1441, sent out Vaquez de Gama, with charge to double the Cape that had been discovered by Diaz, and which forms the utmost boundary of Africa, since known by the name of the Cape of Good Hope.

While the Portuguese were thus endeavouring to extend their dominions on the African coast, by the discovery of a new passage to the East Indies, the Spaniards, through Columbus, the Genoese, had discovered a new world. This awakened anew the spirit of discovery through all Europe; the Portuguese dreaded to lose the trade of the East Indies, and sent out Pedro Cabral, to complete the work that Gama had begun. Cabral discovered the Brasils, sent home news of the discovery, and proceeded onwards; he sailed for Calicut, and the Portuguese established their empire in India.

Juan de Nova, in the year 1501, explored the Brazilian coast as far as the thirty-second degree of south latitude, whence the coldness and the inclemency of the weather hastened his return to Portugal.

Many attempts were made by the English, in 1575, to discover a passage by the north-east to China and India. None of them were successful; but they were attended with this advantage: they laid the foundation of our valuable commerce to Russia.

While some were endeavouring to explore a north-eastern passage, others apprehended it might be attempted by the

north-west; amongst these was that intelligent seaman Michael Forbisher: he fitted out two barks under the patronage of the Earl of Warwick, called the Gabriel and Michael, together with a pinnace, and departed from Deptford on the 18th of June, 1576. On the 11th of July they saw Friesland, bearing W. N. W. The land seemed rising in the form of pinnacles and covered with snow. Being then in latitude sixty-one degrees, they sounded, but could find no ground at one hundred and eighty fathoms.

Captain Forbisher, in attempting to land, was prevented by the shoals of ice. Near this place they lost their pinnace and four men: soon after, the Michael deserted them and returned home. On the 28th they again discovered land, which they conceived to be Labrador, but here again the ice prevented their making the shore. They entered a new strait on the 11th of August, in latitude sixty-three degrees eight minutes north, to which they gave the name of Forbisher's Straits: the weather was calm on the 16th, and for some time the sea was clear of ice; but in Prior's Bay, within two hours, the ice became a quarter of an inch thick on the water. At eight in the morning of the 19th, the Captain went in a boat with eight men in search of inhabitants: they found people resembling Tartars, with broad faces, long black hair, and of a tawney complexion; their cheeks were marked with long blue streaks, and they were clothed in seal skins. Five of Captain Forbisher's men were taken by the natives; the English made one of the savages prisoners, and conveyed him to England, where he died.

Captain Forbisher now returned home, and was again fitted out on another voyage of discovery. One of the Queen's vessels of two hundred tons burthen, and a hundred men, accompanied by the Michael and Gabriel, left Blackwall on the 26th of May, 1577, and arrived at the Orkneys on the 7th of June. They traversed the seas for about a month, and were frequently covered with drift wood; oftentimes they saw entire bodies of ice floating on the waves, *which they supposed were driven from the coast of Newfoundland.* They made Friesland on the 4th of July, and here they met

with vast mountains of ice: they were then on the south side of Friesland, in latitude sixty degrees thirty minutes north. Some of these mountains rose near forty fathoms above the water, and were about half a mile in length, and prevented their landing. At their first coming to Forbisher's Straits, the entrance appeared blocked up with ice: but the commander passing round with two pinnaces to the eastward, entered them there, and marched with seventy men up the country. Finding no inhabitants, they returned, and anchored under a land to which they gave the name of Warwick's Island. As a proof of the salubrity of northern climates, out of one hundred and thirty-four men, they lost but two in this voyage; one of whom, the master of the Gabriel, was drowned.

Flattered by the hopes of finding a new passage to India and the Chinese empire, the Queen was induced to send out another fleet, consisting of fifteen ships and barks, under the directions of Captain Forbisher, as Admiral.

In spite of several disappointments, Forbisher yet always entertained the opinion that a new passage was practicable; but the discoveries already made were neglected, as may be said, while in their infancy. Forbisher, however, distinguished himself in the sea fight with the Spanish Armada, in 1588, and received the honour of knighthood.

After the establishment of the East India Company, not any voyages of note were undertaken, unless for the discovery of the north-west passage. On the 27th of June, in the year 1585, Captain Davies set out from Dartmouth with two vessels, one called the Sunshine, of fifty tons and twenty-three men, the other the Moonshine, thirty-five tons and seventeen men, in order to find out a passage between Forbisher's Straits and the coast of Labrador. On the 20th of July they discovered land, which was woody and covered with snow, to which they gave the name of Desolation.

Captain Davies was on the 21st completely embayed with ice, from which he got clear with extreme difficulty. He made an attempt to land, but found it fruitless. Departing to the northward on the 29th, they saw land, bearing N. E.,

being then in latitude sixty-one degrees fourteen minutes N.; the sea was free from ice, with great inlets and bays, the shore broken into islands. Next day thirty canoes came off to the English and trafficked with them. The wind setting in fair, the captain continued his voyage on the 1st of August, steering N. N. W. They entered a bay to which they gave the name of Dyer's Cape; and departing from thence steered S. S. W., and had sight of the southernmost cape of the land, which he called the Cape of God's Mercy. As he passed it in a thick fog he entered a strait before he knew it: this strait was in some parts twenty leagues wide, and from hence he conceived great expectations of finding a fair passage to the main ocean. He sailed sixty leagues up the straits in a N. N. W. direction, till he came to some islands, where the vessels separated, some going on the north, others on the south side.

On the 15th he landed, and found some dogs, very tame, with leathern collars about their necks; also two sledges, one of wood the other of whalebone. The ships soon after joined and returned to England; from whence Captain Davies was again fitted out with the most sanguine hopes, as he was the first who had discovered any strait beyond Greenland.

He sailed in a bark of thirty-five tons, called the North Star, from Dartmouth, on the 14th of June, 1586, having a pinnacle of ten tons added to his little squadron. On the 17th of July, in latitude sixty-three degrees eight minutes north, they fell in with a body of solid ice so large that they could not trace its extent. It appeared to be full of bays and headlands; and this field of ice, which they coasted for some time, proved an obstruction to the undertaking: numbers of his men murmured so much that it was judged expedient to send them home in a small vessel. Proceeding with the others, the Captain discovered land in sixty-six degrees thirty-three minutes N. where he put into harbour in the Moonshine, the only vessel he had; the Sunshine and North Star, which were sent to discover a passage between Iceland and Greenland, never returning to him again.

Leaving this land, which consisted of a group of islands, he found himself on the

17th, in latitude sixty-four degrees twenty minutes N.; and the next day discovered a promontory to the north-west. After discovering some useless harbours, he touched on the coast of Labrador, and returned to England.

On his next voyage of discovery he sailed northward, made the coast of Greenland, and steering thence westward forty leagues, he met with a great bank of ice, which he endeavoured to clear by going to the northward, but this he found impossible. He resolved to make for the shore again, in hopes that while he tarried there a few days, the ice might be dissolved; but his expectations not being answered, he bore away again. He soon met with a great current which set him six points to the westward of his true course.

In the course of this voyage Captain Davies sailed further northward than any adventurer had ever yet done; and it is probable that had he persevered in his endeavours to penetrate the bank of ice, through which there must have been an opening, as he saw a large whale pass through, he would have achieved this great and much-desired enterprise.

The probability of a north-west passage renders it an highly interesting subject of attention, and it may not, therefore, be improper to mention those countries in the vicinity of which such a passage is most rationally to be looked for. The first of these is Iceland, first discovered by one of the name of Noddocus, in 874, who was driven by a violent tempest to the eastern side of it. One Gardar went in search of this newly discovered island, to which, on account of the snow continually falling there, Noddocus had given the name of Snowland. Flocks, a Norwegian pirate, gave it the name of Iceland, which it has retained ever since.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to peruse an account how Iceland and Greenland were first peopled.

Ingolf, an Earl of Norway, to avoid the tyranny of Harold Harfager, fled to Iceland; and this Earl, with his brother-in-law, cultivated the land, and formed there a kind of a republic.

Greenland was peopled from Iceland. A chief named Thorwald, who was obliged to fly from the court of Count Hagan, for a

murder he had committed, went to Iceland, where he established a new colony; and, cultivating a large tract of land, left it to his son Eric Rand, or Red-head.—This Eric, having killed one Egolf, was exiled from Iceland; beyond the westernmost point of which he heard that other land had been discovered. He, therefore, embarked, and steered westward, and found an agreeable island, to which he gave the name of Eric's Sound. Two years afterwards he invited people to come over, and settle in the country he had discovered, to which he gave the name of Greenland: and built there the cities called Gardar and Alba.

In 990, Leif, the son of Eric Rand, paid a visit to the King of Denmark's court; was baptized; and, taking with him a priest, laid the first foundation of Christianity in Greenland.

Among the testimonials of the existence of a north-west passage, is the declaration of one Thomas Cowles, of Bedminster, in the county of Somerset, a mariner, who acknowledges that, being at Lisbon, he heard one Martin Chaeke had found a way to *Portugal India*, through a gulph of New-

foundland, which he thought to be in the sixty-ninth degree of latitude of the North Pole.

Various voyagers have also confirmed, by experience, that there is not only the probability, but the *practicability* of a north-west passage to the East Indies. Whatever objection there can be, must arise from the inclemency of the weather, and the uncertainty of finding any time where the passage is not liable to be totally blocked up by ice. Our expedition has sailed at a proper time; all the former ones set out too late; and also lost too much time in seeking out for harbours.

That able navigator, Captain Cooke, had a very strong idea that such a passage existed; it is supposed that had he not kept too near to the North Pole he might have discovered it: he found a clear sea towards the Pole, which gave him reason to think that such a passage might be effected: Captain Clarke entertained a similar idea. The voyage now undertaken will probably throw great light on the subject, and must inevitably contribute to our improvements in navigation.

S. G.

HISTORY OF A PIN.—FROM THE FRENCH.

(Concluded from page 174.)

MADemoiselle CONTAT, a bewitching actress, belonging to the Theatre Française, had turned the head of the young Count de Narbonne, a spoiled child belonging to the royal family. She was of strong passions, of much sensibility, and truly disinterested; but of rather a fantastic character. No one could imagine the price she set upon her favours. Having heard speak of this celebrated pin, she took it in her head to get possession of it; and her conditions were, that not only the Count should obtain it from the King, but as the *Marriage of Figaro* was then about to be performed for the first time, she exacted of her lover that he should bring this pin to her on the first night of *Figaro* being performed. She thought it a most striking circumstance to make it pass from the neck-kerchief of Madame de Maintenon

and the head of Louis XIV. to the letter of *Susannah*, to which it was to be made use of as a seal. If the pin did not arrive on the day fixed, the bargain was to be declared nul. It is not easy to paint the embarrassment of the Count. He knew not what means to take in order to obtain this celebrated pin; and, to add to his perplexity, the first performance was to take place in a fortnight's time: he vexed himself, in vain, at this singular fancy of his mistress; when, at length, chance furnished him with the methods of success.

It was then that the dancing of quadrilles first came into vogue; and that in which the Count figured away, required some splendour of dress. He informed himself, by inquiring of Monsieur de la Borde, of the contents of the casket; and he pretended that he wanted some diamonds that

were in it, to wear at the next ball given in the Saloon of Hercules; and as the King let him have always whatever he wished for, he would give him leave to borrow a few ornaments. "I will go and get them myself," said the young man; "and then I shall see that famous pin I have heard so much talk of." Before the King had time to give his consent, the Count was already in the closet, and had the casket opened; and while De la Borde was looking out the diamonds, he, without being seen, substituted a pin, something like that he so much desired to possess, and flew to Mademoiselle Contat, to lay the original one at her feet. It was high time, for the piece was just going to begin. The pin sealed the letter of *Susannah*, but, was lost in the Theatre, and passed through various hands. Mademoiselle Contat was, for a moment, uneasy; but is any one ever faulty in the eyes of a lover? The Count was, however, not so easy; for the keeper of the jewels soon found out that the pin in the casket was not the original one. He was silenced, however, by a pension; and the false pin was yet in the casket, and regarded with veneration. The other remained in the dust on the stage, till a dancer, more pretty than celebrated, picked it up, without knowing what she did, at a repetition of the *Amours de Bayard*. This dancer was mistress to Monsieur D'Arlande, who was the first mortal venturous enough to ascend into the air in the balloon of M. Pilâtre des Rozier, since the victim of his talents and courage.

This dancer, who was only light as a disciple of Terpsichore, adored her lover. We may judge of her state of mind, when she thought of the perils that M. D'Arlande was about to encounter. She had the courage to conduct him to La Muette, where this modern Icarus was to quit the earth. "At least," said she, "promise me, that your prudence will reject every useless danger in this fatal voyage: this lock of my hair will make you recollect this injunction." As she finished this sentence, she placed the lock next his heart, and fastened it to his under-waistcoat with that very pin she had found by chance.—Her eyes were suffused in tears, her head and face covered with a thick veil, and her lover became lost in the clouds. We will

leave him to follow the boldest project ever conceived by man, and again return to the pin. A gust of wind having torn a little flag that our travellers bore in sign of triumph, on which they had inscribed the day and hour of their ascension, M. D'Arlande feared that it would be totally lost, and essayed, in vain, to join the two pieces of stuff together: the pin was become absolutely requisite for that purpose: it was sacrificed to it, for the lock of hair only was of importance to M. D'Arlande.

After several hours of aerial navigation, the balloon descended, amidst shouts of universal applause. Physicians, naturalists, geometricians, and astronomers, came in crowds to pay homage to the travellers. Amongst the astronomers was M. Bailli: Pilâtre presented the flag to him, as a mark of his esteem for his talents. M. Bailli accepted it; and, by a crowd of unheard-of circumstances, behold the famous pin fixed to an aerial flag, and shut up in an astronomer's cabinet! Why could it not remain there? It would not then have served on another occasion, which was far different to any part it had hitherto played. But who can answer for the decrees of fate?

On that memorable day when the King was compelled to quit Versailles, and was conducted in triumph by his people to Paris, M. Bailli was elected Mayor by popular enthusiasm, and was to wait at the Hotel de Ville to receive the monarch.—The King had arrived sooner than was expected; and a cavalier rode full gallop to inform M. Bailli; who, going out in haste, forgot the patriotic ribbon which he had worn two days before in the button-hole of his coat. He went back to his apartment to get it, and being troubled to fasten it, his eyes fell on our pin; he caught it out of the aerial flag, fixed his ribbon with it, and hastened to the Hotel de Ville.

Here must be dispensed with those relations which have no connection with the subject of our present narrative; suffice it to say, that our heroine, the pin, passed through the most opposite and extraordinary circumstances. When the Mayor presented a national cockade to the King, it was, as one may say, predestinated again to fall into the Bourbon possession; for it was it that fastened the cockade to the hat of Louis XVI.; but it bent twenty

times, before she could be made to fix it.

Think only, gentle reader, of the different positions in which this pin has been found. First we see it on the toilette of Ninon, as the memorandum of an assignation; next in the neck-kerchief of Madame de Maintenon; in the gauze veil of Madame de Montespan; in the King's shirt—carefully preserved in his jewel-casket, by his blind affection for Madame de Maintenon—fastening the feather of his hat when he received James II. at his court; in the wig of the Chancellor; in the *bouquet* of Madame du Barri; in the jewel-casket of Louis XV.; carried away from thence by the Count de Narbonne; in the possession of Mademoiselle Contat; sealing the letter of *Sumamah*, in *Figaro*; in the hands of a dancer; fixing a lock of her hair to the waistcoat of M. D'Arlande; in the flag

of a balloon; in the cabinet of M. Bailli; at his button-hole; and, at length, in the cockade of Louis XVI.

It was again lost, and found in the Louvre by a nurse who attended Mirabeau; and who, after his death, had laid out the corpse. She fastened with it one of the corners of his winding sheet. It seems as if the pin's extraordinary fate should finish with that of a man who was also the most extraordinary of his time. Certainly, this pin will never more behold the day; unless, in the course of time, popular fury should be tempted to insult the ashes of one whom revolutionary enthusiasm crowned at his death, and which may recall to our minds his own famous maxim—"It is but a few steps from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock."

S. G.

THE OLD MAID.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.—JUVENAL.
"The doves are censured, while the crows are spared."

To imagine that there is not in every situation of life, however apparently miserable, much cause to rejoice, is at once to conceive, that the Deity feels more pleasure in withholding, than in bestowing happiness. We often suffer our prejudices, or our egotism, to assimilate misery, where we have no right to form such conclusions. The degree, or situation of an Old Bachelor is always a subject for mirth; and that of an Old Maid is productive of our sympathy and compassion. Were this sympathy and compassion productive of goodwill towards those we have deemed so unfortunate as to be deserving of our pity, all would be well: but, alas! for sympathy and compassion we are too often obliged to read scorn and contempt, mixed with no small share of self-gratulations and sundry tossings of the head, highly indicative of a very different feeling than sisterly love, or matronly pity. I have endeavoured, in the last volume of this work, to draw the readers of *La Belle Assemblée* to some proper considerations of the character of Old Maid, in an essay on the undeserved stig-

mas conferred on that class of females; and, at the same time, I harboured a wish, that they might be honoured with an appellation more indicative of the usefulness of their talents, in hopes that some correspondent would take up the gauntlet in their favour—that some of your male correspondents, Mr. Editor, would have shewn us, that "the age of chivalry was not quite gone." But as my own sex have not had the gallantry to defend them, I call upon the sisterhood themselves to assert their rights—to inform us more fully of the sphere of usefulness in which they move, and to tell us that cards, scandal, *rouge*, and cats, do not occupy the whole of their hours; nor do cosmetics, novels, and lap-dogs, furnish the whole of their employment.

Perhaps, Sir, they will answer me in the following style:—that private duties are best fulfilled in silence; and the action which is prompted alone by a conscientiousness of duty, feels more satisfaction in the silent gratulations of its own breast, than in a pompous display of virtues and

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talents. The Moores, the Hamiltons, and the Swards, are the heralds of their own capabilities: but there are yet other duties to perform beside publishing our ideas, where only reward can be the silent monitor within us. This is all very true: but I yet call upon them to peruse the annals of biography, in order that they may furnish the readers of this work with a list of those males who have become ornaments to society through the agency of maiden sisters, aunts, or teachers; to which, Mr. Editor, you, in your extensive reading, will, perhaps, have no objection to add your knowledge.

Selina Somerville was one of those females who would be imagined, by those who see but dimly, to have been born only for the sport of fortune. From the giddy world her name had become significant of unhappiness itself: and to be as badly off as Selina Somerville, was the *elegant* comparison made by the many who knew her—but who knew her only by name. Born to the apparent inheritance of a large fortune, which was, at one moment, swept from her family by a hurricane, she lost with it a father, who died broken-hearted, leaving Selina, her mother, and a sister, dependant upon those who, at one time, partook of their daily bread. Had Selina been now a girl of even moderate fortune, her face and form might have been tolerated; but now, penniless and dependant, her plainness was almost disgusting; and although her figure possessed an every-day sort of form and elasticity, yet poverty and disappointed hope left it untenanted by a single grace to light it with animation for the common observer.

She walk'd with hurried air,
Fit pace, I ween,
Of one who knew the vulgar stare,
Would scorn her dress and mien.

And yet no remnants soil'd—
Floundered in foolish pride,
Nor faded ribbon coil'd,
Their wearer to deride.

No flounces once so fine,
Which seemingly would say,
This is no fault of mine,
If these have had their day.

No imitations clad—
Nor gilding false she wore,
One diamond bright she had,
Which in her heart she bore.

And still she hurried on,
That heart a diamond clear;
Placing her hand thereon,
Felt all was honest there.

Such was Selina Somerville. It is said we all of us have two characters—one for Sundays, and one for every other day. Selina's was for every day: her holiday one's are gone—so says the world. To behold Selina as she is, you must behold her at home; you would there see her rocking the cradle of declining age; parrying, with pleasantry, the ill-natured thrusts of an artful and designing sister; sparing, from the extreme scantiness of her own income to aid and assist in the education of an urchin, the son of a brother-in-law, whose father was gone to settle his account at that bar from whence there is no appeal. It may be asked, how I came to know so much of the story of Selina Somerville as I am about to relate?

Called in, as a professional man, to watch a paroxysm of her mother's, I encountered, at her residence, the same female I had so often met "brushing the early dew from off the grass," in order to invigorate herself against the taskful day. And this person, in whom I discovered, or thought I had discovered, some beauty and much mind, in a moment I became acquainted with. "A friend," says Sterne, "has the same right as a physician." I do not agree with him: but I was a friend, and hoped to be a physician, I was also, with Sterne, a married man: it is paying myself no compliment to say I was a better husband. I had, however, according to his position, many rights: I availed myself of all; and, with my wife's assistance, secured her confidence. When I first called, the *beauteux* that sat upon her brow had vanished, for she was tending her mother; but when she turned round to me, and besought me to do my best, something of this sternness returned: and, perhaps, I own myself romantic when I declare, that, from the moment I saw her thus engaged, or rather occupied, she created a strong interest in my heart. I see her now, bending over the chair of sickness, and watching the looks of the invalid. Her spare thin form, covered by a white gown, confined at the waist by a narrow black ribbon; her high and ivory forehead, displayed between the

straight parting of her coal-black hair; her pallid face; her *Siddonian* nose; her mouth, with a smile of no common benignity passing over it; her long and taper fingers, on one of which was displayed a black ring: what a subject for Westall was this every-day-looking woman to the world; but, to an artist, how interesting! I restored her mother to comparative convalescence, and I beheld the daughter animated with joy: and then again I saw that the portrait which, out of doors, pictured repulse and *haineur*, was the same I had seen full of sweetness, benevolence, and sensibility. Time flew—the seasons came and went; ten years' absence from my native land, I exclaimed, must have made many alterations in this town: and knocking at Selina's door, I exclaimed, what has been passing here? When we parted from Selina, her life seemed big with incidents. She having no one in whom she could confide but my wife, she made her her confidant. Man and wife are one—at least they should be so: mine was a confidential partner on every occasion. The rose-bushes round Selina's cottage, in a superb lane, told, their owner had either left or much neglected them: the jessamine had fallen from the *treillage*. I was about to knock again, when "This House to Let," struck my eye. I inquired for my friend; and, with difficulty, found her lodging in the heart and smoke of our provincial city. I climbed the stairs of a one-pair floor; and was ushered into a room where Selina lodged, to wait the return of my old friend, who was expected to return in ten minutes.

The room now occupied by Selina was evidently furnished with a selection from the old house: the short-backed, but expansive arm-chair, which used to enclose her mother, stood by the fire; the same blue-and-white jars and beakers occupied a mantle-piece too high for a chimney-glass; the good old lady's crutched stick was arranged over them, crossed in state with the gold-headed cane of her other parent; a spinet stood open, with a lesson of Correlli's upon a music-stand; the old black cat slept before the fire—she took her head from her extremities at my approach, and, having viewed me with the most marked contempt, she again curled herself up for sleep. On the pillar and

claw-table, black with rubbing, were materials for writing: *Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*; the *Belle Assemblée* (from Jones's library), open at the Fashions, and near which was a spenser, with a trimming of the same colour with that in the coloured print of the pamphlet: here lay also *The Spiritual Quixote*, in which was a ticket (with Selina's name, as a subscriber to a lying-in charity) as a mark where she had left off reading; there was an old-fashioned book called the *Bible*, on an old-fashioned bureau, surmounted by Chambers's *Cyclopædia* and *The Book of Martyrs*; sundry novels, court guides, &c.: my wife's picture, *en silhouette*, of Selina's taking, was also over the chimney; and a drawing, by myself, occupied a place next the spinet: the rest of the furniture was in accord with the place; but her footstep on the stairs set my heart on the *empty bump*, and disturbed further cogitations.—The surprise and joy which beamed on her countenance as she entered, brought the roses of five years' absence into her cheeks: this gave her an appearance of *jeunesse* and health, which, in the next moment, vanished; and I found that my poor friend had more advanced towards the grave from the hardness of her fate, than the five years which time had added to her hour-glass.

My wife arrived: the confidence between these females was renewed, and I was acquainted with her tales of sorrow which had occurred during our absence. "I cannot help feeling," said the sufferer, "that the Almighty gave me some pre-sentiment of what I had to go through, by the encouragement I received to prepare for the worst. I had the same desires, wishes, and feelings as other women; but the books I read, and every act I committed, did, even in our more prosperous days, seem to inform me, that I ought not to live merely for the day; but told me to become independent of the world for pleasure—to cultivate every resource I could, that originated in myself—that I should have need of all the self-possession that I could cultivate—take no pleasures," cried reason, "upon trust—divest yourself of prejudices, and endeavour to think for yourself; and if, from this, you find yourself inclined to be dictatorial, correct it with humility—fancy other people know better than you do, until

you have leisure to think otherwise: and heaven knows how much occasion I had for all this schooling. I do declare to you, my only friend, most sincerely, that, amidst all my trouble, nay, sometimes I may say misery, which I have felt, that I firmly believed, through the consolations which re-

ligion has afforded me, that I have been, and am, upon the whole, even happier than those who wear a gayer face, and whose lips, abroad, are ever dressed in smiles; but who, in common with all human nature, cannot escape its allotted troubles."

(To be concluded in our next.)

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XVII.

WANSTEAD.—The noble palace of Wanstead-house is one of the most magnificent private buildings in England: it was built by the first Earl Tyney, when Sir Richard Child. The front is two hundred and sixty feet in length; and the great hall is sixty-one feet by thirty-six. The ball-room is seventy-five feet long, and the saloon thirty feet square. The approach to this splendid mansion is suitable to its appearance: a long avenue of trees leads to an oval basin of water, at the brink of which the road divides, and, enclosing the canal, reaches the house, which is separated from the water by a sunk fence, with a low iron balustrade. The pleasure-grounds are ornamented with a fine grotto.

Wanstead-house was, a few years ago, occupied by the Prince de Condé: it belongs, at present, to Mr. Wellesley Long Pole.

The church was a very ancient structure; but, being too small for the congregation, has been pulled down, and very elegantly rebuilt with Portland stone. The window in the chancel is adorned with a representation of Christ bearing his cross.

WALTHAMSTOW.—This town consists of detached houses, branching out in different directions, which are distinguished as so many streets. Most of them are inhabited by wealthy merchants.

The church was built by Sir George Monox, in 1535, but its architecture or monuments have nothing in them remarkable: that building consecrated to divine worship at

TOTTENHAM.—Is beautifully covered over with the mantling ivy, and is a fine Gothic edifice, pleasantly situated on an eminence. At the east end is a fine painted window, representing the four Evangelists: this was a gift from John Wilmot, Esq. the

possessor of Bruce Castle. Amongst the many handsome monuments is one erected to the memory of Lady Buckhurst; it is of white marble, ornamented with her bust, and that of Sir Robert, her husband, richly dressed in the costume of the age they lived in, with the effigies of their four sons and eight daughters underneath.

The ancient manor-house, still called Bruce Castle, from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, one of the ancient possessors of the manor, was purchased by Lord Coleraine, who left it to his natural daughter, the wife of James Townsend, Esq. This lady was perfect mistress of four languages, and excelled in painting and engraving: it has since, after passing through several hands, become the property of Mr. Wilmot. It is a very handsome brick mansion, and on the west side of the court-yard is a circular embattled tower.

On the High Cross Green stood a very ancient house, lately a boy's school, which was inhabited by Sir Abraham Reynardson, who espoused the cause of Charles I. against the Parliament. Being Lord Mayor, he was ordered to proclaim the abolition of kingly power, after that monarch was executed: but he refused so resolutely, that he was deprived of his office, fined two thousand pounds, and confined in the Tower. His son Nicholas left a sum, equal to the fine imposed on his father, to erect and support an almshouse for six poor persons of each sex. The old mansion has been lately pulled down, to make room for two modern houses. Balthazar Sanchez, a Spaniard, and the first confectioner in England, founded also eight almshouses; but they are neither so handsome nor so well endowed as those of Reynardson.

The celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, was also a great benefactress to the

parish of Tottenham; and bequeathed a large sum to extend the benefits of the Free School.

About a quarter of a mile from the town, on an open spot called Page Green, stands a circular group of seven beautiful elms, of great age, and near in size to each other. They are very improperly called the seven sisters, as they were planted in memorial of a martyr who suffered on that spot: some, however, do not scruple to affirm that they are very appropriately named, as they were planted, say they, by the virgin hands of seven fair sisters, who continued so to the day of their deaths, which happened when they arrived at a very advanced age.

DARTFORD.—Situated in the county of Kent, and watered by the Darent, which affords an abundant supply of trout, and oftentimes salmon: Dartford is a place of much interest on various accounts. On the bank of the Cray, which empties itself into the Darent, Hengist, in 557, and his son Ossa, obtained, at a place called Creccanford, a sanguinary victory over the Britons, and slew four of their leaders. Hengist assumed the title of King of Kent, and founded the heptarchy. Those vast and chalky excavations near the village of Crayford, are nothing more than the workings of the Britons in that valuable earth for the purpose of manure. The town of Dartford is prettily situated on a flat, bounded by low hills, but open to the Thames. A strong spirit of industry prevails amongst the inhabitants, and the fields are rendered gay by the number of bleached cottons. There are also paper mills; and the first paper mill in England was erected by a Sir John Spilman, who died in 1607, and was buried in Dartford church. Rag paper was not then invented; not till the year 1690, we rarely made any but the coarse brown sort, and till the last mentioned era we used to pay France, for the single article of paper, as much as one hundred thousand pounds annually.

Edward III. founded here, in 1355, a nunnery for thirty-nine sisters of the order of St. Augustine: he endowed them richly, as did Richard II. Edward IV. bestowed on them a new patent of incorporation. Bridget, his daughter, took the habit at a very early age, and had the good fortune

to die before the dissolution of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII. Edward VI. granted the house to Ann of Cleves, the repudiated wife of his father. Elizabeth made it a resting-place in her tour through Kent; and after various changes, it is now in the possession of a family of the name of Margate, of Herefordshire. Its remains, consisting of a brick gateway and tower over it, are known by the name of Dartford Place and Dartford House.

In 1351, Edward III. on his return from France, stopped here, and held a general tournament: and at Dartford began the insurrection of Wat Tyler.

The hop yards are a famous ornament to this part of Kent: it is said that they were not introduced into this country till the reign of Henry VIII. by which we imagine is meant their *use*; since they certainly grew wild in every part of Britain. The same has been said of the cherry; yet the Romans it was who introduced this delicious fruit into our island: the Kentish cherry, however, was brought into England by Henry the Eighth's gardener.

GRAVESEND.—This town takes its name from the Portreve, or Greve, established there, it being the end or limit of his office. Gravesend is commonly thought to be the extremity of London; but by a regulation which took place in 1667, it was ordered that the North Foreland should be regarded as the extremity. Gravesend is a corporation erected in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

It is usual to see a great number of ships at anchor in the channel before the town, and from hence our merchantmen from London take their departure, and our line of battle ships take out their guns before they proceed to the docks at Woolwich or Deptford. Here lie the India ships before they finally sail, and here they complete their complement of men.

Henry VIII. erected a strong battery here to repel the insults of foreign enemies, and to guard against the descents of the French. At Tilbury, opposite to Gravesend, he erected a block-house, which, after the burning of our ships, in 1667, by the Dutch, at Chatham, was enlarged into a strong and regular fortification: it mounts several guns, has a small garrison, and its Governor

presides over Gravesend as well as this fort. In the year 1568, this place was for ever rendered memorable by being the encampment of the British army to oppose that which might land from the Invincible Armada. Vestiges of the camp are still to be seen on a spot where a windmill now stands.

THE NORE, OR NORTH-SAND.—A buoy named the Nore, with a floating light, is at the northern extremity of the Isle Graine, to direct vessels to anchorage; as all the channel for a considerable way, even to the Naze on the Essex Coast, is filled with sand banks pointing towards the north-east.

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

From on board the Isabella, Deptford.

SIR,—Of all the wonders I see in this much curious country, you the biggest wonder of them all: you live to be old, very old, yet you hear well, see well, make advice to the young, and give reproof to the old fools. Well, no such thing in my country. Every one do make what he like; that better; no find fault; old men think of die; and do not trouble or think much about others.

Now I am about to return to my own dear country, where I once lived so happy with my pretty Sumaxo; her skin copper colour like my own, but her nose more beautiful, more flat; her head square; charming that, and plenty of mouth, wide, with thick lips.

But, Sir, as you often write to tell people when they wrong judge; pray publish to them that we no savages. Our ladies dress fine, our oil we drink, soft, wholesome, high taste, go glib down the throat, better than bad wine, made up in England; less grape than other things in it.

Your ladies make much proud when they dress in pelisse trim with seal skin, and cap of seal skin with gold band; but Sumaxo, she got dresses all over made from seal skin, that cost much in this country; Sumaxo wear it every day, and sometimes all night.

What are your cheap soups good for, in your city, so full of poor wretches? What good that do them? We feed on the nourishing fat of the seal and the whale; put great kettle on the fire; see no such thing for your English soup.

Then you much boast your clothing; you call all that elegant. No elegant those red blankets your ladies call shawls: and what good does little half handkerchiefs

do, tied round the throat, and leave all the rest bare to the cold? The thing too your lady call spenser; that like a bit of gown with tail cut off. And in this country, sometimes very cold, you wash, wash with cold water: my Sumaxo use plenty of train oil to anoint her body, that make soft, supple, fine, and greasy. O, how she will shine after a fresh rubbing with this good liquor; but the pretty dear is nice in her taste, and she often drink great part of this fine cosmetic.

Our taste in all things better than yours. We have no melo-dramas, nor such things: What they good for? to confuse the head, and make much great expence. Why not gentlemen and ladies act themselves? We dance, we play, we sing, we all fish; what for we pay others to do what we can do ourselves.

I have bought cloth mantle for Sumaxo; fine red, but very coarse; warmer for that; but she will laugh, I am afraid, and never wear it; cost me two guineas.

Do you not see that though they call me savage, I can be obstinate as any Europe man? This you soften among yourselves, and call Europe man when obstinate, fine *determined* character; I was then of determine character, when they brought down some Lords and the great Priest, to shew me like the monkies upon Exeter Change. I laugh now, when I think they go back as they came.

The Captain of Isabella great canoe, seem my very good friend. I bring Sumaxo to him when we arrive in my country: that not make me jealous: the lady he love has not beautiful flat nose; her mouth so little, I know not how she speak or eat, and her skin so white, it look frozen: he love her much, he will not love Sumaxo.

I must say that your great canoes very

fine; the sea seem here like the turnpike road; the vessels fly with their cloth wings; and to go to sea in them is like going to take pleasure.

Farewell, Mr. Hearwell; the ship now get under weigh; and let me tell you before I leave for ever England, that the heart of poor Esquimaux will beat for ever with gratefulness at the kindness of your good countrymen, to whom I fear I gave much great trouble in learning English. Gratitude, my master once told me, is a natural feeling. I treasure up that saying, for I feel it true. I feel happy I have seen England; if life not too short, I glad to look at it again. I go to cold regions, amongst the winds that search, and mountains all ice; but my heart shall be warm with grateful sense of English kindness. Farewell, Mr. Hearwell, once more farewell; I shall see never again your Numbers or your Magazine of English fashions, in which you write them. I wish you much, very much, great deal happiness, and sign to that my name given in Christian baptism, which always teach to speak truth.

JOHN STACKHOUSE.

TO THE YOUNG WIDOW WHO SEEMS DESIROUS OF MARRYING AGAIN.

MADAM,—I have read your letter addressed to Mr. Hearwell, and I think from the resemblance I bear to the description of the man you intend to honour with your hand, I have some chance of not being the most unsuccessful candidate, especially as my age is exactly to your wish. But you did not say one word about the height or size that would be requisite to please; but I suppose (as you appear to have good taste as well as good sense) he must neither be very tall nor very short, not very lusty nor very thin.

I must inform you that not long ago I was undeservedly ill treated by a young lady of beauty and accomplishments: but, alas! she was a coquette; for after she had accompanied me to the very gates of the temple of Hymen, on a sudden, and without any reason, she retrograded, and with a

most unfeeling smile bid me a last adieu! After receiving so many proofs, as I thought, of genuine love, I will leave you to guess how great must have been my disappointment, and I was very near making a vow that I would live and die a bachelor; but this challenge of yours operates like an electric shock, and revives my hopes of still being married.

I hope I am correct when I think you neither a prude nor a coquette, but a woman of plain dealing; for I dislike the thoughts of a second retrograde movement.

I could enumerate all my virtues, but as you announce your intention of making enquiry into character and conduct yourself, it is needless for me to make any further comment on that head.

If I should be the man of your choice you never would have red eyes with crying for the coldness and unkindness of your husband (as too many of our modern ladies have); neither would you look "like a witch" through sorrow, or decrease your "native plumpness" through vexation.

As dress seems to be an object of some consideration, I should be fortunate in this respect, for my clothes are always of the most fashionable make. Lately I have preferred black, but as that is a colour you begin to dislike, I should have no objection to change to any colour in the rainbow, provided it would please you! So you see how accommodating I wish to be.

You do well, in my opinion, in wishing for a husband who has arrived at a "prudent system;" for it very seldom happens that young men, known by the appellation of rakes, are capable of rendering a second marriage felicitous. I flatter myself I have arrived at a "prudent system;" and find myself more capable of esteeming the smiles of Euphrasia from having felt the lash of the coquette Lucretia.

If you, Madam, will take me for better and for worse, I also will be preparing my wedding garments. Then Hymen will announce to all his neighbouring deities, that Euphrasia and Frederic shall be an example of connubial felicity.

FREDERIC BARNMAN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

MR. EDITOR,—“ One mend fault is worth ten find faults,” says an ancient Caledonian proverb; honour me with your attention to a few remarks grounded on this adage, which, I am sure, you will join me in thinking are of some consequence to the happiness of the human race, therefore cannot be too soon promulgated or too widely disseminated. To assist me then in circulating a few remarks on the subject of hare-lip in new-born infants, interesting to parents, particularly to mothers, constitutes the present claim on your humane feelings.

My observations have two objects in view. First, to encourage parents in a patient acquiescence in the practice of modern surgery, as it regards delaying any operation whatever until the parts requiring one have attained firmness of texture sufficient to bear it with success, because that may happen again which has happened, viz. the sides of the fissure too early united have burst asunder again in a few hours. Notwithstanding the utmost skill and care had been taken to prevent such a distressing misfortune, the tender jelly lip has been a second time brought into contact, again given way, and the consequent pain, hemorrhage, and irritation causing convulsions, death has ensued. To say that a thousand successful hare-lip operations have been performed during the earliest periods of infancy, is saying nothing in favour of a practice, while ten instances, or even one, can be produced where it has failed; besides, nothing is gained by running this risk of failure. A rational parent will say, “ If this be true, the very next case of miscarriage may be that of my darling infant; I will check my impatience to see my child made as perfect as my anxious hopes desire.”

Secondly, when at a proper age the operation is performed, to attempt nothing more at that time than the most perfect union of the fissured lip possible, with the least loss of substance; then to leave the palate fissure entirely to the future operations of nature, firmly resisting every persuasion to impede those operations by the intervention of any foreign body, be the form ever so ingeniously contrived to sup-

ply a defect which the unembarrassed system has it still in its power to remedy.

That these are observations emanating from close attention to what nature will effect to render her noblest work perfect, the following correct, though condensed history, will afford full proof. I had a child born with as extensive a double hare-lip as was ever seen, having the cherry-like central portion curled high up; the chasm in the jaw was capable of admitting the end of a moderately sized thumb, running along the whole palate to the throat, narrowing but little as it advanced; he got his finger into the opening soon after he was born and dressed, and with it in that position he always eat till he was three years old, withdrawing it when he had eaten his meal. At eight years old I sent him to London to obtain the advice of a most able surgeon as to the best mode of assisting him in acquiring intelligible speech. Every thing that art could accomplish was most ingeniously performed; my boy returned to me with a greatly improved external appearance, and having an artificial palate, which I immediately thought improved his utterance. But this persuasion I soon found arose more from paternal anxiety that it should do so than from reality. It was necessary occasionally to change the instrument for the purpose of cleanliness; the operation was painful, the sponge adapted to the fissure was often bloody when withdrawn, the particles of food it retained became offensive. Upon mature reflection on these untoward circumstances, I dismissed the use of the artificial palate entirely, trusting to time, to his own endeavours, and my exertions for the improvement of his speech, which at this period was as inarticulate as that of any child I had ever heard before; by encouraging him to use a slow utterance he became tolerably well understood at school.

Three years afterwards, upon examining his teeth in consequence of complaint of pain, I was astonished to find that the chasm in the jaw was nearly closed; and its walls, which were originally thick and folded back, as it were, had now become thin, and so nearly in a state of complete

approximation as to be united at the lower part by an incisor, or cutting tooth. Every parent will judge of my feelings and of my thankfulness for having left the processes of nature unimpeded; the palatine fissure was proportionally closed at thirteen. The subject of this little history is now a tall boy of fifteen; his upper jaw has not quite the

natural arched shape, nor is the palate completely, but very nearly closed; he can now be well understood when not hasty in speaking. May some fond mother's heart be soothed with the consolatory assurance that the resources of nature are inexhaustible. I am, Sir, your obliged friend,

Chatter.

G. W. HILL.

FRAGMENT OF AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNKNOWN EDITION OF THE
"TALES OF THE GENII."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following was sent with a present of needle-work from a distinguished modern writer to a young lady residing near London. As your periodical publication boasts much agreeable novelty, I take this opportunity to present a small contribution.—Your obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

ONCE upon a time there lived in French Flanders a dame called Celerico. She was not young enough to catch butterflies; nor so old but she could distinguish a mince-pie from a roasted apple, and knew that substance was more ponderous than shadow.

When Celerico was a child, the village perruquier thought her born to become a great politician: though a man of that profession, who has such a knowledge of heads, should have considered that women are only ornamental in state affairs. The gauger of the district thought that if Celerico learned the cube and square-roots, she would equal Newton. The schoolmaster decided that if she would attend to his instructions she might one day or another help to realise the plan for an universal language; whilst the amateurs of accomplishments pronounced that Celerico had a capacity to acquire all that a drawing-room demands.

Unfortunately Celerico was not much inclined to numbers nor to politics: her botanical studies taught her little more than a root from a branch, save when a fruitful season made gooseberry and currant trees an inviting study. Neither did Celerico attempt any language but her Flemish jargon. Her knowledge of the

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Graces never went beyond walking on heels or toes, as the state of the roads might require.

Celerico spoke much and thought little, wrote much and wrought little. In truth we are obliged to say that at this period of our history Celerico was rather an indolent character; yet for the sake of all good children of thirty, forty, and fifty years old, we proceed to an account of Celerico's amendment, and what favours the Genii bestowed on her.

It happened that Celerico had formed an acquaintance with a very useless company of old maids, called *The Muses*, who live on a high hill named Parnassus. And as they always allured her with sugar-plums and other viands, composed of conceits which promote idleness and vain imaginations, Celerico courted their society from day to day, offering up many a wish for their continued favour and affection.

[There is a digression here which is too tedious to translate, and being of a nature to afford but little amusement to the reader, we pass over a few pages, and we commence at the period of Celerico's removal to a residence near Masulipatam.]

The good genius, whose name was Harmonica, descended, spoke to Celerico, and touched her with the wand of kindness. For the first time during several moons, Celerico threw down the pen, which had been employed in the service of Clio, burned the couplets addressed to Euterpe, and absolutely drew a thread into the eye of a needle!

[The ornaments of Oriental style furnish abundance of metaphor here to describe the change in Celerico's pursuits; but we prefer using only such language as may be understood by our plain readers.]

F f

The city tandems, vulgarly denominated brewers' carts, were often known, by their dull rotatory passings, to interrupt the converse between Celerico and the Parnassian virgins; whilst the proclamations of a razor-grinder, or a moving scene from the green stalls of a vegetable market, shook the poetic nerve into insufferable trepidation. But our heroine resumed the

distaff of industry, and it was marvellous to those who knew not the power of the good genius Harmonica, to see how leaves and flowers sprang beneath the industrious finger.

The needle pierced every cobweb that the spiders of idleness had woven, and the thimble proved a shield against all the arrows shot from Parnassus.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Britain; or, Fragments of Poetical Aberration. By Mrs. M'Mullan. 1 vol. Octavo. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Co.

THESE pleasing and plaintive effusions are inscribed to his Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, and confer honour both on the heart and genius of their author. Without adverting to a subject which it is only painful to revive, we shall merely lay before our readers a few desultory extracts from these interesting fragments.

BRITAIN'S EMANCIPATION FROM PAPAL TYRANNY.

"Time was when Britain hugg'd the priestly chain,

And bought indulgence for the Papal gain—
Gave pence to Peter—loved monastic sloth—
And purchased heaven by a horse-hair cloth!
The load neglected, saw her flocks decrease,
But Faith could fast, and what was useless fleece
To those who nourish'd only ghostly care,
And knelt for comfort to confessor's chair?
Nor this the worst, the sombre pencil draws,
Ere she shook off the yoke of Papal laws.
When distant penance bade the converts roam
And travel barefoot to a holy tomb,
No sinking parent could restrain their zeal,
For selfish bigotry ne'er learnt to feel:
The wife deserted, saw her infant die,
Yet dared not lift a supplicating eye.
All social virtue baulsh'd from the hearth,
The hour of danger was the hour of mirth;
E'en kindred hand could aim the deadly dart,
And zealots glory in th' assassin's art;
Could smother infancy, or drug the food,
To gain the smile of crosier or of hood;
Present the softer sex a poison'd bowl,
And then chant masses for her parting soul!"

Every reader, we think, will feel with ourselves the peculiar beauty of the following lines:—

"Soothing as sounds that lull the babe to rest,
On the soft pillow of a mother's breast,
And gentle as the seraph-breathing smile,
That fondly dimples on her cheek the while

She gives her blessing with a balmy kiss,
Then lays her infant on the couch of bliss—
So tranquil can the Christian hero die;
No gloomy murmur in his final sigh:
His soul's repose ethereal guardians keep,
And life exhausted sinks in placid sleep."

INVOCATION TO SCOTLAND.

"Hail, Caledonia! though bare hills be thine,
Though round thy temples no soft myrtles twine,
Though at thy feet spread no luxuriant vine—
Yet through thy land the soul of freedom glows,
Born 'mid the storm and nurtured in the snows.
Oh! in that land where Wallace nobly bled,
Where valour oft the heart's last drop hath shed;
Where the rough Highlands shelter'd learning's
ghost,
From the last crush of an invading host;
Where bards, half-veil'd by mist, of freedom
sung,
And clans re-echoed in the mountain-tongue,
Gave the full pibroch to the list'ning vale
And warm'd the ardent spirit of the Gael;—
Still may the minstrel-harp delighted swell,
'Mong Highland mounts and in the lowland
dell;
Give the proud cadence to the eagle's wing,
Or lone Saint Kilda's downy tribute bring:
Or let a muse the barren Orkneys seek,
In distant loneliness obscure and bleak;
Embrace the silence of the breezy steep;
And waft the shell's wild echoes to the deep."

In our *Anecdotes of Illustrious Females*, several months ago, we gave an account of Anna d'Arfet, and the first discovery of Madeira; Mrs. M'Mullan has given a sweetest poetical description of this interesting event.

BONALD'S SPEECH TO ANNA AFTER BEING CAST ON THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

"Beneath this rich banana tree
Anna, I give my soul to thee.
The vows pronounced, the promise made
'Neath cloister'd arch, or sky-roof'd shade,
Where thousands wait, or none e'er trod,
Are heard alike by nature's God.
Then let our rev'rend follower bind
The sweetest, fairest of her kind,

With that mysterious, sacred wreath,
On which Elysian zephyrs breathe,
To me, to Ronald. Love and bliss,
I swear by this soul-breathing kiss,
Shall for thee, Anna, fondly twine,
When holy rites have made thee mine.
To guard thy sylph-like, airy form
From eve too chill, or morn too warm,
I'll haste to weave a simple dome
For dearest Anna's sacred home,
Where angels will their vigils keep,
When human lids are closed in sleep.
For, oh! the pray'r that's breathed by Love
Is so acceptable above,

That viewless heralds long to bring
A chaplet on ethereal wing,
Of fragrant buds and thornless roses,
Where blooming innocence reposes:
Let Ronald on thy bosom place,
Mild seat of loveliness and grace—
This bud that Abdiel would have brought
Had faith so sweet an emblem sought.
My happy hand the treasure singled
From groves where ev'ry tint is mingled,
And, as the cheering notes ascended
Of birds, with ev'ry perfume blended,
Thy Ronald's fancies, richly dress'd,
This artless melody express'd.

Ye empires afar though your blossoms entwine,
Though ye gem every wreath with a smile,
Though the star of your glory asbestos-like,
shine,

Ye rival not Ronald's lone isle.

Let the harp sleep in silence, the song be no more
That monopolized bliss to your sphere, [o'er,
Let the transient leaf fade, let your triumph be
For the blossom of Eden is here.

Ocean welcomed a tribute so pure and so chaste,
And bade his rough billows be calm;
Hope, smiling auspicious, across the blue waste,
Presented a branch from the palm.

Fidelity nurtured the wandering boy,
And, then with a soul-cheering smile,
Sent this bloom everlasting, from regions of joy,
To bless the sweet maid of the isle."

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

"Never did Erin greet with aspect cold
A needy wand'rer from the muses' fold;
But in her hut displays the humble store
That marks her spirit, though it speak her poor.
Convivial circles, round her peat-warm'd hearth,
To many a tale and many a song give birth,
While strangers mingle in the mirthful lays,
And feeling pours the tributary praise."

An *Epicedium*: with *Elegiac Tributes*.
Fifth Edition. By Richard Hatt. 12mo.
Pamphlet. Westley and Parish.

We before noticed an *Epicedium* from
this writer, while our sorrows were yet

fresh for the exalted subject of the poem:
our regret is lasting; but the high patron-
age we have long enjoyed, renders it an
imperious duty on our part to reject what-
ever has a tendency to recall sad and
mournful recollections to the minds of those
illustrious beings to whom the loss is irre-
parable.

The *Elegiac Poems* subjoined to this
Epicedium are very pleasingly written,
and from them we have extracted the fol-
lowing *Elegy*:—

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD
BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"Ah! what avails the monumental urn,
The sculptor'd bust of one who sleeps in death!
Can whispering angels bid to life return,
Or warm its mould'ring tenant into breath?"

The lay elegiac, and the deep-ton'd verse,
Of pathos from the Muse's trembling lyre,
The robe funeral, or the plumed horse,
And all that sacred melody inspire.

Could wit and manly sense its vot'ry eave,
Or eloquence exemption claim from fate,
Then Sheridan had triumph'd o'er the grave,
And worth in him had found a longer date!

The sighing lover and the captive maid,
Just rip'ning into youth's delightful bloom,
Oft prematurely seek the gloomy shade,
And for the myrtle clasp the cypress tomb!

The infant smiling at the nurse's breast,
Unconscious of the ills that wait its frame,
Droops from her bosom to its peaceful rest,
Ere it can boast the honour of a name.

The mortal blow of death's relentless spear,
The monarch as the peasant must obey;
Not the meek virgin, nor the widow's tear,
Can weep the messenger of dread away!

Did the dread smile of beauty's blooming face
So late with love and tend'rest pity warm,
Where bright creation could her features trace
In Hope's celestial self the tyrant charm?

No nice distinction be or private worth
Vouchsafes to know beyond his stern decree,
Ignobly born, or ven'erable by birth,
'Tis all the same—he acts in charity.

Suspended now the harp's electric fire
That genius wak'd in ecstasy of soul;
O'er it the hand that swept its frenzied wire,
The grave, importunate, hath all controul.

The slumb'ring dust that rests this pile beneath,
With lib'ral arts th' immortal Nine endow'd;
At once was wove their brightest laurel wreath
That e'er the Graces in their smiles bestow'd.

How vain the boasted talents of the mind,
The blandishments of ease, and polish'd birth,
That Heav'n form'd—if folly makes it blind—
Majestic structure! though of fragile earth!

F f 2

Ah! where shall pensive beauty hope to spy
The votive page that spoke her bosom's throes,
When in its pathos true th' enquiring eye
Might find a balm for virtue's inmost woes!

Or where the patriot, in proud display,
Aspiring oft to catch at classic lore,
In vain the senate, at the blaze of day,
Shall seek—and find that Sheridan's no more!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The "Shepherd to his Love," by C. Martin, and
the "Nymph's Reply," by Sir Walter Raleigh,
suggested the following

LINES.

O LIVE with me and be my love,
While I by kind endearments prove
That love with me is ever young,
And truth is found on lover's tongue.

I will not proffer beds of roses,
Nor aught of dress, nor fragrant posies,
Nor splendid promise make to thee,
To woo thee sweet, to dwell with me.

My wealth, my all, is love so true,
That O! I ween, 'tis felt by few;
'Twill me'er be less, nor ever vary,
For ev'ry thought shall be of Mary.

When dimpled smiles in happiest hours
Illumes thy face, or harsh fate low'rs,
And not a friend remains beside,
Thou'dst find me true whate'er betide.

It is not when thy heart is glad,
But when the tear-drop trembles sad,
And when grief heaves thy panting breast,
That thou should'st be the most carest.

Ah! yes, I'd wipe thy tear-dim'd eye,
And soothe the bitter anxious sigh,
Nor ever coldly turn away,
When sickness marks thy suffer'ing day.

But then thy couch I'd constant tend,
And o'er thy pale cheek silent bend,
And love thy wasted form far more
Than erst I ever lov'd before.

Thy burning hand in mine should lay—
I'd count thy quiv'ring pulse all day—
And quench by night thy parching thirst,
And hope my fair had seen the worst.

No sigh should speak the woe I felt,
Lest my poor sufferer's heart should melt,
But ev'ry irksome hour beguile,
And shroud my fears beneath a smile.

And should'st thou to my vows be given,
To vows that might have wearied heaven,
Those tedious hours which sickness leave
My anxious care should still relieve.

For, O! each little art I'd try,
And read, or watch thy languid eye;
Or tell my sorrows, haply fled,
When thou wert laid on fever'd bed.

Perchance some favour'd pleasing strain,
Or song, would lead thee back again
To well-remember'd moments past,
That joy must give while time shall last.

And then, when health sits on thy cheek,
We'd rove 'mid cooling zephyrs sweet;
Where purling rills in steady course
Augment like love's expanding force.

For the best gift that Heaven bestows
In streams of warm affection flows;
And this my constant heart will prove—
Come, live with me and be my love.

I'd tell thee more, but language fails;
My love shall speak in deeds—not tales:
My heart, my soul, my all are thine,
Come, live with me—and be thou mine.

W. R. B.

TO DR. BRIDGMAN, M. D.

Crescent-place, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

ON HIS INFALLIBLE HOOPING-COUGH SPECIFIC.

AWAKE my lyre, extol the healing art—
Awake my lyre, and cheer the anxious heart—
Awake my lyre, and sound maternal bliss,
Nor silent slumber on a theme like this.
Parental love will list the simple song,
And infant smiles the grateful lay prolong,
If voice could reach, the fervent tone should tell
In princely dome and in the peasant's cell,
That round the cradle of my only boy
Despair's rude breath extinguished beaming joy:
Night's hor'ring spectres chased the parent's
dream,

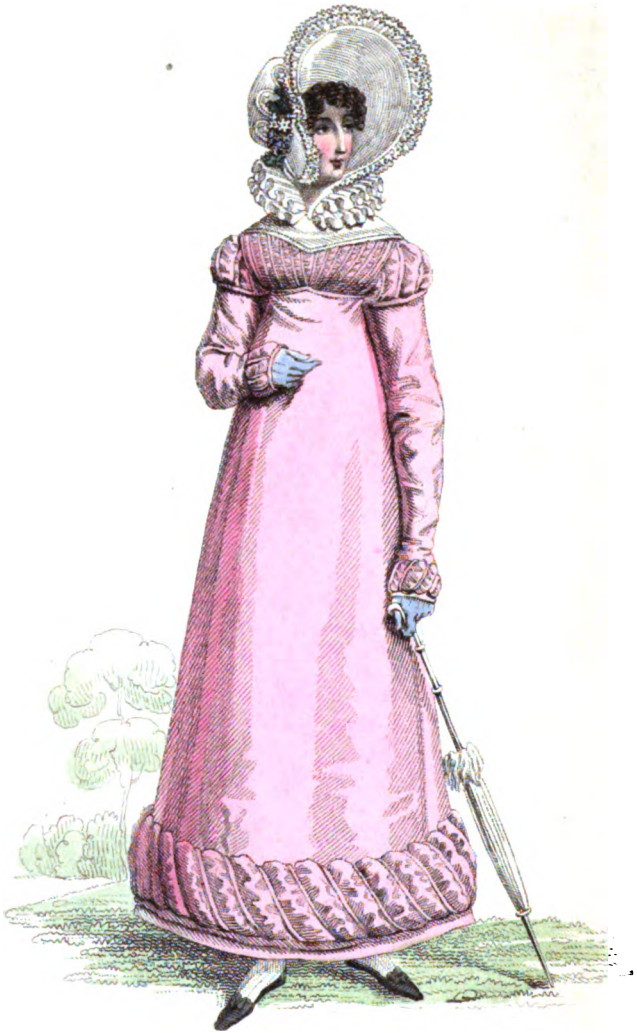
And terror entered with the morning beam.
The eve was cheerless—every hope had fled,
And round the hearth Dismay's dark cypress
spread;

Pale, drooping—languid as the blighted leaf,
Sunk cherub lids till Bridgman brought relief.
Heal'd infant suffer'ing with a soothing balm,
Subdued the tempest and restored a calm;
Caught from tyrannic Death my Henry's charms,
And gave the darling to a sire's fond arms.
Oh! can my heart forget the grateful prayer,
Or fail to let thy skill its blessings share;
Will I not teach my boy to lisp thy name,
And add his tribute to thy healing fame?
Can we forget when Hope's sweet form was
flown,

Thy soothing presence and thy gentle tone?
Accept this off'ring from no lowly sphere—
Accept a father's prayer—a mother's tear.
Oft as remembrance points to past distress,
Thy sovereign cure domestic love shall bless.

Portman-square.

A MOTHER.



PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

Engraved, sent, a Ball of Court on 1821. Published on 1 June 1821.



EVENING DRESS.

Invented by M^{rs} Bell 25 St. James's St. Engraved for La Belle Assemblée. 1789. Published June 1789.

FASHIONS

FOR

JUNE, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH.

No. 1.—EVENING DRESS.

Round dress of embossed gauze over white satin, with *corsage* of peach-coloured satin, elegantly ornamented with *rouleaux* medallions and palm leaves of white satin. Mary Queen of Scots hat, ornamented with pearls, and surmounted by a full plume of white feathers. *Negligé* necklace of fine pearls, and gold chain beneath, with an eye-glass suspended. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

FRENCH.

No. 2.—PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of the new Parisian tissue silk, of a beautiful blush colour, trimmed round the border with Persian of the same hue, *bouilloné* in bias, confined by a narrow *rouleaux* of blush-coloured satin, and terminated by a plain satin *rouleau* of tea green. Bonnet of white *Gros de Naples*, trimmed at the edge with a broad blond; the crown low, ornamented on one side with a bunch of green foliage and white lilacs. Triple ruff of fine lace; black kid slippers, tea-coloured kid gloves, and parasol of pearl grey.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE conclusion of the cheerful month of May has long been that in which our English fashionists are wont to display the most pleasing diversity of taste and elegance. From the most approved *Magazines des Modes*, we behold a splendid variety of new and expensive articles. For the Opera, the yet crowded rout, the festive ball, and evening party, Fashion spreads forth her gay and varied stores, and Britain sends out the produce of Fancy's empire to the Eastern and Western Indies.

We wish not to be deemed partial, but we must ever give merit where merit is due.

The many tasteful inventions of Mrs. Bell are entitled to our warmest praise, and we must take the freedom of recommending to the notice of our correspondents a few of those beautiful articles of female attire she has just invented: and first is a new spenser of white striped brocaded satin, ornamented with lilac satin, in palm leaves and other devices; this is only fit for the carriage: another spenser for walking is of fine striped embroidered muslin over celestial blue sarsnet. Cachemire shawls, *sautours*, and scarfs, with a few sarsnet pelisses, form the other general coverings for outdoor costume.

The greatest variety prevails amongst hats and bonnets. An elegant morning bonnet of white satin brocaded in stripes, with narrow *rouleaux* of lilac satin, is an appropriate accompaniment to the new spenser above-mentioned. Large Parisian bonnets of Leghorn, with a rainbow scarf, worked up in the *Buffet* style, and tastefully twisted round the crown, with a broad binding of lilac satin in bias at the edge, are among the elegancies of the present month. We cannot precisely say the same of another bonnet just imported from Paris, and quite in the *merveilleux* style: it is of fancy straw, fine blond net, and rose-coloured satin: it is crowned with a full *bouquet* of pink and white flowers of a convolvulus kind, called by the English peasantry millers' caps. The size of this bonnet is enormous, nevertheless it bears on it the stamp of high fashion; and this exotic of Paris we know is only to be had at present at the new *Magasin de Modes*, in St. James's-street, with various ribbands, feathers, and flowers of new and elegant patterns and fabrications, just imported from the metropolis of the French kingdom.

For the carriage nothing is more elegant than the equestrian hat of white Chinese gauze, the crown encircled by several narrow bands of white satin, and surmounted

by a Russian plume of blue and white heron's feathers.

The *cornettes* differ but little since last month; they are worn with or without flowers according to the time of day, or the different style of dress; when worn on an evening the flowers are profuse. For full dress evening parties the Peruvian cap of fine net, with a plume of white feathers, is a truly elegant head-dress; and for the Opera, a most tasteful hat, looped up in front, and made of white satin and rich chequered gauze in bias; this hat is crowned with a very full plume of white feathers, which is now an indispensable appendage to the rout, the concert, the evening-party of ceremony, and the Opera: though flowers at this season of the year will always be held in general estimation, yet never were feathers more prevalent.

The favourite colours are lilac, rose, barbel blue, and celestial blue.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Now that Spring has commenced her auspicious reign, let me lead you through our morning walks, our museums, to our dinner parties, and our evening entertainments, where, as I catch the gay diversity of colours, flowers, and feathers, may the motley deity which presides over each, inspire me with those descriptive powers as may enable your fashionable readers to be as much *en fait* to Parisian modes as if they were present.

A new invented and choice kind of silky stuff has been lately sported at Paris for spencers; it is of a texture to sit close to the shape, and mark out its just *contour*, yet at the same time it is quite light and cool enough for summer wear. The most admired colour of this article is lilac striped with green; when, however, the weather is very warm, nothing is reckoned more genteel for morning walks than a high dress of white cambric, with a short cravat scarf of silk, in a Chinese pattern, tied round the throat.

The inventive faculty of fabricating new

kind of hats seems never at a stand: the most elegant and novel are very large, and of Leghorn, with a *bouquet* of flowers placed in front very near the edge. Straw coloured bonnets striped with *coquelicot*, are among the whims of the hour, or green with lilac stripes; the latter chiefly worn as a *vice versa* accompaniment to the lilac and green spencers above-mentioned. Many morning bonnets are made of plain silk, and these are immensely large; the size of these enormous head coverings is increased by a broad quilling of blond at the edge. Crape hats, which will ever continue to be worn in summer, are now often seen trimmed with a *rouleau* of gauze, cut the bias way, and which is generally of rich chequered gauze: those hats which are of rose-coloured crape, have a honeycomb trimming at the edge of the same material. Lilac and lemon-coloured crape hats have a trimming of blond at the edge, and are surmounted by yellow primroses; and yellow hats, bound with lilac, are much worn, with a wreath of flowers round the crown, of two colours, and two different kinds, one of which is the yellow everlasting. Small bunches of flowers are placed on the crowns of some hats, while others are simply ornamented with ribbands. A new material, made from cotton, in imitation of straw, has been introduced in the fabrication of hats; these are tied under the chin, and ornamented with a small bunch of flowers, the edges finished by a quilling of ribband. Lilac trimmings are much in request for bonnet ornaments, with a *bouquet* of small purple tulips: and many ladies ornament their straw hats with only a simple band of lilac crape round the crown. A hat of rose-coloured crape, with a border and plume of down feathers, has appeared in the carriage of a very celebrated *merveilleuse* in this gay metropolis: her morning bonnet is curiously laced up the sides with a silk *cordon*.

Gowns are generally flounced with the same material of which the dress itself is composed. A pelerine, the same as the robe, is now universal, whether the material be cambric or sarinet; five or six flounces of muslin ornament the border of the former with an equal quantity of medallion puffs between each flounce.

Young ladies wear their hair arranged

d-la-Montespan, with a broad braid formed into a knot on the summit, and confined by two strings of pearls. The more matronly still adopt the *cornette* in *deshabille* and in half dress, while the turban and *toque* hat are preferred for parties of ceremony or for the first representation of a new play.

The favourite colours are lilac, cerulean blue, and Pomona green.

DRESS OF THE LADIES OF ZAAMDAM, OR NORTH HOLLAND.

OVER a petticoat of blue saraset or satin is worn a jacket nicely marking out the shade with long flaps and a tight long sleeve. This jacket is generally of yellow satin or saraset, sprigged or spotted with blue; and when at home an apron of fine lawn or cambric is always worn. A small peasant's cap, ornamented with yellow ribband, over which is a transparent half cap of open black net or lace, from which depends a veil of beautiful white lace or embroidered muslin, complete the head-dress. A modest half *ficlu* worn under the jacket, and only left open to discover two rows of coral, covers the neck, in which, when the lady goes abroad, she places a large *bouquet* of flowers, which is, in general, all the alteration she makes in her dress. The shoes are always the colour of the jacket.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE

IMPROVEMENTS IN FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THIRTY years ago the trains of gowns were of an enormous length; and for a full dress suit it took from twenty to twenty-two ells, at least, of silk or satin. When a lady entered a drawing-room she made a low curtesy at the door, she then advanced to the mistress of the mansion, and made another, and two or three in rotation to the different members of the family. If she went so far into familiarity as to shake hands with any one, she took off her glove, and always presented the right hand. She made two or three low curtesies at quitting an assembly, and as she descended the great stair-case, swung her long train over her left arm with an air of negligence which was at that time thought fashionable ease.

Curtesies about twenty years ago resem-

bled more to gentlemen's bows; the ladies imitated the style of Catharine the Great, and inclined their bodies rather cavalierly; they are now fast adopting this plan again. But nothing can be more graceful than a good curtesy performed by a graceful female. Buffon used to say that he could discover the character of a woman by her curtesy. We are inclined to favour the opinion of this great natural philosopher: but we are astonished to hear Madame de Genlis admire those enormous hoops which are so great a disfigurement to the female form. She says, "It is impossible to form an idea of the splendor reflected from a circle formed of thirty well dressed females seated near each other; their large hoops forming a kind of *espalier*, beautifully covered with pearls, flowers, silver, gold, and foil."—These certainly is not sufficient difference now in the costume of extreme youth, middle age, and that which is at the decline. Twenty-five years ago flowers were never seen on the heads of women that had told thirty-five years; but at sixty we now see flowers in the straw bonnet over those ringlets which Vickery and Bowman have fabricated: many old ladies make a scruple of wearing roses, as if all other flowers had no analogy to youth. In many parts of China every female, be her age ever so advanced, is crowned with flowers.

MARCUS.

SUMMER RECESS INTELLIGENCE.

FROM A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE public spirited inhabitants of this little town, the attractions of which have of late years obtained for it so much celebrity, have proceeded with equal diligence and liberality to repair the damages received by their pier in the late storm, and that once beautiful structure promises speedily to resume its wonted claims on the admiration of its visitors. The necessary sums have been subscribed, and some great improvements will be found to have been admitted into the plan for its restoration, the labours of which have already considerably advanced.

The Library at Ryde has lately been taken by Mr. Browne, who means to add largely to its stock of entertainment, both literary and musical, for the ensuing season.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY; INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE long expected serious Opera by Rossini, *Elizabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, was given on Thursday, April 30th, at this Theatre, for the benefit of Madame Fodor. The subject is taken from the English novel written by Miss Lee, and entitled *The Recess*. The story deviates from the novel, as, in that work, the two interesting objects in the recess are girls, the offspring of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the Duke of Norfolk, by a private marriage: in the Opera these children are *Matilda* and *Henry*, and are discovered by *Leicester*, who is engaged in an expedition against the Scots. *Leicester*, agreeable to the novel, falls in love with, and is privately married to, *Matilda*. On his return to the court of Elizabeth she follows him in disguise; and, by the treachery of *Norfolk*, the marriage is discovered. The Queen sends them to prison; but, in the end, pardons them, and joins their hands.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A new tragedy has been produced at this Theatre, entitled *Bellamira; or, The Fall of Tunis*: the plot is as follows:—

Count *Manfredi*, a Neapolitan nobleman, in slavery at Tunis, discovers that Charles V. is marching against the pirates. He arms his fellow-slaves, the Christians, against their tyrants, and becomes their leader; binding himself by an oath, that neither liberty, nor the carresses of his wife and child, should make him abandon their common cause. He sees a child dragged from its mother, attempts to save it, but is prevented. The frantic mother appears—it is *Bellamira*, *Manfredi's* wife. He attempts to save her from the pirates; they are about to murder him, when *Montalto*, the Governor of Tunis, appears, and saves him. This personage had been Admiral of Venice, was stigmatized, unjustly, as a traitor to the republic, and his wife and only child had been murdered by his brother. He fled to Tunis, and became a renegade. *Montalto* beholds *Bellamira* with pity; and on hearing her name, finds it the same with that of his murdered child. He restores her to freedom, with her husband and her child.—*Amurat*, another renegade, arrives from the camp at Haradin, with an order to murder the

chief of the Christian slaves, and succeed *Montalto* as Governor of Tunis. *Amurat* is willing to spare *Manfredi*, but he finds in him his most mortal foe. *Montalto* provides a ship to carry off *Manfredi* and his wife. *Manfredi* then resolves to keep his oath, and *Bellamira* determines not to quit her husband. *Amurat* enters during this conflict; he discovers *Manfredi*, and has him dragged away in chains. *Amurat* gazes on *Bellamira*, who was the object of his early love; and to possess himself of her he had enlisted himself with bandits, been degraded from his noble state, branded on the forehead as a robber, and banished from Naples. *Manfredi*, who had defeated and disgraced him, became the object of his hatred. *Salerno*, the supposed father of *Bellamira*, meets *Montalto*, who discovers in him a brother, and the murderer of his wife and child. *Salerno* tells him his daughter lives; it is *Bellamira*, at Tunis, in the power of *Amurat*! The father is horror-struck. In the meantime *Amurat* has forced *Bellamira* to his baram; where, grasping a poniard, she threatens to stab herself if he approaches her. He brings in her husband, who is doomed to instant death unless she throws down the dagger. She is resolute. He brings in her child—the dagger falls from her hand. *Amurat* is about to seize her, when *Montalto* rushes in, and receives his daughter in his arms. Tunis is now attacked. *Amurat* is called to battle, having previously sent the father, husband, and other captives, to a dungeon; *Manfredi* is carried out to execution; *Montalto* is left behind, chained to a pillar. The dungeon-door is left open in the general confusion, and *Bellamira* finds her father. *Amurat* returns, accuses *Montalto* of treachery, and stabs him. The shout of battle is heard. A scene of agonizing recognition takes place between the father and the daughter. *Amurat* returns wounded, and bleeding; his turban falls off, and his branded forehead is left bare; he returns to carry off *Bellamira*. *Montalto* kills him, and *Manfredi* and *Bellamira* are restored to each other.

This piece is from the pen of Mr. Shiel, the author of *The Apostate*.

A burlesque drama, of one act, has also been brought out, called, *The Sorrows of Werther*. This piece is, we suspect, a translation from one of the same title performed at the Theatre Des Variétés, at Paris. Few subjects will stand the test of ridicule, or form better materials for the mock heroic drama, than this popular German story. The author has seized on its prominent absurdities, and introduced them, either in description or action. The

waltzing with *Charlotte*, the attachment to the thread-bare blue coat that he wore at their first meeting, and the incident of cutting bread and butter for the children, are ludicrously set forth: the catastrophe is got rid of by *Werther's* shooting his hat instead of himself, when he appears, and after reproaching all parties for not interfering after his ostentatious request for pistols, is packed off in the Munich Diligence.

DRURY-LANE.

A HAZARDOUS experiment has been made on the boards of this Theatre, by reviving, after a total neglect of two centuries, the tragedy of *The Jew of Malta*. Christopher Marlowe is its author, and is one of the few dramatic authors who wrote before Shakespeare. *The Jew of Malta* was written to second and stimulate the popular hatred against the Jews. On the character of *Barabas*, the interest almost exclusively rests. His actions, which originate in revenge for having been made to contribute all his wealth to the payment of the Turkish tribute, are a tissue of horror, a climax of atrocity and malignity, till he becomes the victim of his own devices.

The play has undergone few alterations: the poisoning a convent of nuns, with a pot of rice, is omitted; but the death of his daughter *Abigail*, whom the fond father, in the original, suffers to perish with the rest, remains unaccounted for.

A new dramatic romance, called *The Mountain Chief*, has been produced; it is in the usual style of such pieces: the principal character is an outlaw, who carries off, by force, the daughter of a miller, but is frustrated in his design by the vigorous pursuit of the girl's father and lover, accompanied by a body of troops. The outlaw and his immediate antagonist fight on a bridge, and both fall into the water; but this incident is awkwardly managed. In the end the criminal is put to death, and the piece concludes with a happy wedding.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—*The Susceptibility of Honour*.—The hero of this piece, the susceptible *Danville*, is a most worthy cha-

racter, who, placed in a very superior situation near the minister, is perpetually employed in preventing, or in repairing, acts of injustice; he has only one fault, which is, that of being continually guided by the opinions of another; and a good action costs him some trouble to perform, if it exposes him to any kind of censure, even unmerited. After this description, it may be naturally imagined, that from such a combination of virtue and pusillanimity, the author would have multiplied incidents, and have placed his hero in some of those dramatic situations, which would have caused these two sentiments to have come in perpetual contrast to each other: but we find nothing of the kind: *Danville* is only once in an awkward situation: he is in love with the daughter of a brave, but extravagant man, who has run through all his fortune, and who is soliciting for a place which is earnestly sought after by two competitors: one, formerly, very proud, but very cringing and supple when asking a favour; the other, creeping and flattering while he is soliciting, but, at the same time, insolent and haughty, because he feels certain of succeeding. *Danville* has this place in his gift, and obtains it by reason of his preference to his friend; but in the fear that it will be said he bestows it only that he may marry the daughter, he trembles at the idea of being accused of self-interested views; and from thence proceeds an excellent scene between the father and the son-in-law, on the force of opinion. The father-in-law is not behind-hand with *Danville* in honourable sentiments, and to force him to espouse his daughter, he gives up all further solicitation about the place; the minister, who is possessed of a greater share of common sense than his agent, conquers his scruples, and though little was heard in this part of the piece except a very formidable hissing, it appears that *Verneur* becomes possessed of the employment, and *Danville* of his daughter.

The dulness of this piece, its trifling details, five or six letters, one after the other, as if they issued from a counting-house, and two very stupid artificial characters, justified the disapprobation evinced by the audience on the first performance of this comedy; the author of which is, at present, unknown.

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THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU COMIQUE.—*The Castle of Paluzzi; a melo-drame.*—A young heiress, of Florence, is on the point of marriage with the object of her choice, when the lover finds himself obliged to depart for Venice. A Florentine Duke, his rival, makes use of his absence to work his destruction; and not only involves him in a conspiracy, by which he is condemned to lose his head, but he causes a villain to counterfeit the hand-writing of the young man, and dispatches his pretended letters to the unfortunate young lady; which letters declare that he, for ever, renounces her, and that he has formed other, and dearer ties. Deceived by this infernal scheme, she is not long in refusing to yield her hand to the Duke: but scarce have a few months passed away after this fatal union, when the *Chevalier* has broken his fetters, and arrives at Tuscany. Concealed amidst the ruins of the ancient Castle of Paluzzi, which belongs to the Duke, and which has been long uninhabited, he obtains the consent of the *Duchess* to give him a meeting in this deserted spot: the interview is fixed for the following evening; here the unhappy lover is to prove his innocence, and bid an eternal adieu to the object of his passion. In the meantime, the Duke is informed of the arrival of the young man, and hears also the asylum he has chosen. Transported by jealousy and rage, and seeing that his infamous plots and artifices are about to be brought to light, he confides his terrors to his accomplice, who advises the Duke to become an assassin, as the only means now left him. The Duke shudders at the idea; but, as Mr. Lewis justly observes in his romance of *The Monk*, one crime is sure to draw on another; and his life is now about to become only a tissue of horrors. Two murderers are made choice of; and, aided by the darkness of the night, the Duke and his agent conduct them to Paluzzi to stab their victim. They arrive precisely at that moment when the *Duchess* is listening to her lover's justification. On hearing a noise, they separate; and the *Duchess* conceals herself in a neighbouring recess: but just as the *Chevalier* is going out, he is attacked by the two hired villains. He then vigorously defends himself, and the Duke and his accomplice come up: they disarm him; two poniards are point-

ed against his breast, and he is dragged into a closet, where he is inhumanly massacred. At the tumult that now takes place, the *Duchess* comes from her retreat; pale, and almost distracted, she flies across the stage; when, casting her eyes on a looking-glass opposite the door, she beholds in it a scene of horror. At this dreadful spectacle, she utters a shriek of despair, and sinks down in a dying state; the assassins are terrified, and quit their lurking-place: but the Duke's situation at finding his wife, is beyond description. His accomplices raise the fatal steel, and point it at her throat; but he falls on his knees before them, and prevents this additional crime: yet, in order to preserve this incident for ever secret, he drags his almost expiring wife to the door of the closet, makes her take a tremendous oath over the dead body of her lover, and the curtain falls.

This melo-drame has drawn crowded houses; on the first night of its representation the boxes were all engaged a week beforehand. The circumstance of swearing the oath over the dead body, is evidently taken from the unhappy affair of Fualdes.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—*Apparences are Deceitful.*—This, though not the same as the comedy of *Boissy*, is, nevertheless, the story of *Boissy* to a tittle; who, under a luxurious and splendid appearance, has neither money nor credit, and finds himself dreadfully puzzled to regale the friends that he has invited. *Marshal Saxe* overcomes all these difficulties, and plays a part something similar to the great Lord in *Colalta*. This bagatelle is not wanting in wit, but it is uninteresting.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In the present Exhibition there are nine hundred and two pictures, one hundred and thirty-seven drawings and designs, and seventy-eight in the Model Academy.

Mr. President West's principal work is *The Nativity of our Saviour*. The President represents the angel communicating the glad tidings to the shepherds, and directing them to the manger where the Divine Infant is to be found with Mary and

Joseph. He has also a picture of the *Women at the Holy Sepulchre*; one of *The Great Mogul presenting to the late Lord Clive the Grant of the Dewanes for the East India Company*; and a *Sleeping Cupid*. In the scriptural works the designs are free, and well formed; the expression is simple, and the colouring excellent. The *Presenting the Grant to Lord Clive* is a calm and dignified historical composition. The *Cupid* shews the powers of the President when he relaxes into lighter studies.

Mr. Howard has four pictures, three of which are portraits; the fourth represents the *Fairies* from Shakespeare's *Tempest*.—This picture has exquisite grace and beauty.

Mr. Fuseli has two: one from the fifth chapter of *Dante Inferno*; the other from *The Deluge*. The former represents Dante in his descent into hell. This extraordinary picture embodies the sentiment of the learned keeper, and illustrates his rapid and vigorous style. *The Deluge* is handled differently from Mr. West's former picture on the same subject, and perhaps not with as good an effect.

The landscapes and views are numerous, and full of variety. Mr. Turner and Mr. Calcott take the lead. The former has four pictures, viz.—*Raby Castle*, *The Seat of the Earl of Darlington*, *The View of Dort*, *The Field of Waterloo*, from Lord Byron's description of that event, and a landscape composition of *Tivoli*. There are parts in these pictures beautifully finished.

Mr. Calcott's *Mouth of the Tyne* is also a finished picture.

Mr. Wilkie has two pictures: one of them *An Errand Boy*; the other, *Sketches of the Family of Walter Scott*.

Mr. Cooper and Mr. H. B. Chalon have some beautiful pictures; a portrait of *Luna*, a favourite spaniel, by the latter, received great commendation from the Prince Regent at the private view. The animal is drawn with anatomical correctness, and the silken colouring of the skin is finely managed.

Mr. Collins has a *View in Norfolk*, and *The Departure of the Diligence from Rouen*, both in his best style.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's *Equestrian Portrait of the Duke of Wellington*, is a splendid work.

Mr. Dawe's portraits of the lamented

Princess Charlotte and *The Prince of Saxe-Cobourg*, are excellent likenesses, and well painted.

Sir W. Beechey's portraits of *The Duchess of Gloucester*, *Lord Erskine*, and *Mrs. Conitt*, are successful efforts of this intelligent artist.

Mr. Shoo's *Bishop of Norwich* is a fine portrait.

Mr. Philips's *Earl Spencer*, and Mr. Joseph's *Duke of Gloucester*, are well painted portraits.

Mr. Lonsdale's *Duke of Sassen* is a well-painted portrait; and also that of *Sir Thomas Raffles*.

Mr. Ramsay's portrait of *Mr. Brougham* is a spirited and well-finished work.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Delusion; a Novel. 2 vols, 12mo. Low and Whitaker.

THIS is a very pretty moral tale, and which we earnestly recommend to our readers: it is written to shew the strong powers of delusion over the mind of the innocent and unwary, and how easily a warm and youthful heart becomes entangled by the specious wiles of the unfeeling and selfish libertine. Mary Beresford, the daughter of an officer retired from the service, is the heroine; lovely, unsuspecting, in short, a very charming girl, without being endowed with that perfection and premature wisdom, so generally given to the heroines of romance.

The heart of Mary is for some time in the possession of Dorimont, a gay libertine, who breathes the most rapturous strains of love, in her ear, but never mentions marriage. The walk by moonlight, the festive ball, the crowded party, are all subservient to his arts; and poor Mary, in wandering through the flowery path of "delusion," stands on the brink of a precipice; for she consents, after some intreaty, to meet Dorimont the night before he leaves the country, at her father's garden gate, at the hour of midnight: her feelings on this occasion are admirably portrayed, and the struggle between love and propriety of conduct, are well drawn. What she owes to the latter, at length, prevails, and she writes Dori-

mont a letter : but how to convey it she knows not, and finds she must be the bearer of it herself. A Mr. St. Orville, a character comprising every thing that is great and good, and the particular friend, and constant evening visitor of her father, beholds her approaching the place of assignation; Mary gives the letter into his hand, and in this severe conflict, fancying it to be Dorimont, she faints in his arms: after some kind soothings from the worthy St. Orville, she confesses her weakness to him. Dorimont departs to be wedded to a lady of fortune he dislikes; and Mary soon discovers, by his total neglect of herself, and this last act of perfidy, that he is unworthy of her regard. By degrees, she recovers her serenity of mind, in the society of a most excellent old maid, a Miss Beaumont, the particular friend of St. Orville, and the auxiliary of all his numerous deeds of benevolence. The father of Mary dies, bequeathing his daughter to the protection of St. Orville: he solemnly vows never to forsake her; and as he has long loved her, the *dénouement* is easily conceived. Mary becomes sensible of his merit, is cured of the passion she once entertained for Dorimont, and bestows her hand on the excellent and wealthy St. Orville.

The language of this novel is far superior to general works of this kind; and though the scene is confined to a country town, and the characters consist of only a few of its inhabitants, yet the manner in which the story is told, interests the reader from beginning to end: it is a pity that novel-writers will, however, hunt amongst the storehouse of the brain, if the term may be allowed, for those *pretty* kind of thoughts, which appear like affectation, and are often absurd; speaking of the glowing imagination of Mary, it is compared to "the beautiful *rainbow* illusions of life's April morning." A rainbow is a very rare sight in the morning of that month!

The characters are all extremely well drawn; none of them too excellent; nothing *outré* in the secondary characters: those which strike us in a very particular manner, as well depicted, are, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and her family; Miss Meadows, a tattling spinster of forty-seven; and a gossiping Mr. Smith, a ladies' man.

The following is a part of

MISS BEAUMONT'S CHARACTER.

"She had known sorrow in many shapes, but she was one of the happy few who are not to be subdued by sorrow; but who build their happiness on a foundation too solid to be shaken by it. Affliction is often the first monitor which compels us to seek in religion for that comfort the world can neither give nor take away."

The following extract is a specimen of the author's more playful style:—

MISS MEADOWS.

"A sharp, hatchet-faced lady, with a vinegar expression of countenance, whom we must take leave to introduce as the Miss Meadows, Mary made a mortal enemy, by alluding to the circumstance of her having been at a ball seven-and-twenty years ago. At that time this lady was young, and had as many pretensions to beauty as she believed would enable her to make her fortune by marriage.

"After fluctuating many years, between hope and despair, she found, to her dismay, in spite of all the nostrums in all the newspapers, that wrinkles came much faster than lovers. Circassian bloom, and Olympian dew, were all in vain. 'But nothing could a charm impart,' for time *will* come, and ladies *will* grow old, if they live long enough; and if nobody *will* marry them, they must remain single: and the truth of all these conclusions, Miss Meadows experienced; and never more sensibly than on such occasions as the present; when 'past hope, past cure, past help,' she wandered about as the ghosts of the departed are supposed to do, over the scenes in which they delighted in their life-time."

THE LAST MOMENTS OF CAPTAIN BERSFORD.

"The sun was risen in resplendent majesty; the birds, in joyous notes, were hailing the newborn day; the flowers, whose beauteous heads surcharged with dew, had drooped, and closed their leaves during the night, now glittering in the brightness of the morning, expanded with new loveliness, giving their fragrance to the insect tribe that hovered round them, fluttering in short-lived happiness; nature smiled, 'in all her works,' every thing looked cheerful, touched with new light, and life; every thing, but that sad chamber, where the glorious beams of the morning sun rested upon the bed of death!"

The last extract we have quoted, is sufficient to shew the beauty of the language of which the author of *Delusion* is capable.

A new Circular System of English Country Dancing; by Thomas Wilson and Richard Williamson.

THIS is a very elegant and useful pocket plan for the ball-room; presenting a novel

and agreeable system to the votaries of Terpsichore, which enables a whole company to commence a dance at the same time. It is elegantly engraved; and the country-dance figures described by diagrams.

This admirable invention affords, alike, pleasure and regularity to those who "thread the mazes of the dance:" from the neutral couple, which constitutes the fourth, all confusion is prevented; the tiresome inactivity of several couples standing unemployed, is done away with, and even an unengaged spectator is gratified by the agile movements of so many graceful forms; all animated, as if by the same spirit, and no one breaking off, or leaving the dance (as was formerly too much practised) till the whole is ended.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Description of the Department of Aveyron.
2 vols. 8vo. Paris.

THE horrible affair which has lately taken place at Rhodéz, has exposed the brave Aveyronese to general calumny and invective; which invective should only be levelled at the horrid crimes of a few atrocious individuals. M. Montreuil, the author of the work before us, is professor of the public school at Rhodéz, and the manner in which he speaks of his countrymen is worthy of approbation; to these brief remarks we beg leave to quote the following extracts, as a proof of our assertions:—

PERSONS OF THE AVEYRONNESE.

"Their bodies are nervous and muscular; their make, somewhat heavy, and their countenances stern. Strangers find them difficult of access; they are serious, but seldom melancholy. They have a taste for agriculture, and are, of necessity, devoted to industry and commerce. They have an invincible attachment to their country; and all manners and customs which are different from their own, they look upon as ridiculous—and even detestable, if any one wishes an Aveyronese to adopt them. They speak the truth when asked them, and often more than is required. They are remarkably tomacious—so were their fathers, before them—and they will be the same through future generations: their ancient character is, however, somewhat changed since the revolution."

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE AVEYRONNESE.

"The inhabitants of the northern part of the shores of the Lot are frank, good-hearted, and peaceable, when wine is dear; but when the vintage is prosperous in the valleys of the department, the police have enough to do: there are frequent brawls, and which become dangerous, as almost every one carries a small poniard, called, in the country, *capuchadow*. This weapon is, in fact, nothing more than a knife with a two-edged blade, well tempered, and fixed in a very short handle. It is generally concealed in their sleeves, or in their breeches pocket; and they generally make use of it to cut wood or bread. Frays are not the only mischief resulting from their free use of wine: many poor people, after a long abstinence, drink an incredible quantity; the wine inflames their blood, and brings on serious indispositions: it renders them, also, idle; and causes incessant quarrels in families: it often happens, too, that those who are naturally fond of drink, and men of gross and vulgar manners, will actually drink till they entirely lose their senses."

WOMEN OF THE AVEYRON DEPARTMENT.

"The Aveyronese women are tall, fresh-looking, and fair; their features are rather strong than delicate. They are brought up to despise affectation; nor does their education consist in cultivating the lighter accomplishments. They are only taught what is required of them, that is, to be useful: to read, write, cast accounts, and to know how to regulate their household affairs: that is all they are expected to know in this department. If, among the most wealthy families, they permit the learning a few light accomplishments, and a knowledge of the arts, they are seldom thought of till a few months before marriage; and when the dancing-master and music-master are sent for, it is supposed that the husband is not far off. Their parents and their companions seldom converse with young people, except on pious subjects; and those who neglect to fulfil their religious duties, run a great risk of losing their reputation.

"The Aveyronese women do not marry early: as soon as they become wives, they are entirely taken up with the cares of their household, and have no higher pleasure than to render it prosperous. The care of a great number of children, by which they reckon all the first years of their marriage, takes up every moment of their time; from hence proceeds that love of home which they imbibe, and which they impart to their husbands.

"In company, as at church, the women of this department are entirely separated from the men; less by inclination, than by long-established custom: hence arises a habit of censure, which gives a tincture of prudery to the female character; but which, at the same time, is a shield against the corruption of morals."

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The Still Voice of Peace; or, Fender Conscience, &c. in answer to some deep-rooted Objections and Prejudices, will speedily appear.

In a few days will be published *Edward Wortley*, a Novel; to which is added the *Exile of Scotland*, a Tale, in three volumes. Said to be written by W. Gardner, Professor of *Belles Lettres*, and Schoolmaster of Lydeny, in Gloucestershire. Also *Verezzi*, a Romance of former Days, in four volumes. Written by Robert Huish, Esq. author of the treatise on Bees, &c.

A Romance from the pen of Mrs. Isaacs, authoress of *Tales of To-day*, &c. is now in the press.

Mrs. Richardson is translating from the French of Madame de Souza, the interesting story of *Eugenie et Matilde, ou Memoires de la famille de M. de Revel*.

A Treatise on Duelling, by Captain Bosquett, so long promised, will appear this month.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a new edition, considerably improved, of Dr. Withering's *Systematic Arrangement of British Plants*, with an easy introduction to the study of Botany, in four volumes, 8vo. illustrated by copper-plates.

Mr. Wilson has now in the hands of the Engraver the whole of the *Quadrille Figures*, illustrated by Diagrams, and arranged in a new and systematical manner.

In a few days will be published the first volume of the *British Amphion, Encyclopaedia of Music*, adapted to the Ball-room. By Mr. T. Wilson, Dancing-Master; with accompaniments for the piano-forte, &c. by R. T. Skavret.

NEW MUSIC.

Why Ella Dear?

THE words of this elegant and pleasing air are by Mr. George Fisher, which have been adapted to the favourite Venetian air of *Mamma Mia*. Its charming simplicity cannot fail of being justly appreciated, having been first introduced into this country by Viganoni. The English adaptation has been highly approved at the concerts of the nobility, where Mr. Vaughan has sung it, with well deserved approba-

tion. The slight variations in the melody, judiciously accommodated to the English words, confer honour on the taste of the publisher, Mr. Williams; this requisite attention, as we have observed before, is of the utmost importance to every real amateur. Of the original air itself we have little new to offer: it is a chaste and expressive specimen of Venetian music; and as such it cannot fail of giving delight to the ear of science and taste.

So Fades the Rose. A Ballad, written by S. J. Arnold, Esq. Set to Music by C. E. Horn.

It is always with additional pleasure that we revise the works of this composer: the trio that has given grace to this composition are entitled to the warmest praise from every lover of real harmony: the poet, the composer, and the angelic songstress, all may lay claim to excellence; and though the simple melody of a ballad may not be exactly suited to the tones of that voice which "angels might stoop from heaven to hear," yet there is so much sweet expression in the air itself, and so much melody and grace does Mrs. Salmon throw into it, that we are ready to acknowledge her equal merit when singing this charming ballad, as when she pours forth the sacred music of the immortal Handel.

In regard to the composition itself, we refer our musical readers to the expressive sweetness of the notes on the following words:—

"As smiles when grief demands a tear," &c.

The following lines, also, written in the true spirit of poetry, are very strikingly attended to by the composer:—

"As day when night obscures the plain,
As beauty flies from age and pain,
Or Love when stung by cold disdain,"

Then are repeated the sweet piano notes on
"So fades the rose," &c.

Sleep Baby mine.

THE words of this air are by the celebrated Henry Kirke White, and are set to music by Mr. T. Williams, who is the publisher of numerous excellent compositions, and is also a very pleasing composer

himself: with an ear attuned to all the harmony of good poetry, we always find his notes judiciously adapted to the words, and the beauty of language aided by the tenderness or force of musical expression.

The above composition is a sweet and soothing lullaby, and there is a sublimity in the short prelude, which adds interest to the slow and plaintive melody of the air itself. The song is supposed to be sung to an infant by a female convict, previous to her execution; and the *agitato* and *con fero*, from the unfortunate culprit's reflections on her infamy and shame, are finely appropriate and justly marked.

JOHN STACKHOUSE, THE ESQUIMAUX INDIAN.

SUCH is the baptismal appellation given to this Indian on his conversion to the Christian faith. During his stay in England he was taught the English language, in which he has made a very tolerable proficiency, and his hand-writing is legible. In his person he is well made, his complexion a copper colour, and he is about five feet six inches in height: he is robust and very active. His canoe, which is now on board the *Isabella*, sent out to explore the arctic regions, is the same in which he was found at sea. It is fifteen feet long, and entirely formed from the skin of the sea calf: it is sea proof. Each end is pointed, like those boats that ply on the Thames, and which are called *flumies*; but the upper part is open like the deck of a little sloop. In the midst is an opening in which he seats himself, which comes up to his loins; then, by means of a belt made of the intestines of the whale, he fastens round his body the skins that are placed round this opening; and the upper part of his body is so well wrapped up in furs, that only his hands and face are exposed to the water. In this position, with one single paddle, he manœuvres his canoe, either in advance or retreat, with a most surprising swiftness, and far superior to that of any four-oared cutter: but what is the most astonishing of all his manœuvres, he can give to his vessel all the properties of a diving machine, and shelter himself like an aquatic fowl in the most stormy weather: he lays it entirely on one side,

and is totally plunged under the water, while his canoe, still following the same direction, has its keel turned upwards: he then goes on the other side, and places himself as before: what renders this movement the more extraordinary is, that during all this time he never lets go his paddle. He has shewn these manœuvres on the river to the astonishment of a crowd of spectators. When he throws his dart he never misses his aim, and he throws a long lance to a considerable distance.

A HINT TO DEPOSITORS IN SAVING BANKS, WHO ARE TO RECEIVE COMPOUND INTEREST.

THE difference between the increase of money at compound and simple interest is notorious, but cannot be set in a more striking point of view than in the following case, which may be verified by any one conversant in calculations of this kind; namely, that one penny put out at our Saviour's birth to five per cent. compound interest, would in the present year (1818) have increased to almost as great a sum as could be contained in three hundred and fourteen millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold. But if put out to simple interest it would, in the same time, have amounted to no more than seven shillings and sixpence half-penny!

SALT MINES.

THERE is a town in the immense salt-mines at Cracow, in Poland, within which is a spacious market-place, a river of fresh water, a neat church, and a famous statue of Lot's wife, cut in a solid block of rock salt; by the moist or dry appearance of which, the subterranean inhabitants are said to know when the weather is fair or wet above ground. The galleries in these extraordinary mines are so numerous, and so intricate, that workmen have frequently lost their way, their lights have burnt out, and they have perished before they could be found. Although the arches of the different stories of galleries are boldly executed, yet they are not dangerous, as they are supported by large masses of timber of a foot square, and these vast timbers remain

perfectly sound for many centuries; while the other pillars, whether of brick, stone, or salt, soon dissolve or moulder away.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Thomas Butler of Chopside, of a son.

In the Fleet Prison, the lady of C. H. Bessley, Esq. of a son.

At Upton, on Severn, the lady of Samuel Kent, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At the New Church, Marylebone, the Hon. Henry Pierrepont, brother to Earl Manvers, to Lady Sophia Cecil, sister to the Marquis of Exeter. Immediately after the ceremony they set off for the bridegroom's new seat, Greyhurst, Bucks.

The Hon. Colonel Seymour to Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley, daughter of the Marquis of Cholmondeley; his Lordship on the happy occasion gave a grand entertainment to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and a large party of distinguished personages. The marriage was solemnized by the Bishop of Exeter: the Prince Regent gave the bride away. Shortly after the ceremony the happy pair set off for the Hon. Mrs. Lisle's seat at Kingston, where they intend to remain some time. The lovely bride's dress was a white satin slip, covered with rich point lace; head-dress feathers and diamonds.

At St. Pancras, E. B. de Vinches, Esq. of Paris, to Fanny, youngest daughter of the late J. Gantier, Esq. of Clapham Common, Surrey.

Sir Gregory Osborne Page Turner, Bart. to Helen Eliza, only daughter of John Wolsey Bayfield, Esq.

DIED.

At Ramsgate, Jude Jackson, in consequence of the evil practice many females are addicted to, that of picking the ear with a needle whilst at work. She suffered excruciating pain, having injured the drum of the ear.

Mr. Bullock, proprietor of the Mona Marble Works. After drinking tea with a friend, at his house in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, having been the whole day in good health and spirits, he complained to his servant of a pain in his back, and desired her to light him up to his bed-room. On getting into bed he exclaimed, "Oh, my poor back!" attempted to turn round, and instantly expired.

At Bath, Alexander D'Arbly, a General in the French service, one of the Legion of Honour to Louis XVIII. &c. He came to this country in the early part of the French Revolution, in company with Talleyrand, Narbonne, Lally Tollen-

dal, and other distinguished emigrants, who, it may be remembered, made Juniper-hall, near Leatherhead, their place of residence. He afterwards married the authoress of those well-known novels, *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and *The Wanderer*. He was a man of excellent manners and disposition, and died greatly lamented.

Sir George Hope, K. C. B. Rear Admiral of the Red, Major-General of the Marines, and M. P. for East Grinstead.

In Cumberland-place, the Hon. John Douglas. He was grandfather to the present Marquis of Abercorn, and father to the Countess of Aberdeen, and was son-in-law to the Earl of Harwood, having married the noble Earl's daughter, Lady Frances Lascelles, who died last year.

John Macnamara, Esq. of Langoed Castle, Breconshire, in his 64th year. He was in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, Breconshire, and Radnorshire, and formerly Colonel of the Middlesex Militia.

In the Old Assembly Close, Edinburgh, aged 105, Mrs. Isabel Taylor. She was born in the parish of Crief, county of Perth, on the 4th of March, 1713, in the reign of Queen Anne. Her memory remained nearly unimpaired, and she would converse on the events of a hundred years since with surprising correctness. Her hearing and sight were good to the last day of her life, her recollection continued till within an hour of her death.

At the Vice-regal Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin, in the sixth year of his age, the Hon. Walter Chetwynd Talbot, son of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Countess Talbot.

At Freeland, in Kent, tenderly beloved, and deeply lamented, in the 76th year of her age, Mrs. Moore, relict of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

At Eltham, Kent, Richard Harvey, jun. aged 28; Richard Harvey, sen. aged 61; and Elizabeth Harvey, aged 63, son, father, and mother, of an infectious fever: they resided in the same house, and were much esteemed.

At Swindon-House, Wilts, to the inexpressible grief of her friends and neighbourhood, Mrs. Goddard, relict of the late Ambrose Goddard, Esq. who so honourably represented that county in Parliament for upwards of thirty years. In all the relations of life she was a pattern to her sex—an affectionate wife and mother; a sincere friend; charitable, in the extreme, to the poor; and a pious christian.

At Camden Town, in a decline, in the 43d year of his age, Capt. Samuel Montague Sears, of the late 8th royal veteran battalion, and son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sears, of the Bengal artillery.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's.

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FOR JUNE, 1818.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled to put off the review of *Antonia* to a future Number.

The *Lines on Spring* cannot possibly be inserted this month, owing to the great pressure of pre-
vious contributions.

Though we generally notice those works which are eminent for popularity and merit, yet when
we are called on to review them, we expect a copy of the work in question to be sent to the reviewer.
Childe Paddie we have read; think it well written; but not exactly of a nature to suit our Mis-
cellany, which is never a vehicle for individual satire or public scandal.

We are still compelled to defer noticing the publication of *Edwin and Henry*, but it will certainly
appear in our next.

The letter signed *Charles Crabstock*, addressed to the LISTENER, came too late for insertion, but
will be inserted in our next Number.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as
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JULY 1, 1818.



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

*Engraved by W. B. after the Original painted by G. Kneller from the life
when before the Master in his young years at death.*

Printed by W. B. at the Ball of the Press July 1721.

her portion of anguish. After many years of conjugal happiness, such as few are fated to experience, she felt the fatal realization of seeing it clouded for ever, in the awful affliction with which Heaven had been pleased to visit her King and husband.

chaste, and truly unblemished life, and her Majesty may be said to have a thorough knowledge, collectively, of all the fine arts.

H b 2

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from page 300.)

MUSIC OF THE EAST.

Among the Turks and Arabs, a man rather regards the learning of music as a discredit more than the accomplishment of a man of rank: the native austerity also of their manners renders them insensible to the charms of harmony; and the contempt in which they hold the art extends also to those who are musicians by profession, who are but little esteemed and ill paid. An art thus despised by the great, neither cherished nor admired by connoisseurs, cannot be supposed, when labouring under such disadvantages, to have made any rapid progress.

The music of the East is of a very different character from that of Europe; it is grave, simple, and without any complexity of modulation: the Orientals use no notes when they sing, but sing by ear; and the Dervises, when they chaunt, do not seem to have the slightest knowledge of musical notes.

At Bagdat and at Constantinople they have concerts, which are not ill formed to please those ears which are not accustomed to all the intricacies of the musical art: but it is very disagreeable to hear all their instruments playing in unison; unless it happens that one of the musicians takes a fancy to play in one continued bass, by making an incessant repetition. Yet if the music of the East is not to the European taste, ours is not less disagreeable to them; they seem, in particular, to dislike the violin, and think their own music much more sublime and excellent. The Turks say that the music of the Europeans is wild and disagreeable, and they wonder that any man of sense or gravity can take pleasure in it.

From the simple construction of their musical instruments, they are certainly of very ancient origin, and have been transmitted down from generation to generation without any material alteration. Several

of them are well known in the islands of the Archipelago. The Greeks have there a bow instrument with three catgut strings, upon which they play with a wooden bow, fitted with horse hair, to which they give the necessary tension in playing by pressing it with the little finger; it is called the *lyra*. This instrument is always accompanied with the voice.

Some bow-instruments belong peculiarly to the Arabs, such as the *semengi*, a sort of bad violin, joined with a drum. Its body is commonly a cocoa nut-shell, with a piece of skin extended upon it; three strings of catgut, and sometimes of horse hair, are fitted to it; and it is played with a bow, not less awkward in its form than the Greek *lyra*. The *semengi* is the instrument of those wandering musicians who accompany the dancing women. The Arabs have another kind of violin named *marwafa*, with a string of horse hair, and a skin stretched upon the body of the instrument. This violin suits admirably well with the shrill voices of the common singers at their coffee-houses.

Among the wind instruments used by the Turks, is the flute called *salamancic*; it is entirely open, and without any reed, so that to wind it is no easy matter. This is the favourite instrument of the Merlari Dervises, who excel in playing on the flute. It is made either of a reed or of a piece of fine wood.

The *sumara* is a sort of flute with two pipes, the shorter is used for playing airs, and the longer a continued bass.

In Asia the natives always accompany their dancing with tambourines: these are of different sorts, either circular pieces of wood, or earthen pots made for the purpose, covered with skin and sounded with the fingers. The most elegant tambourine is that they call the *daff*, to which the women dance in the harems. The *metanets* may also be reckoned amongst their

musical instruments; and these are carried by the public dancing girls: a few orders also of mendicant Mahometan priests always carry different kinds of horns and drums, which they blow or sound before they ask alms.

The military music of the Turks is now beginning to be known in Europe: that, however, which is in use through the East affords only an unpleasant jarring noise, and would be entirely unworthy of notice did it not serve to mark the distinctions of rank. A Pacha of three tails is preceded by a greater variety of musical instruments, playing martial music, than a nobleman of inferior rank dares to use, so that a person's dignity may be known by the music going before him. The principal martial instruments consist of a very noisy kind of trumpet called the *surnas*; a Turkish drum of prodigious size called the *tubbel*, this they hold horizontally, and strike against it on both sides; a hautboy of a very acute sound, and another which has much the same sound as the European bassoon; and a favourite martial music among the Turks consists of two plates of some sonorous metal, which they strike against each other to mark the cadence.

This slight account of the state of Eastern music serves to confirm the received ideas concerning the rudeness of the Jewish mu-

sic, and the simplicity of that of the ancient Greeks.

Among the Chinese, however, a desire of improvement in music seems evident, and was particularly exemplified at the time of Lord Macartney's embassy. The chief director of the Imperial orchestra frequently was a visitor at the evening concerts performed by the Ambassador's band. He was particularly attracted by some of the instruments, which, when offered to him as presents, he declined, but requested permission to take drawings of them. He, accordingly, sent for painters, who spread large sheets of paper on the floor, and having placed on them the clarionets, flutes, bassoons, and French horns, they traced with their pencils the different figures of those instruments, measuring all the apertures, and noting the minutest particulars: when this operation was completed they wrote down their remarks, and delivered them to their employer, who said he intended to have similar instruments made by Chinese workmen, and to fit them to a scale of his own. The European violin had already been adopted in China, but it was not in common use; they had an instrument of their own bearing some resemblance to it, but with two strings only. Several Chinese have now learned to write their music on ruled paper.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

ANNE, FIRST DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

This lady, though daughter to that infamous pair, Robert Earl of Somerset and his Countess, was well worthy the noble alliance she made. Ignorant of her mother's dishonour, the feelings of this truly virtuous and delicate female were severely shocked by reading the whole account of her parents' guilt in a pamphlet she accidentally found lying in a window. She instantly fell down in a fit, and was found senseless, with the pamphlet lying open before her. Francis Earl of Bedford was so averse to the alliance, that he gave his son leave to choose a wife out of whatsoever family he might please except that of Somerset. The affections of the young lovers were only increased by this opposition; the King himself interposed, and sent

the Duke of Lenox to urge the Earl to give his consent. Somerset, though spoiled by court favour, and yielding to impulses of passion and revenge till he became atrocious in his conduct, had yet more generosity in his nature than his wife: reduced to extreme poverty, he sold his house at Chiswick, his plate, jewels, and furniture, to raise a fortune for his daughter of twelve thousand pounds, which the Earl of Bedford demanded, saying, that he had rather undo himself than make her unhappy.

ANNE COUNTESS OF SOMERSET.

ILLUSTRIOUS only from noble birth and high descent, we shall not sully our pages by detailing her crimes, or the arts she put in practice to become the wife of the Earl

of Somerset. The good Sir Thomas Overbury tried all in his power, as Anne, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk was already married, to hinder her divorce, and her consequently becoming the bride of Somerset. Her passions more violent than her lover's, her resentments were stronger, and her caution less. She resolved to procure the death of Overbury, and sent him in his imprisonment poisoned tarts and jellies: her sudden fall and confession of her guilt need no repetition; yet both she and her husband obtained their pardon, but were confined for life in the house of Lord Wallingford. The guilty love of this wretched pair now turned to the most inveterate hatred: till her death, which happened before that of Somerset, their life was passed in continual reproaches and recriminations. In the end of this wretched woman may be read a fine but awful lesson of Divine Providence on the complicated errors of her life. Let us hope that Heaven in its mercy inflicted its punishments on the criminal here, and left her fate a warning to future generations.

She whose ambition was unbounded died in friendless obscurity, and in indigence: her once beautiful body covered with a loathsome disease, as if she had been poisoned, like the victim of her arts and vengeance, the unhappy Overbury; and she who once delighted in the most costly perfumes, became offensive to the sense, and her odour insupportable. She who found no place too delicate "for the sole of her foot," now seemed, with the utter neglect of her meagre and squalid person, to delight only in excess of sluttishness, and in imitating those disgusting animals who find their best solace in the mire that surrounds them.

LADY JACOB.

WHEN Goudemar, the Spanish Ambassador, was in England, in the reign of James I., we are informed by an author of that time, that those who had handsome wives or daughters purposely threw them in his way, and that some frail ladies had sold their favours at a very dear rate. Lady Jacob was one of the greatest wits of that reign; and as she stood at the balcony of her house, in Drury-lane, when Goudemar passed by, she gave him no other salutation than that of opening her mouth as wide as she could. When the Ambassador returned the same way, she did the same; and at length the haughty Spaniard sent a message to know the reason of this act of incivility? She replied, that she heard he had purchased some very trifling favours of some other ladies at a very exorbitant price, and she gaped to let him know she had a mouth to be stopped as well as others.

LADY BURLINGTON.

WHEN this lady was first introduced to the celebrated Dean Swift, she declared (to use her Ladyship's own words) that she actually took him to be "some hedge-al-house parson." She was, accordingly, highly offended with the familiarity of his address and behaviour, which she regarded as extremely presumptuous and insolent. The Dean asked her to sing; which request, instead of being complied with, only inspired the lady with disgust, and bursting into tears, she quitted the apartment.—When, however, she next saw him, she approached him with the most graceful condescension, and said, "Mr. Dean, I will sing to you whenever you please."

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

JANE, COMMONLY CALLED JOAN OF ARC,
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

AT the time that this celebrated female had attained her eighteenth year, her character might be said to be formed. To a noble and benign countenance, and a form tall and well proportioned, she united a mind of strong reason and of a prudence

seldom equalled even in those of riper years. The continual defeats experienced by the French army inflamed her courageous heart, and brought forth all the native energies of her character. She encouraged every spark of indignation which she found kindling in her bosom against the English, and worked herself up to that pitch of entha-

siasm which made her regard herself as one chosen by Heaven to be the saviour of France.

She hastened, in consequence of the inspiration she imagined to have received, to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, and announced to him that she came as an envoy from God to afford assistance to Orleans, and to effect the coronation of the King at Rheims. The Governor believed her to be mad, but he soon changed his opinion. He ordered the young warrior to adopt the dress of a man, gave her arms, a horse, and sent her under a proper escort to the King, who was at Chinon.

Armed *esp-à-piéd*, Jane appeared in presence of the whole court, managing her charger with grace and ease, and uniting to all the outward attractions of her sex the strength and dexterity of an experienced soldier, speaking of camps and martial deeds as if war had ever been her sole occupation.

Scarce had she received a command under the Marechal de Rieux, and under the Bastard Orleans, than she wrote to the English, as from one deputed by the Almighty, that they must deliver up the kingdom to its legitimate heir, if not, she would drive them out by force of arms. The herald she sent was thrown into prison, and sentenced to be burnt, as an accomplice with a witch.

The success of Jane justified the audacity of her menaces. After having supplied the town of Orleans with provisions, she entered it in triumph. She subjugated all before her, and put every one to flight: her countrymen, animated by her heroic example, performed prodigies of valour. The English, panic-struck, laid down their arms, and the first prediction of Jane was fulfilled—she had delivered Orleans. She soon after joined Charles VII. at Chinon, who received her with every testimony of gratitude and admiration.

But her brilliant career was not yet terminated. Jane had engaged herself to see her sovereign crowned at Rheims: she made the French resolve in council that they would exert themselves to attain this important end, though all the surrounding towns were then in the possession of the English.

Victory aided all the natural enthusiasm

of Jane's character: veterans in the art of war caught her ardour, and suffered themselves to be led forwards by one who to them was a mere child: they surmounted every obstacle, and the King was actually crowned at Rheims on the 17th of July, 1429. As soon as the ceremony was over, Jane threw herself at the monarch's feet, and embracing his knees, she said, "The orders of the Most High are fulfilled: it was his will that you should come to Rheims to be anointed with the holy oil, to shew to the world that you are the legitimate sovereign to whom this kingdom alone belongs."

Whether the accomplishment of her heart's dearest wish being fulfilled, or that she found that fortune had become faithless, Jane felt within herself that her military career was at an end: but true to her steady character, she now sought only that kind of death which might be most glorious to herself and most useful to her country. At the head of a sortie the Maid of Orleans was taken prisoner by a gentleman of Picardy: this man sold her to John of Luxembourg, who sold her to the English.

The infamous Bishop of Beauvais was, however, a more inveterate enemy to Jane than even the English; he demanded as his right the right of judging her: and the brave female warrior of eighteen was thrown into a dungeon, her limbs loaded with chains, and from thence she was dragged fourteen times to appear before her judges, who loaded her with the most virulent abuse. Jane evinced the dignity of her mind and character by the calmness of her replies.

After submitting to various interrogatories, she was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, to be fed only on bread and water, and to renounce for ever the masculine habit. The University of Paris confirmed this iniquitous sentence. Every engine too was at work to make the unhappy Jane fall into the snare that was spread for her: as she could neither read nor write, they caused her to set her mark to a paper, whereby she declared herself a heretic, a witch, and guilty of many other crimes. Her death, in effect, was resolved on; her judges, urged on by the English, condemned her to be burnt alive; and although they had accused her of heresy they

allowed her to take the sacrament. On the 30th of May, 1431, she was led to execution, her eyes suffused in tears, as with heart-felt grief she uttered the following expression:—"O, Rouen, Rouen! is this then the last scene of my earthly pilgrim-

age?"—As she was about to give up the ghost, she prophesied to the English that the hand of the Almighty would soon fall heavily upon them; and as she was expiring she distinctly pronounced the name of Jesus!

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF MARMONTEL.

MARMONTEL had written a little Opera entitled *The Garland*, which was very unsuccessful, but which, however, was played at times. One evening the poet having taken a hackney coach, told the coachman to go rather a round-about way to the place he had ordered him to drive to, in order to avoid the crowd of carriages going to the Opera.—"O, Sir, you need not fear," replied the coachman, very innocently, unconscious of who he was driving; "there will be very few carriages, for that miserable Opera, *The Garland*, is performed to-night."

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

IN the year 1652, the Earl Maréchal having taken the field to assist Charles II. was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and detained in the Tower of London. The Castle of Dunnottar was, in the meanwhile, commanded by George Ogilvie, of Barras, Lieutenant-Governor by commission from the Earl Maréchal. The alarming progress of Cromwell's arms, and the impossibility of maintaining a defence which should be ultimately successful, alarmed Ogilvie for the safety of the honour, or regalia of the kingdom. He consulted with the Lord Chancellor Loudon, who could only reply to him by suggesting that the regalia should be delivered up to Lord Balcarrais, and transported to some strong hold or inaccessible fort in the remote Highlands.—"It will be an irreparable loss, and shame," saith the Chancellor's letters, "if they are taken by the enemy, and very dishonourable to yourself"—It appears that Ogilvie did not think it prudent to take the Chancellor's advice, which indeed would have only served to protract the fate of the regalia. In these circumstances he listened to the advice of his lady, descended of the house of Douglas, and

possessed of their hereditary spirit and love of independence. Her intervention was used in order that when the Castle must necessarily be surrendered, her husband might safely say he knew not where the regalia had been conveyed. They were wrapped in hards of lint, carried out of the Castle of Dunnottar upon a woman's back, and delivered to the charge of the Reverend James Granger, minister of Kinnell, whose wife (a friend of Mrs. Ogilvie,) was also intrusted with the important secret. By their contrivance, they were buried under the pulpit in the church of Kinnell, no person being made acquainted with the circumstance excepting the Countess Maréchal, to whom it was communicated by Mr. Granger. In the mean time the Castle of Dunnottar, after an honourable resistance, was compelled to surrender, and the Lieutenant-Governor and his lady were examined with the utmost strictness and severity concerning the fate of the regalia. They were even threatened with torture. Mrs. Ogilvie, however, obstinately maintained that she had delivered the regalia to Mr. John Keith, the Earl Maréchal's youngest son, and that he had carried it abroad; and the Countess Maréchal procured a letter from her son to the same purpose and effect, which she contrived should fall into the hands of the Commonwealth General. Mrs. Ogilvie's health sunk under the hardships to which she was subjected, but her fortitude never gave way, nor was it until on her death-bed that she communicated to her husband how she had disposed of the regalia, exhorted him at the same time sooner to lay his head on the block than betray the secret.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

It is a singular coincidence, that in the same month when the Regalia of Scotland

met the gaze of her sons, the relics of their most patriotic sovereign should be discovered, after inhumation since the year 1329. These particulars have been inserted in many newspapers, but none have noticed the tradition that the family motto of De Bruce originated in the services of a lady. She was related to the Fullartons of Fullarton. Her husband was a cadet of the house of Cassilis. Before Robert Bruce avowed his pretensions, he came disguised as a palmer, with a few followers of tried courage and fidelity, to acquaint himself with the dispositions of the people. His small skiff, in stress of weather, took shelter on the coast of Ayrshire. The night was dark, and the sea rolling with violence, had tossed the adventurers out of all knowledge of their landing-place. They got safe to shore; but to prevent the suspicions which in those unhappy times should arise from seeing many strangers together, the chiefs dispersed. Bruce chanced to enter the kitchen of Mr. Kenedy. The servants were just going to bed. The lady had retired to her solitary couch, her husband being with the English forces, to whose interest the Governor of Ayr had gained him during the achievements of William Wallace. Bruce craved leave to sit at the fire; but one of the damsels had informed her mistress of the holy guest. She came herself and led him to the hall, where, eyeing his figure and features with earnest attention, she said, in the Scottish dialect, "*We have been false, but the eagle eyes of royalty recal me back to sacred loyalty. I once beheld thee, princely De Bruce, and I recognize thee well. We have been both untrue to Scotland—but notwithstanding all that has passed, Margaret Fullarton would die to serve her and thee.*"—Mrs. Kenedy entertained Bruce as a palmer, and dismissed him in safety. Tradition adds, that her modest allusion to his own infatuation for England, excused her past disloyalty to the candid Bruce, and the words she twice repeated he adopted as his family motto, in memory of his fault and her gentle self-accusing rebuke.

ANECDOTE NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THE late Mr. M'L—, of B—, lived near a century, and in his eightieth year married a second wife, younger than some No. 111.—Vol. XVII.

of his grandchildren. From that period he disliked any allusion to his age, and dexterously eluded every approach to the subject, till a traveller procured an introduction to him, being curious to see a *Struldbrug Gael*, whose eldest son was sixty-two and the youngest still an infant. Mr. M'L— welcomed the stranger with cordial hospitality, and his natural politeness restrained any signs of displeasure, though he evaded several questions indirectly tending to ascertain the date of his birth. At length, unconscious of the pain he inflicted, the tourist expressly inquired his age.—"You will excuse me, Sir," replied the ancient Fingulian, "though I decline a downright reply to this interrogation, as I am determined to let my friends amuse themselves with conjecture; but you may contemplate how many summers I have seen, when I tell you that at the present season I have a daughter who wants nought of a hundred."—To enable the English reader to understand this equivocal, we must explain—that Scottish arithmeticians often call a cypher a *nought*. Mr. M'L—'s child was that day 10, and the addition of another cypher (0), or nought, it would make her age a hundred. Perhaps the tourist entered this *marvel* in his journal, but so far as we know it has not yet been published.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MRS. HAMILTON.

THE late celebrated, amiable, and excellent Mrs. Hamilton, soon after the publication of her very popular story of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*, passed a week at Lord R—'s. A few days after her arrival she rose early, intending to explore the beauties of that fine seat, but a heavy rain disappointed her of the walk, and she quietly seated herself in the breakfast parlour, making some cloaths for poor families, a work in which Lady R— was earnestly engaged. Two ladies who slept at a neighbouring inn, came to take the morning repast with Lady R—, but her Ladyship had not left her dressing-room, and they conversed together to pass the time till she joined them. Seeing a very plain-looking person, plainly dressed, and busied with coarse needle-work, they supposed that Mrs. Hamilton was some humble friend of the family. They were proceeding to Edin-

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burgh immediately after breakfast, and hoped to see Mrs. Hamilton, whose character and writings they greatly admired, though a capital error in Mrs. Mason's conduct had not escaped their criticism.—“I am surprised,” continued one of the ladies, “that a writer who seems so well to know the human heart, could represent a wise and good woman dictating to Mrs. M'Larty and every one about her, instead of endeavouring gradually to overcome

their ignorant prejudices and habits. The most liberal minds are unwilling to part with early prepossessions, and how could Mrs. Mason expect her cousin or her children to yield to her reasoning or reproof? She should have endeavoured gradually to recommend her own better notions.”—The ladies felt embarrassed when Lady R—— introduced Mrs. Hamilton; but her good-humoured acquiescence in their sentiments, removed every unpleasant sensation.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE PRINCE DE CONDÉ.

LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON, PRINCE DE CONDÉ, was born at Paris, on the 9th of August, 1736. He was the only son of the Duke de Bourbon, who was prime minister to Louis XV. after the Regency, and of Caroline de Hesse Phinfels, a most amiable, well informed, and witty Princess, for whom Louis XV. when in the flower of youth, felt the most affectionate and irreproachable attachment. This monarch also, who passed much of his time at Chantilly, conceived for the young Prince de Condé the most parental regard.

A worthy descendant of those heroes from whence he sprung, the Prince de Condé embraced with ardour the military profession. He made his first campaign in the disastrous seven years' war; and while the French Generals, some enfeebled by luxury, others paralyzed by the influence of favourites, sustained so ill the honour of the French arms, the young Condé, educated under his uncle, the Duke de Choralais, in all the rigid principles of ancient chivalry, added to the glory of his name, and obtained the most brilliant success.

The Prince de Condé was made, at a very early period of his life, Knight of the Holy Ghost, Grand Master of the King's Household, and Governor of Burgundy: he entered on the functions attached to this last post at the age of eighteen, and never ceased for thirty-five years to conciliate the attachment of the Burgundians by his zeal and affection. At the age of fifteen he married the Princess Charlotte de Rohan Soubise, by whom he had issue the Duke de Bourbon and Mademoiselle Condé. He lost his wife in the prime of life in the year 1760.

Few Princes have employed the leisure hours of royalty more nobly; unhappily, some of these were clouded over with unforeseen tempests. Those years, between the seventeen years' war and the revolution, were passed by this Prince in study and in acts of beneficence. Popular, without ever departing from his dignity, he was fond of literature, and cultivated it himself with success. He formed a society of literati and scientific characters, who were men attached to no party, nor were they the detractors of the ancient monarchical institutions. The Prince, the friend of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI. knew well how that Prince distinguished the industrious man of real learning from those audacious intriguers, those sophistical courtiers, the race of whom, just springing into life, began to fill the academies and anti-chambers.

The Prince de Condé always observed that magnificence which belonged to his high rank: it was he who built the palace of Bourbon, which, notwithstanding its want of proportion, is still one of the most striking monuments of the French capital. He took pleasure in adding every year some embellishments to Chantilly, and employing thereby a great part of the population of that flourishing burgh. Foreign Princes have been enraptured at seeing his enchanting gardens, planted by the hands of so many heroes. In the bosom of pleasure and grandeur, the Prince de Condé never forgot the sufferings of the people. In 1775, touched with the misery of the populace on account of the dearness of bread, he bought himself thirty thousand franks' worth of corn, with express orders not to

sell it for more than forty-five sous the bushel, whatever price it might be, to the inhabitants of Clementals, whose poverty and extreme misery had been attested by the different curates. He also purchased one thousand crowns' worth of rice, which he caused to be distributed *gratis* to the sick and the poor of the same canton.

The revolution put the courage and constancy of the Prince de Condé to some very severe trials. He dreaded the fatal effects of civil war, but he knew how to brave its dangers. He had presided at the fourth sitting of the *Assemblée des Notables*, in 1787: he presided at the same sitting which Louis XVI. convoked the following year, and there the Prince de Condé shewed himself the firm partisan of the ancient monarchy. On the 17th of July, 1788, he quitted France with his family, and retired to Brussels, from whence he repaired by Switzerland to Turin. A great number of French, of all classes, equally ready to combat for the cause of royalty, accompanied the Prince in his exile. There were no sacrifices that his Highness did not make to maintain this little army, amongst which he established the most admirable discipline. His officers became his friends; the soldiers, all his brothers in arms; all feared to displease their chief, and that fear was sufficient to maintain the most perfect order amongst so many military volunteers. The distinctions of birth had no influence on the confidence that the Prince de Condé accorded to all his companions in misfortune.

Amongst all the public and individual calamities that befel the victims of the revolution, none perhaps could offer a combination of circumstances more touching or tragical than the horrible assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, the grandson of the Prince de Condé. This event, which deprived the Prince of all hope of seeing his illustrious race continued, gave him the most profound affliction; but nothing could alter the natural sweetness of his character: he gave himself up to pious meditation, and sought, in the consolations which religion afforded, the only remedy for his irreparable loss.

The restoration of the legitimate monarch placed the Prince de Condé near the tomb of his grandson, amongst the ruins of the

royal dwelling of his ancestors. He passed many hours of his latter years in a small building, the only remaining vestige of all the magnificent edifice of Chantilly.

About a month before the 20th of March, 1815, he said to his secretary, "Well, the man of the Island of Elba is stirring; shall we return to the other side of the Rhine?" Being obliged to quit Paris, he said to the same person, "Here we are; I foretold this; however, the return of this man will be his downfall."—He had the happiness to live to see his prediction verified.

The infirmities inseparable from old age were now making rapid advances. On the day of Pentecost he took the sacrament according to his constant custom; and said, as he fulfilled this pious duty, that he was preparing to quit this world. After the ceremony, his eyes seemed suffused with tears of joy; he held out his hand to his almoner, pressed it, and said, with a firm voice, "Monsieur Abbé, you have ever been attached to me, you have rendered me some important services; receive my thanks; put the finishing hand to your kindness. Indeed, Sir, I want your assistance more than ever; I shall shortly appear before my God: pray to him for my pardon."

His disorder increased; on Wednesday the 13th of May he had a severe attack, but it was deemed a crisis in his disorder, and the physicians, who had given him over, began to conceive hopes. But on the 14th, at four o'clock, the fit returned with increased violence, and he expired at eight o'clock in the morning.

The corpse of the Prince remained all day on the bed of death: on his head was a simple night-cap of cotton, and on his breast was laid a crucifix: his face was uncovered, and had lost nothing of that mildness and benignity which had ever characterized it. The room was hung with black, and three priests watched the body, which lay in state for several days.

In the Prince's writing-desk was found his will, dated London, 1806. He had requested of his Britannic Majesty that if he died in his dominions, not to have his body buried in Westminster Abbey, but in the burial ground in London, where so many brave emigrant and loyal Frenchmen are interred.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

THE NIAGARA.

THIS enormous mass of water, which is incessantly dashing against the rocks of its lower bed, rises in foam, and rolls onward, like a torrent, to regain its course; lifts itself up, and reduces itself into a vapour, to an immense height. Then, according to the aspect of the heavens, the hour of the day, and the position of the spectator, it forms a thick fog, ascending in the air, in a vast column, like the smoke of a furnace when it is calm, or like a rapid succession of clouds that are rolled along, or dispersed by winds, through the horizon; the humidity of which penetrates to the very bones of the traveller, who finds himself often enveloped by it to an immense distance. Towards noon, or from ten o'clock till two, if the sun shines, this column of smoke becomes white, emits light, and becomes diversified with a multitude of rainbows. If a gentle breeze takes place, these brilliant meteors become agitated; they droop, spread, divide, disperse, and, at length, totally vanish.—Some travellers have not scrupled to assert, that birds have been known to fly across during these vapours, and have been precipitated into the abyss,—whether from account of their being stunned by the roaring of the torrent, or that the humidity of the vapour, falling on their plumage, has bereft them of the power to fly, has not been yet determined. It is certain, that, at the bottom of the cataract, many dead birds have been found; but they were generally water-fowl. During the autumn, numerous quantities of wild ducks are to be seen, as also wild geese and swans, which are charmed by the rapidity of the current, and love to sport over, and descend the flood with ease, till the moment that instinct forewarns them of their danger: they then exert every effort for flight; but often the rapid motion and projection of the Niagara oppose their endeavours, and the torrent carries them away: it is the same with the stags and bears, who have been bold enough to try to swim over the flood too near the cataract, the bones of

which have often been found on the shore below. Fish put into this water have also been destroyed. In regard to men, the following incident was related by a Frenchman, at the time his countrymen were in possession of Canada:—

Two savages embarked at some distance from the great fall, with a sufficient provision of brandy to last them during their hunt: but the savages are not very provident for the morrow. They got drunk immediately, and then fell asleep. Their canoe, abandoned to its own course, followed, and was carried down, the current. But soon the noise of the cataract was heard, which awoke them: and the dread of danger soon sobered them. By dint of hard rowing, they began to touch upon the isle between the two torrents; but that was no certain means of safety. After the first joyful moment, they were discovered, in the most anxious agitation, attempting to descend to the foot of the rock in the lower bed of the flood, in the hopes, that, from thence, they might easily gain the shore, by swimming. They made, from the bark of a tree, called the *Live Tree*, a ladder of cords, which they tied to a point of the rock. Arrived, by this method, at the foot of the declivity, they stopped a few minutes to take breath, and prepared to swim; but the vortex formed by the contending of the two torrents, at the point where they met, presented itself as an insurmountable barrier against these poor Indians, and drove them, with unceasing violence, against the rock: they endeavoured, several times, but always without success, to save themselves; and, at length, after incredible efforts, worn out with fatigue, their bodies dreadfully bruised and mangled, they resolved to go back by the way they came. There, they reflected, their cries would, at least, be heard by some of the savages, or by those soldiers belonging to the garrison, which chance might draw to the neighbouring shore, and whom the sight of their distress would detain; but no one could think of any means to afford them assistance.

At length, the commandant of the fort having remarked, that this arm of the torrent was narrower than the other, remarked also, that it had less depth, and might be forded over, when the current was not too violent: he, therefore, conceived the idea, to have four staves stuck with iron spikes, and which, placed between the fissures of the rock, might support them against the strength of the waters. By dint of offered rewards, he engaged two Indians to try this method: they departed, and took leave of their friends and relations, as people going to suffer the punishment of death: they, however, happily brought the two struggling Indians safe to land; and these two men had been for nine days exerting themselves, in vain, without any other nourishment than a few roots.

Since this event, the Indians pass over to the island, without any kind of dread, by means of staves with iron spikes, every time that chance may bring down the body of some deer, carried off by the impetuosity of the current.—*Recital of a French Emigrant to America, in 1796.*

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

SEVEN is composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal, three and four; for the number two, consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect. It comprehends the primary numerical triangle, or trine, and square, or quartile; conjunctions considered by the favourers of planetry influence as the most benign aspect.

In six days, creation was perfected; and the seventh was consecrated to rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month, a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted seven-days, and remained seven days in tents. The seventh year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of seven times seven years, commenced the grand jubilee. Every seventh year the land lay fallow; every seventh year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondsmen were set free; from this law, may have originated the custom of binding young men to seven years' apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for seven, twice seven, or three times seven years. Every seventh

year the law was directed to be read to the people. Jacob served seven years for the possession of Rachael, and also other seven years. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by sevens, and the clean beasts by sevens. The ark touched ground in the seventh month; and in seven days a dove was sent out, and again in seven days after. The seven years of plenty, and the seven years of famine, were foretold, in Pharaoh's dream, by the seven fat and the seven lean beasts, and the seven ears of full and the seven of blasted corn. Nebuchadnezzar was seven years a beast; and the fiery furnace was heated seven times hotter to receive Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego.

A man defiled, was, by the Mosaic law, unclean seven days; the young of both animals were to remain with the dam seven days, and at the close of the seventh day to be taken away. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother seven times; but the meekness of the revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to seventy times seven. If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold—truly, Lamech seventy times seven.

In the destruction of Jericho, seven priests bare seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh they surrounded the walls seven times, and after the seventh time the walls fell. Balaam prepared seven years for a sacrifice; and seven of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine.

Laban pursued Jacob seven days' journey. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams, as an atonement for their wickedness.

In the seventh year of his reign, King Ahazuerus feasted seven days; and on the seventh, directed his seven chamberlains to find a Queen, who was allowed seven maidens to attend her. Mirian was cleansed of her leprosy by being shut up seven days. Solomon was seven years in building the temple; at the dedication of which, he feasted seven days. In the tabernacle were seven lamps; seven days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garments seven days. The children of Israel eat unleavened bread seven

days. Abraham gave seven ewe lambs to Abimelech, as a memorial for a well; and Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob.

The Rabbins say, that God employed the power of this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel; his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word which signify seven: whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks, says, "that the barren had brought forth seven." In scripture, are enumerated seven resurrections: the widow's son, by Elias; the Shunamite's son, by Elisha; the soldier who touched the bones of the Prophet; the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; the widow's son of Naim; Lazarus; and our blessed Saviour.

The Apostles chose seven deacons; Enoch, who was translated, was the seventh after Adam; and Jesus Christ, the seventy-seventh, in a direct line. Our blessed Saviour spoke seven times on the cross, on which he was seven hours; he appeared seven times—and after seven-times-seven days, sent the Holy Ghost.

In the Lord's Prayer are seven petitions, contained in seven-times-seven words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection.

Within this number are concealed all the mysteries of the Apocalypse, revealed to the seven churches of Asia. There appeared seven golden candlesticks; and seven stars in the hand of him that was in the midst; seven lambs before the seven spirits of God; the book with seven seals; the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes; seven angels with seven trumpets; seven kings; seven thunders; seven thousand men slain; the dragon with seven heads and seven crowns; and the beast with seven heads; seven angels bringing seven plagues; and seven vials of wrath. The vision of Daniel was of the seventy weeks; and the elders of Israel were seventy.

There were also numbered seven heavens, seven planets, seven stars, seven wise men, seven champions of Christendom, seven notes in music, seven primary colours, seven deadly sins, seven sacraments in the Romish church. The seventh son was considered as endowed with pre-eminent wisdom; and the seventh son of a seventh son, is still thought to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection

is likened to gold seven times purified in the fire; and we yet say, you frighten me out of my seven senses. The opposite side of every face on the dice make seven; whence the players at hazard make seven the main.

Hippocrates says, that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things; to be the dispenser of life, and the fountain of all its changes; and, like Shakspeare, he divides the life of man into seven ages. For, as the moon changes her face every seven days, this number influences all sublunary beings. In seven months a child may be born, and live, and not before; and, anciently, it was not named before seven days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical duty. The teeth spring out in the seventh month, and are shed and renewed in the seventh year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At twice seven years, puberty begins; at thrice seven years, the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and we become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times seven, man is at full possession of his strength; at five times seven, he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven, he becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times seven, he is in his apogee, and from that time decays; at eight times seven, or fifty-six, he is in his first climacteric; at nine times seven, or sixty-three, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times seven, or three score years and ten, has, by the royal Prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life.—*From an American paper.*

THE GROTTTO.

In the Kango is the greatest natural curiosity of South Africa—a grotto of unknown extent. It was generally supposed that the end of it had been discovered, but we proved it to be still unknown; though, from the information I received, we proceeded into it further than any others, and our entrance into the third new-discovered chamber, or cave, was only prevented by a descent of fourteen feet. This great and astonishing work of God is divided into various apartments, from fourteen to seventy feet in height, and eight to

one hundred and ten in breadth. By measurement, I found that we had proceeded into the cavern about nine hundred feet of a mountain upwards of five hundred feet perpendicular; the grotto, above the level of the river running by the hill, is about two hundred feet. The *stalactites*, united or disunited, form a hundred figures; so that without any great effect of imagination, nature would seem here to have assumed the province of art; for here, canopies, organs, pulpits, vast candles, immense pillars, heads, even of men and animals, meet the astonished visitor on all sides; so that he supposes himself in a new part of the universe. Eye, thought, and feeling, are equally overpowered; and, to complete

this remarkable assemblage, there are various baths, or cisterns of water, as clear as crystal, divided by partitions—as if a most ingenious sculptor had wrought for some weeks in this subterraneous palace of nature. Ten young colonists, with two slave guides, and my servant, were with me.—We had a flambeau, and a number of large candles; but even these did not chase away the darkness which eclipsed the beauties of this great work of nature; which has been forming from age to age, and was first discovered in 1788; and, what is remarkable, no traveller appears to have visited it, or the various sub-districts which I have described above.—*Thom's Journey in South Africa.*

 THE OLD MAID.

(Concluded from Page 254.)

"Some time after you left us, my cousin Moore made his appearance in our city: he had been a sad wild youth, at least so I was informed, and I freely confess to you, that my prejudices, for once, got the better of my judgment, and I had determined to dislike him: the reality became quite the reverse. He condescended to visit us frequently: he romped with Marianne—but with cousin Gravesairs, as he called me, he behaved so as to palliate the many errors of which he had been accused only by report. He appeared heartily sorry for those little imprudencies he owned; he denied others: and these imprudencies, I, perhaps, too readily placed to the account of early indulgence. Cut off, by the narrowness of our circumstances, from mixing with that kind of society by which I might have profited, I had, indeed, great need of inward consolation, and those studies for which I had endeavoured to encourage a predilection. With much *fagging*, for my ear is radically defective, I contrived to play a *solata*: my eyesight, you know, is none of the best, yet I determined to draw; nay, as last I copied so correctly, as to puzzle my poor dear parent (who, poor soul, was no great judge) which was the original: I recovered all my little French and Italian I had learned at school: in fact,

I tried every thing to keep myself unexpensively employed; and if I mended stockings, and altered gowns, all the morning, I thought I was justified in amusing myself for the rest of the day, when nothing important solicited my hand. Sometimes, indeed, these exertions would become irksome; and, with a sigh, I would exclaim, what all this care was for? I had no friend to invite me forward; my poor mother was incapable of giving me an opinion (which, after all, must have been a partial one) as to what I had achieved; you left us; and, I sometimes thought, to have had a person who would have even *blamed* my productions, would have been a luxury. I did not dislike this solitude, but I wanted one to tell me how I did like it.

"My sister Marianne, crossed on account of her great beauty, had no taste for studies, even of the lightest kind. She did nothing but what she was obliged to do; she affected to despise the society she was not allowed to visit in, and would descend to that she was ashamed of, and from which she could gain no information. She became fretful and flintered, and allowed the narrowness of our income to keep her in a constant state of irritation, by humble attempts to rival those who were inferior to her—except in fortune alone.

"It was at this time, that, disgusted, or affecting to be disgusted, with a town life, cousin Monro was constantly at our cottage; he was a relation—therefore, in some measure, a privileged man; for our family were under heavy obligations to his father: he, indeed, became, spite of every thing, of all letters written to his father, every word or speech said or done, an occasional inmate with us; his father laughed at my mother's discretion; and from the time he visited us, the days flew, and we were thrown off our guard by the serenity of our horizon.

"He was bred at college: he argued mildly, he drew, he painted, and he played. At once, he put me into a pleasant road to the attainment of knowledge in those points I was proud to acquire; he spread my pallet, he lent me books, and then, for me, he might romp half-days with Marianne, so as he condescended to contribute ten minutes to my improvement. At length, continued Selina, the time arrived for Frank to revisit London, and we parted. My sister shed a flood of tears while he tendered the permitted salute—which I also endured, rather than be particular, but which, I declare to you, gave me no pleasure. I believe I laughed at what I deemed his affected regrets at parting—and for this I got castigated, as for a rudeness never to be forgiven. Alas! they little thought what was passing in my heart. I found, in fact, that I was either obliged to smile or weep: the former appeared to me the more discreet; and I endeavoured, under the guise of indifference, to veil that vacuum I felt in my bosom. I candidly inform you, that, while my face wore a semblance of content, his absence became almost intolerable: and though I worked on the materials for thinking or amusement which he had imparted to me, I became dissatisfied with my exertions, and slow to commence others. Marianne was, for a time, absolutely frantic for his loss: she even dared to commence a correspondence with Monro. This, at once, opened my eyes—it was a lesson for me. Could I blame her aberrations from propriety, knowing the frivolity of her pursuits?

"While I allowed an enervating passion to prey on my own fortitude, I was not

long in examining the state of my own heart. "Silly girl, or, rather, woman," I exclaimed, "who, in the pride of your attainments, fancied you were proof against the attacks of passion, how have you suffered your heart to be surprised by a false security." The poverty of our family came to my aid; perhaps it brought with it its pride also.—Alas! while I kept assuring my heart, that, in truth, it *must* exist alone, in single blessedness; that imperious circumstances must oblige me to dwell on happiness in itself alone; while I was schooling it to become solitary and acquiescent to its fate, that heart was nearly breaking—when Marianne became dangerously ill, and I recovered my liberty.

"I had but just began to harbour discretion and composure, when Monro was again amongst us—but not as before. Consciousness of what had passed, caused me to feel a reserve in his presence that damped all our pleasure. Marianne recovered; but, as if misery was to be my portion, he studiously avoided her. He was ever closely attached to me, and at length dropped such sentences, which, although I pretended not to hear, I must have been a fool not to have understood. What was the end of this? Why, one day, having, by the greatest chance, caught me alone, he made a serious avowal of his passion, and an offer of his hand. The dormant joys, the surprised love, sufficient to throw the wisest off their guard, assailed me: I stammered out a something, and escaped from his hand. Breathless and faint, I threw myself on my bed; happiness, the most alluring, seemed bursting upon me, but when I attempted to catch it, it left my grasp. Prudence *intruded* on me—my dependant situation alarmed my pride; and his fortune, I knew, was uncertain, if he married against his father's consent; but stronger than this was, the ghost of Marianne, which appeared to flit before me, and I accused myself of my sister's murder.—My breath was stifled; but, checking the nervous feeling it left me, in a little time I was myself again. I appeared gay as usual; I was even accused of laughing at another's misery; while my own heart was cruelly lacerated, on considering the ruin of my own creating. Night after night was I kept awake by the sorrows of Marianne,

whose grief betrayed itself for her cousin's coolness; her agony and distress were, indeed, great, on discovering, as she said, *Monro* hated her: little did she dream, however, that *I*, her confidant, was the innocent cause of all this. What would have been the consequence of his passion, but for an accident, I know not: perhaps, in fancying I was yielding myself to his happiness, I might have hurried a sister to the grave: when one day I received a billet, not anonymously, but relying on my discretion, signed with the name of the communicator. It accused my cousin of having an illegitimate amour in London, which had been carried on for several years, and now fully authenticated. Perhaps, I, for once, forgot myself, when, in a tremulous voice, I read him the letter; not presuming I had more, however, to do with it, than as it regarded his character. Steeped as he was in crime, this was more than he could parry; he left me, abashed: but the lesson I gave him wounded his pride, if not his affection, and he quitted us once more. He did not, however, do this till he had offered, in all the eloquence of threatened despair, to invoke my pity when his errors were amended: alas! I saw no end of them. Some of his letters I was obliged to receive, or he threatened to lay open the whole affair to my poor mother; which, in the state she was, would probably have robbed her of life. At one time I had to dread suicide would drive him from this world into one more wretched: at another time, a fever, into which he had suffered himself to be hurried on my account, threatened his existence; and I was besought by his father, to save the life of his child. I lost no time in breaking this amour to *Marianne*, but she did not view it in the objectionable light I did. I kept, however, every thing else from her; while I was assailed by affection and conscience. I received a letter from the unfortunate woman, who had lost, with him, her rank in society, beseeching me to save her and her child: this was conclusive. I was now worn to a shadow: my regrets at his fate, or, perhaps, for my own, preyed upon my health; my only friend was absent; without any one to whom I could confide the cause of my sorrow, the disease preyed upon itself, and

I dreaded, each night, the return of day: yet, at times, I felt cheerful that my conscience was void of offence. I dare say I suffered no more than a hundred young women have done, in similar situations; but egotism and vanity magnify the bitterness of individual fate. At length my poor mother died: and at this time *Marianne's* health mended; her spirits also seemed to rise in equal proportion as the sadness of the scene around her seemed to call for more bitter tears.

"How shall I tell the rest!" said the innocent sufferer. "Scarce had our dear mother rested in her grave, when *Marianne* was missing: she married the man whose father had, at length, disinherited. What a composition is human nature! *Monro*, after this, dared to write to me, to declare, that, despairing of my becoming his wife, he had married one who was only dear to him on my account; while, to enforce the strength of his reformation, he declared, the woman he had seduced was wedded to another

"Say, then, my friends, heart-broken, a solitary wanderer on the face of the earth, what should I have done without that self-possession I had cultivated, or the solace of that religion, which has never left me?—Wretched and isolated as I was, I soon gained a comparative composure; when I was again called to fresh exertions. The small annuity left us, would just have maintained myself and sister with economy; but she had, with her share, to maintain a husband also. Compunction and disappointment called for a thousand aids, for good temper from a man dissatisfied with himself, and expensive in his habits; the consequence was, that they soon became insolvent: and again I was resorted to, to draw upon my resources—not of money alone, but of fortitude, to contribute to their comfort. Visiting London, I found my sister fast travelling to the last bourn: consumption and neglect preyed upon her frame. The man, whom, I confess, to you, I did love, formed a walking picture of despair: could I look upon him without feeling compassion? I will not pain your feelings by entering into a detail of what happened. Consumption, slow, yet sure, carried *Marianne* to the grave. *Monro* lingered for some time after,

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till an apoplectic fit closed his existence; bequeathing that little creature, you see, to my care. Still, from their late, though sincere, repentance, I have reason to rejoice that the pure spirits of those I love, are, perhaps, permitted to view my endeavours to be a parent to their child, with delight. While they lived, we dipped deeply into the resources left us: but now, with equal care, those talents, which were encouraged and improved by the father of my little Frank, shall be dedicated to the education of his son." Saying this, she snatched, as I am informed, the little youngster in her

arms; and, by the warmth of her kisses, fully shewed the sincerity of her love.—“But how are you, my friends?” she added, in conclusion; “my selfishness has dwelt only on myself; when, and where, do you settle?”—“We are going no where—we are come to reside near you.”—“Ah!” she exclaimed, “this is too much happiness. At present, I am in solitude; no one loves me but this child; for who will cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of an OLD MAID?”

CYNTHIA.

THE FOLLY; OR, HISTORY OF A FRENCH NUN.

I SHALL not, like most of my country-people, boast of a long list of noble ancestors. Perhaps, my father, had he consulted some genealogist, would have found out that he descended from an illustrious race; for it is often the case, that the only difference between a *gentilhomme* (nobleman) and a *roturier* (plebeian) consists, in the former knowing whom he sprung from, and the latter being ignorant of his origin. Be it as it may, my father was a merchant. Possessed of an enterprising spirit, and ever successful in his commercial speculations, he had amassed a considerable fortune; and, retiring from business, thought only of keeping a good house, and heartily joined his beloved wife in giving entertainments to large parties. The better to secure the good wishes of his co-citizens, he would lend money, indiscriminately, to all who solicited a loan; and, for awhile, enjoyed the satisfaction of being called a delightful companion, and a sensible, obliging man. His prosperity, however, was of no permanent duration. Owing to various occurrences, which it would be too tedious to relate, he became very much reduced, was forsaken and ridiculed by his former sycophants, who now called him an extravagant fool, and died broken-hearted, leaving no one to lament his loss except my mother and myself, who were left destitute; for the very day that he was consigned to his grave, we received the intelligence of a plantation of ours, together with the extensive and valuable premises, being en-

tirely destroyed, in consequence of a conflagration and a hurricane.

I had now just attained that age, when a girl instinctively wishes to please; when her heart begins to feel some latent inquietude; when, in short, she feels agitated by confused desires, which she is at a loss to define. My vanity had hitherto been gratified by the attentions of many suitors; who, however, all made their retreat when they were apprized of my humble circumstances—of my distressed situation. None of them having inspired me with a tender sentiment, their neglect caused me no additional sorrow; nevertheless, I must own, that, from a better knowledge of the world, for which I am indebted to my reading, I have since thought them entitled to my esteem and gratitude, for not having attempted to avail themselves of my forlorn state, and by persuasive professions to rank me amongst the numberless victims of credulity and falsehood.

In hopes of recovering a sum of money due to my departed father, my mother was advised to undertake a short journey; and, during her absence, I was committed to the care of an elderly lady, who had always been very partial to me, and had sought, in consequence, the company of my parents, as soon as she was informed of the change in their fortunes.

This venerable lady soon prepossessed me more and more in her favour, by her sweet temper, and the attention with which she anticipated all my desires. I felt thank-

ful for her kindness, and would have been sorry to give her the least displeasure, so interested did she appear in my behalf.—To be brief, she represented to me, in such seducing colours, the delights of virtue and of religion, that I resolved to quit the world—under a persuasion, that there was no salvation for me to be hoped for, unless I retired to a convent, and became a nun. The good woman was so overjoyed at the success of her exhortations, that she sought, and, finally, had interest enough, to procure my admittance, *gratis*, into a religious house—a circumstance almost without a precedent.

I wrote word to my mother, to acquaint her with my determination; in reply, she used every argument that reason could suggest, to dissuade me from accomplishing my design; but all her efforts proved unavailing. I persevered in my resolution; she, therefore, was incensed at my obstinacy, and never would hear of me since.

The day approached on which I was going to consummate my sacrifice—everlasting and irrevocable vows were preparing to bind me, when I was informed, that a stranger, who had just alighted from a coach and six, wanted to speak to me. I instantly went down into the parlour, where, to my utmost surprise, I met the Count of Montrose; a nobleman, possessed of an immense fortune, and still of the most engaging manners, although passed the meridian of life. It was now about two years since I had seen the Count, who, for a time, I might have thought disposed to pay me his addresses, had I not then been besieged by a host of wooers. I received him with those marks of respect that I deemed due to his rank and advanced age; but the Count, in answer, made me protestations of his most sincere love, threw himself at my feet, wept, sighed, and committed a thousand extravagancies; but I remained insensible to his transports; my devotion would have appeared questionable, I thought, if I had shewn him the least compassion.

The Count, however, returned to the charge, and more openly declared his intention to marry me. I must confess, that, for a moment, I was dazzled at the proposal; not that I loved the Count, but his rank and fortune were great temptations.

Nevertheless, I soon conquered my vanity, and begged of him not to endeavour, any further, to lead me, from the road to salvation, into a world, where my ruin was inevitable. Puffed up with the consciousness of my virtue, in the pride of my celestial soul I positively declared, that my duty would not allow me, henceforth, to receive his visits; and that, accordingly, I should, in future, be denied to him. A few days after, I pronounced my vows; and, in the contemplation of my virtues, edified the whole community.

I was summoned, one morning, to the apartment of the abbess, who, with a stern look, reproached me with rejecting the advances of a man of respectability, desirous, from my edifying converse, to be made proficient in the paths of virtue. “Your ingratitude,” pursued she, “is unpardonable; neither do I know how you will be able to atone for your remissness. The worthy gentleman wishes to see you this very day, and I command you to meet him, in my little parlour, the moment he is announced.”

My amazement is not to be described upon receiving such an order from the very person, who, formerly, had so urgently forbidden my ever encouraging my antiquated lover. I could not conceive whence originated such a change, till I heard that the Count had sent a present of fifty *Louis d'or* to the lady abbess, to distribute amongst her poor.

I was obliged to obey; nay, I did even more than I had been bidden, for, through mere absence, most likely, I kept counsel much longer than usual with my looking-glass, and placed my hood and veil to the best advantage; and the blush on my cheek must have given additional transparency to my complexion. To the Count, however, I behaved with my wonted indifference: his tender protestations, his amorous sighs, his tears and lamentations, were lost upon me, when, on a sudden, throwing himself on his knees, he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of mingled rage and love: “Know, then, ye barbarian, that you have in your power to enrich for ever the convent in which you reside. I shall transfer to this nunnery an estate worth thirty thousand livres per annum, if I be permitted only to converse with you during one night.”

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I was hurt to a degree. I cast a contemptuous look on the Count, and, without uttering one single word, left him, to go and meet the lady abbess, who was impatient to see me.

My animated countenance soon gave her to understand, that something had passed at which I was displeased. Without allowing me time to open my lips, "I have been deceived," cried she; "I thought we had to deal with a man of strict honour and principles; I have done with him"—She paused, and I then related the proposal—"This alters the case, wisely," resumed the abbess, rubbing her hands, in an exultation of joy. "You must accept of the fortune that is offered you. You are not aware, my child, how meritorious a deed it is, to rescue so much wealth from the hands of dissipation. We were much to blame if we should not seize the opportunity.—Show your gratitude—kiss me, my dearest child—become the benefactress of the house that adopted you, when forsaken by the whole world. Be not alarmed for your virtue; God forbid that I should pretend to make you renounce it. Leave me to manage the business, and you shall have nothing to reproach either of us with."

She then explained her intended plan, so as to quiet my apprehension, and dictated a note, whereby I advised the Count, that, upon more mature consideration, I condescended to grant his request, as soon as the deed of transfer should be duly executed; adding, that, perhaps, he was no less indebted for my compliance to the persuasions of the lady abbess than to my own reflection.

The messenger who was dispatched with my billet, soon returned, with a load of costly trinkets, and other valuable articles, both for my superior and for myself, and a note, to inform me that he was going to accelerate, as much as lay in his power, the execution of the document that was to procure the completion of his happiness.

Two days after, the papers, duly signed, by all parties concerned, and witnessed, were deposited into the hands of the abbess, when I acquainted the Count, without further delay, by what means he might gain admittance into my apartment.

Towards the close of the evening, he

presented himself at the gate of the convent. The lady abbess, in person, let him in, and conducted him, unperceived, into my cell. It had been agreed, that he should retire at day-break; and it was with great difficulty that I could succeed in prevailing upon him to moderate his transports, when we were left alone. An elegant supper had been prepared, which he readily consented to partake of. I took care not to sit too close to him, although on the same side of the table, as if actuated by extreme modesty, and found means to throw into my glass, convinced of his intention to exchange glasses, a considerable powder, that put him to sleep almost immediately. As he was extending his arms to embrace me, his head suddenly sunk on his breast; he reclined back on his chair, where he slept soundly, till the rattle, which summoned the congregation to matins, relieved me from my inquietude. The Count, unused to a similar noise, awoke, thinking the house was tumbling down. On opening his eyes, he looked amazed at seeing the dawn of day, and me dressed ready to go to chapel. "Pray, stop a moment," said he—"I cannot," returned I, "it is day-light; I have fulfilled my engagement, I must attend to my duty."—"Would you offer me such cruel treatment?" resumed he—"What do you complain of," replied I; "have you not enjoyed a good night's rest?"—These few words, I know not what construction the old gentleman put upon, as he began stammering an apology. He might, perhaps, have recovered himself, but the abbess came to inform him, it was time he should withdraw, and that she was come to fetch him. He was obliged to leave me, after obtaining, as the highest favour, the liberty to kiss my hand.

Not long after, the public papers mentioned the death of the Count. Whether it was the result of his disappointment, in not gaining the affections of a woman he had loved to distraction, or of his regret for having been duped out of a considerable property, I never heard; it may be, that the two motives combined to hasten his dissolution. The estate in question was known only by the name of the *Folly*.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LAVANGES, OR AVALANCHES, IN THE ALPS.

THE falls of snow known under these names, offer one of the most dreadful, and, at the same time, most extraordinary phenomena in nature, over the whole extent of the Alps. So long as the soft and dusty snow that covers the fir-trees remains without dropping, lavanges are to be expected to take place; so that the danger, in general, continues impending from two to four days after the snow has ceased. When the snow is soft, the lavanges are more frequent; but more dangerous still in case of a thaw. When the snow happens to fall upon the frozen surface of a more ancient snow, it forms lavanges with much greater facility than when it meets with a thawed surface. Lavanges will take place in winter, in spring, and in summer.

COLD, OR WINDY LAVANGES.—When the higher mountains are covered with a recent fall of snow, and that the wind, or some other occurrence, happens to detach some of the flakes, these, very frequently, fall along the slope of the rocks, where they gather so as to become of an immense magnitude; after which, they pursue their formidable course, by rolling to the very extremity of the valleys. These are what they call, in the country, cold lavanges. When either men, or any of the cattle, have the misfortune to be in the way, and covered over with lavanges of this kind, they may yet be rescued, if the snow be speedily removed, which is practicable, those masses not being compact. Whenever the lavanges are not very ponderous, they who are caught will sometimes succeed in getting off merely by melting the snow with their breath, together with the joint effect of their perspiration, and by keeping their bodies in constant motion. But, when the lavange is of a certain magnitude, and that no assistance from without is at hand, the unfortunate must perish.

SPRING LAVANGES.—During the course of the winter, enormous masses of snow will collect, and project beyond the sides of the rocks, so as to be suspended above the ground; in April and in May, when the sun begins to be more powerful, and that a

sudden thaw takes place, these masses will break, and fall in consequence of their weight, or of the air being agitated, either by the tinkling of the bells about the horses' heads, the speaking of men, or by the wind. The lavanges then precipitate themselves, with incredible violence, into the parts below, carrying away with them, in their fall, fragments of stones, trees, and earth; they tear asunder the rocks, under the ruins of which, they bury houses and whole villages; they likewise overthrow whole forests, with irresistible impetuosity. It is in the spring, that lavanges of this kind most frequently occur, and render the passage across the Upper Alps so very dangerous in that season. The least sound is sufficient to occasion an avalanche. Such persons as are under an obligation of crossing the Alps during the spring, should manage it so as to form different parties; then to proceed by keeping at a proper distance from each other, yet near enough to fly in time to the relief of those who might be overtaken by a lavange. It is advisable, in those dangerous countries, to take off all the bells from the mules or horses—to set out very early in the morning, before the sun has thawed the snow—and to walk fast, in deep silence. Neither is it advise, prior to reaching the most perilous passes, to fire a pistol, the report of which easily brings down the masses most liable to be detached. However, the inhabitants of these mountains, know, exactly, the spots where those accidents annually take place; it is, therefore, of the most serious importance to consult them, and to abide by their advice.

Such travellers as have the misfortune to be caught by one of those spring lavanges, are most frequently lost without resource; being either smothered, or crushed to atoms, by the enormous weight. The snow of which they are composed is become so hard, that neither man nor horse can extricate themselves, without foreign assistance; and, sometimes, it will form over the torrents through the Alps natural vaults, or arches, that will bear prodigious heavy masses, to the very midst of summer.

The dreadful impetuosity of the cold and spring lavanges, is beyond imagination.—The fall of those masses of snow, which often roll down from several thousand feet high, causes so violent a commotion in the air, that, sometimes, cottages are seen to be overturned, and men suffocated, at a considerable distance from the place which the lavange runs over. The impetuosity is so great, so prodigious, that, not unfrequently, the lavanges cover, within the valleys, surfaces upwards of one league in length; and exercise their devastations in places above two leagues distant from the foot of the rock, whence they originally descended. They always carry with them a large quantity of stones, from the tops of the mountains; and leave, in the pasturages of the Alps, and in the vallies, shocking traces of their ravages. These terrific vestiges, will, sometimes, subsist for a long series of years, in a like manner to those occasioned by the wild torrent, that has struck with sterility the most fruitful meadow.

SUMMER LAVANGES.—These never occur but in the summer season, and are offensive neither to travellers nor to the cattle, as they seldom fall but on the most elevated parts of the mountains, where the snow is stationary all the year round. The appearance of them is curious; you would think you saw a silvery river, encompassed within a cloud of snow, extremely subtle, running from the tops of the rocks; the mass increases at every step of the amphitheatre; it streams with a roaring, resembling that of thunder, and which is prolonged by means of the echoes amidst the sublime silence of the Alps. These lavanges most

generally take place when the sky is serene, and that the westerly winds prevail.

REMARKABLE LAVANGES.—A dreadful hollow roaring, like that of thunder, being the usual forerunner of lavanges, travellers, upon hearing it, may seek their safety in flight. The shape and position of certain mountains contribute to terrible lavanges returning every year in particular places; and, indeed, the inhabitants of the mountains, through the whole chain of the Alps, have suffered severely in consequence of those ruinous phenomena. It has been observed of late, that the lavanges penetrated into countries where they had ceased being seen for ages.

HURRICANES.—In Savoy they call them *Tourmentes*. These hurricanes are mixed with an abundance of snow-dust, the effects of which are very injurious to travellers. In the mountains of German Switzerland, they are known by the name of *Bousen*, or *Gouxen*. Impetuous whirlwinds blow up the snow lately fallen into the higher vallies of the mountain-passes; carry it in masses, resembling clouds, which, in a few moments, obstruct the defiles and hollows, cover the roads, and bury, in snow, the very poles intended to indicate the roads. Such travellers as have the misfortune to be surprised by those hurricanes, are exposed to the most frightful danger; for those whirlpools of snow, whose flakes, subtle to a degree, occasion the skin to turn red, and to swell, in consequence of acute pain, will not allow them to keep their eyes open, or to find their way, so that they wander about at the risk of falling into precipices.

A TALE DESCRIPTIVE OF THE REGIONS TO BE EXPLORED IN THE EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

THE historians of antiquity, merely intent upon recording plain facts, have left succeeding writers abundant scope to imagine, and to pourtray the sentiments arising from adverse or propitious events; and perhaps the sufferers or agents were too acutely grieved, or passionately excited, to be capable of retracing or delineating the mixed emotions that embittered their feelings, or actuated and recompensed their

perilous achievements. In recapitulating remarkable incidents, or sketching the peculiarities of foreign countries, we have aimed at inducing the junior readers of *La Belle Assemblée* to prepare for themselves an exhaustless fund for independent amusement in the decline of life, by forming a taste for information in history, geography, and elegant researches concerning the wonders of nature. These have been slightly indi-

cated in the sad adventures of Christabella, the happier destiny of Bemoida, the first settlers in the northern mountains of Africa, the communications of Lady Florentia, and by the narrative now offered as some outline of the regions to be explored in the arctic expedition, and where our Greenlanders have combated the most formidable dangers. Our statements, and the historical epochs will be found correct, however deficient in composition or ingenuity the fictions they are made to interweave.

When the incurable pulmonary symptoms that terminated the yet unripened years of Edward VI. came to be generally known, alarm and dismay prevailed among all that had embraced the reformed religion. They dolefully called to mind, that after the insurrection of Wat Tyler, in 1378, heretical denunciations furnished a pretext for gratifying political animosity; and that even the gallant, the liberal minded Henry the Fifth, doomed many Wickliffites to the stake. The presumptive heiress to the throne of England was bigotted to papal superstitions, and wholly governed by inveterate gloomy priests, who would explode their wrath upon all who had been conspicuous in a contrary persuasion.—Among these a Cornish gentleman, of large fortune, had reason to apprehend the vindictive power of his Romish neighbours. He had done them no ill offices—his charity excluded no needy person; but he had zealously propagated the doctrines of Luther, and his benevolent exemplary life made more proselytes than the eloquence of those preachers he munificently rewarded for their pious peregrinations. He had two daughters married to men of rank, yet less obnoxious to vengeance; but the third having earnestly seconded her father's efforts in behalf of protestant tenets, and having worn sables for the death of their great champion soon after Edward succeeded to the crown, might expect severe retribution. For her sake, more than his own, Mr. Woodville desired an asylum, and was aware that wherever they might find temporary refuge on the Continent their exasperated persecutors would, if they chose, get them into their ruthless gripe. While anxiously ruminating on these particulars, a vessel belonging to Iceland, driven from her course by a hurricane, was

saved from utter destruction by Mr. Woodville and his servants at the risk of their own lives. Karsandal, the commander, could converse with his host in Latin: and numberless are the advantages that might accrue to all nations by establishing some living dialect as a common medium of intercourse. The maritime supremacy of Great Britain, besides the countless variety of excellent publications by her sons on every subject connected with science, literature, ethics, or arts; and hers being the verbiage of the American states, that are continually growing in commercial importance—these constitute unrivalled claims for rendering our idiom the cosmopolite language.

The Icelandic skipper satisfied Mr. Woodville of the reformed religion being universal in his native isle; and Miss Woodville impressively argued, or persuasively pleaded against her father's reluctance to take her thither, and for ever to renounce a land of luxuriant vegetation. She at length obtained his consent, and he converted his property into merchandize suitable for a frigid clime. Karsandal, in gratitude for Mr. Woodville's benefits, concurred in every arrangement for his accommodation, and patriotism sanctioned each sacrifice of individual views to an emigrant who would bring specimens of British manufactures and mechanism that might stimulate the ingenuity of insular hyperboceans.

Just as Mr. Woodville handed his daughter into a barge which was to convey them to Karsandal's ship, his adopted son, Edmund Beauclerc, alighted from his horse, and declared his intention of accompanying them to Iceland. Edmund's father guiltlessly suffered on the scaffold, and forfeited his estates to the tyrannical Henry VIII. and a few hours before his execution delivered his boy to Mr. Woodville as a pledge of immortal friendship. But for the attainder Edmund would have the title of Baronet, with an ample fortune, and his personal and mental qualifications might have adorned the highest sphere. His mother died of grief during Sir Lionel Beauclerc's imprisonment; but Edmund was not an orphan, for Mr. and Mrs. Woodville reared him with parental tenderness, and his endearments remunerated

their care. He had been practicing medicine with great reputation in a distant county; yet Mr. Woodville's farewell letter decided him to bid his flattering prospects for ever adieu! He was six years older than Gertrude; had carried her in his arms, had kissed the tears from her dimpled cheeks when she wept for the death of her mother; and soothed her by consolatory suggestions when she lapsed inquiries—"Why, dear mamma was carried away by a great crowd all in black?"—And though he had imposed on himself the anguishing prohibition of seeing and conversing with her, he could not submit to a separation—absolute as the grave. Gertrude blushed with indefinable sensations when Edmund seated himself beside her in the barge; and even sea-sickness was not unmingled with pleasures, when he was deputed by her father to sit beside his sister, or to give her cordial drops. Mr. Woodville secretly purposed that Edmund would more favourably construe those intimations of his wish for the most sacred affinity. He, on the other hand, supposed honour forbade him to take advantage of unsuspecting confidence; yet hourly opportunity, the ingenuous openness of Miss Woodville, and the oblique encouragement received from her father, added to the horrors of a storm, removed the long endured restraint. After the Icelandic vessel was under way, a yawl from the Cornish shore brought on board Mr. Lycock, a clergyman, and Mr. Edgar, a naval officer. Lycock had committed irregularities which he had reason to apprehend would eject him from his benefice; and Edgar had stabbed a sailor in a passion, and fled from justice. Both pretended they dreaded Romish persecution, and Mr. Woodville made them welcome to partake of his sea stores. During the good weather they amused themselves by paying those attentions to Miss Woodville which men of gay habits believe dignifying to their own egotistical gallantry, and flattering to the lovelier sex. Edgar's nautical abilities and presence of mind found constant employment in a dreadful tempest. Mr. Woodville and Beauclerc gave unremitting help at the pumps, but Lycock shammed sickness, and when all hands were engrossed he was indebted to Miss Woodville's humanity for the susten-

ance he received. Mr. Woodville had long suffered by asthma; fatigue and cold occasioned a pneumonia, attended by inflammation in his chest. Gertrude saw his danger, and though agonised by grief and apprehension, her faculties seemed multiplied in acting as his sick nurse. Beauclerc never left him, and when the vessel rolled, his arms held the object of exalted esteem and fondness. At one time, when all on board expected every moment to be engulfed by the mountainous billows, he supported Gertrude.

"My dearest Gertrude, for you only have I lived; let us be united in death! Let us perish in a chaste embrace."

"Yes, Edmund," she replied; "in this solemn hour I need not hesitate to confess how fervently I return your love."

Mr. Woodville, who lay awake, hearing these affectionate effusions said, "Take my child and my blessing, dear Edmund. If our lives are spared, Lycock shall join you by sanctified ties."

Six days the vessel seedbed before a south-west wind, and unreserved intercourse of souls made Gertrude and Edmund almost insensible to fear: they sometimes forgot all beings except Mr. Woodville and each other, and through life were mutually endearing by recollecting that in all the inebriation of love Gertrude still maintained whatever was due to her own delicacy, and Edmund submitted to the laws of his own high-spirited honour. The elemental strife gradually subsided; the darkness and drifting snow gradually dissipated. The leads employed in sounding frequently touched a solid bottom, and pieces of ice were drawn up by the tackle. Mr. Woodville was able to leave his bed on the day when Gertrude and Edmund plighted consecrated vows; and the nuptial ceremony, performed in circumstances unparalleled in the history of mankind, saved Gertrude from being dependant upon the generous protection of a lover, without a parent, or one of her own sex to shield her from scandal.

Mr. Kourandal told Mr. Woodville the ship had got among congeries of ice, termed by sailors in those latitudes sea calves; the floating minute congelations were called sledge; and both devoted an approach to Greenland. He apprehended no danger, and could promise the English gentry

a most hospitable reception from the Iceland colony. Fogs and snow returned, but the ship still advanced before a gentle gale. One night all were roused from sleep by a frightful concussion: they hastened to the deck: yet terror did not deprive Gertrude of self-possession: she besought her father to let her wrap him up before he encountered the piercing air; and her beloved Beauclerc was defended from cold by her assiduous *prevenance*. The dense vapours began to assume a fleecy whiteness, and slowly floating away, gave place to deep blue clouds, where, with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, the twinkling stars greeted the sight of our voyagers, who many nights had impatiently wished to behold them marshalling their lights around the lunar orb. Mr. Woodville could not be persuaded to return below, but his injunction, and Beauclerc's intreaty, overcame Mrs. Beauclerc's reluctance. She trimmed a lamp in her stateroom, and sat down to read a family Bible, the first that issued from the press of the first British printer, Claxton, at Westminster Abbey, in 1471. The few hours of darkness elapsed, and presented a novel and magnificent scene to the English passengers.

"Reason tells me those refulgent eminences are fraught with evils," said Mr. Beauclerc; "yet I must admire the glittering green hue which, in ever changing shades, plays over the frilled ice; and the spires on some of the icelings seem to realize our fairy tales of pillars hewn from mines of precious stones."

"I have strained my eyes," said Mr. Woodville, "but cannot descry the ulterior boundary of that immense pile of ice where our ship is embayed."

"It cannot be discerned, Sir," replied Kaursandal: "but the greater the iceberg the less is our risk, as we may hope it will hold together till the inferior masses are dispersed."—"We are in the hands of Omnipotent Goodness," returned Mr. Woodville; "and in reliance upon the unerring decrees of Heaven I can with delight contemplate that vast extent of frilled ice, which, reflecting the solar beams, appears transmuted to a territory of polished gold; and the spires of several icebergs irradiated, shed on all sides the brilliancy of the

diamond, the ruby, the emerald, the topaz, the sapphire, the amethyst, and all imaginable tints adorn the fantastically embellished columns. How deceitful is the dazzling lustre! not only valueless, but teeming with calamity."

"They remind me," said the volatile Edgar, archly leering to Lycock, "they remind me of the deluding fair ones we sailors meet in every port. Shall we encounter them in Iceland, Mr. Kaursandal?"

"No, Sir," replied the skipper. "We have no licentious priests nor depraved laymen, who, fancying themselves idle, are the drudges of false pleasure, and the corrupters of innocence."

"Oh, that I could say so much in favour of England!" responded Mr. Woodville. "As men and Christians we must deprecate an increase of bondwomen ensnared to the most villifying wretchedness, while they expect every enchanting freedom and blandishment; yet preventives to guard the sane from contamination, and invocations powerfully calling the ulcerated heart to seek its only cure—repentance, are seldom afforded. Oh, that my country may be brought to consider that the treatment by which distemper has augmented, is not likely to abate its virulence; nor can penances and infamy to the undone female, without appropriate instruction, lead her to reformation, or deter heedless untaught youth from folly, which in frequent instances becomes the precursor of vice."

"Timely warnings of bitter experience would enforce circumspection," said Beauclerc; "and circumspection is the most secure guard of virtue, if founded on religious principles, ever vigilant in detecting, avoiding, and defeating criminal enticements."

"You will surely give us an eloquent sermon against the wiles of man, Lycock," said Edgar, laughing; "but let the fascinating, the interested sex look to it. It is their own affair to keep within safe boundaries; and upon my honour, all ladies, however exalted in rank and character, are deeply implicated in the conduct or misconduct of the meanest tradeswoman. We men of the world take leave to judge of the intrinsic nature of woman, not by equipage, dress, and all the specious *baga-*

tells of fashion, but by the unvarnished profligacies of those that come *sans omission* in our way as familiars."

"Now you accuse your sex of uncandidly generalizing the worst with the best," said Mr. Woodville. "You must confess we are the original tempters.—I must crave your kind aid to take me to bed."

Beauclerc and Edgar helped Mr. Woodville down the cabin stair; and Kaurtsandal, with all dispatch, obeyed the hint from Beauclerc to bid Mrs. Beauclerc meet her father below. His professional knowledge apprized him death approached. Mr. Woodville bade his friends a last farewell, and sat, supported by his daughter on one side, and his son-in-law on the other, waiting Lycock to administer the sacrament, but he sent word he was too ill to move. He reclined upon the bosom of his daughter, and, as sinking to calm repose, expired!

The sixth morning subsequent to Mr. Woodville's decease, Beauclerc was awoke by a great commotion on board. The men were all surrounding Kaurtsandal with eager gestures, while Edgar, as spokesman, represented that the small stripe of unfrozen sea was visibly narrowed; that from the mast head he could see land, though at a great distance; that the boats could contain all on board, and by cutting the sides of the ice with axes, they might reach Greenland, which was more expedient than to stay in the ship to perish with cold and famine. Kaurtsandal urged the impossibility of small craft living among ice if strong squalls agitated the water. The mate and helmsman joined in this expostulation, but Edgar requested Kaurtsandal to consider whether dying at once was not preferable to dying by inches; and whether taking the lives of his crew with his dagger would not be mercy compared to exacting from them obedience, which must ultimately subject them to lingering tortures in an icy prison. He asked if, in such an emergency, the decision of resources should not be put to a vote. The men clamoured for permission to vote—who would go with Edgar or stay with Kaurtsandal? To this proposal their commander assented. All joined Edgar except Kaurtsandal, the mate, the principal helmsman, Beauclerc, and his wife. With a palpitating heart, but composed aspect, she kept her eyes fixed on

the countenance of Edmund, and a gleam of joy lighting up her features, assured him she approved his determination. Lycock, evidently intoxicated, attempted several times to interrupt Edgar's undaunted steady adherence to the plan he had concerted; but Edgar commanded him to silence.

The boats were lowered with tumultuous glee, victualled for a week, provided with bedding, and the warmest dress for the adventurers. Edgar, with the intrepidity and manly deliberation of a British naval hero, led the van: when he shook hands with the *recruits*, as he sportively called those that remained in the ship, he promised to sound a trumpet every ten minutes for two hours after losing sight of the flag hoisted at the top-gallant-mast. Imagination may conceive, but no words can depict, the feelings of Mrs. Beauclerc as she beheld these self-devoted men hacking and pushing their way through the ice. Darkness overspread the sky before they were out of view; and in two hours the trumpet ceased to announce their safety. Their fate is still unknown. This night Beauclerc and his bosom companion consumed the tedious minutes in regrets for Edgar, whose gaiety, though tinged with wildness, never offended against humanity or decency, like the cool sarcasms or sly *double entendre* by which Lycock had often distressed Miss Woodville in the commencement of her father's illness.—"Unhappy man," said Beauclerc; "unworthy of his profession. A pious clergyman does honour to human nature; but the dissolute Lycock is contemptibly detestable in himself; the hypocrisy of such men inflicts more deadly wounds upon the cause of religion than avowed liberalism."

When the small party met on deck early next morning, the uncertain safety of their separated friends, and their own precarious prospects, saddened their mutual communications. Mr. Kaurtsandal proposed that he and the helmsman should ascend the iceberg to see if any trace of the voyagers could be discovered. They returned without being able to give the desired tidings; but this disappointment was alleviated by the glad intelligence that on the very summit of the iceberg they found a well of fresh water. All with one accord prostrated

themselves in thanksgiving to God for this unexpected, this inestimable benefit; and after a temperate meal, began with new alacrity to lay in stores of the precious fluid. Their next care was to open below decks a passage to such provisions as could not be removed near the destined lodging. They had food sufficient for some months, and coals in abundance. Rats had been a great annoyance, but cold and want of water had much reduced their numbers: every precaution was used to debar them from the recent supplies, and Beauclerc mixed a subtle poison with a quantity left at night over a chafing-dish to keep it from congealing. The rats drank it greedily, and were soon dead in heaps. Their carcasses were collected, filled with poison, and carried to a remote part of the frilled ice to destroy the bears, whose howlings in that quarter they heard with shuddering horror: welcome was a deep fall of snow which, freezing over the deck, formed a barrier against the ferocious creatures. Death in various forms menaced the isolated prisoners in the cabin; they frequently heard on the snow the tread or the growl of bears; a thaw would give them access, or a sudden disruption of the iceberg might engulf the ship in the fathomless ocean. A mortal sentence continually impended: yet religious hope pierced the gloom of anxious anticipation. They should die but once: death to the sincere Christian promises a passport to everlasting felicity, and God with a single fiat could order events for restoring them to the haunts of men.

The ravenous visitors of the deck, gaining no spoil, quite forsook the neighbourhood, and months passed in tolerable comfort, though cut off from worldly enjoyments. The hour-glass gave them some computation of time—watches were not then invented; and so far as they could

judge, about the end of three months the snow began to dissolve; noises more tremendous than the loudest explosion of thunder assailed their ears. Kaurmandal informed his companions that the icebergs were bursting asunder, and was impatient to get through the covering of snow to ascertain if the mass which embayed their ship remained firm at its base. He and Beauclerc got upon the nearest frilled ice. They laid their heads close to the surface, and repeated the trial day after day, till a murmuring sound warned them disruption must soon take place. During ten days of thaw, the inferior icebergs were dispersed; but the safety of all on board depended on the wind continuing to blow off the iceberg to which they were attached. Awful suspense heaved every bosom, but all were resigned to the divine dispensations. They felt the ship afloat: a favourable gale wafted her out of danger from the appalling crash which announced that the iceberg had separated.

The voyagers reached Iceland, where Beauclerc and his wife reared a numerous family, and were patterns of piety, virtue, and industry. Melancholy regrets for England and for the venturesome Edgar and his companions, could not be eradicated from the mind of Mr. and Mrs. Beauclerc, when they came to know that about this time an accumulation of ice deprived the Greenland colony of all succours from their Icelandic mother country. Commerce had not then united all civilized countries in one great commonwealth, interchanging tidings and productions. Our exiles lived and died in ignorance of the mighty changes effected by Queen Elizabeth; but believing Providence ordered all for the best, their solicitudes were allayed by humble resignation.

B. G.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM—No. XVIII.

ISLE OF SHEEPY.—This is the supposed *Teliapis* of Ptolemy, and the *Sceapage* of the Saxons, or the Isle of Sheep. There are three ferries; that of the King's is most frequented, which is wafted over by a long cable flung across the water.

SHEEPNESS.—The most consequential

place is the Fort and Ship-yard at Sheerness. The land it occupies was, in the time of Charles I. a morass, on which his son erected a battery of twelve guns to defend the passage up the Medway; but the Dutch appeared before the place in 1667, and quickly beat all the works to the

ground with their guns, though the place was garrisoned with good soldiers under excellent officers. The Dutch lauded some men, as if they were determined to keep the garrison, but they thought better of it: and the English nation being roused, a regular fortification was erected; it became a royal fort, has now a governor, and every thing proper for its defence. A royal dock-yard was also established, with all the requisites for building and repairing ships of war.

ROCHESTER.—The *Durobrivis* of the Romans, seated on the military road. The Saxons surrounded it with walls on the ancient foundations. The present Castle was built on the site of the Roman, as is evident from the Roman bricks mixed in the walls, and various Roman coins dug up within its precincts. The ruins we now admire are from the work constructed by Gundulphus, a Bishop more eminent for architectural skill than learning; and who must have built it in 1077 or 1107, the period of his episcopate. The rounding of the Norman arch is very perceptible in this castle. The body of the present cathedral remains another proof of the architectural skill of Gundulphus; he re-built it in the form of the time, with round arches and clumsy pillars. Adjoining to the church is a square tower, built by that prelate in the usual style: many parts of the church, erected since his days, are in the Gothic style; the front is elegant, with a Norman door, and the great window is Gothic. The founder of Merton College died at Rochester, in 1277, and was buried in the cathedral.

The bishopric of Rochester was founded by Ethelbert, in the year 600, who built a church dedicated to St. Andrew. The first Bishop was Justus, a Roman. It is one of the poorest of our bishoprics, and has usually annexed to it the rich deanery of Westminster.

Rochester Bridge has eleven arches; the sides are guarded by a parapet and iron rails, and on the centre is a draw-bridge: this bridge was built in the reign of Richard II. by Sir Robert Knollys and Sir John de Cobham.

CHATHAM.—When Elizabeth built Upnor Castle, situated a little below Chatham, she had probably in view the defence of

the royal ship-yard which she meant to establish at Chatham. Charles I. greatly improved the ship-yard, erected very considerable buildings, and made two docks for floating the ships in with the tide. Charles II. who was fond of the navy, made great additions, and here laid up his principal ships.

The great seaman, Sir John Hawkins, in 1592, founded here an hospital for wounded or disabled seamen or shipwrights, which supports ten people, who come under that description, in a very comfortable manner.

The chest at Chatham was also established by Sir John Hawkins, in conjunction with Sir Francis Drake, immediately after the defeat of the Spanish Armada; to which chest all the sailors of the British navy at that time agreed to contribute; it is continued to the present day, and is possessed of several landed estates.

Bishop Gundulphus founded here, in 1078, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, for lepers, and the first institution in England for that loathsome disorder, brought into England by the religious pilgrimages before the crusades, which latter did not begin till the year 1096.

FEVERSHAM.—It was so noted, in the time of Alfred, that it gave title to the hundred: in 930, the town was large enough to entertain King Athelstan, and all his council, assembled there to establish salutary laws for the kingdom's benefit. Feversham is a corporation by prescription. It contained a monastery, founded in 1147, by King Stephen, and his Queen Matilda, of Boulogne, for the monks of Clugni: after its dissolution the site was granted to Sir Thomas Cheney. The small remains of the abbey are part of a building used as a barn, and the gateway. On some wainscot, in a house near the gate, are preserved certain carvings, representing the profiles of Stephen and Matilda; of Stephen in a boat drawn by a swan, with a battle-axe in his hand, and the figure of a centaur discharging an arrow from his bow. Stephen being born in December, under Sagittarius, took that sign for his device.

A house is still to be seen, where a Mr. Edward Arden and his wife were most inhumanly murdered, in 1550, by a number of infamous assassins.

It was to this town that James II. was conveyed prisoner, after he was seized on board a small vessel off Shelness, on December 12, 1688. He was plundered of about three hundred pounds, and two medals; one of great curiosity, which had been struck on the birth of his son, afterwards so well known by the name of the Pretender. The King's rank was not known till he reached Feversham, where he was immediately acknowledged as King, and treated with great respect.

THE ISLE OF THANET.—To this day the isle preserves the character given to it by Solinus, of its great fertility: the produce is wheat, barley, beans, pease, red and white clover, tares, turnips, radishes for seed, trefoil, and kidney beans, with a great variety of seeds for the use of the gardeners about London: all this was owing to the industry of the Dutch and Flemings, who fled in the reign of Queen Elizabeth from the Duke of Alba's persecution. They originally fixed themselves near Sandwich, dividing themselves, most judiciously, among places best suited to their several occupations. There the gardeners found a fertile soil and a navigable river: they were the first who introduced the canary grass into this country, and it is now cultivated with infinite profit in the Isle of Thanet, which is now rather improperly called an island: it is about nine miles long, and contains about twenty thousand acres of arable and pasture land; the surface, except about the villages, is destitute of trees. The north coast from Cliff's end, quite round the North Foreland to Cliff's end near Pegwell, is a range of chalky precipices, of a most shattery texture, falling in vast fragments, as acted upon by the waves and weather.

DENT DE LION.—This place is vulgarly named Dandelion; and had been the seat of a family named Dent de Lion, or Lion's Tooth, from the time of Edward I. In the reign of Edward IV. it became extinct in the male line; when, by the marriage of the daughter and heiress of John Dandelion, it passed to the Petits. The place and estate is now divided among different proprietors. A venerable gate is still left; the entrance is beneath a Gothic portal. At the four corners is a handsome square tower, made of alternate rows of flints and

bricks. The arms of the original owners are over the gate; and at one corner, a demi-lion, with the word *Dandelion* issuing from its mouth.

MARGATE.—This town stands upon a tide harbour, where, at high water, the tide flows fifteen feet.

In the reign of Edward III. when that Prince called together his naval force to cover the siege of Calais, Margate alone furnished fifteen ships, manned with a hundred and sixty mariners.

In the church are some brass memorials of the dead: among which is one of John Dandelion, who died in 1445, and another of a Henry Petit, who died in 1569.

The fashionable passion for sea bathing has occasioned a vast expence in buildings: the assembly-room is commodious, and the libraries and theatre elegant and convenient.

HACKENDOWN.—In a hollow we find a gate leading to the sea, once called St. Bartholomew's, but which was changed to King's Gate, in memory of the landing of Charles II. in 1638: and in the dreary concave of this gate Henry Lord Holland built an elegant villa. But not a tree is to be seen in all the extent of the adjacent downs, which, instead of groves or verdant clumps, are dotted with buildings of flints in fantastic forms, ruined castles, towers, pyramids, and other structures, memorials of ancient events. The villa itself is a beautiful piece of architecture. In the front is a large portico of the Doric order: the house is low, consisting only of the ground floor; the apartments are numerous, but most of them, except the saloon, very small. They are crowded with statues, busts, basso-relievos, vases, and other antiquities brought from Italy. Every thing, however, about the house shews symptoms of neglect. After the death of Lord Holland, Powel, the unhappy suicide, became the owner; now, who is the owner is scarcely known, but it is let during the bathing season to any one who wishes to make it his residence.

RANSGATE.—It consists of two streets disposed in form of a cross, and opens, like Margate, bounded on each side by chalky cliffs. It is much larger than Margate, but equally resorted to for the benefit of bathing. The church, dedicated to St.

Lawrence, is seated on a hill about a mile from the town, adjoining to a small village.

Ramsgate was no more than a poor fishing place till about the year 1666, when it rose by the success of its trade with Russia and the east country. What gives it its chief celebrity is its stupendous mole, designed to give shelter to ships in hard gales of wind from the south-east, and save them from imminent peril in the Downs. This magnificent work was begun in 1750, by the suggestions of the merchants of London. The affair was violently agitated in the House of Commons, but an act was obtained, and powers granted to trustees

for borrowing money on the security of a certain duty per ton on all ships entering the harbour. The sum of above three hundred thousand pounds has already been expended, and a work of very superior elegance effected, consisting of two piers, of white purbeck stones, twenty-six feet in breadth, with a parapet wall towards the sea; one side extends eight hundred feet into the water, the other not so far. The harbour of Ramsgate affords a good depth of water, and a ship of five hundred tons, it is said, once found shelter by running in from a very violent storm.

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I am a Welshwoman, and consequently not only a little obstinate, but very warm in my temper. My husband is an Irishman, jocos and extravagant; this often causes high words between us, and our neighbours have imagined more than a hundred times, that we were going to separate, never to meet again in this world.

But in this they are deceived; we love one another to distraction, in spite of our frequent quarrels, which are always followed by the sweetest reconciliations; and I should be the happiest of wives if a fatal circumstance had not taken place and deranged all our pleasing prospects.

My husband, Mr. Hearwell, took it in his head to write a book: farewell then to all my peaceful days. He was solely taken up with the manuscript, the proof sheets, and printing. Then his thoughts all dwell on the success of its sale; not from any interested views, but from mere vanity; the reviewers pull the work to pieces, or praise it according to their professed principles, or from caprice. The author wishes to answer them, and his head is bewildered, while I am bored to death with listening to his remarks. It is in vain for me to implore, preach, and cry out against all this; his book is his darling, and his poor wife is left to mope in a corner by herself.

When I married, Sir, I was taught to believe I had wedded a man of fashion, but he is no longer so; all his ambition is

to be considered as a literary man: there is a wide difference between the two characters in every sense of the word.

During the four first months after my marriage, my husband took me to the theatres, and to every genteel place of public amusement: and subscribing, for my diversion, to one of the best libraries in Bond-street, he brought me home himself every new romance or novel as soon as it was published.

But now no more lively dinner parties, no more balls, plays, or operas; no more new novels. My gentleman is always absorbed in deep reflection, always profoundly thinking, composing, or poring over a set of old musty folios, in order to give a new turn to some ancient thought or maxim. He is so deeply engaged that he never seems to know what he is about or what is passing. I stand right before him, but he does not see me; he runs against me, drives me away, and flies to his writing-desk, that he may not lose a fine idea that is just come into his head. When night comes, I hope all this is over, and that at least I shall not lose his company when he is asleep. But my hopes are vain; he shuts himself up in his closet, bolts the door within side, and if he does happen to fall asleep there, it is with his pen in his hand, and his forehead on the table.

Now, do not you think, good Sir, that I am very much to be pitied? My husband, in consequence of your patience, has some

thoughts, he told me the other day, of sending you a manuscript to revise for him. Now, should he do so, have the goodness to receive it; promise him to do all in your power to forward its publication; but, as soon as ever he is gone, set about giving the most satirical criticism imaginable on the produce of his brain; he deserves chastisement for taking from me those hours which ought to be consecrated to me alone, and injuring his health, which he promised by our marriage contract to preserve.

Any one may be able to write a bitter satire on an author's work; and you can easily give my husband a disgust to his ridiculous mania, and restore to me the happy hours I once passed in his society: such a state of solitude is not without danger for a youthful wife; I married to find a protector and a social companion. I am myself of a frank and undesigning character; and my sincere wish is to be a tender, chaste, and obedient wife: to you, therefore, I apply to second me in that laudable wish; to restore to me, by your assistance, the husband of my fondest choice, and thereby to ensure to yourself the eternal gratitude of one who but three years ago, at the age of fifteen, was made a bride.

CLARISSA.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—No one more than myself delights in seeing happy human faces; I have even carried this propensity so far as to study the best means of procuring pleasure to the brute creation about me; nay, more than once I have gone to Hyde Park on purpose to feed the deer; have thrown cakes to the bears in the ditches of Berne, in Switzerland; and not unfrequently taken a couple of sponge biscuits in my pocket to give to a poor gardener's jack-ass. But I revolt at the very idea of a negro being allowed to salute, and sometimes even to become the partner for life of a white woman. What! is it in a country where the crossing the breed of our cattle is considered an object of so serious an importance, that such unnatural connexions are to pass unnoticed, or to be overlooked? Is it not wonderful that the legislature have not hitherto interfered to prevent them? Is it because instances of that moral depravity

are only as yet to be met with amongst the lower classes of society, that the practice is less censurable, and deserving of so little attention? The unrelenting bitter reproaches of her offspring are not a punishment adequate to the enormity of a mother who has thus branded them and herself; and though they were to give rise to poignant repentance within the heart of her who, though callous to every feeling of common decorum, might yet retain a sense of right and wrong, I shall repeat it, our senate should take the subject into consideration. The case is so much the more deplorable, that the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty: for should the mongrel sons of such a lost woman, when they have attained the age of manhood, chance to ingratiate themselves with a weak fair one, what would the lot of her pug-nosed, thick-lipped, sooty-complexioned daughters be, when emerging from their teens?—Deprived of the lawful faculty of becoming mothers in their turn, would they not become a dead weight on the community? When it is known that our industrious tradespeople and mechanics, if, on account of losses, long fits of illness, want of occupation, or infirmity, are reduced to seek an asylum in a workhouse; have their children torn away from them, and sent, at a certain age, to the manufactories, where they are never claimed but in vain by their parents; could it be considered a more reprehensible measure, in instances of the nature above mentioned, to send back to the original country of their father, supposing similar alliances should continue to be tolerated, those mixed-blood infants? If it be said that every body, in such cases, must feel for the parents, I shall retort that it is an additional circumstance which proclaims the propriety of a general prohibition.

Some people will argue, that the blacks being our fellow-creatures, they should enjoy all our privileges. Agreed, in the theory, but not in the practice. Let it be so amongst themselves, as a nation; but in our country it is inadmissible. Who could, with due reverence, behold one of them either in the pulpit, or on the bench in a court of justice? Neither is this general objection to be viewed as the result of prejudice; yet, though it were, these

are many prejudices that should be respected; it is the abuse of them that is reprehensible; and, for my part, in honour of the reformer of all others, I should willingly vote a statue to be erected.

Notwithstanding I shudder at the recollection of the atrocities committed by the blacks against the whites, and especially the fair sex, in the island of St. Domingo, I cannot but confess that they were partly suggested by a spirit of revenge for former ill-treatment; I shall not, therefore, introduce them as proofs of the natural antipathy that exists, and which they bear towards us. But let the memoirs of our voyagers be consulted, and then it will be made evident, how sanguinary their disposition is at home, and, of course, how dangerous to afford them encouragement when they have set foot on our European shores.

Neither hospitality nor liberality prescribe our ceasing to be cautious. Our jealous care to keep foreigners at a distance, rests on the most rational basis.—Our national blunt candidness is not calculated to cope with the enterprising pliability of their disposition, and still less with the low cunning of the African race. It may have been observed how very tender we are in another respect, in bestowing our daughters as wives to foreigners, unless they be naturalized, as it were, in conse-

quence of a long stay in this country, or of their having imbibed, from early youth, those principles of morality which we hold sacred. Pecuniary interest, I am well aware, besides many other qualifications, will occasionally render them acceptable husbands. They then become our fellow-citizens: can we ever say the same of negroes?

AN EUROPEAN.

I cannot help coinciding in opinion with my European correspondent. I recollect, about fifteen years ago, being on a visit to a friend in L——shire, when the beautiful wife of Mr. —, of wonderful slight-of-hand celebrity, had expired, after having been bewitched into marriage with him, at the horror she felt on seeing the colour of her child! But what else could she expect? Surely such a mixed race were never intended to be propagated. As we admire fairness in an European, so the complexion of an African cannot be too black: I have seen among some of my West Indian connections, some of that sable hue absolutely beautiful: as the colour fades, so the features of the mixed race become more disagreeable. Let them, then, “woo their sable loves,” but may my fair countrywomen ever reject, with horror, such disproportionate connections.

T. HEARWELL.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

The Confession; or, The Novice of St. Clare; with other Poems. By the Author of *Purity of Heart*. 1 vol. 12mo. Simpkin and Marshal.

THIS poem, with a few others at the conclusion of the volume, carry with them a strong letter of recommendation, from their being written by the author of *Purity of Heart, or the Ancient Costume*, one of the most pleasing and moral novels of this century; and though we certainly prefer the fair writer's productions in prose to her poetry, there are, nevertheless, some very fine and striking passages in the volume before us. Her well-written preface renders it doubly valuable.

The Confession is evidently taken from the well-known story of *Father Francis and Sister Constance*; a fine field for poetry

to wander in; and we hail, with pleasure, what we have long looked for, in vain—a well-written poem on that interesting and affecting incident.

The following extracts, we doubt not, will be read by our readers with the same interest as we ourselves felt in the perusal of this tale:—

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONK.

“But one poor monk was seen alone;
His knee was fixed,—he seemed stone;—
And from his eye there shot no glance,—
He was like one in a breathing trance;
Nor could any know that the tear-drops fell,
But by his bosom's heaving swell;
And a large round spot those tears had made
On the pavement in the south arcade;
Nor when all were gone, and the doors did close,
Left he the house of God;
But he pray'd, and he wept, and he told his woes,
And he bowed to the chast'ning rod.

Oh! many were the wrinkles that cheek bore,
 Trac'd by the hand of care ;
 Pangs which the inmost bosom tore
 Had graved those wrinkles there ;—
 But, when earthly hope was fled away,
 There came a beam so bright,
 Over his head, and over his way,
 It chas'd the clouds of night ;
 Yes, it shone o'er each step where the good
 man trod,
 And lifted his heart and his soul to God."

COMMENCEMENT OF THE NOVICK'S
 CONFESSION.

" All,—all is dark ! fell, deep despair,
 Gives not a moment's rest from care :
 One fatal image mocks repose,
 And death our only end my woes :
 One form I see, and one alone,
 The spectre of a lover flown ;
 My seeming falsehood drove him hence,
 And for this fault my penitence,
 E'en at my beads I weep and sigh,—
 I see him still in fancy's eye :
 I try to touch him,—but he's fled !
 Think'st thou, O father, he is dead ?
 When yon fair sun grows dark and dim,
 Then, father, then I think of him !
 He was my orb,—oh ! sweet, and bright,—
 Shining aloft to give me light !
 That orb extinct ; oh, what is there
 To make the way or soft or fair ?
 He left me ; for he thought me vile,
 That falsehood lurk'd beneath my smile ;—
 He left me ; for, he thought my heart
 Took in a father's wrath a part ;—
 He left me ; for, he thought my voice
 Follow'd a father's fickle choice.—
 Oh ! tell me not that love is shame ;
 Mine was a pure celestial flame :—
 I wish'd but to secure his bliss ;
 I had on earth no hope but this :—
 I wish'd to watch in sorrow's day,
 To wipe the tear of grief away :—
 I wish'd to listen to his tongue,
 Where wisdom and persuasion hung :—
 I knew that earthly bliss might fly ;
 That man is mortal, and must die ;
 But yet I hop'd that years might end,
 And I preserve my lover,—friend :—
 I thought of heav'n, and hop'd that there
 I might his grateful converse share ;—
 It is some comfort to believe,
 (When Fortune's fickle smiles deceive ;)
 That, in that region of delight,
 We shall again with friends unite ;
 And, loving with a love more free,
 Mingle in mind eternally."

THE MONK'S DESCRIPTION OF HER HE LOVED.

" She was to me as Devotion's saint,
 More than of earth or heav'n we paint ;
 She was to me as an angel bland,
 Scatter'ing flowers with graceful hand ;—

No. 111.—Vol. XVII.

Yes, she was all the skies had given,
 All that on earth we know of heaven ;—
 She was,—oh ! she was,—this heart will break ;
 Words are in vain, all language weak ;
 She was, in sooth, like the gale of spring
 Over a sick man's bed ;
 And so light of step, that no earthly thing
 Could match that footstep's tread.
 And the spirit which guided her frame was free,
 But all unmixed with levity ;—
 Then her cheek was the shade of the pale rose
 die,
 When seen on its native stem ;
 And the dazzling glance of her soft blue eye
 Bright as the sparkling gem."

HE MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO CONSTANCE.

" Let not the pure in heart despair ;
 Thy lover lives,—oh ! cease thy fears :
 Constance ! my sister ! dry thy tears.
 There is a scene beyond the sky,
 Where love and peace for ever bloom ;
 And there the good shall meet on high,
 Beyond this earth, beyond the tomb :
 Affliction cannot enter there,
 To cloud that scene of pure delight ;
 There all is soft, and sweet, and fair,
 Celestial and serenely bright :
 There too the good shall widely scan
 The farthest star, the utmost sphere,—
 Shall read alike th' Almighty's plan,
 And at his mercy-seat appear.
 Thou wert the early sun which rose
 To bless my hopes, and cheer my woes ;
 The one lone star which shone serene
 Over a wild and dreary scene :
 That lonely star in mind I see,
 And still it beams,—it beams on me !
 Yes, I still see thee in the night,
 Seated amid celestial light ;
 In dreams I traverse earth and air,
 And still behold thee passing fair :
 In the pure precincts of the cell,
 Where holy faith and virtue dwell,—
 Amid the choir, when voices rise
 In anthems to th' eternal skies,—
 I see thy form, I hear thy song
 The dying cadence still prolong ;
 What'er of pure and good I see,
 Still turns the memory to thee.

Early we enter'd on our road,—
 The same our path, the same our way,—
 Together thro' life's vale we trod,
 For half this journey of a day :
 And now our path the same shall be,—
 To the same home we tend ;
 To that all-blest eternity,
 Where all our sorrows end :
 We are but parted for a time,
 To meet again in happier clime :
 Our love more strong, more firm, more bright,
 All deck'd in heav'n's celestial light.

M m

We worship now, with faith secure,
Him who came down to save;
And they who patiently endure
Shall triumph in the grave."

Next follow the Scripture pieces of *Abraham* and of *Rebecca*. The following lines, on Abraham setting forth to offer up Isaac, as he leaves Sarah sleeping, are beautiful:—

"Yet one last look he cast upon the face
Of her he lov'd, the mother of his race,
As sweetly sleeping in her tent she lay,
Unknowing all the anguish of that day;
For Abraham dar'd not tell her of his care,
Lest he should see her anguish and despair;
He dar'd not look upon her dangerous tears,
Lest he should melt before the mother's fears.
Too well he knew temptation's slipp'ry wile
Lurk'd in fond woman's eye and playful smile;
That most her pow'r to win, when sorrow speaks
In trickling tears adown her pallid cheeks:
Yes, well he knew her pow'r, and added years
Gave but more weight to his fond partner's tears:
Their love a lengthen'd chain,—each year that
past

Adding one link to bind remembrance fast.
'Twas but one look of anguish that he threw
On Sarah's sleeping face, and quick withdrew;
For, had he stay'd one moment, nature's throes
Had sure been heard, and, starting from repose,
Sarah had shar'd his confidence and woes."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO OCTAVIA,

*The Eighth Daughter of J. L.—g, Esq. on the
Completion of her Sixth Year.*

BY A. A. WATTS, ESQ.

FULL many a gloomy month hath past,
On flagging wing, regardless by—
Unmarked by aught, save grief—since last
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye;
And bade my lyre pour forth for thee,
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy!
For all my joys are withered now—

The hopes I most relied on, thwarted—
And sorrow hath o'erspread my brow,
With many a shade, since last we parted:
Yet, 'mid that murkiness of lot,
Young Peri, thou art unforget!

There are who love to trace the smile
That dimples upon childhood's cheek,
And hear from lips devoid of guile,
The dictates of the bosom break;—
Ah! who of such could look on thee,
Without a wish to rival me!

None:—His must be a stubborn heart,
And strange to every softer feeling—
Who from thy glance could bear to part
Cold, and unmoved—without revealing
Some portion of the fond regret
Which dimm'd my eye when last we met!

Sweet bud of beauty!—'mid the thrill—
The anguish'd thrill of hope delayed—
Peril—and pain—and every ill
That can the breast of man invade—
No tender thought of *thine* and thee,
Hath faded from my memory;
But I have dwelt on each dear form,
Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness;
And that remembrance seemed to charm
Almost to peace my bosom's sadness:—
And now again I breathe a lay,
To hail thee on thy natal day.

Oh! might the fondest prayers prevail,
For blessings on thy future years,—
Or innocence, like *thine*, avail,
To save thee from affliction's tears,
Each moment of thy life should bring
Some new delight upon its wing;
And the wild sparkle of *thine* eye,—
Thy guilelessness of soul revealing,—
Beam ever thus as beauteously,
Undimm'd—save by those gems of feeling,—
Those soft luxuriant drops which flow,
In pity, for another's woe.

But vain the thought! It may not be!—
Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,
Or hearts, from sinful passions free,
Here hope for unalloyed delight,
Then those who guard thine opening bloom
Had never known an hour of gloom.
No;—if the chastening stroke of fate
On guilty heads alone descended,
Sure *they* would ne'er have felt its weight,
In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,
Life's dearest social virtues move,
In one bright linkless chain of love!

Then since, upon this earth, joys' beams
Are fading—frail—and few in number,
And melt—like the light woven dreams
That steal upon the mourner's slumber,—
Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear
The *ills* that heaven may bid thee share;
And when *thine* infancy hath fled,
And time with *woman's* zone hath bound thee,
If in the path thou'rt doomed to tread
The thorns of sorrow lurk, and wound thee,
Be *thine* that exquisite relief
Which blossoms 'mid the springs of grief!

And like the many-tinted bow,
Which smiles the showery clouds away,
May Hope—(s'rief's Iris, here below—
Attend and soothe thee on thy way;
Till, full of years, thy cares at rest,—
Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest!
Young sister of a mortal wine,
Farewell!—perchance a long farewell!
Though woes, unnumbered, yet be mine—
Woes, hope may vainly strive to quell—
I'll half unteach my soul to pine,
So there be bliss for thee and *thine*!

MY NATIVE HOME!

WRITTEN ON BOARD, OFF THE ISLE OF
WIGHT.

As daylight's dawn breaks thro' the cloudless
sky,
Unfolding Nature, in her robes of hue,
I silent check the pensive rising sigh,
For thee, sweet Isle, that distantly I view;
Familiar to the sight, my native scenes,
Thy sea-beat cliffs—the seaman's cheering ray,
When on his native home he joyous dreams,
Where all his hopes, and all his comforts lay.
See yon rude crag! suspending o'er the flood,
Where bold St. Catharine rears its lofty head,
Where, on its brow, I've oft reflecting stood,
And Chale's rude chasm thro' many a winding
led,
The peasant cots that rise upon the hill,
And woodbines round the lattice windows
twine;
Here, in the valley, stands the busy mill,—
That once my father own'd,—and once was
mine.
Reflection here portrays the verdant mead,
Each rude-thatched cot, and many a fertile
farm;
The cattle driving to the pasture's feed,
The rippling brook, and ev'ry rural charm.
Up yonder slope extends the pictur'd lawn,
Where near, I've chas'd with hound, the timid
hare;
And, with the beagles, rose at morning's dawn,
To beat the brow upon my roan mare.
Down the wild fern-beath, near the mill-stream's
edge,
With dog and gun thro' snow-drifts would I
toil,
To spring the wild-fowl from the marshy sedge,
And, ev'ning, homeward bear my feather'd
spoil.
From this lone deck my eye can distant trace,
The spangled heath, and Chale's romantic
vale,
Where, at the music of the eager chase,
I've fearless follow'd, o'er each furze-brake
dale.
At twilight's shade, when homeward passing
been,
The church's steeple pointing from the trees,
There stood a hamlet on the village green,
Where I would stop, and rest myself at ease.
The neigh'ring alehouse, shelter'd by the oak,
That stands hard by the forest's rural shade,
How oft I've pass'd, and view'd its distant
smoke,
For there resided L—m's spotless maid.
The theme she was of all the neigh'ring train,
E'en sons of wealth would come with practis'd
guile;
But he who did the artless treasure gain,
Will never more behold her modest smile!
Near Niton's rocks, that face the tempest's roar,
Where yon wild wood bats from the ocean fade,

Yes, oft I've wander'd on thy sea-beat shore,
As gentle dews stole on the twilight's shade:
Where nought was heard to mar the tranquil
scene,

Save lonely echoes from the sea-bird's screech;
And fishers, prompted by the night serenade,
Prepared their nets upon the pebbled beach.
Romantic spot! still mem'ry here reveals,
Thy wild retreats, thy upland lawns so green;
While distant village bells, with merry peals,
Enchanting swell'd the lovely moonlight scene!
But past are all these joys, misfortunes came;
I left the hamlet of my aged sire,—
No more in life to call him by that name,
His ashes rest beneath yon village spire!
Elaps'd nine years, since parted sire and son,
A mother's prayers implor'd my future fate;
The aged pair with anguish deeply wrang,
Watch'd my last footsteps from their cottage
gate.

As up the road I beat,—what tongue can tell,
The keen sensations that oppress'd my mind;
As looking back, I wav'd my last farewell
To those for ever I might leave behind.
When thro' the wood I bent my destin'd way,
Each village neighbour from his hamlet came,
And, with a heartfelt pang, did sorrowing say,
“Good bye, and long may heaven protect thy
name.”

But sad reverse soon reach'd my native home,
To Salamanca's plains the tidings came,
That both my parents met an early tomb,
And left me all they had,—an honest name.
Farewell! sweet Isle, as now I pass thee by,
And painful bid thy solitudes adieu!
No, nought can here suppress the rising sigh,
For scenes, perhaps, I never more may view.

THE SUN-BEAM.

The Sun-Beam, messenger of morn,
O'er nature flings life, joy, and light;
In brightness robes the clouds that form
The gloomy pall that shades the night.

In spring it paints the earth with hues,
Which rival heaven's arch of peace;
Creation smiles, and grateful views,
The power who bids her bondage cease.

In summer, plenty, child of earth,
Is born beneath its burning ray;
With rapture, man proclaims the birth
Of her who chases want away.

In autumn all its beauty wanes,
And faintly gilds the dying year;
While as its lovely bright remains,
Each cloud bestows a dewy tear.

In winter, 'rest of power, it strays
O'er trackless wastes of snow, and mourns;
Like the sweet smile which gently plays
On woo's pale face when hope returns.

M. A. R.

M m 2

A FRAGMENT.

ENRICO, in the guise of truth,
Wood blooming Rosa's artless youth;
Deceived her with a lover's tone,
And made her guileless heart his own:
Breathed vows too much like Hybla's dew,
Then like a painted insect flew;
Forsook the fond cooing maid,
And many an artful smile display'd
In park, in ball-room, grove, and grot,
While faithful Rosa was forgot!
Unheard her bosom's anxious sigh,
Unmarked love's tear-drop on the eye,
Of constancy!

What balm in Gilead can restore
The life of love, when hope is o'er?

What charm can heal? The wounded nerve
What panacea can preserve?
What favourite sylph, what soothing strain,
May bid torn Rosa smile again?
What sun-beam gild her clouded morn?
What skill extract the painful thorn?
What opiate lull the aching sense?
What cherub-wing delight dispense?

Fair innocence

Can joy its noon-tide bliss impart?
Can love's blest visions warm the heart?
Can peace weave garlands for the brow?
Oblivion hide the faithless vow

Of perfidy!

F A S H I O N S

FOR

JULY, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

High round dress of fine jaconot muslin, with three flounces of muslin in full quills; each flounce headed by embroidered Brunswick stars of grass-green, and each flounce edged with the same colour. *Sautoir* scarf, of Chinese silk, with a rich border of various colours. Transparent bonnet, of white net and lilac satin, crowned with a *bouquet* of French double poppies, and yellow everlasting. Lilac parasol, kid slippers of the same colour, and straw-coloured kid gloves.

FRENCH.

No. 2.—DESHARILLE WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of cambric, richly ornamented round the border, and *pelerine* (of the same material as the dress) with medalion puckered puffs of fine muslin. Bonnet of the new white straw manufacture, with a *bouquet* of roses, and other lively flowers, placed forwards, near the edge of the brim. Chinese parasol of white sarsnet, fringed with dove-colour. Lemon-coloured kid gloves, and slippers of purple kid leather.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

OUR metropolis yet remains crowded, and Fashion still presents a store of rich variety. Our manufactures, now vying with, and nearly excelling those of, other countries, which long boasted the palm of excellence, are now busily at work, and the produce of inventive taste, as it issues from the loom, is, we are happy to say, duly appreciated by the modish fair of Great Britain, promising support, in future, to the ingenious artist, and pouring blessings into the lap of industry.

The warm weather which we have of late experienced, has rendered muslin spencers peculiarly general; one of which kind particularly drew our attention at the new *Magasin de Modes*, in St. James's-street: the *pelerine*, or bust part, which is richly embroidered in open work, or let in with stripes of narrow footing, or beading, is lined with blush-coloured sarsnet. For the more moderate weather, spencers of silk still continue in favour; they are chiefly of royal purple, trimmed with such narrow *volants* of white satin, as to appear like a



DESIGNED BY W. & A. G. 1853.
Engraved by J. & A. G. 1853. 1853. 1853. 1853.

cordan, or of peach or lilac, ornamented with white satin palm leaves. Carriage pelisses, of white figured satin, richly trimmed with blond, are amongst the present elegancies worn by the rich and great. Rainbow scarfs, of an elastic fabric, are in high estimation.

In the carriage bonnets, the first on the list, amongst the various newly-invented head-coverings for out-door costume from the tasteful ideas of Mrs. Bell, is the Duchess of Cambridge bonnet. It is formed of fine net and very narrow *rouleaux* of white satin; the crown, half-incircled by a demi-wreath of small white and red roses. For public breakfast, nothing is reckoned more elegant than the Caledonian cap of pale blue satin, surmounted by a plume of the same colour: transparent carriage bonnets are also much worn on the same occasion; one, in particular, we remarked, of striking elegance, composed of fine net and white satin ornaments, each ornament surrounded by lilac satin, and the whole finished by a superb *bouquet* of the clematis, double purple Iberian lily, and musk narcissus. For the public walks, or Hyde Park carriage airings, we have remarked a bonnet of Chinese gauze, lilac and white striped, ornamented with narrow green *rouleaux* of net tissue silk, surmounted by a plume of grass-green feathers, and finished at the edge by a double quilting of blond: a pink crape bonnet, for the same style of dress, is also truly elegant; it has little ornament except a beautiful *bouquet* of May flowers. The Scotch cap, for the curricule, or friendly dinner parties, in the country, is much in favour; it is made of that light material the twisted or curled silk, finished with the real Tartan band, and a profuse plume of black feathers. Walking bonnets still continue very large; they are of fancy straw, or fine Leghorn; the latter is most in estimation, trimmed with grass-green and white ribbon, striped and ornamented with two zebra feathers, white and green.

An elegant robe, *à-la-Circassienne*, has been just invented at the same tasteful repository we mentioned above. It is made high, fastens behind, and is ornamented at the collar with a triple Spanish ruff of fine clear muslin, edged with narrow lace. The

Sultana sides of the robe are richly embroidered, and scalloped, at the edge, or are curiously finished in open Vandyke work: the other dresses consist much of fine muslin, striped, worked, and plain; for evening dress, they are generally profusely trimmed, and flounced also, with fine broad lace; the edge of the border scalloped, terminating a broad pattern of embroidery; and this scalloping gives a beautiful effect to the flounce. Nor must the *Canzon* dress, for dinner parties, be forgotten; it is of fine spotted muslin; the *Canzon*, or body part, beautifully trimmed with embroidered muslin of a light and open pattern.

Mrs. Bell, whose corsets are certainly unrivalled, in the grace they impart to the female form, has lately invented a most elegant auxiliary to the fine contour of a well-made woman, while it is calculated to impart assistance where nature has been less kind; this is effected by the Iberian corset braces, which may be worn either in undress or in the gayest costume, according to the material of which they are composed.

We shall now close our observations with presenting to our fair readers a short description of some of the most fashionable head-dresses.

For the *deferná*, at home, a *cornette* of fine lace, bound round the head with a white satin Caledonian ribbon, is the most approved *double-bille*. For dinner parties, at home, *cornettes* of net and white satin, crowned with various flowers, still continue in usual favour. A morning visiting *cornette*, of superior elegance, has just been finished, in St. James's-street, for a lady of fashion; it is of fine net, with lilac satin *rouleaux*, and is crowned by holly-oak blossoms. Many ladies wear, at home, double handkerchiefs, of rich brocaded patterns, pinned up as turbans; they are made very much elevated, but it requires a skilful hand to pin up this, otherwise, unbecoming head-dress. For full dress is a Caledonian cap of fine net, pearl-coloured satin, and pearls; and the Ottoman turban, of beautiful figured net and white beads, with crescent and tassels of the latter material.

The favourite colours are lilac, pearl-colour, pink, and emerald-green.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THOUGH the present intense warmth of the weather has driven many of the Parisian nobility, and the most wealthy of the inhabitants of this metropolis, to their different estates in the country, yet we have many fashionables still remaining here; and Paris, in that respect, differs much from London: the modish world, here, never becomes, like your metropolis, a desert, during a few particular months in the year; therefore, the intelligence concerning our costume may be relied on, as the *Marchande de Modes*, and the *Tailleuse*, still continue to employ their inventive faculties, to send out a fresh supply of fashions to every different department in this extensive kingdom.

The edges of hats still continue to be trimmed with a *cordon* of small flowers; at least, this is a very favourite ornament. Moss roses are most prevalent, as a wreath round the crown, mixed with field flowers and unripe ears of corn. Gauze and crape hats are only worn in carriages: and straw hats, for the promenade, with the newly fabricated cotton straw and Leghorn, and fancy straw, are very prevalent. Some gauze carriage hats are in square checkers, but those reckoned most elegant are of white or straw-coloured crape. The bands round the crowns of set hats, consist of very large folds of gauze, which almost cover them. The ornaments on straw hats consist of *bouquets* of blue bells, or roses: the ribbons are white. Leghorn hats are tastefully trimmed with ribbons, in cockleshells; this trimming is about the crown, for no Leghorn hats are ornamented at the edges. The carriage hats are almost exclusively surmounted by a plume of *marabout* feathers, on which is perched a beautiful Emperor of Morocco butterfly. These butterflies, which are a very prevalent ornament on the down feathers, if not of the royal emperor kind, have scarlet wings. On a Sunday, the hats in the *Thuilleries* are almost all of gauze. Morning bonnets are of fine muslin or cambric, with balloon crowns.

The most prevalent out-door costume, for walking, is a muslin spencer, lined with coloured sarsnet, with a rainbow throat scarf: a gown, the same as the spencer, with five rows of muslin *benillonnés* round the border; these rows are set very close to each other. Black kid slippers, with dove-coloured gaiters; these gaiters are very fashionable.

Six rows of muslin *benillonnés* form now the favourite ornament for the borders of cambric dresses; these rows are placed in zig-zag.

Sarsnet gowns are chiefly white, rose-colour, or jonquil: lilac Italian gauze, and lemon-coloured crape, are much worn in full dress; and amber-coloured gauze, richly spotted, forms a favourite material for ball dresses.

Young ladies go now, this warm weather, almost entirely without caps: at balls, or full-dress parties, the hair is elegantly dressed, in full corkscrew curls, much elevated on the summit of the crown, and confined by a wreath of flowers corresponding with the colours of the dress. A new and elegant kind of *cornette* is much worn in half-dress: the crown is low—the mob part exquisitely simple, without being dowdy—a satin ribbon separates two beautiful rows of fine lace, set on full—and on the summit is a very full and superb cluster of those flowers most in season; to suit which, the colour of the ribbon must be of an appropriate hue.

For the female pedestrian, half-boots seem entirely exploded, and have given place to light-coloured gaiters.

The favourite colours are jonquil, lilac, and lemon-colour.

LETTER FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

It is an age, dear Lucy, since I wrote to you—I believe a full month; during which time I have been in a perpetual round of hurry and visiting: and this last week, of which I will give you an account, may serve as an epitome of that month, which almost was enough to weary me of a town life; for I declare I know not what it is to have a minute to myself, and a *dîné-dîné* dinner with Fitzosborne would be a luxury I could not dare to look for. Thank Hea-

ven we shall now soon leave the smoke and bustle of London!

Last Mouday Lady Worthington took me to dine with a cousin of her's, much younger than herself, and who, after several years of matrimonial disappointment, has, at length, produced an heir to her husband's estate; and this was the first day the lady saw company.

The happy mother was in perfect health, but the good man's joy was so exuberant that it was actually quite comic: he is of city origin, and has learned to feast with the Lord Mayors of several years' standing, and all the aldermen of the different wards for the time being; the abundance of high dishes and dainties under which the table groaned on this festive occasion, was quite sufficient to destroy appetite: but this first-born, so long desired, will, in virtue of his mother's noble descent, by some peculiar clause, inherit a title; and will cause this little fat, red-faced, honest John Bull, to hold a new kind of rank in the world; though his riches have always gained him, what they ever will, in this country, luxuries and respect: but, alas! on what a slender thread

"Haags all terrestrial things!"

Do not you begin to find me a very moral reflecting being of late? Well, I remarked to myself when I attended the anxious mother into her nursery, which she, contrary to the custom of many modern mothers, unceasingly visits, that this dear boy, this parents' anxious hope, was a most pensive looking child, whose life I would not have ensured for a month. We were informed this morning that the poor infant is at its last gasp; the mother's eyes are drowned in tears, and the father is almost bereft of reason. I pity them most sincerely; the physicians assert that the child may recover, but that it is hardly probable.

Lady Worthington, who wishes to be a general patroness of merit, has lately taken a young dramatist under her protection; and a select party of her Ladyship's literary friends were, last Tuesday, invited to a snug dinner-party in Upper Seymour-street, at her hospitable mansion, where Fitzosborne and myself were invited, and the poet was to read a tragedy (which he is about to offer to one of the great houses),

in the evening, according to the fashion of dramatic authors in France. This tragedy was a mighty dull piece of business; and Adelaide and myself were on the point of falling asleep several times, were it not for our great propensity to laugh at a discovery that we made; which was, that the dramatist had a friend and puffer among the literary guests assembled at Lady Worthington's. This gentleman affected to be almost ready to expire with rapture at some passages which he thought by the author's manner of reading were those he most admired; and he took care to draw out his handkerchief, and wipe his eyes at every pathetic incident. Another of the *literati*, who piques himself on his politeness, formed a *walking* subject of amusement for us by means of a large pier glass, placed directly opposite: he made the most horrible grimaces you can possibly conceive, in order to hide his continual disposition to yawn. Wearied out, however, with this stupid scene, I was compelled to feign indisposition, and to get away, while the dramatist, worked up to a certain pitch of conceit by ill-merited applause, saw no one out of that circle which did not take in *self*.

Wednesday I had a large party at home. Thursday I sat for my picture to a young lady of Lady Worthington's recommending; who, as I said before, is always seeking out and encouraging real merit: she is a charming girl, her name is Drummond. Miss Drummond may be said to have been a painter from her very cradle; her infant hands early seized the pallet and the crayons, and all her junior sisters are very promising young artists; but what is most admirable, is her astonishing gift of taking likenesses and catching character; I imagine she sees my faults with her penetrating blue eye and arch smile. Oh! what would I give if the rural graces which once characterized my countenance would but return in place of those pallid marks of dissipation which the late hours of town-living have now diffused over it. I wish I had your picture painted by her, as you now are, as well as that of my dear mamma, and of our venerable grandmother! Our aunt, Lady Boston, sits to her to-morrow.

Friday I went to the play; and on Saturday hired a private box at the Opera. Our party consisted of two charming wo-

men, myself, Fitzosborne, and a dashing Colonel of the Guards. The ladies were seized with a fit of laughing while Madame Fodor was singing one of her finest airs. I am sorry to say the Colonel joined them, and his laugh is rather boisterous: the disapprobation of the house was very evident; and we were glad to sneak home and join a party that I had previously invited to supper.

The ladies at the Opera were chiefly dressed in white satin under fine black lace gowns; their hats turned up in front, with fine towering plumes of white feathers, and white satin pelerines. Tell my brother Frank, that the gentlemen were almost all of them in black; and in regard to the walking dress of our modern Bond-street beaux, it consists of loose pantaloons like sailors' trowsers; and boots with heels as high as those blue damask ones which that accomplished spinster of fifty-six, Miss Bridget Finnerton, has so often shewn us, and told us they belonged to her poor dear mamma, before she herself was born!—Above all things, however, dear Frank, if you cannot think, as you last told me, of wearing stays, yet submit, I beseech you, to wear the supporting belt; it will give you the true wasp-like cut, at the bottom of the waist, so much admired by our men of fashion; and when you put on the American frock of true republican cut, it will fly out in front, and set to the waist as stiff as you please; and with that smooth face of yours, which the razor has never yet mowed, you will look like a boarding-school Miss come home for the holidays, and who, for a bit of fun, has put on her clownish brother's coat. The fashionable beaver I send you is very small, and with your rosy cheeks, small features, and plump visage, you will be quite the Adonis of all

the village *fêtes*. Be sure to tie your cravat gracefully, and have a collar stiff as buckram, embroidered at the edge, and let it ascend on each side as high as the upper cheek bone. I send you half a dozen of fine cambric collars, elegantly worked in satin stitch, and which you will receive per coach with the little beaver.

To return to you, my dear Lucy. Divest your morning bonnet of its bows; let the *bouquet* of flowers be simple, but not redundant, and the bonnet itself immensely large; place it very backward, and arrange your auburn hair in full curls. Never have less than four flounces at the bottom of your gown, and let them be very distinctly separated; let them be very full, so as to give you somewhat the appearance of your favourites in the poultry-yard, the Friesland hens. When you go without a cap, the more simple you dress your hair the more elegant; braid it with beads, or pearls, if you can coax papa to give them you, at the race, amaze, and election bells, or encircle your head with a wreath of red and white roses in full bloom.

Tell my dear uncle, the Colonel, to leave off wearing his beautiful hussar's great coat; it is no longer reckoned genteel in London; but let him still continue to display his pulcrum silk handkerchief in his bosom; and to continue his handsome whiskers, but to shave off his mustaches.

Adieu, dear sister, I have already made this letter too long.

MARIA.

P. S. Do not be discouraged because Butler's Tooth Powder does not immediately give to your teeth a snowy whiteness; be assured, all such powders are of destructive tendency. Persevere in using Butler's.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE ballet of *Tamerlane and Bajazet* has been revived at this Theatre, under the direction of M. Baptiste and of M. Guillet. This work, when originally represented,

was uncommonly popular, from the interest of the pantomime, as well as the delight of the dancing. It is now materially altered, and may be styled a new ballet. The story is shortened, and several dances in a new style are introduced. In point of splendor of decoration, multitude of persons, brit-

liancy of dresses, and magnificence of spectacle, it is the grandest of the present season.

COMEDIE FRANCAISE,
AT THE ARGYLE ROOMS.

The illustrious persons who are in the habit of frequenting this little Theatre seem much pleased with the pieces represented there; and encourage, by their applauses, the rising talents of those French performers who exert their efforts to please.—Among those who have obtained the most marked applause are Mademoiselle Anais, and Messrs. Perlet and St. Felix. Mademoiselle Anais is a young and interesting actress, and has made the most rapid progress in the histrionic art. Her enunciation is clear and easy; and she has that proper confidence which gives animation and precision to the different characters she represents. Mr. Perlet possesses much of the *vis comica*, and his *naïveté* appears like nature; so much so, that he causes a smile on the most serious countenances: he is one of the best cures for the spleen that England ever yet got hold of.

COBOURG THEATRE.

The accommodations for the audience at this Theatre are well arranged. The three tiers of boxes are disposed in the amphitheatrical form; the two lower are painted a fawn colour, with crimson octagonal compartments, inclosing imitations of white bas-reliefs, and varied by the alternate mixture of gilded wreaths. The frontispiece of the proscenium, with the appropriate heraldic arms, is neatly executed. The upper boxes and gallery front are adorned with an imitation of Grecian sculptured frieze. The ceiling harmonizes with the rest of the house. From the centre a large cut-glass light is suspended, with a number of lamps of bulbous form, of ground glass, sufficient to exhibit the transparency and prismatic colouring of the pendant crystals.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE—
Outline of *The Marriage Promise*; or, *The Return to the Village*.

No. 111.—Vol. XVII.

The scene of this opera is laid in a village in the country of Caux. *Didier* has been brought up at the hamlet, and after receiving a good education, he is on the point of being married to *Lucy*, when the news of his uncle's death, who has left him an immense fortune, takes him to Paris. Before he departs he gives *Lucy* a written promise of marriage. Fifteen months pass away; during which time a sojournment in the capital, the advice of an intriguing man who wishes to draw him into a marriage with his sister, the habits of luxury, and the example of those by whom he is surrounded, soon cause him to forget his first love. In the mean time the promise he has given to *Lucy* is an obstacle in the way of his newly projected marriage; and in order to get it out of her hands he determines on returning to the hamlet; he is for this purpose accompanied by *M. de Saint Ange*, brother of the happy Parisian female who is to supplant his once love *Lucy*.

The action of the piece commences on the morrow after the arrival of *Didier* at his native village; his return causes great joy among the inhabitants, who congratulate him on his sudden good fortune.—Amidst this general festivity, *Lucy* seems the most delighted: she little suspects the change that has taken place in the sentiments of *Didier*; and occupied only with her love, she scarce recollects his change of fortune. Here the authors have taken care to bring together every thing in their power to recall to *Didier* the remembrance of former times, to render his native village more dear to him, and to inspire him with the determination of ending his days there. When he awakes in the morning he hears the well-known noise of the mill, the pastoral pipe, and the songs of the shepherds; *Lucy's* apartment is just opposite his window: he hears the joyful acclamations of his youthful companions, he joins them in their labours in the vineyards. By this it may be seen that his heart has not yet been vitiated, and that it would require no great effort to restore him to his former vows.

However, he must declare himself one way or other. In his first interview with his mistress he betrays himself by his blushes: he hesitates when about to speak, he dare not make the terrible confession

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which must fill the bosom of his *Lucy* with despair: at length, taking courage from the exhortations of *Saint Ange*, he determines to write what he dares not utter. He takes up the pen, but the schoolmaster of the village perceives what is passing in the heart of his pupil. He judiciously seizes the moment when *Didier* is about to write, and at the head of the village children he places himself in his hearing, and adapts the lecture he gives them to the disposition in which he finds him.—“The first duty,” he says, “that is required of an honest man is strictly to perform his promises.”—*Didier* listens attentively, and immediately tears to atoms the letter he had begun.—“No acquirement of fortune,” adds the schoolmaster, “no change of circumstances can justify him who violates his plighted faith.”—Another letter has been begun, and undergoes the same fate as the former one. He then undertakes to write a third; and therein offers *Lucy* a brilliant fortune if she will restore to him the promise he made her.—“All the riches in the world,” exclaims the schoolmaster, “are not sufficient to satisfy an unsuspecting and virtuous heart, betrayed where it had founded its dearest hopes.”—But this ingenious, natural, and original situation had nearly overturned the success of the piece; and the return of *Didier* to honour and virtue seemed *outré*.

The music of the opera is negligently composed; but seemed to please much on a second representation, for the notes are charmingly adapted to the words: the music is on the whole tender, sweet, and melodious, devoid of superfluous ornament or scientific difficulties.

THEATRE DE VAUDEVILLE.—*A Visit to Bedlam*.

This piece has obtained the most brilliant success, and continues to attract a crowded audience; it is not one of those soporific productions which causes the spectators to yawn, or yet to keep awake by listening to a mere tale of modern scandal; but it is a little sprightly comedy of infinite taste, full of witty and interesting scenes, and a dialogue comprising every thing that is playful and delicate.

A young French officer of a brave yet thoughtless and lively character, quits his wife after having been married only one

week, and his tender moiety absolutely refuses every consolation that is offered her, and departs for England, to sigh out her sorrows on the banks of the Thames.—Alfred, by one of those accommodating incidents so well known on the stage, arrives in England, and stops at the very house that the forlorn *Amelia* has chosen for her retreat; and what is the most comic feature in the piece is, that he thinks he is in the hospital that the English erected for lunatics; and such an habitation, as may well be imagined, does not serve to inspire him with much gaiety. *Amelia* takes advantage of her husband's mistake, and feigns madness so exquisitely that he is in despair at having caused so deplorable a misfortune by his own fickle and inconsiderate conduct. But a certain *Signor Crescendo*, whom he at first thought, and with some reason, to be a madman, discovers to him the little stratagem of which he has been the victim, and the mischievous Alfred gives his wife a lesson after her own manner. He feigns madness; but a kiss from her, whose virtues he knew not how to appreciate sufficiently before this event, restores him to reason.

RUSSIAN THEATRE.

The grand Theatre of Petersburg has been rebuilt by a French architect in the service of the Emperor Alexander. The new saloon is not inferior to any in Europe either for its beauty or decorations. The Imperial box is placed before the curtain, and occupies the space of three boxes. The pit is furnished with 560 arm-chairs, numbered according to the Russian custom.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Cruise; or, Three Months on the Continent. By a Naval Officer. 1. vol. 8vo. Law and Whittaker.

As the author of this work justly remarks in his motto,

“The world is chang'd from what it was before,
“And all its race of seamen wreck'd on shore.”

What then are they to do? Any thing is better than being idle; and if they travel for the amusement of the public as well as for their own, they are well employed.

This small work, embellished with a few coloured engravings, bears a novel kind of feature; and prevents, by a simple unaffected style, and some new information, the recoiling we have some time felt against the perusal of continental excursions, which have swarmed upon the British public like the Egyptian locusts of old.

The writer, after hastily passing through Bruges, Ghent, &c. proceeds to Antwerp, where he seems pleased to sojourn from its similarity, in many respects, to England; we think he might have given a little more time in describing the Museum, especially when he declares, that "if occupied with that alone, it would cost a pang to tear one's self from this delightful city:" but this is, indeed, one of the most hasty *crusies*, we believe, ever taken either by sea or land. He gives, however, a more succinct, and very good account of Rotterdam, and which is written in a clear and novel style; in short, we must repeat that this *crusie* has certainly *novelty* to recommend it.

Delft, Scheveling, Haarlem, &c. are hastily skimmed over; but the description of Amsterdam makes amends: the awful interest attached to Waterloo was at an end, but the writer relates an anecdote of the Prince and Princess of Orange, which, in such a scene, could not fail of exciting the feelings of an Englishman. The description of Paris is lively and impartial: this generous son of Neptune does not confine merit to one particular soil, but is willing to offer his sincerest tribute of applause to the virtues of those whom he has combated as enemies, and whose moral and physical conduct are as diametrically opposite, in general, to the English as light is to darkness.

DESCRIPTION OF GHENT.

"Gardens, however much they are desirable in the midst of a town, can never be very remarkable for their beauty. Most of the houses had small ones attached to them, gradually increasing in size and beauty as they approached to the environs. Venice was the only town I had hitherto seen resembling this, in regard to streets and bridges, the houses rising up from the canals, with doors leading from the water to the magazines underneath. The communication is easy, and the streets throughout were remarkably clean; many walks outside agreeably shaded with lime-trees. A taste for buffoonery and low wit prevails in several of the

paintings and figures in their gardens. We still remarked that reserve in their women, which made the place feel heavy and dull; they seemed to be more hard-featured than our country-women, rather clumsy in their walk, and awkward about the feet: this last night, however, shew more, from many of them wearing a fringe round the binding of the shoe. Still we were given to understand that this reserve wears on a nearer acquaintance.

"We were witnesses to-day of a barbarous manner of shoeing a horse, but have found the method of it common throughout our excursion. There was a leather strap so fastened as to prevent his kicking, while they seized his leg with a rope to a cross beam high enough to hammer and file at their ease, while the poor animal was, in a manner confined in the stocks. The shoe was put on excessively hot, so that when let loose, he could not, for several minutes, put his foot to the ground; a sensation similar to a pert shoemaker cramming a man's foot with corns into too tight a boot."

AMSTERDAM.

"It was about four o'clock as we entered the gates, and we could see in most of the houses the tea or coffee service on the table; even in many of the shops there were men on the counter with their pipes, and women with their tea-cups, sipping and puffing at intervals, as they were tired of staring at a passing carriage or the busy crowd.

"The canals were no longer like those of Rotterdam, but stagnating with filth, bubbling up from putrefaction, and emitting a stench as from the foulness of a ship's well; nor were the outsides of their houses or their streets cleaned with such care. One could too easily see, that it boasted all the filth and luxury of a large town. We were put into a room with three beds in it, the house being full of different travellers; however, it was large enough, having five windows in the length.

"We went early in the morning to see the palace. This large building has been raised on a foundation of piles; it seems to have had a shake, the front of it being rent in the upper part: it has, however, a commanding look. There is a statue of Atha, with a vast globe on his shoulders, and two lesser figures on each side, forming the front ornaments on the top; these, with several other statues, are all of a great size, and made of bronze. The rooms are elegantly fitted up with embroidered satin from Lyons. The council-chamber was a fine room, from which turning a few steps, we found ourselves in a hall lined from top to bottom with the most beautiful marble; the hangings of blue, with Atlas and a celestial globe at the upper, and Mercury at the lower end: this, as a room, was more magnificent than we had, as yet, seen in any place; the high arched roof, from which were suspended many lustres, circumscribing globes of blue, with stars

of gold embroidered on them. The mirrors were of a large and beautiful size, every thing corresponding with the sumptuous grandeur of this princely hall. We had observed a few paintings in the different apartments; a very large-sized one of *Moses and the Seventy Elders*; with several other scripture pieces.

They were ringing in the belfry, while we were looking down from the tower on this large city, which seems to be built on a cirete. One wonders how they should have fixed on such a watery swamp."

BIRTH.

At Little Mord, Essex, the lady of S. D. Lip-trap, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

His Grace the Duke of Leinster to the truly amiable and accomplished Lady Charlotte Stanhope, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Harrington, in St. James's Palace, by special license. Her Ladyship had the very high honour conferred upon her of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent attending in person to give her away in marriage to her noble suitor. After the ceremony had been concluded by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the parish clerk of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was in attendance with the parish books, to register the solemnization. There were present, besides the Earl and Countess of Harrington, and their noble family, the Mother of the Duke of Leinster, the Dukes of York and Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stanhope, the Earl and Countess Stanhope, the Earl of Harwood, the Countess of Sefton, the Duke of Somerset, Sir Thomas and Lady Lucy Foley, Lady Mary Poulet, Lady Sophia Fitzgerald, the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Tavistock, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald Stanhope, Miss Seymour Coleman, Lady Mary Rose, Lady Cotton, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Foley, Lord William Fitzgerald, Mrs. Manners Sutton, &c.

By special license, by the Bishop of London, at the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdown's house, in Albemarle-street, Count Lucie to Miss Maria Giffard, her Ladyship's fourth daughter. The bride was given away by the Marquis of Anglessea, as proxy for his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

Lately, at St. James's Church, Mr. J. Bologna, of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, to Miss L. M. Bristolow, late of the Canterbury Theatre.

At Mary-le-bonne Church, by the very Rev. the Dean of Chester, Capel Hambury, Esq. of his Majesty's Royal Scots Regiment, youngest son of John Hambury, Esq. late of Tottenham, to

Ellen, only daughter of the late William Franklin, Esq. formerly Governor, Captain-General, and Commander-in-Chief, of his Majesty's Province of New Jersey, North America, and grand-daughter of the celebrated Dr. Franklin.

At St. Martin's Church, D. E. Morris, Esq. of Safford-street, to Miss Windus, of Lowes, Somers.

At St. James's Church, by the Rev. J. Baker, Francis Tatterall, Esq. of Hall's-place, near Maidstone, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Henry Martin, Esq. of Sackville-street.

At St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, Mr. Thomas Lupton to Miss Susannah Oliver.

DIED.

In her 48th year, the Princess of Saxe-Hilburghausen, sister to the Duchess of Cumberland.

In Halkin-street, the Right Hon. the Viscountess Althorp.

At Rochester, in the 22d year of his age, after a long and painful illness, universally respected, Mr. Henry Dowton, comedian: as an actor, he was generally admired.

Aged 66, Elizabeth, widow to the late, and mother of the present, celebrated Martin Van Butebell, 24, Broad-street, Golden-square.

At his house, in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, William Watson, Esq. F.R.S. Serjeant at Arms to the House of Lords, Chairman of the County of Middlesex and City of Westminster Sessions, and Senior Pleader to the Corporation of the City of London.

At Windsor, after a long and painful illness of several months, James Cobb, Esq. Secretary of the East India House, and Author of *The Siege of Belgrade*, *The Haunted Tower*, and several other successful dramatic pieces.

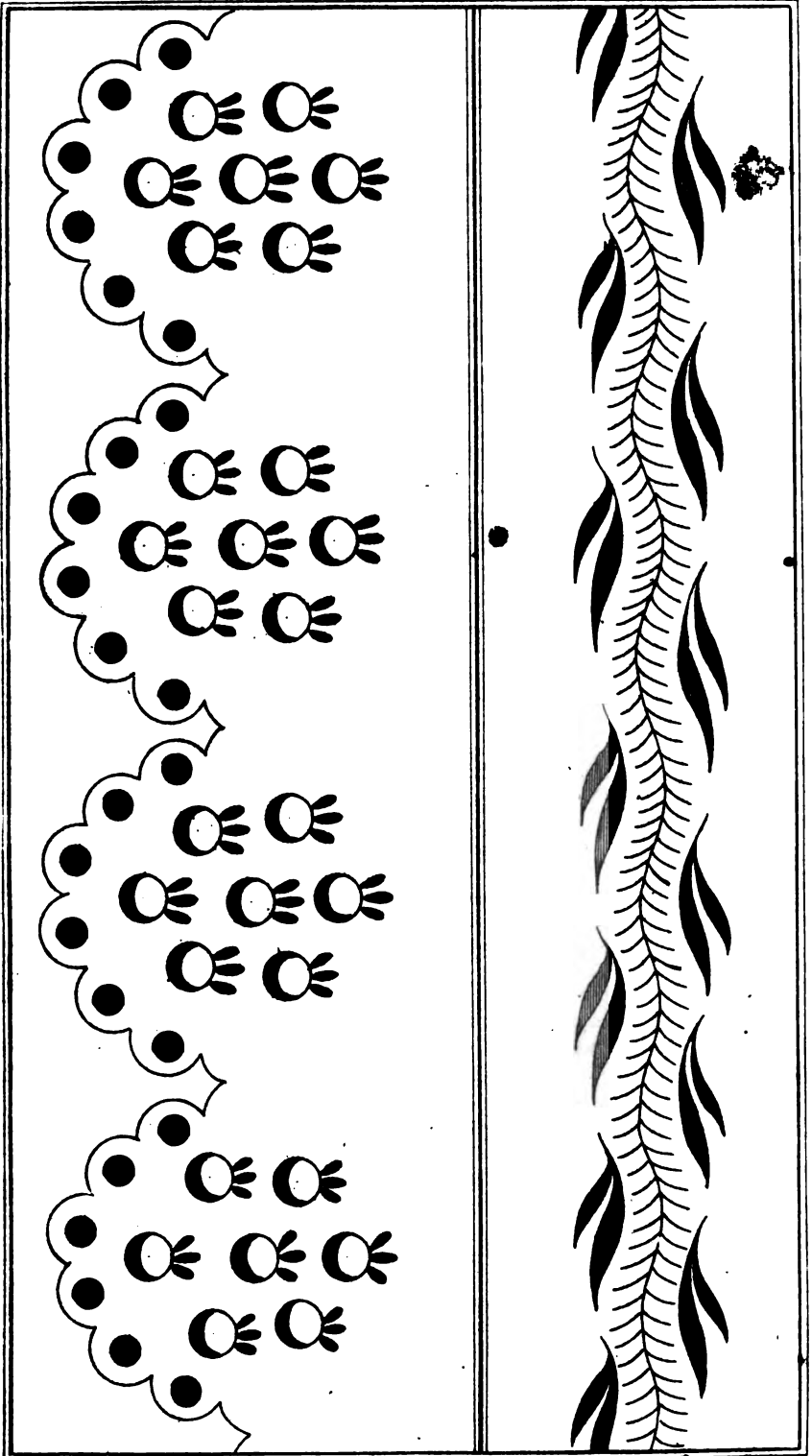
At her house, in Montague-square, Anne, Lady Murray, widow of the late Sir John Murray, Bart. of Blackborrough, and daughter of the late John Digby, Esq.

Lately, at Ayr, aged 87, Major Wm. Montgomerie, late of the 37th Regiment of Foot. He was one of the few surviving heroes who fought at the battle of Minden, at which he commanded the grenadier company of the above regiment.

Lately, Mr. Lush, of the Tower. While his funeral was proceeding from the door, his aged wife stood on the threshold, and dropped dead at the side of her husband's coffin.

At Wakefield, Mr. Fitzgerald, Manager of Leeds, York, Sheffield, and Hull Theatres, &c. after a few days' illness, arising from an inflammation of some of the intestines.

Mr. William Ashfield, who was upwards of thirty years parish clerk of St. Giles's, and whose loss is very much regretted by all who had enjoyed his acquaintance.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE, 200/18

FOR JULY, 1818.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE extreme pressure of New Publications which we have been requested to review, will compel us only to notice those of the lighter sort in our monthly Numbers—Works that are either voluminous or scientific must be now delayed till our annual review.

We are sorry to be obliged to defer inserting *The Blighted Rose*, from that pleasing poet, Miss M. L. Rede, to a future Number.

A review of the interesting pamphlet on *The Diseases of the Ear*, is unavoidably postponed till next month.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 23, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger Office*, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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AUGUST 1, 1818.



Miss Clara Fisher.

*The Pantomime Performer who acquired great celebrity at
Drury-Lane Theatre in 1808.*

Engraved by J. Almy from an Original Portrait by Rev. Samuel Vincent.

... London audience, where she met with the most
flattering reception, and the piece ran for

conscious of their excellence, ensure them the
most flattering reception.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

For JULY, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Twelve.

MISS CLARA FISHER.

THIS very young lady, whose extraordinary talents may justly be deemed wonderful at her early state of infancy, is the fourth daughter of Mr. Fisher, a respectable auctioneer; and was born on the 14th of July, 1811. Nature endowed her with an uncommon share of intellect; and such was her nicety of ear to music, in which she took great delight, that soon after she could walk she would learn any air with the truest correctness, after hearing it played only once or twice on the piano-forte. Her parents were not frequenters of the Theatre, therefore her dramatic talents are the more extraordinary: That powerful attraction, Miss O'Neill, induced, however, Mr. Fisher and his family to visit Covent-Garden, when that lady appeared in the character of *Jane Shore*; and the little Clara, on her return home, evinced the impression made on her mind by the performance: she retired into a corner of the apartment, and went through, in dumb shew, all she had witnessed; she was then under four years of age, and her aptness to imitate all she saw continued several months.

Mr. D. Corri, the celebrated composer, proposed to bring out a drama altered from Garrick's *Lilliput*: to Miss Clara was assigned the character of *Lord Flimnap*; and on the 10th of December, 1817, she made her first *début* before a London audience, where she met with the most flattering reception, and the piece ran for

seventeen nights to crowded houses.—On the 8th of March, 1818, she appeared in the pantomime of *Gulliver*, at Covent-Garden, in the character of *Richard III.* and where she performed it before the Prince Regent and a numerous list of persons of distinction. Mr. Ellistou engaged her for a few nights at Birmingham, where she was received with the warmest applause; her success has been equal at Worcester, Bath, and Bristol. We are credibly informed that she means this summer to visit Brighton, Margate, Southampton, Weymouth, and the principal watering-places, previous to her engagements at Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool, &c.

Our readers cannot but recollect the well-merited encomiums bestowed on this charming and interesting child in the daily prints, after her performing in *Lilliput* and *Gulliver*. Enchained by surprise and admiration, the lash fell from the hand of criticism, and all, unanimously, bestowed the meed of well-earned praise.

Two elder sisters of the interesting Clara, are very promising young actresses, and perform counter characters to the lovely infant. They are constantly noticed by the higher classes of society, and invited to the most fashionable parties, where their juvenile talents, devoid of all conceit or presumption, though they must be conscious of their excellence, ensure them the most flattering reception.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from Vol. XVII. page 245.)

If we peruse attentively the ancient historians and poets of France, we shall find that their military songs were of the highest antiquity. In these they celebrated the heroic and martial deeds of their great commanders; and they were sung in chorus by a whole army when going out to attack an enemy; which custom they probably derived from their German ancestors. Charlemagne was particularly fond of these warlike songs, and like our own Alfred, collected them and learned them by heart. It was customary at that time to have a *Herald Minstrel*, chosen on account of the strength and clearness of his voice, which not only qualified him for animating the soldiers to battle, but also for making proclamations of the public ceremonies; he was also accustomed to sing metrical songs at public festivals. The famous song of *Roland*, continued in favour among the French soldiers as late as the battle of Poitiers, in the time of John of France.

In the time of Philip de Valois, between the years 1228 and 1250, the French had in use more than thirty musical instruments; the form of the greatest part of which is unknown to the present age. Among them, however, are the following well-known instruments of modern times—flutes, harps, hautbois, bassoons, trumpets, small kettle-drums carried by a boy and beaten by a man, cymbals, *tambour de basque*, two long speaking trumpets, two large hand-bells, guitars, bagpipes of various kinds, a dulcimer, a *vielle* (or as it is vulgarly called a hurdy-gurdy), and regals, or what we call portable organs.

In regard to the French vocal music, the poets made a particular line of an old song the *refrain*, or burthen to the new. The songs of Thibaut, King of Navarre, are placed at the head of those that have been preserved in the French language, as those of Guillaume IX. Duke of Aquitaine, are

in that of Provence. *Les Grandes Chroniques de France* inform us, that Thibaut, at the age of thirty-five, having conceived a violent and hopeless passion for Queen Blanche, was advised to apply himself to music and poetry. He did so; and produced the most beautiful songs and melodies ever heard. It is the opinion of the French antiquaries, that the tunes of the ancient MSS. of the songs of this Prince were originally set by himself.

The fourteenth century seems the era when music in parts, moving in different melodies, came first in favour. In the preceding age we can find no music of more than two parts, in counterpoint of note against note.

From the close connexion of the arts to each other, we cannot trace the progressive improvement of music in Italy, without first speaking of its language. Its sweetness and facility of utterance render it certainly more favourable to singing than any other language. The sweet eloquence of the Tuscan dialect renders it superior to all others for expressing words set to music; and the lyric verses of Italy were long known to be superior to every other kind of poetry.

Though the French wrote verses in their own dialect much sooner than the Italians, yet their language was brought to no perfection till the close of the century before last, but the writings of the Italians even of the fourteenth century, are regarded as perfect models, both as to diction and construction: and, indeed, in that century all the nations of Europe began to cultivate the art of poetry; but none were so sweet and tasteful on this head as the Italians. In the *History of Malaspina* we find mentioned a chorus of women singing through the streets, accompanied with cymbals, drums, flutes, viols, &c. in the year 1268, when Prince Conrad was marching against

Charles I. King of Sicily. And at the same time it was customary among the Lombards to have epithalamiums sung at their weddings. When the family of Gonzaga reigned at Mantua, in the year 1540, the different princes and nobles of Italy presented the Gonzaghi with a variety of gorgeous vestments, which were afterwards distributed amongst the musicians and buffoons. An old Italian poet informs us, in the following lines:—

*Tutte le robe sopra nominate
Furon in tutto trent' otta e trescento,
A buffone a sonatori donate!*

"And all those costly robes of state,
"In all three hundred thirty-eight,
"To fiddlers and buffoons were given!"

The Italians were the inventors of the madrigal, the etymology of which term has been much disputed; but there is little doubt of its having first been used in religious poems, addressed to the Blessed Virgin;—*alla madre*; whence came the word *madriale* and *madrigale*, being afterwards applied to short poems of love and gallantry both by the French and Italians, the original import has been forgotten. The most ancient melodies in Italy were all from a collection of spiritual songs.

It was not till near the time of Petrarch that poetry seemed to have recovered its ancient lustre. A peculiar kind of vocal music was prevalent in his time, but, unfortunately, none of the original melodies to which his exquisite sonnets were set, have come down to the present period.

Every nation in Europe has produced good poetry before it could boast of being set to such music as constituted good melody.

In an account of Petrarch's coronation we read of two choirs of music, one vocal the other instrumental, employed in the procession, which sang and played by turns in *sweet harmony*. This certainly implies a progress in figurative counterpoint, and singing and playing in *concert*. Even in 1360, one of the Chronicles of Frankfort observes, that music had "a figurative kind of composition unknown before."

Boccaccio survived Petrarch but two years. His *Decamerone* has always been regarded as a faithful delineation of the manners and customs of Italy in his time. Though, like our historical romances, it is composed of fable and real history, yet it is a very probable work of imagination. Truth is never violated by too high a colouring, and the music of the Florentines is well treated of. We may gather from him that besides carols and ballads, the singing of which marked the steps of a dance, there were in his time songs without dances, and tunes without songs.

The two chief instruments mentioned in the *Decamerone*, which were played on by ladies and gentlemen, were the lute and viol; on which latter instrument ladies too were often wont to perform. When company wanted to dance merely to music that was instrumental, a servant was called in to perform on the bagpipe.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MRS. DELANEY.

At the age of seventy-five this prodigy of female genius invented an art which she brought to that perfection which, to use the words of the late celebrated Miss Seward, "makes imitation hopeless." Ten immense folios were enriched by her hand with an hundred flowering plants, representing in cut paper, which was previously dyed in various colours, the finest flowers of our own climate, and, indeed, of every other, from the best specimens that the field, the garden, the green-house, and conservatory could furnish; these were all finished with that truth and brilliancy of

colouring which might shame the needle or the pencil's skill. The moss, the films, the farina, every part the most minute was represented with the most astonishing precision, delicacy, and fidelity. Mrs. Delaney had ever been a fine painter; and versed in the arts of chemistry, she dyed all the papers herself from whence she formed this her mimic creation: her writing-paper her sole material, her scissors her only instrument. The paper, as we said before, was completely shaded by herself with every various tint, and never received any additional touches after the flower was once cut out; neither did she make any drawing:

the pattern, or rather the original specimen, lay before her, and she cut from the eye. The floating grace of the stalks was wonderful, the flowers, leaves, and buds most elegantly and exquisitely disposed: they possessed a fine relief produced by light and shade, and their rich and natural appearance was far beyond what the pencil could ever hope to produce. For every reason this extraordinary female deserves to be placed amongst the illustrious; and we address this authentic anecdote in a particular manner to our more mature female readers. It is a fault too much practised by both sexes to indulge in listlessness and a kind of "hopeless langour," at the decline of life. Our energies and talents were given us to persevere in their exercise to the end. How many moments of *ennui* would be spared when the bright season of youth is at an end, if women would render their age interesting and amiable by employing themselves in those amusements with which elegant accomplishments are so replete. What a lesson for exertion of our faculties is this splendid invention at the advanced age of seventy-five!

MRS. BENNET.

THIS lady, who lived to a very great age, deserves a place here for her inestimable literary talents, and also for her having been for many years the intimate companion and cherished friend of the matchless Richardson, the author of *Clarissa* and *Grandison*; and whose friendship for this amiable woman, of long standing, ceased not till his death. Her poetry had all the neatness, humour, and gaiety of Swift; and her wit and vivacity rendered her society and conversation a perpetual treat. The following anecdote serves to shew that this sprightliness attended her through the extreme of old age, almost to her dying hour. On her seventieth birth-day, being very ill with the erysipilas, or as it is commonly called, Saint Anthony's fire, she wrote a most arch, beautiful little poem, reproaching the Saint for his very bad taste in intriguing with an old woman. Her death happened in 1793, when full of years and honour she quitted this world without either mental or bodily pain. Her letters to her illustrious correspondents were, to the very last, replete with spirit and eloquence.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

STRIKING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE
ABBE LA CAILLE, THE ASTRONOMER.

THE father of La Caille was a parish clerk in the country; and at the age of ten years his father sent him every evening to ring the church bell; but the boy always returned home at a very late hour. His father beat him, and still La Caille stayed an hour after he had rung the bell. The father finding something mysterious in this proceeding, watched him one evening. He saw his son ascend the steeple, ring the bell as usual, and remain there afterwards during an hour. When the child descended, he trembled exceedingly, and, falling on his knees, confessed that the pleasure he took in watching the stars from the steeple was the real cause of detaining him from home. As the father had no notion of astronomy, he flogged the boy very severely. The youth was found weeping in the street by a man of science, who,

when he discovered in a boy of ten years of age, a passion for contemplating the stars at night, he soon decided that the seal of nature had impressed itself on the genius of that child; and relieving the parent of his (to him) useless son, and the son from the unaspiring father, he assisted La Caille in his pursuit, and the event completely justified the prediction.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF DR. JOHNSON'S
MARRIAGE.

MRS. JOHNSON had a very red face and very indifferent features; and her manners in advanced life, for her children were all grown up when Johnson first saw her, had an unbecoming excess of girlish levity and disgusting affectation. The rustic prettiness, and artless manners of her daughter Lucy, had won Johnson's youthful heart when she was on a visit at the Reverend John Hunter's, at Litchfield, in Johnson's

school days. Disgusted by his unsightly form, she had a personal aversion to him, nor could the beautiful verses be addressed to her on receiving from her a sprig of myrtle, teach her to endure him: she, at length, returned to her parents in Birmingham, and was soon forgotten. Business taking Johnson to Birmingham, on the death of his own father, and calling upon his coy mistress there, he found her father dying. He passed all his leisure hours at Mr. Porter's, attending his sick-bed, and, in a few months after his death, asked Mrs. Johnson's consent to marry the old widow. After expressing her surprise at a request so extraordinary, "No, Sam, my willing consent you will never have to so preposterous a union. You are not twenty-five, and she is turned fifty. If she had any prudence this request had never been made to me. Where are your means of subsistence? Porter has died poor in consequence of his wife's expensive habits. You have great talents, but, as yet, have turned them into no profitable channel."—"Mother, I have not deceived Mrs. Porter: I have told her the worst of me; that I am of mean extraction; that I have no money; and that I have had an uncle hanged. She replied, that she valued no one more or less for his descent; that she had no more money than myself; and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

RECENT PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO BONAPARTE.

WHEN Mr. Cooke, who was in the suite of Lord Amherst on his return from China, was introduced to Napoleon, he asked Mr. Cooke if he was descended from the celebrated navigator?—"You had a Cook," added he, "who was, indeed, a great man." When Dr. Lynn was presented, he asked him at what university he had studied? and on being told at Edinburgh, he repeated, "Ah! *Edinboory*." He then, after innumerable questions, asked him if he bled and gave as much mercury as our St. Helena Doctors?

Mr. Griffith, the chaplain to the embassy, was next introduced, whom Bonaparte termed *Faisonneur*, pronouncing at the same time in English, *clair-gee-man*.—"Well, Sir," he continued, "have you found out

what religion the Chinese profess?"—Mr. Griffith replied that it was somewhat difficult to say; but it seemed a sort of polytheism. Not seeming to understand the meaning of this word, spoken in English, Bertrand remarked—" *Pluralité de Dieux*." "Ah! *pluralité de Dieux*," said Bonaparte. "Do they believe in the immortality of the soul?"—"I think," replied Mr. Griffith, "they have some idea of a future state."—"Well," said Napoleon, "when you go home, you must get a good living; I wish you may be made a prebendary, Sir."—He then went round to the whole circle, and had something obliging to say to every one, and bowed very politely to each of the party as they retired. He was, by no means, so corpulent as he has been represented.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

AT the time when Lee was manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, he was determined to improve upon stage thunder. For this purpose he procured a quantity of nine-pound shot, and putting them into a wheelbarrow he affixed thereto a nine-pound wheel; this done, ridges were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow, so filled, backwards and forwards over those ridges. The play was *Lear*, and in the two first efforts the thunder had a good effect: at length, as the King was braving, "the pelting of the pitiless storm," the thunderer's foot slipped, and down he came, wheelbarrow and all: the stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat. This storm was more difficult for *Lear* to encounter than that tempest of which he had so loudly complained, the balls taking every direction. The fiddlers were alarmed, and hurried out of the orchestra, while, to crown the scene of confusion, the sprawling thunderer was discovered lying prostrate, to the great amusement of the audience.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO THE AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED GERMAN NOVEL OF "CAROLINE DE LIGHTFIELD."

A rich widower, of fifty-three, on the confines of Germany, respectable in rank

and character, whose children were married and settled at a distance from him, read the novel of *Caroline de Lichfield*, and felt its influence. Personally unknown to the author, he inquired into her situation, and found her of acknowledged merit and spotless reputation. He had the good sense to believe that the acquisition of a

companion for life, whose talents and sensibility had produced that work, would prove a surer source of happiness to his remaining years than youth, which, with her, was past, than beauty, which she had never possessed; and he accordingly married her.

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER XIV.

MY DEAR CHILD,—The earth, the surrounding air, and the unfathomable ocean, are all replete with the wonders of creation: there are animals also partaking of two natures, inhabiting by turns the land and the water, and these are, by naturalists, termed amphibious. Among these I shall commence with those that are, from their size and nature, amongst the most stupendous belonging to this class; and as I commenced my history of land quadrupeds with the horse, so, amongst the amphibious, I shall first introduce to your notice

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR RIVER HORSE.

THIS creature has a great resemblance to the horse; and is found chiefly among the floods of Asia and the rivers on the coast of Africa: he keeps under water almost the whole of the day, and feeds on fish. At night he quits his watery abode, and wanders through those fields which are in the highest state of cultivation, where he makes dreadful havock amongst the rice, the millet, and every kind of vegetable. Timid to a degree when he is on land, as soon as he finds himself pursued, notwithstanding his enormous bulk, he does not offer to defend himself, but plunges into the bosom of the waters. There, conscious of that amazing strength with which nature has endowed him, he is always ready to sustain that combat which seems to ensure to him victory. If he chance to be wounded, he is only the more irritated; he sets up his ears, his eyes become threatening and inflamed, he plunges with fury against the vessels of his pursuers, sets his teeth in them, tears out the different pieces of wood that hold them together, and often causes

them to disappear for ever beneath the waves.

The flesh of the hippopotamus is in great estimation at the Cape of Good Hope, and the natives of that place regard it as an exquisite dainty: his fat is eagerly sought after, and is made use of in the place of butter.

The skin of the river horse is used by some of the natives of Asia and Africa for shields and bucklers; being so impenetrable that neither ball nor arrow can pierce it.

THE CROCODILE.

THIS enormous and voracious animal is found on the shores of the Nile, and other great floods in Egypt, in Africa, and in the Indies. Its power is equally felt by land and by sea. Urged on by the most imperious wants, resulting from its extraordinary size, which is seldom less than twenty feet in length, he devours not only the larger fishes of the sea, and the cattle on the earth, but he is at perpetual war with men, women, and children. Sometimes this animal has been known to leap into a boat, and carry off one of the passengers without his companions being able to afford the unhappy wretch the smallest succour or consolation.

In the mean time there are countries where this formidable creature is treated with a degree of adoration. On the slave coast in Africa, the King of Saba regards it as no small proof of his luxury and state, to have two ponds filled with crocodiles, to whom it is expected divine honours will be ascribed; and in the ages of ignorance and superstition the terror that these animals inspired caused the people to erect altars to their worship. The inhabitants

of the city of Arsinoë, near the lake Mœris, paid divine honours always to the crocodile; and the following is a brief account of their ceremonies: they first bound the crocodile by confining his four feet, and then adorned his ears with magnificent jewels; they then fed him with meat that had been previously consecrated. When the sacred crocodiles died, their ashes were collected together, and put into an urn, which urn was deposited in the sepulchres of their Kings. And the city of Arsinoë obtained the honourable title of *The City of the Crocodiles*.

The armour which envelopes the body of the crocodile is, to use the words of Dr. Shaw, "the most elaborate piece of nature's mechanism;" it is capable of repelling a musket ball. The colour of this animal is of a blackish kind of brown above, and a yellowish white beneath; the upper part of the legs and sides is varied with deep yellow, tinged in some parts with green. The eyes have a transparent membrane, as in birds, which is moveable. The mouth is of a prodigious width, and each jaw is furnished with very sharp-pointed teeth; the number in each jaw is about thirty or more. The legs are short, strong, and muscular. The fore-legs are five-toed and unwebbed; the hind feet have only four toes, which are united by a strong web. The tail is remarkably long.

When the crocodile is young, it is by no means an animal to be dreaded; it is then too weak to injure other animals, but contents itself with fish and other trifling prey. In Africa, when it arrives at its full growth and strength, it becomes the most formidable inhabitant of the rivers; lying in wait on its banks, where it attacks dogs and other land animals, swallowing them instantly, and then plunging into the flood.

The egg of the common crocodile is very little larger than that of a goose: these eggs are numbered among the delicacies of an African table.

A vulgar error has long prevailed that the crocodile only moves his upper jaw; but the scientific authors of natural history have discovered that the articulations of each jaw are the same as in other quadrupeds. Another error has been maintained, that the crocodile has no tongue,

when, in reality, it is very large, more so, in proportion, than that of an ox; but, from its strong connexion with the sides of the lower jaw, it seems, as it were, tied down, so as to be incapable of being stretched forwards, as in other animals.

THE ALLIGATOR.

THIS creature so nearly resembles the crocodile, that many naturalists seem to consider them as one and the same species. The leading difference is, that the snout is considerably flatter and wider, as well as more rounded at the extremity.

The largest alligators inhabit the torrid zone, though many are found in North Carolina; and in Jamaica they have been seen above thirty feet in length. They are formidable in their appearance, and fierce and mischievous in their natures. They subsist chiefly on fish; and a kind Providence, ever awake for the preservation of its creatures, has so constructed this animal that it can neither swim nor run any way than strait forward; so that he is utterly unable to catch his prey by pursuit if obliged to turn round; but nature has gifted him with a power of deceiving and catching his victims by a peculiar sagacity, and also in the colour of his body, which resembles an old trunk of a tree; and by floating on the surface, and concealing his head and legs, fish, fowl, turtle, and other animals are often swallowed by this voracious creature.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you at Beech Farm, I will take you to see the museum that Lady S—— has collected of natural curiosities for the private amusement of herself and friends; a young alligator stuffed, and in fine preservation, has lately been presented to her by her brother. He has had much raillery on the occasion from your father and uncle; but though it was certainly too large for the little elegant articles Lady S—— had collected together, the biggest of which is a beautiful gazelle from the Eastern shores, she feels much obliged to her brother, and happy in any way to add to her charming collection of creation's wondrous works.—Adieu. Your affectionate mother,

ANNA.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM—No. XIX.

SANDWICH.—Is raised on the ruins of a place called Richborough, in the parish of Ashe; the precise time of the foundation cannot easily be traced, but it was probably before the Britons were driven out by the Saxons: the Welch called it the Sandy Ford, of which the modern name is only a translation. Its form alone seems sufficient to excite the suspicion that Sandwich had been a Roman station; but there are not the least vestiges of Roman architecture; nor are any coins or antiquities ever dug up belonging to the Romans: it may, therefore, be justly concluded to have been of Saxon origin. It is built on a flat, elevated about fifteen feet above the rest of the plain, in a town containing about six thousand inhabitants; the streets are numerous, narrow, and irregularly disposed. Over the river is a bridge of two stone arches: prior to this bridge was a ferry of very remote antiquity; having been granted by Eadbert, King of Kent, who died in 748, to the Abbey of St. Augustine, in Canterbury. In 1349 it was bestowed by Edward III. on the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, at Sandwich, till the building of the bridge, in 1755, by virtue of an act of parliament, which secures sixty-two pounds per annum to the Hospital, being the greatest rent ever made by the ferry.

Many of the posterity of the Flemish refugees are still inhabitants of this town, and carry on the business introduced by their ancestors, who had set up manufactures of flannel, baize, and sayes, which trade was once very considerable, but at present totally lost. The staple for wool was placed here by Edward I.; removed, and again restored by Richard II. As an idea of its ancient opulence, in the reign of Edward IV. the customs yielded annually between sixteen and seventeen thousand pounds, and even in that of James I. near three thousand. Sandwich is one of the Cinque Ports, and in the reign of Edward IV. had ninety-five ships belonging to it, and above fifteen hundred sailors.

Edward the Confessor made this town his usual place of residence; in his days the houses in number were three hundred and seven, and it was a most extensive and

commodious harbour. In 1216, Louis the Dauphin, afterwards Louis VIII. sailed into this port with six hundred ships and eighty boats, landed, and continued at Sandwich till he was joined by the discontented Barons.

When England, in 1457, had been expelled its ancient domains in France, it received additional mortification by a petty invasion from Normandy. Pierre de Breze collected out of the French garrisons four thousand men, and landed at Sandwich, putting the inhabitants to the sword, and pillaging the town without mercy.

This once important port is now contracted to a very inconsiderable stream; the date of its destruction to its present state must be confined to the space between 1457 and 1573. The town of Sandwich is large, but contains little worthy the researches of the curious. The Hospital of St. Thomas was founded in 1392, by Thomas Ellis, a drafter in this town, for twelve poor persons. This hospital is still kept up, and comfortably supports eight brothers and three sisters, having a revenue of one hundred and sixty-two pounds eleven shillings. The founder is recorded to have been so opulent as to have lent to that spendthrift monarch, Richard II. *forty pounds!*

CANTERBURY.—The capital of Kent, and situated about half a mile distant from a village named Halkington. Canterbury was, without dispute, a Roman city; the form of it is inclined to the oval, and the circuit is one mile five furlongs thirty-two perches and thirteen feet. Many parts of the walls have traces of Roman bricks, which are proofs of the original builders: these marks are certainly becoming very rare, by reason of frequent repairs. On the place where the cathedral now stands, was a Roman Christian church, granted to St. Augustine, in 597, by King Ethelbert. It is built with great simplicity, of Roman brick mixed with flint and stone: this is supposed to be the oldest church in the kingdom now in use; the font is remarkably curious, and is evidently of Saxon work.

The cathedral is in the Gothic style, and

of great beauty and elegance; the elevation of the choir is uncommonly grand, but it is wretchedly fitted up with modern wainscot. Behind the screen is a flight of steps which leads to the chapel of the Holy Trinity; a very curious and elegant piece of work. Between the pillars are frequent tombs; that of Henry IV. and his wife, Queen Joan of Navarre, have their figures represented in a recumbent posture; these figures are formed of alabaster. Henry died in 1414; his Queen erected this monument to his memory, and followed him in 1437. Here also reposes the gallant hero Edward the Black Prince, the valiant son of Edward III.; his figure is in brass, recumbent, with uplifted hands; he is habited in complete armour: he was buried here by his own order.

Beyond is a chapel of a circular form, called Becket's Crown: beneath, in a circular vault, was his place of interment, or rather the spot where the monks hastily deposited his body, for fear it should be exposed to the fowls of the air, as the assassins had threatened: his remains were afterwards translated to the venerable shrine so much spoken of by historians, where they remained till Cromwell, by order of Henry VIII. directed his bones to be taken out and consumed to ashes.

The following description of the shrine, abridged from that authentic topographer, Stowe, cannot fail, we think, of proving interesting to our readers.

The shrine was built of the height of an ordinary man, all of stone, then upward of plain timber, within which was a chest of iron, containing the skull and bones of Thomas-à-Becket: on the skull was marked the wound whereby he received his death. The timber-work on the outside was covered with plates of gold, damasked with gold wire, which ground of gold was again covered with jewels set in gold, and rings, ten or twelve, cramped with gold wire into the said ground of gold: the stones were of every precious kind, with pearls of an immense size, and formed into brooches, images, and angels. This rich spoil, when carried from the shrine by order of Henry VIII. filled two great chests, such as six or seven strong men could scarcely carry.

This shrine was the object of pilgrimage

without end: a hundred thousand devotees have been known to visit it in one year; even crowned heads fulfilled this duty. Among others Louis VII. came over in 1179 in the disguise of a common pilgrim: he presented a valuable cup of gold, and also the famous jewel called the regal of France, which Henry VIII. afterwards wore as a thumb-ring. Louis granted the monks a hundred tons of wine, to be paid annually in Paris: he kept watch a whole night at the tomb, and in the morning requested to be admitted to the holy fraternity; he was indulged in his demand, together with Henry II.

The chapter-room is ninety-two feet by thirty-seven, and is fifty-four feet high. The pillars of the stalls on the sides are of Petworth marble. In this place Henry II. underwent the severity of his humiliating penance of being scourged by the monks for the murder of Thomas-à-Becket: the sharp penance being over, he returned to the tomb, where he continued all the day in prayer, and all the next night, not suffering a carpet to be spread for his accommodation, but kneeling all the time on the flinty pavement. During all this time he took no food, and, except when he offered his naked body to be scourged, he was clothed in sackcloth; and that he might fully expiate his sin, he assigned a revenue of forty pounds a year to keep lights always burning, in honour of Becket, about his tomb.

The cloisters remain entire, and form a large square on the west side of the body of this fine cathedral; through them is the entrance into the chapter-house.

As soon as King Ethelbert had presented the ancient church to St. Augustine, that apostle of England founded a monastery at Canterbury, and dedicated it to our saviour Christ. The Archbishops made it their cathedral, and placed it under the care of a dean and secular canons. Ealfric, in 1003, turned them out and replaced them with monks. The seculars repossessed themselves, till Laufranc, in 1080, rebuilt the cathedral and adjacent buildings, ruined by the Danes, and placed in them a hundred and fifty Benedictines, with a prior. The Archbishop being considered as Abbot, it was called the Priory of the Church of the Holy Trinity, or of

Christ Church. The last prior was Thomas Goldwell, who, with sixty-eight of his monks, subscribed to the King's supremacy.

DEAL—A very long town, extending a great way, parallel to, and very near, the beach. It consists chiefly of three narrow streets, with some buildings on the west side, the ancient part of the town. Deal is entirely supported by the shipping, lying in the Downs: every shop is full of punch-bowls, drinking-glasses, cloaths, and every thing to supply a sailor's wants. The prosperity of this town may be dated from the increase of British commerce, and the consequent increase of the multitudes of ships, which make the Downs their rendezvous in their outward and inward voyages.—They are the only roads in which vessels can ride, from hence as far as St. Helen's. The Downs, or road, lies between the land and the famous Godwin Sands, about which so much has been fabled. That they had once been a solid and populous tract, the property of Earl Godwin, Earl of Kent, is credible enough; yet a natural solution may be more probable, than that they were swallowed up on account of his extreme wickedness: it was certainly effected by that vast inundation which took place in the year 1100, when part of Holland was overflowed, and the water carried from this part of the sea rendered it so shallow, that places which, before, might have been safely passed over, became dangerous shoals: yet, even the Godwin Sands have their utility; ships anchor or moor beneath their shelter, and find protection from the winds, unless in very extraordinary tempests. The Godwin Sands consist of two parts, divided in the middle by four narrow channels, about two fathoms deep. The Sands extend ten miles along the coast, north and south, verging towards the east, and from three and a half to six

miles distant from the main land. They have over them, at all times, so little water, as not to be any where passable, unless by very small vessels, and at the ebb, are, in many places, dry: this occasions a lingering death to the unhappy people who are wrecked on them at low water: they often pass, with horrible view, the intermediate space between their getting on the sands and the return of the tide: if they chance to be seen from land, and a boat is able to put to sea, they are sometimes happily relieved: and, highly to the honour of the inhabitants of Deal, they are all ready to hazard their lives, to save those of their fellow-creatures.

A little beyond the town of Deal, is the castle, where Anne of Cleves, in November, 1540, made her inauspicious landing, as the wife of Henry VIII. but was only a disgusting object to the fickle monarch, who repudiated her, after bestowing on her the appellation of a *Flanders' mare*!

About a mile further, stands Walmer Castle, the third of Henry's upon this range: there, at no great distance from the church, are still some remains of the mansion of a Sir John Kiriell, who had a considerable command under Henry V. at Agincourt. His son, Sir Thomas, Knight of the Garter, was barbarously put to death by Margaret of Anjou, after the first battle of St. Alban's.

On the summit of a chalky cliff is the church of St. Margaret-at-Cliffe, a foundation of great antiquity: the windows, and the door beneath the ruined steeple, are of Saxon architecture, with round arches. The first mention of this church is in the reign of Edward I. when his Queen Elinor bestowed the advowson on Christ Church, Canterbury: St. Margaret's church is a leading mark for seamen into the inner channel of the Downs.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF PAST TIMES.

SEATED in the baronial hall of the demesne given him by his master, Alfred, Duke Edrick was surrounded by his vassals, and, in receiving their oaths of allegiance, he fancied himself even equal to the sovereign of England. Many a Danish mother

had to mourn the effects of his prowess—many a Danish maiden had strained her eye over the whitened shore, expecting the return of her lover, whom the swords of Edrick's followers had laid low in the dust. Deeds of honour had gained Edrick the

love of his King; and the wapentakes of Samsex were given to him to reign over, as some recompense for the many leagues of land which he had caused the Danes to relinquish. His bosom was raised high in exultation, on finding himself Lord of so goodly a territory—a territory, lost by his father's disloyalty to Athelstan, but redeemed by himself on a return to his allegiance.

This hall of audience was extensive to the gaze; it was built in all the majesty of feudal time—it rose in ample grandeur—simple and unadorned, save by the waving trophy, the hauberk, or the cuirass, intermingled with the cross-bow or the glittering spear. Looks of festive joy beamed in every visage, the wassail bowl passed off, and returned, till Duke Edrick called on the minstrel. All then was hushed, as the retiring wave from the distant shore, while the hoary bard sung of deeds of valour and of wisdom, achieved by England's Solon. In the midst of a crowd of warriors, shone, like a brilliant star, Duke Edrick's daughter, on whom her father doted, and considered as the step-ladder to his ambition, and in prospect as a sharer of his monarch's bed. Imma's form was the most beautiful that can be imagined; she was fair as marble—her eyes were of celestial blue, lighting a face full of the most tender, bewitching, and expressive languishment—her cheeks were fresh-tinted by the rose blossom, but her lips and teeth were such as a painter might attempt to imitate, but could never realize. Her hair, of clear flaxen, unadorned and unrestrained, strayed over her fine and falling shoulders; she bent forward to the bard's notes, as if in admiration of his theme, but the harper's strains were far from occupying her thoughts. Unhappy girl! she was dwelling on those, which told her misery must ever be her portion, and how much more she thought her fate was to be lamented than that of any other damsel. The lay finished, the bard regained his seat—the carousal again commenced, and Duke Edrick roused his daughter from vacancy by a loud and deep reproach. He demanded, why she, alone, joined not in the general joy, on beholding him in the hall of his ancestors? Imma essayed to speak, but her words were inarticulate;

she burst into tears, happily unperceived by her father. Again the bard was inspired—he struck a prelude which enchanted all; they seized their arms, in rapture, as for the combat, but each tongue was silent, and all was hushed, save the repressed clank of armour, as the Knights regained their seats. The hoary musician's cheek was flushed with a hectic flush; a holy inspiration gave a fire to his eye; and while his fingers struck the chords of his harp, he sung the praise of the chieftain's daughter—he sung the praise of Imma—

“Fair as chaste, as chaste as fair.”

At such a congratulation, she rose, in virgin diffidence, and thanked him, though in a voice checked with sobs; and, overcome by the praises of her father, she cast her eyes fearfully around the hall, and sunk senseless into his arms. While the stern Edrick was chiding her, and the timid Imma was ascribing the acuteness of her feelings to some ominous cause (which, in those days of superstition, haunted, occasionally, the strongest mind), a confusion of sounds arose from that part of the hall from which Imma had withdrawn her sight; it broke out, as though the foeman had them in his toils. As the smoke of battle rolls on in destruction—as the dust of the war-horse approaches nearer and nearer still—so come the sounds of discontent to Duke Edrick's seat.—“I heed thee not,” exclaimed Lord Hildebrande, in a voice above the din; “I tell thee to thy teeth, and I'll tell it all who'll hear, Duke Edrick is deceived, and Imma is no longer chaste as fair—she is a wanton!”

At such a charge, again were murmurs loud and deep; they poured through the hall of audience. A hundred helmets shook, a hundred swords left their scabbards, but Lord Hildebrande again exclaimed, aloud, “By the Holy Ghost she's false; Imma has disgraced her sex.”—“Proud Hildebrande, thou liest,” exclaimed Childe Edmund; the storm of passion shook his heaving frame—he snatched off his greave, it whirled in the air, and striking the accuser of Imma, who took the pledge, and demanding the ordeal, swore to prove the charge. The affrighted Imma now raised herself, in conscious innocence; she indignantly threw back those

tresses which would have hid her face; she would have defended, with an undaunted eye, her character, but she met a father's reproachful look; a chilly paleness overspread her, and she bent, like a lily in a storm, into the arms of Childe Edmund.

When Lady Imma awoke from her trance, every thing bore a dreadful silence; in vain she attempted to raise herself from her couch, her limbs appeared paralyzed; she put her hand to her head, her brain was maddening; it is true, a refreshing breeze burst in upon her from the open casement, yet it lasted but a moment; a hotter glow succeeded, and threatened to check all respiration; she gazed wildly around her; she paused, to think, but yet seemed fearful of recalling remembrance; she put her finger on the blood-bursting lids of her eyes, distended with fever; she pored over, unconsciously, the storied painting, which the last rays of a setting sun emblazoned and reflected from the bay window; and as conviction of what was to happen dawned in her mind, she endeavoured to shut out its reality: she shrunk into herself—a frightful slumber steeped her faculties in misery, and tortured her diseased imagination.

Such a charge as Lord Hildebrande's, was not to be made with impunity. When the first storms of indignation were over, he was allowed to speak, as follows:—"Returning last, on the eve of St. Francis, from a border post, I entered a dingle in the forest; there I saw the Lady Imma rush into the arms of a man, who wore the scarf that now Childe Edmund wears. I am not mad—I am Lord Edrick's friend: I pledge myself for the truth of what I utter, and let her disloyal Knight defend her if he can."—In saying this, each warrior slunk away, to see the decision by mutual combat.

Fearful that violent emotions might rack the bosom of the gentle Imma, Edmund left the hall to seek her; love is seldom accompanied by prudence, or he had never sought a secret interview. Now the Baron Edrick trembled with passion, and he swore, if guilty, to sacrifice both to his revenge. From the maidens of her house, Childe Edmund learned Imma was in her chamber. As he was the cause of the indignity which Hildebrande had offered her,

he dared not subject her to another by entering the castle; he, therefore, saw her not, and, becoming a prey to the acutest anguish, he wandered about the dwelling, unconscious where he bent his steps.—Childe Edmund, as he was called, had long loved the gentle Imma, and, ere she was aware, she returned his love; they feared it was impossible they could ever be united, but there was such a luxury in even their cheered hopes, that they rather chose to encourage a mutual attachment, accompanied with future misery, than to call upon the resources of sense and reason, and to use that fortitude which teaches us to endure misfortune patiently. Childe Edmund was merely the *protégé* of Duke Edrick, and, without a single quartering of nobility in his shield, had been ever viewed with contempt by Lord Hildebrande, as a protected vassal: this vassal had, however, been preferred to him by the Lady Imma, and he swore to be his ruin, by bell, book, and candle.

Love, in those days, had no employment, save to chide the time with sighs and exclamations; for the life of a murderer was sacred, on being proved able to read and write; these attainments were not presumed to be those of females; and a lady was deemed a prodigy who was enabled, by her pen, to carry on a correspondence. No pert chambermaid was then the conveyer of a *billet-doux*. Thus Imma and Childe Edmund were obliged to vent their complaints to the air, to themselves, or to inanimate things, without consolation, and without pity. "My father," said the unfortunate Imma, "believes me guilty, but I am not, and Edmund knows I am innocent: and oh! my dear mother, look down from heaven, pity your poor child, and shield her from despair."

The following morning, Imma arose unrefreshed from her couch; she walked as one whose soul was fled, but whose body was doomed to wander in unconsciousness: it was yet but twilight, and the spear and the lance trembled in the cold air; soon the guards paraded in a quicker step on their posts, and, at length, all was bustle and animation. She had walked on the battlements, and, seated like the genius of suspense, her tresses spreading in the wan-ton air, she started at the sound of the

bugle; the chain of the draw-bridge rattles—the portcullis rises, and an host of armed men pour from the keep, and form a procession. Childe Edmund is preceded by a page, who bears his favour of azure blue; a lover gazes towards the castle—he seems to breathe a sigh towards her; a train accompanies him, and Lord Hildebrande, who, seated on a white charger, seems conscious of victory: they are followed by the herald at arms.

This appearance of knightly combat darkens her vision.—“He is going,” she cries, “to sacrifice himself! and for me:” she uttered a scream, and fell, unheeded, on the terrace. Ill-fated maid! thy sufferings are, indeed, acute; if this be the punishment of presumed guilt, what ought to be that of conscious depravity? They had met, it is true, clandestinely, but angels might have been present at the interview; they met but to breathe vows of constancy, and to indulge in mutual sorrows, dearer to them than all the jocund hours of mirth. On returning to a sense of feeling, she crawled to her chamber, revived by the blood, which flowed from a wound she had met with in falling; the cut she received in her temple was healed by a domestic, but the wounded heart rejected all mortal medicine; and her attend-

ants, apprehensive of her fading reason, were fain to let her pursue her inclination. To paint her agonies of suspense, during a rencounter in which was engaged all she loved, is impossible—it was, indeed, intense. At length, the sound of music proclaimed, all was over—that the dreadful truth must soon be known. They play a mournful theme, and she rushes forward to behold the cause. The procession is only to be seen ever and anon in the distance, now lost among the hills, and now again emerging nearer sight. On a carriage, she, at length, perceives the stiffened corpse of one. Oh! the virgin, the blue scarf is wrapped round his body. An hysteric laugh bursts from her, as she runs to meet it: it is not her lover’s form she would clasp, but, with wounds staunch’d by the trophy of love, Lord Hildebrande’s; a victim to his own evil passions, who, dying, confessed the guilty assertions of falsehood. Even this would not have procured the consent of Lord Edrick, to give his daughter to Childe Edmund, had he not received letters from his King, inviting him to his marriage banquet, and declaring Edmund his relative. Childe Edmund then, by royal command, wedded the lovely Imma: the bard’s song was once more heard in the hall, and the foeman spoiled not their delight.

DEPRECIATION OF BENEFITS RECEIVED.

LETTER FROM J. J. ROUSSEAU TO M. GRIMM.

TELL me, Grimm, whence it is, that all my friends pretend that I ought to accompany Madame d’Epinay? Am I only in the wrong, or are they all bewitched? Are they all possessed of that base partiality which is always ready to pronounce in favour of wealth, and to burthen the indigent with an hundred useless duties, which render poverty still more hard and inevitable? I will only speak of this to yourself. Although, no doubt, you are prejudiced, like every one else, I yet think you possessed of equity enough to put yourself in my place, and to judge of what really is my duty. Listen, then, my good friend, to my reasons, and determine what part I ought to take; for whatever may be your opinion, I declare myself ready immediately to abide by it.

What is there that obliges me to follow Madame d’Epinay? Friendship, gratitude, the use that I may be of to her. Let us examine all these points.

If Madame d’Epinay has shewn me any friendship, I have shewn her yet more: the care we have mutually taken of each other is equal, quite as great on my part as on hers. Both in a declining state of health, I owe to her no more than she owes to me; no farther; unless it should be required of the one that suffers most to take charge of the other. Because my afflictions are irremediable, is that any reason that they should be regarded as nothing? I will only add one word more: she has friends less sick, less poor, less jealous of their liberty, with more time on their hands, and which are quite as dear to her as I am.

I do not see that any of these seem to think it a duty to follow her: why, then, should this lot fall on me alone, who am the least capable of fulfilling such a duty? If Madame d'Epinay was so dear to me that I must renounce myself to amuse her, how is it that I should be so very little so to her, that she would purchase, at the expence of my health, my life, my repose, and my resources, the attentions of one so awkward as myself? I know not whether I ought even to make her the offer of following her; but I know this, at least, without her having that hard-heartedness which opulence is too apt to give, but which seemed ever far from her, that she ought not to accept such an offer.

As to benefits—in the first place, I do not like them, I will not accept them, and I value not any that are forced upon me. I have told that plainly to Madame d'Epinay, before I ever received any from her; it is not that I have escaped being drawn in, like others, by those ties so dear where friendship has formed them; but when they want to draw my chain too tight; it breaks, and I become free. What has Madame d'Epinay done for me? You know better than any one, and to you I can speak freely: she built for me a small house, close to the hermitage, made me promise to dwell in it; and I must add, with pleasure, that she made the habitation as agreeable and as safe for me as possible.

What, on my part, has been left undone for Madame d'Epinay? At the time that I was about to retire to my native country, which I so ardently desire, and which is my duty to do, she urged me, by every argument she could use, to keep me here. By dint of soliciting, even by intrigue, she vanquished my too just and long resistance: my wishes, my taste, my inclination, the improbation of my friends, all made my heart yield to the voice of her friendship, and I suffered myself to be dragged to the hermitage. From that moment, I always felt myself at another person's house, and that moment of compliance was a source to me of the most bitter repentance. My tender friends, attentive only to the desolating me, without relaxation, did not leave me a moment's quiet, and often made me weep with anguish, that I was not five hundred leagues distant from them. In the

meantime, far from giving myself up to the delights of solitude, the only consolation of an unfortunate being overwhelmed with distress, and whom all the world chose to torment, I found I was no longer my own master. Madame d'Epinay, often alone when in the country, wished that I should keep her company: and it was for that purpose she kept me here.

After having made a sacrifice to friendship, it is requisite for me to make another to gratitude. A man must be poor, without a valet, hate restraint, and have a mind like mine, to know what it is to live in a house that belongs to another. I have, nevertheless, lived two years in her's, in continual subjection, while nothing but the blessings of liberty were spoken of—waited on by about twenty servants, and cleaning my shoes every morning, my stomach a prey to indigestion, and I sighing incessantly after my own flock bed. You know also, that it is impossible to compose at certain hours—that I require the solitude of the woods, and time for musing; but I am not speaking on time lost, I shall only have to die of hunger a few months the sooner. In the meantime, reflect how much money an hour of the life and time of man is worth; compare the benefits of Madame d'Epinay with the sacrifice I have made of my country, and my two years of bondage, and tell me who has most obligation to the other, she or me?

We will now consider the article of utility. Madame d'Epinay has a good post-chaise; she is accompanied by her husband, by her son's tutor, and by five or six servants. She is going into a populous town, full of society, where she will be only embarrassed as to the choosing of it; she is going to the house of M. Trenchin, her physician, a very sensible man—a man much respected, and sought after; she is going to dwell amongst a family of superior merit, wherein she will find resources of every kind to amend her health—resources, in friendship, and in amusement. Consider my situation, my misfortunes, my sufferings, my temper, my means, my taste, my manner of living—of more consequence to me than mankind, or even reason; then see, I beseech you, how I can serve Madame d'Epinay by taking this journey, and what I must endure, without

being of the least use to her. Could I support a post-chaise? Could I even hope to take so long a journey, in so hasty a manner, without meeting with some accident? Must I make the drivers stop every minute to let me get out, or shall I accelerate my torments, and my last hour, to be under perpetual restraint? Let Diderot ensure my health and my life for as much as he pleases, my situation is well known, and the most celebrated surgeons in Paris can attest it; and be assured, that, with all I suffer, I am as weary of my life as many others are. Madame d'Epinay could then only look forward to what would be always unpleasant, to a melancholy spectacle, and to, perhaps, many misfortunes on the road. She is not to learn that in such a case I would sooner retire to die by myself under a hedge, than to cause the least expence, or retain one servant more, on my account; and for myself, I know her heart too well to be ignorant of what would be her sufferings, if she was to leave me in such a situation. I could, indeed, follow the carriage on foot, according to Diderot's wishes; but the mud, the rain, and the snow, would be great hindrances to me at this season of the year. Though I ran ever so fast, how could I travel twenty-five leagues a-day? And if I let the chaise get forward, of what use could I be to the person within it? When I arrive at Geneva, I should have to pass my days shut up with Madame d'Epinay; but, whatever might be my zeal in seeking to amuse her, it is impossible but that such a way of living, so confined, and so contrary to my disposition, must finish by depriving me entirely of health, or, at least, to plunge me into that melancholy I could no longer conquer.

At any rate, one sick person is by no means fit to be a nurse to another; and he who does not accept any care of him while he suffers, is dispensed from returning any at the expence of his health. When we are alone, and contented, Madame d'Epinay does not speak, neither do I; but what should I be, if I was both melancholy and under restraint? I do not see much amusement for her in that case. If she is a stranger at Geneva, I should be yet more so, but with money we are welcome any where; not so is the poor. The acquaintances that I have there are not fit for her;

those that she will make, will be less fit for me. I should have duties to fulfil which would take me from her; or else I should be asked, what very pressing care made me neglect them, and kept me for ever in her house; was I better clad, I might pass for her *valet-de-chambre*. But, what! a wretched man, overwhelmed with misfortunes, who has scarce a shoe to his foot, without clothes, without money, without resource, who only asks his dear friends to leave him miserable and free, how should such an one be requisite to Madame d'Epinay, surrounded as she is by all the comforts of life, and who has ten people in her suite! O Fortune! vile and despicable Fortune, if, in thy bosom, thy favourites cannot do without the poor, I am happier than those who possess thee, for I can do without them.

It is said, it is because she regards me, that she wants her friend. Oh! how well I know in how many senses the word friendship may be taken! It is a fine word, which often causes servitude to succeed to a salary; but friendship is at an end as soon as slavery begins. I should be always foud of serving my friend, provided he was as poor as myself; if he is richer, let us both be free, or let him serve me himself, for his bread is already gained, and he has the more time to give to pleasure.

I have but two words more to say about myself. If duty calls me to follow Madame d'Epinay, have not I those duties which are more imperious to keep me at home; and is Madame d'Epinay the only person on earth to whom I am indebted? Be assured, that I shall be no sooner set off on this journey, than Diderot, who finds it so wrong for me to remain here, will think much worse of me for going, and he will be in the right. He follows, he will say, a rich woman, well accompanied, who has not the least want of him, and to whom, after all, he owes but little, and leaves those persons to misery and neglect, who have passed their lives in his service, and who would be rendered wretched by his departure. If I allowed Madame d'Epinay to defray my expences, Diderot would immediately make me feel a fresh obligation, that would fetter me for the remainder of my days. If ever I dared to call one moment my own; see that ingrate, they would

say; she has been kind enough to bring him back to his own country, and then he quitted her. All that I could do to repay her, would augment the acknowledgment I owed to her—so fine a thing it is to be rich, to domineer over, and change into seeming benefits, the fetters imposed on us. If, as I ought to do, I pay a part of my expences, where am I to collect together so much money? To whom can I sell the few goods and books that I possess? I can no longer wrap myself up, during the winter, in an old morning gown. All my clothes are worn threadbare; there must be time allowed to mend them, or to buy others; but when people have ten changes of garments, they do not think on these things. During this journey, of which I know not the end, I shall leave an establishment here, which I must maintain. If I leave these women at the hermitage, I must, besides the gardener's wages, pay a man to take care of the house, for it would be inhuman to leave them alone in the middle of a wood. If I take them to Paris, I must procure a lodging for them; and what would become of the goods and papers I should leave here? I, too, myself, must have money in my pocket; for how are one's expences defrayed in another's house, where every thing goes on well, provided the masters are well served? One spends much more than at home, to be under restraint all day long, to want every thing one most desires, to do nothing one wishes, and, at length, to find oneself very much obliged to those, in whose house our money has been wasted. Add to this, the indolence of an idle valetudinarian, accustomed to lose nothing, to find about him all he wishes for, every convenience, and whose fortune and silence equally invite to negligence. If the journey is long, and my money all spent, my shoes will wear out, my stockings will be full of holes, my linen will want washing, I shall want shaving, my wig must be put to rights, &c. &c. and it is dreadful to be penniless: and if I must ask Madame d'Epinaÿ for money in proportion to my wants, my determination is taken—let her keep her wealth; as for me, I had rather be a thief than a beggar.

I think I can see from whence proceeds those whimsical kind of duties, which people wish to impose upon me; it is because every

body with whom I live, judge me after their own situation, never after mine, and expect, that a man who has nothing, should live as if he had six thousand livres a year, and leisure besides.

No one knows how to put himself in my place, nor will he see that I am a being set apart, who has no character, maxima, or resources, like other people, and who ought not to be judged by general rule. If any one would only pay attention to my poverty, not to relieve it, for it is a state of liberty, but to render it less insupportable. It is thus that the philosopher Diderot, in his closet, beside a good fire, in a good nightgown well lined with fur, is desirous that I should perform twenty-five leagues a day, in winter, on foot, in the mud, to run after a post-chaise, because, after all, to run and cover oneself with mud, is the employment of a poor creature. But, indeed, Madame d'Epinaÿ, although she is rich, does not deserve that J. J. Rousseau should put such an affront upon her. And think not that the philosopher Diderot, let him say what he will, if he could not support a chaise, would ever, in his life, run after that of any one; in the meantime, he would, at least, be thus differently situated—he would have good double stockings, strong shoes, and a good great coat; he would sup well the night before, and would be well warmed before he set off, by which means he would be better enabled to run, than he who has not wherewithal to pay for his supper, his fur garments, nor his fire-wood. By my faith, if philosophy cannot distinguish better, I do not see what it is good for.

Weigh well my reasons, my dear friend, and tell me what I ought to do. I will fulfil my duty; but, in the state I am in, what more can be exacted of me? If you judge that I ought to go, acquaint Madame d'Epinaÿ, then send me an express, and be assured, without hesitation, that I shall go to Paris the instant I receive your answer.

In regard to my sojournment at the hermitage, I feel that I ought no longer to remain there, even should I continue to pay the gardener, because that is not sufficient payment; but I think I owe so much to Madame d'Epinaÿ, that I ought not to quit the hermitage with an air of discontent, which would intimate a quarrel between us. I

confess I should find it unpleasant also to move at this season, the approaches of which I have cruelly felt; it would be better to put it off till the spring, when my departure would seem more natural, and when I am

resolved to go and seek some retreat, unknown to all those barbarous tyrants known by the name of friends.—*First published in the Memoirs of Madame d'Epitaphy.*

DISGUISE AND NO DISGUISE; A TALE.

CLEMENTINA D'ILLOIS, who had married the Baron d'Urbin when little more than seventeen years of age, was left a widow before she had completed her twentieth year. Although possessed of every endowment which nature has it in her power to bestow, and that education can refine, she formed a determination of renouncing that society to which she was an ornament, to go and live a retired life on an estate that had been settled on her by her marriage contract, in a remote part of the country. By what motives she was actuated for adopting such a line of conduct, her most intimate friends were unacquainted; neither could any one surmise. Her late husband, to the knowledge of all, had been too much a man of the world, either to enjoy, or to impart connubial felicity; but too complete a gentleman to render the marriage state altogether obnoxious to his lady. Yet, the young widow, to the general surprise, positively declared, that, although ever ready to welcome visitants of her own sex, never should her gates open to receive any male intruder, her brother alone excepted.

It may be easily imagined, however, that, during the two winters which she had spent in the gay circles of the metropolis, Clementina had met with many admirers, who, in consequence of the demise of the Baron, proposed, in due time, to urge their suit: but, what will appear most extraordinary, and, to some, even incredible, the most ardent of all these wooers, proved to be the Chevalier de Rabar, lately returned from the West Indies with his regiment, and who, never in his life, had seen the Baroness.

What a wide field opens here before me, for a dissertation on the causes of love!—But, I shall leave it to a more philosophical pen, to proceed with my narration.

This officer had two sisters: one of them,

Mathilda, had been brought up, from her infancy, in the country, by Madame de Brie, a widowed aunt, to whose fortune she was the intended heiress. The other sister, Caroline, had been the companion of Clementina's early days. Educated in the same convent, their daily intercourse, and similarity of disposition, soon produced an intimacy, which, although dormant, as it were, for a while, was revived with equal eagerness and sincerity on both sides, when they were brought together again into the world.

Caroline, although three years older than her friend, still remained unmarried; and, having intimated her intention to continue single, her friends had purchased for her a *Brevet de Dame*, which procured her admission into all such parties from whence unmarried ladies were excluded by *etiquette*.

I shall now inform my reader, that, prior to quitting Paris, Clementina had left her picture with her friend Caroline; and it was at the sight of this likeness, and on hearing the encomiums lavished by his sister on the original, that our young soldier had become so extravagantly enamoured.

Much about this time, Madame de Brie was summoned to Paris; there to attend, in person, to a law-suit of considerable importance. The good lady availed herself of the circumstance, to introduce her favourite, Mathilda, to the fashionable circles and amusements which that metropolis abounds in, and to procure her the satisfaction of spending a short time with a brother and sister, from whom she had been separated for a number of years.

The Chevalier was no less a stranger to the beautiful rarities of the capital than Mathilda; but his unfortunate passion absorbed all his faculties; neither could mere curiosity have prompted him to rise from

his pensive voluntary seclusion at home, had it not been for the intreaties of his sisters, who wanted a conductor. Caroline, to whom he had revealed his secret, was in hopes, that the bustle of the world, alone, might prove efficient to dissolve a love, that rested on so flighty a basis; her sorrow, therefore, kept pace with her disappointment, when she saw him constantly, on returning from their rambles, seek her private company, to converse of his beloved object. His natural sprightliness, which she, like many more, had mistaken for levity, gradually forsook him; and she, finally, had the mortification to find, that all such arguments as sisterly affection could dictate, or reason suggest, were equally unavailing as the vortex of dissipation, to restore him to his wonted spirits, and still less to his former tranquillity of mind and inward peace.

Had Clementina been in town, her friend might have ventured an open declaration in behalf of a tenderly cherished brother, regardless of a resolution, which, in her cooler moments, she deemed on a level of irrationality with his unparalleled amour; but to commit an intimation of the kind to paper, she declared, notwithstanding her partiality, was inadmissible. Nay, Caroline, for reasons best known to herself, had never once mentioned the Chevalier's name in her correspondence with the Baroness; whilst, on the other hand, she constantly spoke of Mathilda, of whom she would give such a whimsical description, that it was next to an impossibility she should not create a desire of seeing such an extraordinary character.

Meanwhile, Madame de Brie, having, unexpectedly, recovered some vouchers and documents that had been mislaid by a careless agent, and on the absence of which rested the claims of the plaintiff in her cause, an arbitration was proposed, and the difference amicably adjusted, without further trouble or delay, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. She now, therefore, only thought of returning home, where Mathilda most earnestly pressed her brother to accompany them; whilst Caroline, with no inferior warmth and anxiety, endeavoured to dissuade him from undertaking the journey. The good aunt, though always inclined to meet every wish of her dear

Mathilda, condescended, this once, to remain neuter, and left it to the young trio to settle the matter betwixt themselves, with a formal promise to abide by their decision, whatever might be the result. Thus authorized, the two sisters adjourned, with senatorial pomposity, into the drawing-room, where the Chevalier attended, indifferent as he was to the verdict about to be brought.

Mathilda, who was allowed to speak first, delivered a very able speech, notwithstanding, in imitation of some of her contemporaries, she quoted neither the Greeks nor the Romans; and the gentle smile, and sweet blushing look which accompanied the conclusion of every sentence, if not intended to sue for acquiescence, was calculated, at least, to defeat every attempt to a refutation. A graceful inclination of the head having announced that she had nothing more to say, Caroline began as follows:—

“From the liberality which you have just evinced, my beloved Mathilda, in not ascribing to selfish motives my apparent opposition to your wish, I shall presume to claim your indulgence for a real offence; but, prior to my disclosing the nature of it, I must, in justice to myself, assure you, that I was prompted solely by the desire of rendering essential service to a brother, equally dear to us both. It being at my particular request that Adolphus has hitherto concealed from you the situation of his heart, I am under no apprehension of incurring his displeasure by informing you, that his tenderest affections are irrevocably fixed, on an object to whom he has not, as yet, been allowed to make it known. His happiness being thus at stake, you certainly will rejoice with me to hear that I have partly succeeded in removing the obstacles to an overture, which, I am confident, will be conducive to the completion of his wishes. My hopes,” continued she, producing a paper, “are founded on this letter from my friend, the Baroness d’Urbis, to the perusal of which I beg, you will listen with attention:—

“MY DEAREST CAROLINE,—I intended inviting you to come and spend the vintage season with me at Mareuil, but as my brother, who arrived last night, proposes to continue here for a couple of months, I should

fear lest the acquaintance of an accomplished young man might make you repent your vow of celibacy; neither could I ever forgive myself for exposing him to the 'pangs of despised love,' for I am certain that if he were to know you, Caroline, he would, he must love you. As an indemnification, however, both to him and to me, I have imagined, that you could easily prevail on your lovely amazon to be your substitute. I truly long to see her, and, in her company, I should fear nought for the Count's peace, as, at worst, if amidst the sports of the field, and the other manly exercises to which, you tell me, she is so partial, he should happen to see through her disguise, she is not bound, I hope, like yourself, to remain single, and I feel not the least objection to let them take their chance. Who knows what may be the result? So much has been said about the irresistible power of sympathy. At any rate, I solemnly engage to keep her secret, and to wait for the event. I cannot account why, but, indeed, I anticipate a happy issue, if you only send

me word that I may soon expect to see, under my roof, the Chevalier de Rabar."

Before either had recovered from their surprise, Caroline, after a pause, resumed her discourse.—"The offence which I have been guilty of," said she, "is no less than taking great liberties with the character of my sweet Mathilda, as the contents of my friend's letter too clearly proves. The last words it contains, however, require a particular explanation. It is you, Mathilda, whom my friend expects under the name of our brother, but it is that very identical brother, under whose features and disposition, propensities, and acquirements becoming his sex, that I have depicted you, whom I shall introduce to her in your stead. My scheme having succeeded so far, I trust that sympathy which she appeals to will interfere in favour of both parties: for I confess that I am not a little concerned for Clementina's own welfare; and I verily believe, that, in the end, she will be thankful to me for the cheat."

(To be concluded in our next.)

UNCOMMON INSTANCE OF PERSEVERANCE AND RESOLUTION.

A YOUNG man, a native of Noyon, in Picardy, whose name we purposely suppress through particular regard for the family he belonged to, had been sent to Paris, there to study the law, and in the interval boarded with a *Procureur au Châtelet*. Upon the demise of his father he inherited a very handsome fortune, which he soon squandered away by dint of indulging in all the follies which that immense metropolis of France has long since been known to be the seat of. In the continual pursuit after pleasure and dissipation, our prodigal, within a short period, exhausted the pecuniary resources which the sale of his jewels and wardrobe had procured, so that unwilling henceforth to mix within the gay circles of his former fellow-revellers, he withdrew, with a few crowns only in his pocket, to an humble *chambre garnie*, in an obscure part of the city.

Here he sat in deep meditation, equally regretful of his past extravagance, and projecting the means of extricating himself from his present hopeless situation. The mean appearance he now cut would not

allow him to introduce himself to a respectable family in the capacity of a tutor, and no lower would he stoop. At last, however, after racking his brains to find out a resource, he recollected that close to his native place there was a famous *Chartreuse*, where he might procure an asylum, at least, for a twelvemonth, and trusted that in the interim Providence might have something in store to procure a rescue. At any rate he made up his mind to become a novice in the convent of the Carthusian friars of Noyon.

Prior to his entering the convent, however, he thought himself bound to pay his respects to, and take a last farewell of his only remaining relative, an uncle, who had an estate on the skirts of the town. The good gentleman gave a hearty welcome to his nephew, to whom he even returned many thanks for his kind visit; but I leave you to judge of his utter surprise when the young man, with a sanctified look and tone of voice, imparted his intention of retiring from the world to atone for his past errors and bad conduct. The uncle en-

deavoured to dissuade him from carrying his plan into execution, but all his rhetoric proved inefficient, whereas that of the other party was so truly persuasive that the uncle himself determined to become a Carthusian friar; and both of them commenced their noviciate on the same day. Both underwent the ordeal with unrelenting zeal and assiduity; it would have been difficult to point out whose behaviour of the two was most exemplary.

A twelvemonth had expired; a notary had been sent for to execute the last will and testament of the two candidates, each of whom bequeathed the whole of his property, goods and chattels, &c. in want of next of kin, to such and such friends and domestics. The uncle then pronounced his vows first, through particular regard to seniority; and so awful did the ceremony appear to the nephew, that on a sudden he became sensible of his incapacity to go through the same, re-demanded his laical clothes, and left the convent the same day to take possession of the fortune that was so legally bequeathed him.

Our heir at law had not been made wiser by experience; the whole of his uncle's property was dissipated as expeditiously as that he had inherited from his father; and the young man, now left destitute, thought of no other resource but of enlisting as a private soldier in the Queen's regiment of foot, which was then in garrison at Lille.

For eight long years he was doomed to continue in that situation, which he disliked too much to attempt being deserving of preferment. He then took it into his head that the only means of procuring his

discharge was to sham being deranged. He accordingly committed several outrages that could be ascribed to insanity alone, and in consequence of which he was confined in the citadel. Here he would insult his officers, and be guilty of such acts of violence that it was found advisable to punish him, but he broke his handcuffs, and flung them at the heads of his officers. He then had his hands fastened behind his back, and yet in the course of the night succeeded in making a hole in the wall that cost seven hundred Flemish florins repairing. He next was conveyed to the convent of the Bons-Fils, at Armentieres, three leagues from Lille. Placed in a subterraneous cell, he tore his clothes, lay stark naked in filth, and would sing all day and night long alternately those Latin hymns and psalms he had chanted in the convent, and those obscene songs which he had learned in the barracks, guard-room, and cabarets. Thus he continued for upwards of eighteen months, when observing a change in his diet, he listened to the conversation of his fellow-prisoners, who were not all deranged, and heard that the regiment had sent his discharge, and that he was maintained by the government. He instantly began to follow another course, called for clothes, slept at night, gave up his singing, and finally shewed himself a young man of sense and abilities.

The monks took great care to have it reported that his recovery was due to their mode of treatment, and accordingly received deranged patients from all parts of France, after our mock-madman had been restored to society.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

PARIS IN THE YEARS 1643 AND 1644.

DEC. 24.—I went to see the isle encompassed by the Seine and the Oyse. The city is divided into three parts, whereof the Louvre is greatest. The city lies between it and the university, in form of an island. Over the Seine is a stately bridge, called Pont Neuf, begun by Henry III. in 1578, and finished by Henry VI. It is all of

hewn freestone, found under the streets, but more plentifully at Mont Matre; it consists of twelve arches, in the midst of which ends the point of an island, on which are built handsome artificers' houses. On the middle of this stately bridge, on one side, stands that famous statue of Henry IV called the Great, on horseback, exceeding the natural proportion by much; inscrip-

tions of his victories and most signal actions, are engraven in brass. The statue and horse are of copper, the work of the great John di Bologna, and sent from Florence by Ferdinand I. and Cosma II. uncle and cousin to Mary di Medicis, the wife of this King Henry. It is enclosed with a strong and beautiful grate of iron, about which there are always mountebanks, shewing their feats to idle passengers. From hence is a delightful prospect towards the Louvre and suburbs of St. Germain, the Isle Du Palais, and Notre Dame. At the foot of this bridge is a water-house, on the front whereof, at a great height, is the story of our Saviour and the woman of Samaria, pouring water out of a bucket. Above is a very rare dial of several motions, with a chime, &c. The water is conveyed by huge wheels, pumps, and other engines, from the river beneath. The confluence of the people, and multitude of coaches passing every moment over the bridge, is an agreeable diversion to a new spectator. Other bridges also, as that of Notre Dame, the Pont au Change, &c. fairly built, with houses of stone, are laid over this river: only the Pont St. Anne, bounding the suburbs of St. Germain at the Thuilleries, is built of wood, having likewise a water-house in the midst of it, and a statue of Neptune casting water out of a whale's mouth, of lead, but much inferior to the Samaritan.

The University lies south-west on higher ground, contiguous to the lesser part of Paris. They reckon no less than sixty-five colleges, but they in nothing compare with ours at Oxford for state and order. The booksellers dwell within the University. The schools are very regular.

The suburbs are those of St. Denis, Honore, St. Marcel, Jaques, St. Michel, St. Victoire, and St. Germain, which last is the largest one, where the nobility and persons of the highest quality are seated; and truly Paris, comprehending the suburbs, is, for the materials the houses are built with, and many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant cities in the world, and best built; large in circuit, of a round form, very populous, but situated in a bottom, environed with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty, and making it smell as if sulphur were

mixed with the mud; yet it is paved with a kind of freestone, of near a foot square, which renders it more easy to walk on than our pebbles in London.

On Christmas eve, I went to see the cathedral of Notre Dame, built by Philip Augustus, but begun by King Robert, son of Hugh Capet. It consists of a Gothic fabric, supported by a hundred and twenty pillars, which make two aisles in the church round about the choir, without comprehending the chapels, being a hundred and seventy-four paces long, sixty wide, and a hundred high. The choir is enclosed with stone-work, engraven with the sacred history, and contains forty-five chapels, cancellated with iron. At the front of the chief entrance are statues in relievo of the Kings, twenty-eight in number, from Childbert to the founder, Philip; and above them are two high square towers, and another of a smaller size, bearing a spire in the middle, where the body of the church forms a cross. The great tower is ascended by three hundred and eighty-nine steps, having twelve galleries from one to the other. There are some good modern paintings hanging on the pillars; the most conspicuous statue is the large Colossus of St. Christopher, with divers other figures of men, horses, prospects and rocks about this gigantic piece, being of one stone, and more remarkable for its bulk than any other perfection. This is the prime church of France for dignity, having archdeacons, vicars, canons, priests, and chaplains in good store, to the number of a hundred and twenty-seven. It is also the palace of the Archbishop. The young King was there, with a great and martial guard, who entered the nave of the church with drums and fifes, at the ceasing of which I was entertained with the church music.

JAN. 4, 1644.—I passed this day with one Mr. Wall, an Irish gentleman, who had been a friar in Spain, and afterwards a reader in St. Isidor's chair, at Rome, but was, I know not how, getting away, and pretending to be a soldier of fortune, an absolute cavalier, having, as he told us, been Captain of horse in Germany. It is certain he was an excellent disputant, and so strongly given to it, that nothing could pass him. He would needs persuade me to go with him, this morning, to the Jesuits'

College, to witness his polemical talent. We found the fathers in their church, at the Rue St. Antoine, where one of them shewed us that noble fabric, which, for its cupola, pavings, incrustations of marble, the pulpit, altars (especially the high altar), organ, lavatorium, &c. but above all, the richly carved and incomparable front, I esteem to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in Europe, emulating even some of the greatest at Rome itself; but this not being what our friar sought, he led us into the adjoining convent, where, having shewn us the library, they began a very hot dispute on some points of divinity, which our cavalier contested, only to show his pride, and to that indiscreet height, that the Jesuits would hardly bring us to our coach, they being put beside all patience. The next day we went into the University, and into the College of Navarre, which is a spacious well built quadrangle, having a very noble library.

Hence to the Sorbonne, an ancient fabrick, built by one Robert de Sorbonne, whose name it retains; but the restoration which the late Cardinal de Richelieu has made to it, renders it one of the most excellent modern buildings; the sumptuous church, of admirable architecture, is far superior to the rest. The cupola, portico, and whole design of the church is very magnificent.

We went into some of the schools, and in that of divinity we found a grave Doctor in his chair, with a multitude of auditors, who all write as he dictates; and this they call a course. After we had sate a little, our cavalier started up, and rudely enough began to dispute with the Doctor; at which, and especially as he was clad in the Spanish habit, which in Paris is the greatest bugbear imaginable, the scholars and Doctor fell into such a fit of laughter, that nobody could be heard speak for a while; but silence being obtained, he began to speak Latin, and make his apology in so good a style, that their derision was turned to admiration, and beginning to argue, he so baffled the professor, that with universal applause they all rose up and did him great honours, waiting on us to the very street and our coach, testifying great satisfaction.

FEB. 3.—I went to the Exchange. The

late addition to the buildings is very noble, but the galleries, where they sell their petty merchandise, are nothing so stately as ours at London—no more than the place where they walk below, being only a low vault.

The Palais, as they call the upper part, was built in the time of Philip the Fair, noble and spacious. The great hall annexed to it is arched with stone, having a range of pillars in the middle, around which, and at the sides, are shops of all kinds, especially booksellers. One side is full of pews for clerks of the advocates, who swarm here (as ours at Westminster). At one of the ends stands an altar, at which mass is said daily; within are several chambers, courts, treasuries, &c. Above that is the most rich and glorious *Salle d'Audience*, the Chamber of St. Louis, and other superior courts, where the parliament sits, richly gilt on embossed carvings and frets, and exceedingly beautified.

Within the place where they sell their wares is another narrow gallery full of shops and toys, &c. which looks down into the prison yard. Descending by a large pair of stairs, we passed by St. Chaselle, which is a church built by St. Louis, in 1242, after the Gothic manner; it stands on another church which is under it, sustained by the pillars at the sides, which seem so weak as to appear extraordinary in the artist. This chapel is most famous for its relics, having, as they pretend, almost the entire crown of thorns, and the *achai patine*, rarely sculptured, judged one of the largest and best in Europe. There is now a very beautiful spire erecting.

The court below is very spacious, capable of holding many coaches, and surrounded with shops, especially engravers, goldsmiths, and watchmakers. It has a fine fountain and portico.

The Isle du Palais consists of a triangular brick building, whereof one side looking to the river, is inhabited by goldsmiths. Within the court are private dwellings. The front looking on the great bridge is possessed by mountebanks, operators, and puppet players. On the other side is the every day's market for all sorts of provisions, especially bread, herbs, flowers, orange-trees, and choice shrubs. Here is a shop called Noah's Ark, where are sold all curio-

sities natural or artificial, Indian or European, for luxury or use, as cabinets, shells, ivory, porcelain, dried fishes, insects, birds, pictures, and a thousand exotic extravagances. Passing hence we viewed the Port Dauphine, an arch of excellent workmanship; the street, having the same name, is ample and straight.

FIG. 4.—I went to see the *Marsais de Temple*, where is a noble church and palace, heretofore dedicated to the Knights Templers, now converted to a piazza, not much unlike ours at Covent-Garden, but larger, and not so pleasant, though built all about with divers considerable palaces.

The church of St. Genevieve is a place of great devotion, dedicated to another of their Amazons, said to have delivered their city from the English, for which she is esteemed the tutelary Saint of Paris. It stands on a steep eminence, having a very high spire, and is governed by canons regular.

At the Palais Royale Henry IV. built a fair quadrangle of stately palaces, arched underneath. In the middle of a spacious area stands on a noble pedestal a brazen statue of Louis XIII. which, though made in imitation of that in the Roman capitol, is nothing so much esteemed as that on the Pont Neuf.

The Hospital of the Quinz-Vingts, in Rue St. Honore, is an excellent foundation; but above all is the Hotel Dieu for men and women, near Notre Dame, a princely, pious, and expensive structure. That of the Charité gave me great satisfaction, in seeing how decently and christianly the sick people are attended, even to delicacy. I have seen them served by noble persons, men and women. They have also gardens, walks, and fountains. Divers persons are there cut for the stone, with great success, yearly in May. The two Castelets (supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar) are places of judicature in criminal causes, to which is added a strong prison. The courts are spacious and magnificent. On the 8th of February I took coach, and went to see the famous Jardine Royale, which is an enclosure walled in, consisting of all the varieties of ground for planting and culture of medical simples. It is well chosen, having in it hills, meadows, wood, and upland, natural and arti-

ficial, and is richly stored with exotic plants. In the middle of the parterre is a fair fountain. There is a very fine house, chapel, laboratory, orangery, and other accommodations for the president, who is always one of the King's chief physicians.

From thence we went to the other side of the town, and to some distance from it, to the Bois de Vincennes, going by the Bastille, which is the fortress, tower, and magazine of this great city. It is very spacious within, and here the Grand Master of the Artillery has his house, with fair gardens and walks.

The Bois de Vincennes has in it a square and noble castle, with magnificent apartments, fit for a royal court, not forgetting the chapel. It is the chief prison for persons of quality. About it there is a park walled in, full of deer, and one part is a grove of goodly pine trees.

The next day I went to see the Louvre with more attention, its several courts and pavilions. One of the quadrangles, begun by Henry IV. and finished by his son and grandson, is a superb but mixed structure. The cornices, moulding, and compartments, with the insertion of several coloured marbles, have been of great expense.

We went through the long gallery, paved with white and black marble, richly fretted and painted *a fresco*. The front looking to the river, though of rare work for the carving, yet wants that magnificence which a plainer and truer design would have contributed to it.

In the *Cour au Thuilleries* is a princely fabric; the winding geometrical stone stairs, with the cupola, I take to be as noble a piece of architecture as any in Europe of the kind. To this is a *Corps de Logis* worthy of so great a Prince. Under these buildings, through a garden in which is an ample fountain, was the King's Printing House, and that famous letter so much esteemed. Here I bought divers of the classic authors, poets, and others.

We returned through another gallery, larger but not so long, where hung the pictures of all the Kings and Queens, and prime nobility of France. Descending hence we went into a lower very large room, called the *Salle des Antiques*, which is a vaulted cimelia, destined for statues only, amongst which stands the so much

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celebrated Dians of the Ephesians, said to be the same which uttered oracles in that temple. Here is a huge globe suspended by chains. The pavings, inlayings, and incrustations of this hall are very rich.

In another more private garden, towards the Queen's apartment, is a walk, or cloister, under arches, whose terrace is paved with stones of a great breadth; it looks towards the river, and has a pleasant aviary, fountain, stately cypress, &c. On the river are seen a prodigious number of barges and boats, of great length, full of hay, corn, wood, wine, &c. Under the long gallery dwell goldsmiths, painters, statuaries, and architects, who being the most famous for their art in Christendom, have stipends allowed them by the King. We went into that of M. Saracin, who was moulding for an image of a Madonna, to be cast in gold, of a great size, to be sent by the Queen Regent to Loretto, as an offering for the birth of the Dauphin, now the young King.

I finished this day with a walk in the great garden of the Thuilleries, which is rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, and another of mulberries. Here is a labyrinth of cypress, noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fishponds, and an aviary. There is an artificial echo, redoubling the words distinctly, and it is never without some fair nymph singing to it.

Standing at one of the fountains, which is under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds, and sometimes as if it were under ground. This being at the bottom of the garden we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accurateness, as to the omagery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a paradise. From a terrace in this place we saw as many coaches as one would hardly think could be maintained in the city, going, late as it was in the year, towards the course, which is a place adjoining, of near an English mile long, planted with four rows of trees, making a large circle in the middle. This course is walled round, nearly breast high, with squared freestone, and has a stately arch at the entrance, with sculpture and statues about it, built by Mary de Medicis. Here

it is that the gallants and ladies of the court take the air and divert themselves, as with us in Hyde Park, the circle being capable of containing a hundred coaches to turn commodiously, and the larger of the plantations five or six coaches abreast.

Returning through the Thuilleries, we saw a building in which are kept wild beasts for the King's pleasure, a bear, a wolf, a wild boar, a leopard, &c.

Feb. 27.—Accompanied with some English gentlemen, we took horse to see St. Germain en Lay, a stately country house of the King's, five leagues from Paris. By the way we alighted at St. Cloud, where, on an eminence near the river, the Archbishop of Paris has a garden, for the house is not very considerable, rarely watered and furnished with fountains, statues, and groves; the walks are very fair; the fountain of Laocoon is in a large square pool, throwing the water near forty feet high, and having about it a multitude of statues and basins, and is a surprising object; but nothing is more esteemed than the cascade falling from the great steps into the lowest and longest walk from the Mount Parnassus, which consists of a grotto, or shell-house, on the summit of the hill, wherein are divers water-works, and contrivances to wet the spectators; this is covered with a fine cupola, the walls painted with the Muses, and statues placed thick about it, whereof some are antique and good. In the upper walks are two perspectives, seeming to enlarge the alleys. In this garden are many other contrivances. The palace, as I said, is not extraordinary; the outer walls are only painted a fresco. In the court is a volery, and the statues of Charles IX. Henry III. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. on horseback, mezzo-relieved in plaster. In the garden is a small chapel; and under shelter is the figure of Cleopatra, taken from the Belvidere original, with others. From the terrace above is a tempest wall painted, and there is an excellent prospect towards Paris, the meadows, and river. At an inn in this village is a host, who treats all the great persons in princely lodgings with furniture and plate, but they pay well for it, as I have done. Indeed, the entertainment is very splendid, and not unreasonable, considering the excellent manner of dressing their meat, and of the

service. Here are many debauches and excessive revellings, being out of observance.

About a league further, we went to see Cardinal Richelieu's villa at Rueil. The house is small, but fairly built, in form of a castle, moated round. The offices are towards the road, and over against it are large vineyards, walled in. Though the house is not of the greatest, the gardens about it are so magnificent that I doubt whether Italy has any exceeding it for all varieties of pleasure. The garden nearest the pavilion is a parterre, having in the midst divers noble brass statues perpetually spouting water into an ample basin, with other figures of the same metal; but what is most admirable is the vast enclosure, and variety of ground, in the large garden, containing vineyards, cornfields, meadows, groves (whereof one is of perennial greens), and walks of vast lengths, so accurately kept and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable. On one of these walks, within a square of tall trees, is a basiliak of copper, which, managed by the fountain's wire, casts water near sixty feet high, and will of itself move round so swiftly that one can hardly escape wetting. *Extract from a description, by John Evelyn, Esq. author of "Sylvæ," &c.*

IMPROPER TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

LET us follow a prisoner from his first commitment, always remembering that as yet his guilt is unproved. You have no right to march him along the street in chains, or to make him a spectacle of public ignominy, perhaps on the very spot, and amongst the very people with whom he has hitherto held a fair character. Infamy may be the penalty for crime, but it should never be the consequence of suspicion: you should, therefore, conduct him to his jail with every possible attention to his feelings, with decency and secrecy. When he is entered within its walls, you have no right to load him with irons; you have no right to subject him to bodily pain from their weight, or to that agony of mind which must result from such symbols of degradation to a man of yet unblunted feelings, and you have no right to conclude that he is not such. And here I must observe, in the language of Black-

stone, the law will not justify jailers in fettering a prisoner, unless where he is unruly, or has attempted an escape.

You have no right to abridge him of pure air, wholesome and sufficient food, and opportunities of exercise. You have no right to debar him from the craft on which his family depends, if it can be exercised in prison. You have no right to subject him to suffering from cold, by want of bed-clothing by night, or, firing by day; and the reason is plain—you have torn him from his home, and have deprived him of the means of providing himself with the comforts and necessities of life, and therefore you are bound to furnish him with moderate, indeed, but suitable accommodation.

You have, for the same reason, no right to ruin his habits, by compelling him to be idle; his morals, by compelling him to mix with a promiscuous assemblage of hardened and convicted criminals; or his health, by forcing him at night into a damp unventilated cell, with such crowds of companions as very speedily to render the air foul and putrid; or to make him sleep in close contact with the victims of contagious and loathsome disease, or amidst the noxious effluvia of dirt and corruption. In short, attention to his feelings, mental and bodily, a supply of every necessary, abstraction from evil society, the conservation of his health and industrious habits, are the clear, evident, undeniable rights of an unconvicted prisoner.

At his trial, either he is acquitted—in which case the least you can do is to replace him in the situation you found him, to pay his expences home, and to furnish him with sufficient to support him till he has an opportunity of looking out for work: or he is convicted—and then it is for the law to appoint the punishment which is to follow his offence. That punishment must be inflicted, but you must carefully guard that it be not aggravated, and that circumstances of severity are not found in his treatment which are not found in his sentence. Now no judge ever condemned a man to be half starved with cold by day, or half suffocated with heat by night; who ever heard of a criminal being sentenced to catch the rheumatism or the typhus fever? Corruption of morals and

contamination of mind are not the remedies which the law in its wisdom has thought proper to adopt.

The convicted delinquent then has his rights. All measures and practices in prison, which may injure him in any way, are

illegal, because they are not specified in his sentence. He is therefore entitled to a wholesome atmosphere, decent clothing and bedding, and a diet sufficient to support him.—*Bennet and Buxton on Prisons.*

THE LISTENER.

POPULARITY.

TIME out of mind it is well known that there are to be found in London a certain number of men and women of notoriety: the latter, to succeed in their pretensions, have only to shew themselves; their beauty, the elegance and singularity of their dress, are sufficient to cause them to be admired and sought after in every circle in which they may appear. It is not the same with the men; they must have many exterior advantages, and even when they do possess these, they must be accompanied with much skill and address. I once knew a young man as beautiful as Apollo, and who fancied himself able to carry off every prize, without taking the pains to merit it: he failed in every thing. The men, envious of those qualifications he really possessed, attributed faults to him which he certainly had not; the women, who, young or old, beautiful or ugly, are all fond of flattery, seeing themselves neglected by him, tore him to pieces without mercy. One called him a fine statue, another said he always spoke before he thought, a third that he only laughed to shew his white teeth.—“I say nothing against his figure,” said one of his friends, “it may be a little inanimate, certainly; but do not you think there is a certain stiff awkwardness about him, and that his shoulders are rather too high?”—It was soon found out that Mr. St. Aubin was stupid, had no taste, and had no power whatever of pleasing; and was only fit to be the husband of some poor ignorant country girl, or an old maiden coquette, reduced to her last shift. In the mean time, let me go where I would, I heard a Mr. Herbert cried up to the skies; but Mr. Herbert shone neither by his youth, his fortune, or his wit; only every one agreed in saying, he was extremely polite,

elegant, and insinuating: as for the rest, they were entirely ignorant of any virtue or talent he possessed; and perceiving himself that his silence on his family connections might, in the end, be injurious to him, he thought proper to add a Fitz to his name; he was then acknowledged as a very near relation of the Fitzherberts in Ireland. His notoriety and boldness increased with his imaginary relationship. There was not a single party made, nor an entertainment given, that could be without the amiable Fitzherbert; and wherever he was invited he did not fail to render himself agreeable. If he played at cards, he took care always that the master of the house, or his family, should rise winners. If he was at a dance, he arranged the orchestra, was always ready to offer ice and lemonade to the ladies; and there never was a christening, marriage, or funeral, where he did not figure away as a godfather, witness, or mourner. When a lady played on the piano, it was Mr. Fitzherbert who must always accompany her; though, Heaven knows, he was very little capable of it; but the fashionable execution of the present manner of playing will often drown the rusty voice and false intonations of a bad singer. Mr. Fitzherbert had also the threefold merit of making tea for the ladies, carving at the epicure's table, and collecting money under the candlesticks, in the houses where they resort to such meanness, to pay for the cards. When I first had the honour of meeting this gentleman, his reputation was so established, that in order to please, it was absolutely requisite to resemble him in some degree. A very shrewd clever young fellow resolved, one night, as he told me, to take him for his model. He was not rich, but he was young and enterprising: I could not always be a witness of his manœuvres, but I have often

listened to him since he was married, to hear him relate them. First, he humorously says he was resolved to make friends of the mammas, by saying to them every flattering thing, and paying them the most unstudied attention, while all his tender glances were directed to the daughters. He continually told the fathers he did not wonder at their regretting past times; to their sons that they were right in seizing present pleasure. In short, his eloquence was so suited to time, place, and circumstances, that in one corner of the apartment he has been cited as a profound scholar, in another he has been compared to the hero of a romance, a Lancastrian, or a disciple of Bell, an elegant rake, or a young man of the utmost purity of manners. He soon, however, eclipsed Mr. Fitzherbert, and married a young lady with fifty thousand pounds fortune.

I had scarce finished writing down the above fact, when I received the two following letters:—

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I am a plain spoken country gentleman, living upon an estate of three hundred pounds a year, which descended to me from a father who always had the greatest aversion to the city of London.

But I, who was not of his opinion in that respect, make it a rule to come to that (as my father expressed it) “mart of folly and wickedness” once in every other year. I arrived in town a few weeks ago, and as I always had a partiality for “the rich lore of Shakespeare,” I took the earliest opportunity of sallying out to go to the play. Steering my way into the purlieus of Drury-lane, I soon arrived at the Theatre; but what was my surprise on finding that the noblest house of amusement in the first city in the world, was shut up (of course) from the want of encouragement.

Mr. Hearwell, in the course of your peregrination of listening, have you ever had any intimation of the cause of the decay of dramatic genius? That it has decayed is evident by the circumstance to which I am alluding—is it that the public are satiated with the grandeur and magnificence of the modern productions which have come out under the denomination of Melo-dramas,

Spectacles, &c. &c. which, from the immense expence they must have been got up (to use a theatrical phrase), and the thin houses which they have lately brought, have greatly deteriorated the profits of the concern? Is it from the banishment of legitimate comedy and afterpieces, which might have been acted at half the expence of those ephemeral productions which I have before mentioned? or is it that the house was built too large from the beginning? I should be glad if you could trace the cause and effect of this circumstance. In the meantime I am your most obedient servant,

CHARLES CRABSTOCK.

Blue Bear Inn, July 18, 1818.

I am yet inclined to hope that Drury-Lane will, in spite of seemingly untoward circumstances, be able to lift up her head, and even to keep it aloft. Sorry should I be to see the old house droop—fall, I trust, it will not. There are many errors in our theatrical proceedings. Our two national Theatres are both too large; dramatic talent gets forward by favour alone. The number of private boxes, never filled, render one part of these immense Theatres a dreary waste: the amusements, by now beginning at seven, are prolonged to too late an hour. The gentry have taken an hasty dinner; their coffee afterwards is out of the question, owing to the polite hours we keep; and if they stay the farce, it is past midnight before they wearily repair home to their supper.

T. HEARWELL.

ON MODERN EDUCATION.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I have often reflected that the accidental circumstance of giving birth to a child, could never alone entitle the parents to that respect and obedience which are prescribed in the decalogue. The first step towards deserving them may be the anxious care and attention unceasingly bestowed by the mother, and in which the happy father is not always a sleeping partner; but the most efficacious means to acquire reverence and a lasting sense of duty, consist in imbuing the infant mind with principles antidotal to the system of

modern times, viz. that a filial respect, at a certain time of life, is a mere matter of courtesy.

Education is the greatest benefit that can be conferred; but how sorrowful it is to observe, that, now-a-days, either through ignorance or vanity, accomplishments alone are sought after and procured, and the rudiments of morality entirely unattended to! It is for want of that solid foundation, however, that what is termed a genteel education, for a female, is the ruin of many; how can it be otherwise, when the child of an adventuring tradesman, for instance, is brought up in the same style as that of a peer, or of a wealthy commoner?

Although I should feel inclined to blame the avaricious and illiterate father, who, content with seeing his son duly qualified to stand behind a counter like himself, leaves the youth unprovided with the means of enjoying mental entertainment, during the hours of relaxation from business; I dare not censure the ambitious parent, who renounces the future partnership of his favourite boy, and sends him to college. Advantageous connections are there to be formed sometimes: the learned professions hold out great resources: interest (the consequence of long credit) may procure preferment in the church: law and physic are more tardy in bringing in the harvest, but the chapter of accidents will always throw clients and patients in his way. I might enumerate other prospects, but I must return to the other sex, whose injudicious education I originally intended as my theme.

I could congratulate from my heart the female rising generation, on the almost total suppression of samplers in day and boarding-schools, from nearly one term to another, if that useless occupation had not been replaced by others no more profitable, at best, if not prejudicial, and wherefore are they so? because the too-superficial knowledge, in the one place, makes not an impression deep enough to be retained, and, accordingly, is no inducement,

after some interruption, to resume the same learning. A young Miss is said to know the history of England, because she has repeated, by heart, a few chapters of an abridgment, by questions and answers; but unless she has been taught, at the same time, chronology and geography, to prop her historical knowledge, it will soon fall into ruins. Some are taught drawing, who, perhaps, may succeed in copying a landscape, but will never produce an original worth being looked at, because they have never been made acquainted with the first rudiments of perspective. Some are called musicians, who have no idea of what is *time*, and may think to have improved very much under the tuition of a dancing-master, because they know the figures of every country-dance; who walk and curtsy with no more good grace than a milk-maid; and, when seated, are at a loss what to do with their arms and legs. Seldom, very seldom, alas! is a boarding-school education carried beyond what I have just described. What a deal of time lost! and now begin the days of retribution.

When young Miss returns home, she is an entire stranger to, and would scorn attending to domestic concerns, too much beneath her notice. If she be required to repair some family linen, she cannot leave off a piece of tambour-work, which she has had in hand ever so long: she has not been taught darning, as her mother has: how can one think of putting her to such drudgery? The infatuated parents now find out, but too late, that, in consequence of their wish to procure for their dear child a refined education, their authority is disrespected; that, upon every occasion, their good-natured simplicity is laughed at, and their want of instruction ridiculed. Next it will often occur, that the circulating library will give a finish to the boarding-school education. Hence so many undutiful daughters! and what sort of wives can they be expected to prove?

VERAX.

THE PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER.—FROM THE FRENCH.

LAMBERT is a very amiable and gay young man, possessing an easy fortune, acquired by the industry of his father, who, for thirty years, and upwards, employed himself, with honour, in Normandy, in mercantile concerns. Lambert, who lost both his parents at an early age, took upon himself, after the restoration, to prefix a *de* to his name; and taking advantage of its resemblance to that of an ancient gentleman of the same province as himself, he thought proper to engraft that family with his own.

I called on him a few days ago, and found him busily employed in his saloon, in contemplating about a dozen of old pictures.—“I have just made,” said he, laughing, “a purchase of a whole family: I have bought, on the Quay des Morfondus, a father, a mother, two uncles, three aunts, and about half a dozen ancestors, of which I stand much in need, and which I am going to have brightened up a little; I am waiting for a painter, who promised to come to me this morning; I have made a bargain with him to varnish over my parents and relations a little.”—Scarcely had he done speaking, when the artist entered. After the customary civilities, Lambert pointed out to him what he wished him to do.—“You must,” said he, “make from these five portraits (these were the ancestors) an Archbishop, a President of Parliament, a Colonel, a Captain in the navy, and a Lieutenant of musketeers.”—“I shall be much troubled,” said the painter, “to disguise these gentlemen after such fashions; however, with a little patience, I hope I shall succeed.”—“You will then make of these three ladies (these were the aunts), a Canoness, a Maid of Honour, and an Abbess of the Convent of Montmartre; of these two gentlemen (these were his uncles), a Cardinal and a Field-Marshal; of this lady (this was his mother), a woman of the first distinction; and of this portrait (showing the least) you must make——”—“Ah! but,” said the painter, with much emotion, “it will be impossible to make any thing else of him than an honest grocer; this portrait——! it is that of my father.”—“Indeed!” said Lambert,

“that is singular! How much he resembles mine! that is the reason why I bought it.”—“I must beg of you, Sir, not to require me to make any alteration in that picture.”—“It is impossible to grant your request; I must absolutely have a father in the army, decorated with several orders, and an officer of rank.”—“However, Sir, that is not your father, since it is mine.”—“That requires positive proof: besides, supposing you are right, this picture is my property; I bought it, it belongs to me, and I have a right to dispose of it according to my fancy; I choose to have it made a Brigadier-General of the King’s army.”—“My father was never in the service; his countenance indicates the mildness and quiet of his character, and the gentleness of his manners.”—“That may be, but I must have a father who was lord over a dozen villages.”—“Mine was not even the churchwarden of his parish.”—“Mine must be decorated with titles.”—“The original of that picture had only the esteem of the public; nothing more.”—“My father left me a great name, a great fortune, and stood high in the service.”—“But mine left me only his virtues, for a pattern, and a few debts to pay, which I have religiously paid.”—“You may say what you please, I cannot part with this figure; it is too much like myself for me to think of giving up the making use of it; my father never had his picture taken.”—“Mine had his likeness taken only once; his portrait was sold during my absence; since my return, I have sought for it every where, but in vain; I have now found it, and I, certainly, can never suffer it to be mutilated.”—“Mutilated!”—“Certainly, I have nothing to depend on but my talents as an artist, but I would give all I am worth to possess this beloved image of my parent; I will make you the offer of daubing over these gentlemen and ladies, to paint for you half a dozen relations, old and young, Counts, Marquises, Bishops, whatever you choose, only craving that you will give up that picture to me.”—“But, my good Sir——”—“This offer,” said I to Lambert, “is a reasonable one: the gentleman will make you a father according to your di-

recti ons, and you will not have to reproach yourself with having taken his away from him. Come, come, be a little obliging; we are all sent on earth mutually to assist each other; describe to this gentleman the features and phisiognomy of your father, according to the best of your recollection; tell him what was unpleasant about him, and what alteration he shall make; add and diminish all that may tend to the glory of your family, and the success of your own individual interest. I will be answerable for his docility in complying with your will."—"Well," said Lambert to the young painter, "I wish my father to be represented as a little man, between fifty-five and sixty years of age; who shall have the appearance of having grown old in the midst of honours, and who, on a blue coat, shall have two General's epaulettes, and five or six ribbons of the most striking colours; if possible, I should wish to be

discovered, in a corner of the picture, a small portion of a Marshal's baton, as if to indicate, that, at least, he merited it."—"If he had been in the service," whispered L.—"I wish also," continued he, "that my father may have the appearance of a veteran officer, and the flexible features of an adroit courtier; that his smile may be that of a man of sense, and his whole phisiognomy like that of a man accustomed to courts."—"I know, then, how to suit you," replied the modern Apelles; "you will then see, without a doubt, the portrait of a certain personage that walks regularly every day, from two to four, on the Terrace des Feuillans; I expect to meet him on my return; and if, the day after to-morrow I bring you your father——"—"Then," said Lambert, smiling, "I will restore you your's with pleasure."

S. G.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,—I flatter myself your fair readers will not think you deviate from the principles of an elegant miscellany, though a few columns are occupied by the reflections of a husband and a father, who gratefully offers a testimony to their bliss-imparting virtues. Having

"By blest experience try'd,

"How much the wife is dearer than the bride," he wishes his sons may each obtain from Heaven the precious boon of a partner endowed with qualifications similar to those that constitute his domestic felicity; and his excellent mate earnestly prays, that our little girls may be as early and happily united as herself. Indeed, I could not help entertaining a low opinion of the connubial qualities, or the sincerity of a pair, who, independent of family aggrandizement, by new alliances, were not solicitous for the marriage of their offspring, as the best security of every comfort in life. I am not ignorant, that there are fathers and mothers to whom the silken bands of wedlock have proved cumbrous and galling fetters—yet are they very sedulous to procure splendid establishments for their daughters; and though those worldly-wise parents desire

only public display, they will, probably, accord an indulgent perusal to an elucidation of the impediments to success for their manœuvres, with the cause of leaving in celibacy such fair creatures as cannot furnish an equivalent to support the increasing expences of an increasing family.

Nearly twelve years have elapsed since my return from a foreign country to take possession of a large estate, devolved to me by the death of a distant relation. I was still young, and had been so judiciously stimulated to diligence, in preparing myself to acquire independence by professional exertions, that I had no leisure for vicious addiction. Prepossessed by the placid affection and concord in the domestic association of my parents, though struggling with a narrow income, to educate six boys, and to maintain an appearance suitable to their highly respectable connections, I naturally inferred, that an affluent fortune could enhance the enjoyments of well assorted marriage; but believe I should have hesitated to reveal those sentiments to my only near relation, a bachelor uncle, if he had not bewailed his own improvidence in

trusting to contingencies for the care of his helpless old age.

"Get married—get married, George," said he, "if you would not, in sickness and decrepitude, throw yourself upon the mercy of a prosing housekeeper and mercenary valet—when, like me, you are unfit to take care of your decayed body, or your affairs. A wife, a daughter, or even a sister, would be worth more than wealth to me, when I can neither think nor act for myself, and am incapable of receiving any comfort, but in tender assiduities, and kind sympathy. As I am at present tolerably well, and the season is mild, I shall accompany you to visit our neighbours. Young ladies are seen, in their true colours, far more readily in rural scenes than in town; and young men, I imagine, are more apt to make a selection among a dozen captivating objects, than when their fancy is distracted by scores of bloomers. Cupid flutters about in assemblies, routs, and theatres, but his altars are erected only among the household gods, or in gardens, woods, and fields. I would as soon choose a wife by seeing her picture at an exhibition, as by contemplating her features or figure at public places."

To abbreviate my egotisms, I shall pass over intermediate occurrences, to tell, in few words, that a slight acquaintance inclined me to prefer the ever-gay and insinuating Louisa; and her mother seemed more pleasantly amusing than Mrs. Islesworth, with all her advantages of person, and greater fortune. My uncle perceived the nascent passion.

"Wait," said he, "till you become a little intimate in both houses: I have a moral certainty, that, in general, the most accommodating mothers, or the most attractive daughters, are not always the most delightful companions in daily intercourse. I am a downright Englishman, and always thought Mrs. Swinburne over anxious to recommend herself and her daughter to rich young or old men; and I have seen her haughty as a Spanish Princess to pennyless merit: but my old friend, Adleeron, whom I have not seen these seven-and-twenty years till last Monday, gave me a history which should deter you from yielding your heart to her *déce*, until assured she has, neither by hereditary disposition,

nor imitation, a similar character. Don't interrupt me, George. I have no evil to say of Louisa; and after you hear some facts of her mother, you will agree with me, that you cannot too warily proceed in your love affair, lest latent foibles may, too late, break the charm. Mrs. Swinburne's father, as a wharfinger, in a West-India colony, acquired a competency which enabled him to give a shewy education to five sprightly daughters: their dashing manners gained them husbands, in dotage or minority. Swinburne was no more than nineteen, when, a few days after his introduction to a *belle* of five-and-twenty years old, he offered her his hand. He had a valuable property, but the returns depended upon following a system which the young man learned from his lately deceased father, and had successfully conducted during his tedious illness. While he could prevail with his wife to remain in the island, prosperity crowned his well-directed attentions; but the lady had been finished at a London boarding-school, and she languished for gaities, of which having only partial glimpses, her imagination portrayed as the *ne plus ultra* of enjoyment. She wheedled her husband, at the end of four years, to take a trip to England. He was a Creole, brought up on the spot of his nativity; and a total stranger in the *emporium* of pleasure and profusion, he depended entirely on his wife's guidance. She became, and still is, a fine lady, a very fine lady; but an usurper of altitude in society is no more to be tolerated than the usurper of a throne; since, in both cases, we may discern the absence of a pure and high moral rectitude. I condemn all that sport away, in personal adornment and selfish gratification, the superfluity of wealth that would relieve the distresses of many indigent fellow-beings—but immeasurably more culpable is she, that has cajoled a too-easy husband to desert his most important interests, and who squanders his revenue in giving routs, and playing cards with peeresses, when she should be acting her part in economizing for the benefit of her progeny, and taking care of their health, and forming their minds. All Mrs. Swinburne's children died, except Louisa. Dissipated mothers seldom bring to maturity more than one or two of the creatures they

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usher into existence, only to pine and expire—and had all the young Swinburnes been now living, they could be but slenderly provided for. The expenditure of their parents far exceeded their remittances, but both had acquired a taste for high life. Money was borrowed, at usurious interest. I need not expatiate upon the consequences. Swinburne died suddenly; some aver his own hand terminated his unhappy career. The widow had securities on his plantations, and a quondam admirer, who drew out the settlements, took a friendly concern in winding up, for her behoof, the neglected business of the deceased Swinburne. He sold the land, the negroes, and moveables to great advantage, and embarked for England to claim his reward, but died on the passage. Mrs. Swinburne's annuity, and the reversion for her daughter, allows her to live some weeks in London with acquaintances, who make reprisals by passing months at her decorated cottage in summer or autumn. This is all I have to say, George; but it is quite enough to make a judicious young man very cautious. You are not the first that has been enchanted by such a girl as Louisa; but all who have so much reason left as to remember, that a lover and a husband must draw their happiness from different sources, will inquire the real character of a mother; and I have known several relinquish a pursuit, on finding she was ill-tempered or extravagant. Good conduct in the mother, is the best recommendation for the daughters."

"Do then, my dear uncle, inform me where I may find a faultless mother."

"Faultless! George; now I see you are angry at my blunt sincerity. All mortals, male and female, are faulty; but the kind and degree of failings, you will acknowledge, make an essential difference in their merit or demerit."

"True, my dear Sir: will you, therefore,

point out the most deserving matron with a marriageable daughter?"

"You are a sly rogue. You very well know my favourite; and should I do any justice to Mrs. Islesworth, you will say I am in love with her, or have predestined her Isabella for you. You smile: well, I shall even give you that opening, to retort severities. Mr. Islesworth was the ward of Mr. Cavendish, and had frequent opportunities of seeing his lovely daughter. They formed an early attachment; but Mr. Cavendish did not think Islesworth's estate equal to the pretensions of his daughter; he was, however, moved by her uncomplaining dejection, and consented to her union with Islesworth: warning him that a few thousand pounds was all the portion he intended to bestow. In this resolution he persevered to the day of his death; but Mrs. Islesworth and her husband prudently suited their style of living to their income.

"Islesworth behaved to his father-in-law without servility, but with the complacency of an affectionate son; he lost his life by going to see him when attacked by a putrid fever. The same distemper made Mrs. Islesworth an orphan and a widow in one week. She inherited her father's estates, and has had more than one tempting offer from admirers, who prized her for her own sake. If we had more such matrons, celibacy would be less frequent; and that you may not think me a surly bachelor, unjust in the most amiable portion of rationality, I will say, that if we had more such husbands as Islesworth, we should have few or no frivolous extravagant wives."

The reader will have anticipated that Mrs. Islesworth was my mother-in-law; and I beg leave to add, that the best recommendation for marriageable fair ones will always proceed from the worth of their parents.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

The Arctic Expedition. By Miss Porden.
8vo. Murray.

MISS PORDEN is well known to the literary world, as the author of a Poem entitled *The Veil*; and she has now cho-

sen a very interesting subject; for the warm wishes of every Englishman are keenly excited, and their bosoms glow with every anxious wish for the success of their bold countrymen who have undertaken the

perilous search for the discovery of a north-west passage. Miss Porden is the first who has treated this subject in a poetical way; a subject well calculated for the enthusiasm of poetry: she excels in description, and here a wide field is opened for that her peculiar forte.

Nor has she seized the pencil at random; it is not mere fancy that has guided her pictorial and poetical delineations; she has taken good care to inform herself minutely and correctly of those incidents which she has clothed in such charming colours.

The following kind of invocation at the commencement of the Poem is very beautiful:—

"Sail, sail, adventurous barks! go fearless forth,
Stern on his glacier seat the misty north,
Give to mankind the inhospitable zone,
And Britain's trident plant in seas unknown.
Go! sure, wherever science fills the mind,
Or grief for man long severed from his kind,
That anxious nations watch the changing gales,
And prayers and blessings swell your flagging
sails."

"And you, aspiring youths! heroic band!
Who leave, by science led, your native land;
Undaunted steer where none have mark'd the
way,

Whom danger damps not, nor whom toils dismay.
You, so green islands of the West invite,
No dangerous Capus, nurse of soft delight;
No paradise where yet mankind is pure,
No flowery fields or balmy gales allure.
Fatigue and frost, and storms, and death, you
brave,
Where none are near, to witness or to save."

TERRORS THAT AWAIT THE ADVENTURERS.

"Fear not, while months of dreary darkness
roll,
To stand self-centred on the attractive pole;
Or find some gulf, steep, turbulent, and dark,
Earth's mighty mouth suck in the struggling
bark;
Fear not, the victims of magnetic force,
To hang arrested in your midmost course;
Your prows drawn downward and your sterns
in air,
To waste with cold, and grief, and famine, there:
Strange fancies these—but real ills are near,
Not cloth'd in all the picturesque of fear,
Which makes its wild distortions doubly drear.
Nor like the rush of fight, when burning zeal
Forbids the heart to quail, the limbs to feel—
Long patient suffering, when the frozen air
Seems almost solid, and the painful glare
Of endless snow destroys the dazzled sight;
When fatal slumber comes with dreadful weight;

When every limb is pain, or deadlier yet,
When those chilled limbs the sense of pain for-
get;

Awful it is to gaze on shoreless seas,
But more to view those restless billows freeze
One solid plain, or when like mountains piled,
Whole leagues in length, of forms sublimely
wild,

In dreadful war the floating icebergs rush,
Horrent with trees that kindle as they crush;
The flickering compass points with fitful force,
And not a star in heaven directs your course,
But the broad sun through all the endless day,
Wheels changeless round, sole beacon of your
way;

Or through a night more dreadful, doomed to
roam

Unknowing where, and hopeless of a home.
Dense fogs, dark floating on the frozen tide,
Veil the clear stars that yet might be your guide;
And vainly conscious that for weeks on high,
The moon shines glorious in a cloudless sky."

This last line alludes to the phenomenon of the arctic moon, which in the middle of the polar night, or winter, shines for a fortnight together.

THE BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM MR. TAYLOR'S "ANECDOTES OF IN-
SECTS."

WHEN, bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendor on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness it knew;
But, as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet textured wings unfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling awhile with joy she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanc'd oft her brodered wings,
Thro' fields of air prepared to sail;
Then on her ventrous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields—
Taste all the joys that spring can give—
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
And live while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go sip the rose's fragrant dew—
The lily's honied cup explore—
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store,

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments, too, of short repose :
And mark thee when, with fresh delight,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark ! while I thus musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease—but still a voice I hear,
A whispered voice of hope and joy—
Thy hour of rest approaches near,
Prepare thee, mortal ! thou must die !

Yet start not ! on thy closing eyes
Another day shall still unfold ;
A sun of milder radiance rise,
A happier age of joys unfold.

Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in nature's train,
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain ?

Ah ! where were once her golden eyes,
Her glitt'ring wings of purple pride ?
Conceal'd beneath a rude disguise !
A shapeless mass to earth allied.

Like thee, the helpless reptile lived,
Like thee she toiled, like thee she spun ;
Like thine, her closing hour arrived,
Her labours ceased, her web was done.

And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
No happier state of being know ?
And shall no future sorrow shed,
On thee a beam of brighter glow ?

Is this the bound of Power Divine,
To animate an insect frame ?
Or shall not he who moulded thine,
Wake at his will the vital flame ?

Go, mortal ! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is given ;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of earth, bright heir of heaven !

ANONYMOUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING,—A PASTORAL POEM.

STEEN winter no longer prevails,
With its raging ferocity wild ;
The snow fills no longer the vales,
But the scene is all placid and mild ;
The winds all their fury assuage,
The tempest's loud blast is no more,
No longer shall youth and old age
The raging of winter deplore.

'Tis spring that now visits the plain,
The east brightens wide with the dawn ;
See Flora, the head of her train,
In the midst of the dance on the lawn.
All hail, thou fair emblem of love !
That has in the superlative state,
Clad in green the umbrageous grove,
And with gladness the earth doth clad.

The shepherds their flocks now release
At the rise of the lark from her nest ;
They browse the high steep in calm peace,
For envy's unknown to their breast.
The lambs sport around the green mead,
To Falles's soft flowing strains ;
And Pan, with his musical reed,
Of spring the existence proclaims.

Aurora breaks forth from the skies,
In splendour amazingly bright ;
The cock bids the peasants arise,
And to labour the rustics invite :
The lark from her pillow ascends,
Serenades the renewal of light ;
To the sky she high towering bends,
And is enveloped now from sight.

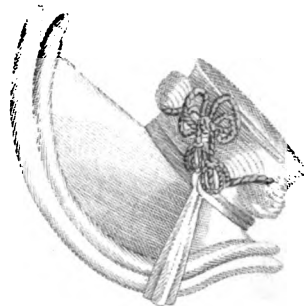
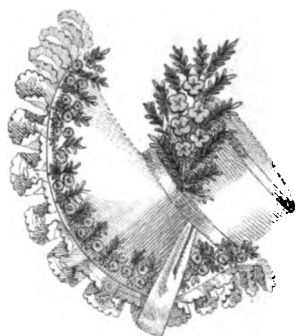
The thrush hails the morning's first beam,
Swells her throat with the music of love ;
And the notes of the birds near the stream,
Resounds from the dell through the grove.
All the feather'd musicians of spring,
The delights of the morning enjoy ;
May they to maturity bring,
And no evil their broodlings annoy.

New beauties emerge from the lands,
The profusions of Flora behold !
How the tulip her colours expands,
And lily of white and of gold.
The primrose adorns the gay mead,
And the violet appears in the dale ;
O'er the pasture the cowslips are spread,
To lavish their sweets on the gale.

The rose, royal queen of perfume,
Its beauteous vermilion displays ;
And the suckle and lilac in bloom,
Deserve a just tribute of praise.
The bless'd renovation enjoy
In the sylvan secluded retreat ;
For grandeur your peace will annoy—
Content's not in luxury's seat.

But, hark ! at the sound of the bells
From the hamlet that stands near the grove ;
'Tis there the young Clerimont dwells,
Who's just wedded to Delia his love.
Ye shepherds your garlands prepare ;
Convene all your musical powers ;
Ye belles to the hamlet declare,
That mirth the most jovial is ours.

SANCRADO.





SUMMER RECESS BALL DRESS.

Designed by M. B. F. & Co. for the "Illustrated London News" and published by the same.

FASHIONS

FOR

AUGUST, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—SUMMER RECESS BALL DRESS.

Frock of white crape, Venetian gauze, or fine net, richly embellished at the border with small double Indian roses of a beautiful pink colour, and mingled with leaves of crape and pearls: the body finished in the Oriental style, with short sleeves, which approach nearer to the elbow than formerly, and which are finished by a trimming of broad blond. The head-dress consists of a double wreath of Indian roses, interspersed with the braids of hair that are wound round the summit of the head. White satin shoes and white kid gloves.

No. 2.—PARISIAN BONNETS.

Fig. 1. represents transparent bonnets of crape or net, crowned with *bouquets* of flowers, and trimmed at the edges with broad blond and a *cordon* of flowers. Fig. 2. represents bonnets of satin or *gras de Naples*, both white and coloured, crowned with a profusion of lilacs or small double poppies.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

To catch the motley power, Fashion as she flies, we should follow her to Brighton, Cheltenham, Weymouth, and to those rural scenes where royalty and nobility retire during the sultry months of July and August, and where they generally prolong their stay during the rich autumnal season, till winter disrobes the trees of their verdure, and the chilling winds cause them to hasten to their warmer dwellings in the metropolis.

From each of the above mentioned places Mrs. Bell, who, from her genuine taste and unremitting attention to please the versatility of that of others, may be deemed one of our first arbitresses of the toilette, has

received large orders from several of the nobility and gentry there stationed; a brief account of which we shall lay before our fair readers.

Let them observe that nothing is reckoned so elegant for out-door costume as fine muslin pelisses lined with coloured sarsnet; though for evening walks, or returns from evening visits, when the sea breeze imparts a freshness bordering on cold, a pelisse of lightly brocaded silk, with a broad blue satin pelerine cape, is much in favour.

Transparent bonnets are still worn in carriages, either of crape, net, or gauze; but are chiefly devoid of the ornaments of either feathers or flowers. For walking nothing is reckoned so truly elegant as large bonnets of fine Leghorn, trimmed at the edge with fine blond, and the crown encircled by a rich figured ribband, with bow and ends on one side. The marine bonnet, made of the new cotton manufacture in imitation of willow straw, must not be forgotten: it is elegantly striped with green, representing Chinese grass; and is crowned with a small *bouquet* of full blown white roses. For the public walks the marine bonnet is expected to be a general favourite; but still more so will be the Duchess of Kent's bonnet; it is formed of a beautiful fancy straw, interspersed with stripes of satin and open straw, with a *bouquet* of white and red double ranunculus: it is in high, though not general estimation, having been but just invented at the new and elegant *Magazin de Modes*, in St. James's-street.

And here a most superb bridal dress, for receiving congratulatory visits at home, has lately been finished. At the border are two flounces of muslin, richly embroidered in open work; between, above, and below each flounce is a letting in of fine lace: the sleeves, closer to the arm than usual, are ornamented to correspond with the border of the dress. With this is worn

the Italian *cornette* of fine net, crowned at the summit with a full wreath of red and white roses entwined with myrtle.

The Bannian, or Indostan *deahilla* of fine cambric, is a favourite *dejeunt costume* at the fashionable watering-places; and Oriental robes of plain and worked muslin are much in vogue for half dress. The Virginia dress for evening parties, is among the full dress novelties; it is of sprigged gossamer satin of ethereal blue, and light as air; it is ornamented with flounces of broad white blond. The Pavilion concert dress is most elegant; it is of white spotted gauze, richly, though lightly, bordered with three distinct festoon flounces of blond, each flounce headed by a narrow *rouleau* of peach-coloured satin.

Amongst the head-dresses the Madras turban still continues in favour; we shall ever regard this head-dress both as unbecoming and negligent. The Cheltenham morning cap is far more elegant; it is of fine net and blond, crowned with wild Cape flowers. The College cap of blue satin, with embossments of white gauze, is one of those whimsical head-dresses which a very pretty face only may be allowed to wear. The *cornettes* continue, as usual, to be worn at all times in the day, especially by matrons; for the breakfast table they are without flowers, for dinner parties the flowers are profuse, and on evenings the mob part is jerked back, to take off their undress appearance, and some ladies add a small plume of white feathers as an ornament; we cannot forbear saying a very *outré* one. Many matronly ladies, however, in the country, wear at evening parties small equestrian hats of Chinese gauze or satin, with full plumes of feathers: the Caledonian cap, for sea side excursions, is universally worn.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

I am happy to hear you intend again to visit Paris; you will then see how diligently I have performed the duty you required of me, and how indefatigable, I may say, I

have been, without being accused of egotism, in my researches after the versatile Goddess. I must maintain, in spite of the well known genius and inventive powers of your country, that if she does sometimes seem behind hand in variety in France, yet that she is so sure a guide to Frenchwomen in the placing a feather or a flower, in the setting of a gown or the fixing a head-dress, that you must confess the attention to this minutiae evidently shews that the chief seat of Fashion's empire is Paris.

Now there is little variety this month in our out-door *costume*; for the only shield that is thrown over the dresses of our Parisian *belles* are scarf shawls of Oriental fabric, in morning walks, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather; and for evening, or public promenades, *pelerines* and handkerchiefs of black lace.

When I take you among the hats, however, I defy any metropolis to shew so great a variety. Several of these head coverings are ornamented with gauze ribbons, which are of so light a texture that they have obtained the name of *marabout* ribbons; they are particularly made use of in ornamenting the edges, at which are two rows quilled of this material. The trimming round the crowns of some hats consists of large folds of gauze, which are placed in a serpentine manner, and between each wave are large full blown roses, half concealed by the gauze; wild poppies are still a favourite ornament on hats. A few Spartan bounnets have made their appearance; they are of a chequered material. Two-thirds of the carriage hats are of white crape or gauze; on straw hats the piony is a favourite flower, though a group of wild single roses is preferred by some ladies; but a bunch of various flowers, consisting of roses, mignonette, jasmine, &c. is most in favour, and a quantity of wheat ears and wild poppies form a very general ornament. The edges of straw hats are unornamented, but it is not unusual to see them adorned with a plume of *marabout* feathers. The brims of bonnets are bent down a little in front, and are ornamented with a bunch of wild poppies and ears of ripe corn. The gauze hats are trimmed with chequered gauze *builloné*, in the *buffont* style, either round the crown or at the edge; but sometimes the edge is simply

trimmed with a bias fold of gauze, plaited in large plaits, at a great distance from each other; a large *bouquet* of geranium is placed on one side of these hats, and many ladies have a quilling of red gauze at the edge, to suit the blossom of the geranium. Pinks are a more favourite ornament on hats than roses; they are generally five in a bunch. The hats and bonnets are getting smaller very fast: bonnets of plaid gauze have lately made their appearance in the carriages of some of our *élegantes*; they are either of brown, green, and blue, or the real tartan; they are bent down, and extended wide on each side of the face.

Embroidery is but little worn at the borders of gowns; but puckered flounces, and flounces *bouillonnés*, are very general.—Printed calico gowns are universally worn in undress, with flounces of the same material; and the short sleeves, which you may think *outré* in undress, come nearly to the elbow; the arm, however, is always covered with a loose glove: short sleeves are very general here, and the dresses, highly appropriate to summer, are made partially low, and a light *stock* is worn underneath; though very many ladies yet continue to wear a pelerine of the same material as the dress. A cambric dress has just been finished for the Duchess of Angoulême; it has one broad flounce of muslin, headed with rich fringe-work, and edged with lace; above this flounce are rows of several tucks.

The sempstress *cornette* is much worn as a breakfasting costume: it is of muslin, beautifully embroidered, and made like a *toque*, in front, *à-la-diadème*: the crown is divided into three quarters, with lace let in between. Dress hats and *toques* cover the tresses of our married ladies; the younger females go without caps this warm weather, and the hair is brought very forward, and arranged in full curls.

DRESS OF THE TYROLESE FEMALES.

THE merchants' wives, and the superior females of the peasantry, wear a dress peculiar to themselves, and which, to them, is infinitely becoming. The petticoat is of a brown colour, short and full, and ornamented at the border with two rows of ribbon or gaul. They wear with this a

corset, either grey or blue, ornamented with four rows of silver buttons: the neck is covered with a kind of tippet of fine scalloped lace; and they wear on their heads a Phrygian cap of cloth of gold, or velvet, richly embroidered with gold.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE

IMPROVEMENTS IN FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THIRTY or thirty-five years ago, ladies wore enormous *bouquets* placed on one side, and being chiefly green, mingled with various kinds of heath, they appeared like brooms. A celebrated lady of quality conquered this fashion, by having the nosegays of her coachman and footmen, on a grand court-day, made up exactly in the same manner; the little brooms accordingly disappeared, and the *bouquets*, on court-days, seem the exclusive right of the party-coloured gentry.

Dancing has undergone a total revolution—difficulty is, now, preferred before grace—and, except in that whirling dance, the waltz, the elegant turn of the arms seems wholly neglected. Many young ladies dance a simple country-dance, looking as if they were at a funeral, their whole care being taken up how to vary their steps; and while they sometimes appear almost to fly, their countenances are dull, heavy, and inanimate: our very fine dancers, who make all these twists, turns, and varied steps, without the least difficulty, appear like so many Opera dancers. It certainly shews some skill to lift the leg nearly as high as the shoulder, without bending the knee, or destroying the equilibrium of the body by a single stagger; yet it is a posture unpleasant to the eye, and destroys all the natural grace shed so profusely by the hand of Omnipotence over the human form.

About thirty-five years ago, the ladies wore black velvet collars, or necklaces, very tight round the throat, which were wisely left off, as they were known to occasion apoplexies. Complaints in the stomach and chest are also less frequent since the laying aside tight and stiff stays, and the pernicious use of iron and steel busks: a due attention to those corsets devoid of hard substances, imparting grace

and ease to the female form, can never be too earnestly recommended.

When we treat of those fashions which are pernicious, we are led into a wide field, and it is a subject which calls forth many serious observations to succeed each other, at first unthought of. Since Grecian and gas lamps became in fashion, we find many young people obliged to wear spectacles; and the best and strongest sight is enjoyed by people in the decline of life, who are,

many of them, in the habit of reading and writing, by candlelight, without glasses.

Lamps of all kinds are hurtful to the eyes, and whatever care may be taken of the purity of the oil, its vapour is extremely pernicious to people of weak nerves; but if fashion finds more elegance in a dull lamp than in a brilliant chandelier with wax candles, the length or shortness of life are but secondary considerations.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS Theatre closed on Tuesday, the 30th ult. with *The Belle's Stratagem* and *The Maid and the Magpie*; when the following address was delivered by Mr. Henry Johnston:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This evening being fixed upon to terminate the season of dramatic performances at this Theatre, permit me most respectfully to return you thanks for that share of your patronage you have so kindly condescended to bestow on our zealous endeavours to merit your applause. I can truly assert, that the efforts of the Drury-Lane company, both collectively and individually, have been most liberally honoured with the approbation of a generous and discriminating public—always their most gratifying reward. I now, Ladies and Gentlemen, for myself, and the company in general, beg leave once more to offer our most sincere thanks; and to assure you, although the success of the present has been, from the peculiar circumstances of the times, less, in point of emolument, than that of some preceding seasons, our exertions will not be relaxed during the recess; and we hope, with confidence, to meet our patrons with a prospect of success it will be our most anxious study to deserve at your hands; and we most respectfully take leave till next season.”

COVENT-GARDEN.

A new farce has been produced at this Theatre, under the title of *Who can I be?* *Major Pop-lop-trop* having wounded a brother officer in a duel, absconds from his regiment, and trusts for his security to the contrivances of a trusty servant, *Tom*

Fudge. *Tom* resolves to put his master in disguise; and for this purpose takes charge of his regimentals, to exchange them for the first that good luck may send in his way. *Tom* is brought in contact with a worthy butler, who, from the united influence of liquor and a sultry day, is seeking a respite in a deep slumber on the grass. *Tom* gets possession of the butler's livery, and leaves behind him the *Major's* jacket, sword, &c. As soon as *Timothy* awakes, he feels, very naturally, disconcerted, at the metamorphosis of his garments. At last he is reconciled to put them on, and is accosted by *Tom Fudge* as *Major Pop-lop-trop*, who won a world of honours in the Peninsular war. The scene where *Tom* imposes on the *Butler*, the belief that he is not *Timothy Flat*, but a renowned Major in the army, produces a good deal of merriment. At length he falls into the hands of justice in two capacities—as the *Major*, for murder in a duel, and as *Timothy Flat*, for running away with his master's livery. He is conducted to prison, where he is visited by the mother of his sweetheart, who dresses him up in her own clothes, in order to effect his escape. This stratagem fails, and *Timothy* is brought before the magistrates for examination, charged with the murder of a brother officer, and an attempt to impose himself as a servant. Just as he is convicted, and about to be brought away, intelligence arrives, that the officer supposed to be killed is recovered from his wound, and has ordered a suspension of all further proceedings. The real *Major* then throws off his assumed livery, and declares

himself, to the great joy of Timothy, who closes his afflictions by taking the hand of his faithful Sarah. The piece was well received.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS ever-pleasing place of amusement opened for the season on Wednesday, July 15th, with the comedy of *The Poor Gentleman*. The care that has ever been taken to procure performers of the first-rate abilities, has not been relaxed; this interesting piece, from the able pen of the classical manager, was well supported, and the house most respectfully attended.

ENGLISH OPERA.

SOME very novel candidates for public approbation have been brought forward at this Theatre, in the persons of several native American Indians, in their genuine costume, who have exhibited their national dances, war-dances, and other ceremonies. This is, certainly, a curious display; and interesting, in no slight degree, to those who seek upon the stage for matter-of-fact information relative to man in his barbarous state. The company has been much strengthened by the accession of Harley, and it still retains Miss Kelly, the most delightful actress, take her altogether, that the stage of the present day can produce. These, united with Bartley, Chatterley, Broadhurst, and Miss Carew, promise a successful season. The great room has been most tastefully refitted, and a refreshing coolness given to the saloon of a summer theatre by fountains of real water, in height from twelve to fifteen feet. Miss Carew has performed *Clara*, in the *Duenna*, with unbounded applause. To a voice remarkable for clearness and melody, with considerable power, Miss Carew adds, pure taste and a highly cultivated judgment.— Her execution is neat, distinct, and unembarrassed, and proves that she calls science to her aid only when necessary. Her style is similar to that of Miss Stephens. In addition to these vocal merits, Miss Carew's person is highly prepossessing; her figure elegant and well-proportioned, and her countenance interesting and pretty. Mr. Pearman has sustained the character of *Carlos*: he sang the air

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Had I a Heart, in a most pleasing style; and Mr. Bartley strewed much comic humour in *Don Jerome*. Mrs. Grove is an admirable *Duenna*. This lady, who is now in the prime of life, has been remarkable, from her very early youth, for her excellent acting in the characters of old *courte* females.

FRENCH COMEDIANS OF THE ARGYLE ROOMS.

AT the superb mansion of Mrs. Boehm, in St. James's-square, Mademoiselle Anaïs lately played the character of the *Chambermaid*, in *Plot against Plot*, for the benefit of M. Perlet; and, though it was the first time of her performing that character, she was eminently successful in this *comp d'essai*. She next performed some scenes in the *School for Wives*; and the spectators saw again, with additional pleasure, a young artless female, whose native graces, harmonious voice, and pleasing manners, had so often obtained their approbation and applause at the Argyle Rooms. At the end of the performance, the Duchess of York sent for Mademoiselle Anaïs; and after having, with that sweet affability which has ever distinguished her Royal Highness, given the highest eulogium to the talents of this young actress, the Duchess was pleased to express her regret at her departure, and an ardent desire of seeing her again, next year, in England.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

MADMOISELLE GEORGES is gone to Amiens, where she will give recitations; and from thence she will proceed to Brussels. She has certainly made an engagement for the next season at the Theatre Français, to which she will return at the end of next autumn.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—Sketch of *The Little Red Riding Hood*, an operatic fairy tale, in three acts.

Rose d'Amour, whose birth is unknown, has been confided, from her cradle, to the care of a *Madame Bertha*, who resides in a little hut on the estate of Baron Rodolphe; now this Baron is the most formidable of all Barons; all the young maidens, the daughters of his vassals, run away at the sight of him, as a flock of lambs would fly before a wolf; and of this animal he constantly

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bears the nick-name. This wolf, then, has marked out *Rose d'Amour* for his prey; and in order the more easily to draw her to the castle, he takes it in his head to revive a custom abolished by his father, which obliges all the young maidens, of the age of sixteen, to come and cultivate his flowers for three months; at the end of which they are to be sent away, with a marriage portion. The lot is, that every third damsel shall remain with the *Baron*, and this is to be drawn from an urn; when it is contrived that the name of *Rose d'Amour* shall be drawn out, to be delivered up to this monster of a *Baron*; but when the lots are about to be drawn, a *Hermit* appears on the mountain, who waves a wand, and the name of *Nannette*, the *Baron's* mistress, is drawn. *Rodolpho*, in a rage, declares he is imposed upon; he draws out the other pieces of paper, and on every one is inscribed the name of *Nannette*. *Rodolpho* now turns to look on *Rose*, and to read his destiny in her eyes, but she is gone to carry to the *Hermit* a cake and a pot of butter; *Rodolpho* pursues her, and the young damsel is bewildered in finding her way through a forest. Worn out with fatigue, she falls asleep, and a dream presents to her the image of her future destiny. She sees herself united to a *Count Roger*, who, under the disguise of a simple villager, has been at the cot of *Bertha* to pay his addresses to *Rose*. She is awakened by a clap of thunder; and she sees *Rodolpho*, in possession of an enchanted ring, whereby he is enabled to triumph over every female heart; he believes she is already his prey; but *Rose* had received from the *Hermit* a riding hood, which, while it remained on her head, would always act as a powerful preservative of her chastity; she laughs at the ring of *Rodolpho*, escapes him, and sets forward on her way to the hermitage; but when she arrives there, instead of finding the *Hermit*, she again meets with *Rodolpho*, who has got rid of the master of the house by sending him out on a charitable message; and in his absence he puts on his robe, a white beard, and conceals his face under a capuchin's cowl. To add to her misfortune, *Rose* has thrown off her riding-hood. *Rodolpho* has recourse to violence, and it seems impossible for his victim to escape; when, all on a sudden, the hermitage disappears, and makes room for *Count Roger's* palace, wherein is found the *Hermit*, *Mademoiselle Bertha*, *Rodolpho*, and *Rose d'Amour*; the mystery of *Rose's* birth is elucidated—she proves to be the niece of *Rodolpho*; she marries *Count Roger*, and their union brings about a sincere reconciliation between the two nobles, whose ancient enmities had long divided the two families. *Rodolpho* becomes as mild as a lamb, and declares, that the virtues of *Count Roger* have made him emulous of treading in his steps.

The great fault in this plot is the inutility of the episodes. *Rose*, too, in never leaving off her riding-hood till the last

scene, runs, in fact, no danger throughout the rest of the piece: we find, however, every kind of musical composition in it: romances, chorusses, a superb *finale*, a village song, hunting airs, dances, combats, a piece of admirable harmony, duos, and recitatives; it may be styled a musical encyclopædia. The decorations are all new, and the scenery does honour to the artists who painted them.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—*Let us be Frenchmen*.—Such is the title of a new piece performed lately at this Theatre: and, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather, the house was completely crowded on the first night of its representation: much wit was expected; but the piece was filled with common-place jests, which may be heard every day on the Boulevards.—The scene lies at an estate in England, and it seemed as if it was at an election, there was such a hubbub, hissing, and hooting. The intention of the author was to ridicule the anglomania by which Frenchmen are at present governed; but it seems that he had only studied those kind of manners which were adopted in the age of Louis XV. If Frenchmen are to be reproached now with changing their manners, they are yet very far from being like Englishmen.

THEATRE DE LA GAITE.—A trifling piece has been brought out at this Theatre, entitled *The Little Beggar Boy*. A child of eight years old, from a refinement of filial affection, takes it in his head to run away from school to attach himself to the begging fraternity, and immediately deposits in the hands of his mother whatever he gains from the compassion of the public. The audience were in raptures with the premature heroism of the boy, and expressed an ardent desire to see the author, who was anxious to remain unknown.

THEATRE DE LA RUE DE CHARTRES.—*Harlequin Jealous; or, Such a Rival as is seldom seen*.—This is a kind of Vaudeville, which, even to be endured, wants originality of idea, wit in the dialogue, and some measure in its versification. A cross purpose, founded on the loss of a canary-bird, forms the chief thread of the plot. *Harlequin*, who finds his mistress in tears, and who overhears her lamentations on the want of attachment in her *darling*, is per-

sueded that there is a rival in the case ; and this is sufficient to excite his jealousy, which gives title to a piece that no dramatist would find himself *jealous* at not being the author of.

THEATRE AT VIENNA.

At this Theatre a tragedy has been lately represented, entitled *Sapho*, which seems to form a tissue of various kinds of novelties : in the first place, the subject is antique—a very rare thing among the Germans, who seldom celebrate any thing above domestic facts ; secondly, in spite of all the prejudices which the author had to fight against, he obtained a complete success, or, rather, carried off a triumph, of which the dramatic history of Germany never before has furnished an instance. After the third act, he was obliged to make his appearance on the stage ; crowned after the fifth, he was conducted, in procession, to his own dwelling. The next day, honoured by the beneficence of his sovereign, a considerable subscription was opened for him, which was full in a few hours. The German critics speak of the tragedy of this young man, who has written but little before, in the following terms :—

“ *Sapho* is a tragedy written in iambic verse, without rhyme, or even without the rules of prosody, if we except an ode to Venus. The author has imposed upon himself those difficulties hitherto unknown to us : he has only six speaking characters ; and, what is unheard of in the German drama, he has confined himself to observe the three famous unities, pretendedly cited as those of Aristotle : yet this bold young man has found the art of avoiding those rocks, on which even so many very excellent French tragedians have split ; but he has not sacrificed, as they have done, truth, interest, probability, local situations, and circumstances, to frivolity.”

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

On Conducting Air by Forced Ventilation, and Regulating the Temperature in Dwellings, &c. By the Marquis de Chabannes.

MANY of the females of Great Britain are now well versed in science ; and their abilities prove to an enlightened world, and to the liberal mind devoid of prejudice, that they are equally capable of acquiring a knowledge of the arts and sciences with

those, who, in ages less marked by wonderful inventions than the present, kept, with unrestrained sway, the sceptre of knowledge as their own exclusive right, and held the lovelier part of creation in the fetters of ignorance.

Certainly the work before us is not exactly of a nature to form one of the most pleasing for feminine study, yet it is wrote in clear and elegant language ; and when the delicate and fragile fair one shall, in the crowded theatre or assembly, breathe a pure and wholesome air, she will know, on the perusal of this work, to whom she is obliged, and learn to prize the salutative blessing imparted by useful science.

The *Belle Assemblée* is also frequently honoured by being perused by men of the first scientific abilities ; they, too, will know how to estimate the advantages of such an invention, reduced to the most successful practice, and highly requisite to be encouraged as a preservative of health, in a region so replete with the smoke of coal as London, and in its numerous places of diversion, and other crowded assemblies.

We shall now proceed to give a few striking extracts from this work, which we earnestly request our readers to pay particular attention to, if they would wish to preserve that best of all earthly blessings, health, and lengthen the short period of existence allotted to human nature.

ON AIR AND ITS PROPERTIES RELATIVE TO RESPIRATION.

“ The air of our atmosphere is composed of oxygen, nitrogen or azote, and a little carbonic acid. The oxygen, in breathing is absorbed by the lungs, and is so essential to life, that, in air, deprived of it, all animals instantly perish. It has hence been called vital air. In air, containing less than the natural proportion of oxygen, although an animal does not die, its vigour is immediately impaired ; and if the privation be long continued, disease and death are the certain consequences.

“ An animal, in breathing, not only vitiates the air about it by abstracting the oxygen, but also by loading it with noxious effluvia from the lungs and skin : the existence of which is familiarly proved in the case of the dog, which by the nose alone can follow his master.

“ We have thus an explanation of the dreadful consequences which have been experienced from breathing air in situations either altogether confined, or ill-ventilated ; as the suffocation in the Black Hole at Calcutta, the fevers and other diseases of prisons, hospitals, and ships, &c.,

the head-ache and distress which so many suffer in crowded theatres, ball-rooms, small bed-rooms, &c. Two or three people getting into a carriage, are obliged, in a few minutes, to admit fresh air, by letting down a glass, or else the oppression becomes insupportable. In every place where there is no renewal of regular air the evil exists, and is only *greater or less* in proportion to the size of the room, and the number of individuals who breathe in it. Air is, in fact, the first spring of life, aliment is but the second. We may live for many days without food, but shut out the access of air, that is, of oxygen to the lungs, and you instantly destroy life. On the purity of the air which we breathe, depends, principally, the health which we enjoy, our freedom from disease, and the length of our days.—If a person is alone, he can only breathe the air he has before respired; but if others are in the same apartment, the breath of each person passes from one to another, and it is frequently in this way that diseases are communicated. I state an important fact, when I say, that in theatres, and crowded assemblies of every kind; in close sitting and sleeping apartments, which are immediately offensive to a person entering from the open air; and in all situations where a man cannot have a gallon of pure air to breathe in every minute (experience having taught us that that quantity is required), we are receiving and fostering in our system the germs of future disease, or we are calling into action principles of disease already existing, which might have for ever lain dormant; and thus, by the operation of a slow, and very insidious poison, we are still further shortening and embittering the short day of human existence. It is to men of science, in general, and to those in particular who watch over our health, that it belongs to pronounce upon this important subject; I only take the liberty of presenting it for attentive consideration."

VENTILATING THEATRES.

"A patent calirofere fumivore ventilating furnace is erected behind the lower gallery, which draws off the air from the back of the three first tiers of boxes. The fire acts upon twelve pipes, of seven inches diameter each, and ten feet in length, which unite in a single pipe of two feet diameter. A rarefaction is produced in these pipes, and the flame and smoke having passed them, are evaporated by a large tube enveloping that in which the air from the boxes is carried off, and which not only continues, but considerably augments the rarefaction, and quickens the current of air within. These pipes unite at the top in a large owl, which moves with the wind, and through which the air and smoke are discharged outside the building.

"Four openings have been made in the ceiling of each tier of boxes, which communicate separately with the pipes in the furnace before mentioned. The evaporation of air through

these openings becomes very powerful the moment the fire is lighted, as seen by the rapidity with which the wheels turned. It is then evident that the breath of so many persons rising towards the ceiling by its lightness, unavoidably takes the direction of the current, and passes away, as a stream of water follows the fall which is given to it.

"During the first months, the ventilation in the pantre was effected by steam; but Mr. Harris having since desired me to substitute the heat of the gas as a power, and to make all the necessary alterations, the chandelier has become a powerful agent of the ventilation.

"The third power is not yet established, but it is intended to be placed over the stage. Its object is to draw off the smell and heat of the stage-lamps, as well as the burnt air they produce.

"It is thus that all air which is in any way vitiated, is constantly carried off during the performance. It remains to explain how this air is replaced.

"The pressure of the atmosphere acting with greater force upon the interior, in consequence of this constant evaporation of air, the audience would be exposed to the most dangerous currents on the opening of the box-doors, &c. if precaution had not been taken to regulate the temperature in every part of the theatre, according to the degree of cold without. Three or four hours in the day are usually the time required to give a temperate warmth throughout, or to raise the temperature in any particular situation in which it may have been depressed; but however intense the cold without, by continuing the fires a few hours longer, the proper temperature may at all times be kept up in the interior. When the fire is out, warm air will continue to issue from the furnace, till every particle of heat has been extracted from the pipes. If, as soon as it is out, the damper of the smoke flue is shut, the heat may be retained a length of time, as there will then be only a draught through the warm air pipes, and not through the furnace itself, which, with the brickwork remaining warm, will continue to give heat to the air passing through the pipes as long as any remain in the bricks, and this renders these furnaces very economical.—There are times, however, when it is not necessary to light the furnaces, and when an augmentation of heat in the corridors is still required; with this view it has been thought essential to place in the Shakespeare-room, saloons, and in the corridors, calirofere stoves, which produce a quantity of warm air, and which, on these days, are sufficient to maintain the same temperature, and greatly assist, during the time of excessive cold, the effect of the furnaces.

"The fresh air which supplies the place of that evaporated, will therefore, in cold weather, be always at from fifty-five to sixty, and will maintain a temperature proportioned to the heat in the interior of the boxes, so that it is impos-

sible for any danger to arise from the opening of box doors, or any transition sufficiently great to be injuriously felt. But it was not sufficient thus to provide the means of maintaining the temperature of the corridors nearly at sixty degrees, it was necessary to regulate the admission of air into the boxes, to lessen the draught of air on opening the doors, and to supply constantly for respiration, fresh air, in lieu of that evaporated by the ventilation. This renewal of air is effected by numerous small openings which render the current insensible, and that air being always at the degree before-mentioned, produces a pleasing sensation, and is free from the danger and inconvenience which would be experienced from an admission of air at a colder temperature."

SLEEPING-ROOM VENTILATING LAMPS.

"The state of calm existing in sleeping apartments during the night, causes a stagnation of air; from which it follows, that so soon as we have decomposed a certain portion, we continue to breathe that air again and again, to the great prejudice of our health. It rises perpendicularly as we breathe, and, regaining its gravity as it cools, descends, and is again inhaled, deprived of its purity and vital qualities.

"May we not also indulge the supposition that the heaviness of the atmosphere around us is an occasional cause of restlessness and disturbed sleep, that it has some effect on our minds in sleep, and that to the want of ventilation may be attributed, in some measure, a variety of unpleasant sensations. We frequently sleep for hours, and yet rise unrefreshed, with our minds unfit either for the avocations or the pleasures of the day. Is it too bold an assertion, that if there had been a forced evaporation of all air, unfit for respiration, our bodies and minds would have gained that repose, the want of which renders sleep unpleasant and insalubrious? All these sensations may, certainly, at times, be traced to obvious causes; but how frequently is it that we are totally at a loss how to account for not having rested well? In this case I venture to assign it to the want of ventilation, and a proper circulation of air in our apartment."

Our limits will not allow us to extract anything more from these important inventions: many useful plans follow, treating of the air conductor, plan for warming houses, churches, &c. from one fire, &c. &c. to warm hot-beds: the author lastly treats of heating liquids, and gives the invention of a wine-cooler.

Edwin and Henry; or, The Week's Holidays. Mackay, Newgate-street; Blackwood and Co. Edinburgh; Ogle, Glasgow; and Cumming, Dublin.

THIS little interesting pocket volume contains a series of moral and instructive tales for the amusement and improvement of youth, and is one of those useful works for the juvenile library, which we earnestly recommend to the notice of those among our correspondents, who bear the honoured title of parents.

Edwin and Henry, the children of the worthy Mr. Friendly, Edwin aged thirteen, and Henry twelve, are passing their week's holidays of Easter with their excellent parent, who makes every domestic incident a real source of instruction to his beloved offspring. Casualties, the phenomena of nature, the vegetable world, sickness and death, are all treated of; and afford, as they pass immediately under the eyes of the young people, an opportunity to the intelligent father, to draw from thence a striking and moral lesson of instruction.

To these moral tales is prefixed, a well-written address to parents; and the following extract is well deserving the attention of those who are entrusted with the care of youth:—

"If we examine the system of the majority of our academies, shall we find any part adapted for those purposes? Do we not rather behold a constant and unremitting endeavour to chain the imagination to a mere view of real things, and to shackle the remaining powers of the mind by a dull uniformity of tuition? The child, in its first employments, as well as in its sports, will never feel an inclination to court self-reflection, nor by a free and independent mode of thinking, and of reasoning, attempt to exalt itself above that narrow sphere in which it is confined, by the imprudent caution of a systematic tutor. If nothing further were required than to form man for the purpose of preserving the machine of life, it would be merely requisite to transform virtue, as much as possible, into a mechanical quality, which, in other words, is wholly to dissolve it, and to place duty and obedience to the laws, in its stead. But human nature sears towards a higher point, which can never be obtained by so limited a display of power. It strives, when once conscious of its noble faculties, to attain to a more perfect and invisible world, which is its proper and natural home, and attempts to reach that station, where, in placid and holy serenity, it can look down on the melancholy chaos of life."

In the tale of *The Village on Fire*, the following reflections on avarice are excellent:—

"It is a vice of that odious nature, that every one turns away with disgust from him who is

guilty of it. The miser shuts his heart against that feeling, which in general opens every heart, namely—compassion. The miser loves no one but himself; he even often torments himself to increase the treasures, on the possession of which he doats with the greatest fondness. Such a disposition is hateful both to God and man. What is more natural than sympathy? and where is there a more pleasant road to promote our own happiness, than in promoting that of others? Of this feeling, however, the miser is wholly ignorant. He is selfish, hard-hearted, and mistrustful. These qualities repel every man from him."

A Practical Guide to the Management of the Teeth. By L. S. Parmly.

THE finest index to a beautiful person is a good set of teeth; the greatest and most important auxiliary to beauty, indicating purity of breath, while good teeth aid powerfully the form of a lovely face. The care of them is of the highest moment, both as comforts and *agremens*.

The former part of this work is particularly useful to dentists, and highly deserving of their study; we shall merely give the following extracts from that part which treats of the individual care requisite to be observed by every one of their teeth.

MANAGEMENT OF THE TEETH.

"The first and most important object, is cleanliness of the mouth, which is the only preventive of disease. Of the various causes of diseases of the teeth and alveolar processes, we have found that the greater part as enumerated by writers, are merely theoretical, and are built on no solid facts. The only true cause of all the diseases to which they are liable, is the contact of the accumulation, and the action of that matter upon them, which form the relics of our food and beverage, and which operate by undergoing the putrefactive process, as a deleterious poison, or corroding agent to their structure.

"Where the teeth are kept clean and free from such matter, no disease will ever arise. Their structure will equally stand against the summer's heat and winter's cold; against the changes of climate, the variations of diet, and even the diseases to which the other parts of the system may be constitutionally subject.

"This being the case, the means of prevention are clear and simple; namely, to avoid the accumulation of matter which injures their substance; and it is in the mode of cleaning them, that the whole secret of avoiding diseases consists.

"The means commonly resorted to are the use of the brush, joined with the friction of tooth-powder; but, that both brushes and dentifrices

as they are at present used, however ingeniously contrived or often employed, are insufficient for the purposes of effectual cleansing, is obvious from this circumstance, that the teeth and gums are still left in a diseased state. Tooth-powders, being generally composed of insoluble substances and acid ingredients, are evidently hurtful, both by their mechanical and chemical agency.

"The brushes and powders are generally applied to the outside only of the teeth; and to shew the injury of these applications, we shall make some observations on their composition and nature. The sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, from its peculiar and well known property, of giving a beautiful white appearance to the teeth, forms a principal ingredient in all those ruinous compositions sold under the title of tooth-powders, tinctures, or pastes. In tinctures and lotions, it is combined with some spirituous or watery infusion, of an aromatic nature, variously coloured and scented, according to the taste of the composer. In the paste it is united with some gritty powder, to which a light vegetable matter is added, when the whole is made of a proper consistence with honey or other glutinous substance. The powders, also, not admitting the acid in its natural form, have corrosive salts substituted, such as cream of tartar, alum, &c. united with powder, which often consists of brick-dust, blended with some other ingredient, to colour and conceal it. But, besides these compositions, which are expressly sold for the purpose, many are in the habit of using substances at their own option for cleaning the teeth, without having recourse to these advertised specifics. Of this kind soot is one; to which I see no other objection than that it is a dirty, disagreeable, and indelicate substance. Its use has, perhaps, arisen from the observation, that chimney sweepers have white teeth. This is generally more in appearance than in reality: when examined, it is found to be occasioned by the contrast of the face with the natural colour of the teeth. Another substance in much greater use of late years, for the purpose of cleaning teeth, is charcoal pulverized; but highly as it is celebrated for its antiseptic qualities, it is very improper as a dentifrice; for, however fine may be the powder to which it is reduced, every chemist knows that the substance continues perfectly insoluble. The finer indeed it is pulverized, the easier is the admission it finds between the teeth and gums, where its insinuation, like every other extraneous matter, is a perpetual source of irritation and disease; and its constant friction may injure the health and beauty of the gums; its effect also, as a purifier of the breath, is very transient. Dentifrices similar to charcoal are formed by the burning of bread, leather, betel nut, peruvian bark, &c.; in their effects, however, they all differ little from common charcoal: gunpowder and iron rust is another composition in use, but it owes its quality entirely to the charcoal, as the nitre it contains is in too small

a quantity to be of any use. Prepared alum is another substance used for the same purpose; but, being a combination of sulphuric acid and clay, when it comes in contact with the teeth, it undergoes a decomposition, and they are consequently exposed to the action of the acid. The same injury arises from the use of cream of tartar, which, though it whitens the teeth, acts powerfully on the enamel."

PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF TOOTH-PICKS.

"It is a common practice with most people after meals to make use of a tooth-pick, to remove whatever may be lodged between the teeth. This practice, however, is highly to be reprobated: the constant use of a tooth-pick cannot fail to make improper openings between the teeth; and when once that part of the gum which forms the arch is removed from their interstices, a small hollow is made for the reception of accumulating matter, which, if neglected to be removed, will, from its immediate action on the bone, rapidly excavate a tooth, and produce early pain, that would never have existed but for the use of so improper an instrument."

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE CARE THE BRAMINS TAKE OF THEIR TEETH.

"In the East Indies, particularly in Hindostan, the care of the teeth among the Bramins is made a part of their religious rites. As soon as they rise in the morning their teeth are rubbed for an hour with a twig of the fig-tree. During this operation their prayers are fervently addressed to the sun, invoking the blessing of heaven on themselves and families. This practice, it is presumed, is coeval with their religion and government; and certainly nothing can shew their high regard for cleanliness, and particularly for the purity and beauty of the mouth, than by making it both a law and religious duty."

IMPORTANCE OF ATTENDING TO THE TEETH OF CHILDREN.

"In every family it should be a rule to have the teeth of children frequently inspected by a dentist; but there is an unfortunate prejudice entertained by parents, that his operations tend to injure the teeth. On this account the proper time is often neglected, which occasions deformity and disfiguration of the countenance for life. In many public seminaries this practice has been lamentably followed. It will always prevent much future pain and regret; and children, when they attain the age of reason and reflection, will be more grateful for this attention than for those accomplishments or indulgences which have no connexion with health and comfort. The first traces of disease in the teeth are always unknown to the patient. Caries, in particular, is so insidious in its attack, that its existence often requires the most minute inspection of the dentist's eye to detect."

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

M. DEMOURS, the highly and justly celebrated French oculist, has made a most admirable and truly miraculous discovery: he has found a method, through an operation by no means painful, to create an *artificial pupil* in the eye of a blind person, and which will restore the sight when the optic nerve is not paralyzed or destroyed.

A person under his care had the pupils of his eyes quite sunk in; and who, after undergoing this operation read perfectly well.

THE ÆDEPHONE.

A musical instrument, called the Ædephone, has been announced, possessing advantages which no other instrument has yet attained. It is played by finger keys, and every tone is capable of indefinite continuity. The swell is said to be very superior, and the instrument is so constructed as never to be out of tune.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

LYON, a strolling player in the last century, once wagered a crown bowl of punch with another actor, that he would repeat the contents of a daily *Advertiser* from beginning to end. The player only regarded this as an empty boast, but as Lyon was positive he laid the wager with him. Next morning at rehearsal, he put Lyon in mind of it, rallying him, at the same time, on his bragging about his memory, and really imagined that he had been drunk at the time he made the bet. Lyon took the paper from his pocket, requested him to look at it, and judge himself whether he had not won the wager. And in spite of the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which makes up a newspaper, he repeated it without fault, or even hesitation, from beginning to end.

KALEIDOSCOPE.

THE Kaleidoscope is a polygonal instrument in catoptrics, possessing the powers of the polemoscope and polyscope, and may justly be called a polygonoscope. The best way of viewing shadows with this instrument is with a magnifier, the focus of

which must be suited to the length of the tube of the Kaleidoscope.

The beauty and number of shadows displayed in the field of view in this glass, depend very much upon the correctness of the mirrors, choice of colours, and number of angles. The base line of the angle which is made by the mirrors, must be truly found, or the shadows will not be proportionally formed.

BIRTHS.

At Leeds, Mrs. J. C. Blake, R. N. of a daughter.

The lady of J. C. Mitchell, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

In the parish church of Spaldhurst, near Tambridge, Kent, Lord Cosborne, to Miss Catherine Corbett Barnes, late of Bryanstone-street, a young lady of small fortune but good family.

By special license, Lord James Stuart, brother to the Marquis of Bute, to Miss Tighe, only daughter of the late W. Tighe, Esq. of Woodstock, Hants.

The Right Hon. Lord George Lennox, to Louisa Frederica, daughter of the Hon. John Rodney, and granddaughter of the Earl and Countess of Aldborough.

DIED.

At Cobham Park, Surrey, in the 67th year of his age, Harvey Christian Combe, Esq. many years one of the Members of the city of London.

From sudden illness, at Leamington-Spa, Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. D. C. L. well known for his zealous labours and writings in behalf of public charities and other useful institutions.

At Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire, in the 77th year of his age, Sir George Osborn, Bart. a General in the army, and Colonel of the 40th regiment of foot.

At Vienna, in his eighty-fourth year, the Baron de Thugot. He commenced his diplomatic career under the celebrated Prince Kaunitz. In 1789 he was appointed minister from Austria to Warsaw; in 1794 he was made chancellor of the court and state; and under this title he was the director of the cabinet of Vienna, although he was not proclaimed prime minister till 1796. After the peace of Luneville he retired from public service, and resided at Presbourg, in Hungary. The study of the Oriental languages occupied all his leisure hours; and he caused to be brought to him the Oriental MS. belonging to the Imperial library, receiving visits continually from those learned men who were employed in the same researches. This statesman, who might be cited as the most able, perhaps, after

Mr. Pitt, was in many respects a stranger to the court and to the world. In 1806, he seemed regaining some degree of credit at Vienna, but he was sent away by order of the French government. He lived long enough to see Europe return to that political system which he had marked out. M. de Thugot was not a man of high birth, having risen solely by his individual merit. He has left a considerable fortune: he married late in life, and has left no children. A few hours before his death he fell out of his bed, into which he would not suffer himself to be replaced; he died on a simple mattress which was placed under him on the floor.

Lately, in the town of Gannat, the place of his birth, General Sauret, aged seventy-three; from a private soldier he attained to the rank of Lieutenant-General. At the time of the French revolution he was a Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the regiment of Campagne, and Knight of the order of Saint Louis. He had served under the orders of the Marechale de Perignon, in the army of the Pyrennees, in the first war against Spain, where he distinguished himself, not less by his military talents than by his humanity, which he manifested in saving the lives of a number of prisoners whom a cruel and atrocious law had sentenced to death. He was sixty years in the service. When he was informed of the death of the Prince de Conde, he seemed struck with death himself; and recalled the period with much emotion when he had the honour of serving under him. He lived but a short time after receiving the intelligence of the Prince's death.

At Paris, aged three months, the infant daughter and only child of Lord William Russell, son to the Duke of Bedford.

Mr. Richard Beattiffe, bookseller, Norwich. He was a large purchaser of second-hand libraries, and his catalogue was well stored with good books. He was peculiarly blunt in his manners to his customers, and many anecdotes of his singularity in this respect are related. A Scotch nobleman once called to purchase a Bible: the bookseller took one down, and named the price.—“O, mon!” quoth his Lordship, “I could buy it for much less in Edinburgh.”—“Then, my Lord,” replied Mr. Beattiffe, replacing the volume on the shelf, and abruptly quitting his Lordship, “go to Edinburgh for it.”—But, notwithstanding these eccentricities, he is well spoken of by those who best knew him. He was the author of the entertaining little work called *The Norfolk Tour*, which he lived long enough to see go through six editions.

At Spring-grove, Richmond, Surrey, in the 73d year of his age, Sir C. Price, Bart. Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, and for many years one of the Representatives in Parliament for the city of London.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1818.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Le Portefeuille Francais, published in London and Worcester, shall be revised in due time. The French works that we review are generally those newly published at Paris, and which are transmitted from thence for our inspection. Some of the subjects that compose the *melange* of *Le Portefeuille Francais*, are not new, and have already been treated of in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, which, should it adopt any fresh anecdotes, &c. from *Le Portefeuille Francais*, the author will be sure to have the credit given to him.

The Sojourner is unavoidably delayed till our next Number.

The Statement of Facts relative to the case of Mrs. Scarborough, shall be treated of as early as possible; but such statements require close investigation, and caution in the perusal.

The valuable *Letters* and *Tale of Female Heroism*, from our respected Caledonian Correspondent, came too late for insertion this month, they shall certainly meet with prompt insertion.

We thank ZEPHYRUS for his hints; but it is not likely we should contradict in one Number what we are authorized in stating in another.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazil, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger* Office, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1818.



Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.

Engraved by J. Alais from an original drawing by Partridge.

— Published by John Bell, 12, Sept. 1818.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For AUGUST, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Thirteen.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

We have the peculiar satisfaction of presenting our readers this month with a most correct and pleasing likeness of her Royal Highness Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, Duchess of Cambridge.

This amiable and illustrious lady was born Princess of Hesse, on the 25th of July, 1797, at Rumpenheim, on the banks of the Maine, near Hannau; and in May, 1818, she was married in Germany to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, fifth son of his Most Gracious Majesty George III. and of his illustrious consort Queen Charlotte. On Tuesday, the 27th of May, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge arrived in London, amidst the general plaudits of an enraptured people: the bride of him who, when at the age of four-and-twenty was affirmed by his venerable and royal father, at that period, to have his first fault yet to commit, could not fail of being an interesting object; especially to the English people, for they have known, in several succeeding years, that the conduct of the Duke of Cambridge was still faultless.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel accompanied his daughter to this country, and when he witnessed the enthusiasm by which the royal pair was received, he declared it to be the proudest day of his life.

On Monday, the 2d of June, a re-marriage took place at the Queen's Palace. A temporary altar was fixed in her blue drawing-room, and the Duke and Duchess were again united in presence of her Majesty, the Prince Regent, the royal Dukes, and the Princesses their sisters. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London. A royal salute was, as usual, fired at this conclusion of the ceremony, and a splendid dinner, in honour of the nuptials, given by the Prince Regent.

The power invested in his Royal Highness at Hanover, renders his presence requisite in that country, and, accompanied by his amiable and illustrious bride, he has now quitted England to reassume his authority.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

(Continued from page 5.)

MUSIC OF THE BRITONS.

AMONGST the ancient Cambrians the greatest reverence was paid to their poet-musicians the bards, both in Pagan and Christian times. We have still some songs of very remote antiquity preserved in the Welsh language; though they have been since set to different tunes.

The fluctuating favour of minstrelsy in England resembled that of France: but we may be assured that British harpers were famous long before the conquest, and the bounty of our first Norman sovereign to his bard, is recorded in Domesday Book. Henry III., in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, gave forty shillings and a pipe of wine to Richard his harper, and another pipe of wine to Beatrice the harper's wife. All our ancient poems were sung to the harp on Sundays and other festivals. But in the legendary life of St. Christopher, we find mention made of the *fiddle* in the following old English lines:—

“Christofre hym served long;
“The Kyng loved melodye of *fithle* and of
“*seuge*.”

No instrument, however, was in such high esteem as the harp, whether this island was governed by British, Saxon, Danish, or Norman monarchs. The poor minstrels bore a very ill name; but they still had one friend who rescued their fame from the reproach attached to it; this was Walter Heming, who records of them the following incident, which redounds to their honour.

About the year 1271, a short time before Edward I. ascended the throne, he took his harper with him to the Holy Land; and when Edward was wounded with a poisoned knife at Ptolemais, the faithful musician, hearing a struggle, rushed into the royal apartment and killed the assassin. Edward should have borne this in mind, and have cherished the minstrels for the sake of this

instance of fidelity; but it did not make him spare his brethren of the tuneful art in Wales.

The institution of the midsummer fair, at Chester, is traced up to the time of Edward the Confessor, when Leofric, Earl of Chester, among other grants to the Abbey of St. Werburg, in that city, established a fair on the festival of the Saint to whom it was dedicated, and in his honour ordained that the persons of whatever vagrants or vagabonds that should be assembled there at the time, should be safe, provided they were guilty of no new offence.

During the reign of Edward II. such extensive privileges were granted to the minstrels, and so many dissolute persons assumed their character, that their conduct became a serious public grievance: and the King made a regulation that there should be none but four regularly appointed *minstrels of honour*, unless desired by the master of the house; and to the lower class of people that none should come unless desired.

Stowe, whose authority we have frequently quoted in our topographical notices of London, and whose intelligence is generally to be relied on, informs us that a very considerable sum was set apart for the liveries of the minstrels. The same writer, also, gives us an account of a kind of pageant, or exhibition, which was performed for the entertainment of the young Prince Richard, son of Edward the Black Prince, on the Sunday before Candlemas, 1377, wherein he mentions the following musical instruments—trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shawms, and minstrels, with innumerable torch lights; and that they rode from Newgate through Chepe, over the bridge, through Southwark to Kennington and Lambeth, where the young Prince remained with his mother, his uncles the royal Dukes, and other noble Lords. These

instruments were well suited to a procession, but would certainly have been too noisy if played in a room.

It was an important period in English history when Chaucer, whom we might style our first poet, augmented our vocabulary, polished our numbers, and enriched our knowledge with acquisitions from France and Italy. As Dr. Burney justly remarks,—“Literary plunder seems the most innocent kind of depredation that can be made upon our neighbours; as they are deprived of nothing but what they can well spare, and which it is neither dishonourable to lose, nor disgraceful to take.”

In the third book of Chaucer's *House of Fame*, he bestows above sixty lines in describing music, musicians, and musical instruments. Stowe collected many of Chaucer's ballads, but in all the ancient libraries and MSS. none of our musical researchers have been able to find the tune of an English song or dance so ancient as the fourteenth century.

At the coronation of Henry V. in 1413, there were no other instruments than harps; but an historian of that period informs us that their number in that Prince's hall was prodigious. He seems not, however, to have been fond of music, for when he entered the city of London triumphant from the battle of Agincourt, some children were placed on temporary turrets, to sing verses in praise of the hero: Henry, whether from modesty or disgust, gave orders that no songs should be recited by harpers, or others, in honour of the recent victory. It is somewhat extraordinary that the only song known at all from so early a date, the original music of which has been really preserved, was written on the victory at Agincourt, in 1415.

A MS. on music is, nevertheless, preserved at Oxford, of yet more ancient date. It was written by an Englishman of the name of Theinred, precentor of the monastery of Deves, in the year 1371.

The turbulent and unhappy reign of Henry VI. was, notwithstanding, favourable to music, so far as related to minstrelsy: for minstrels, though Henry was a very devout Prince, were better paid than the clergy. And Hume, observes, that

during many years of this reign, that at the annual feast of the fraternity of the Holy Cross, at Abingdon, in Berkshire, twelve priests received only fourpence each for singing a solemn dirge; while the same number of minstrels had each two shillings and fourpence, besides diet and horse-meat.

About this time two very eminent musicians flourished in England, and obtained a high degree of celebrity; these were John Dunstable and Dr. John Hambois: Dunstable was the musician whom the Germans have mistaken for St. Dunstan: Dunstable was not only a musician but a mathematician, and an eminent astrologer. Two or three fragments are all that are now left of his compositions.

Dr. John Hambois possessed much learning, but music formed the chief of his studies: and here it may not be amiss to mention, when speaking of the degree of Doctor being conferred on him, to look back to an institution which is peculiar to our universities. We are told, moreover, by Anthony Wood, that the degree of Doctor of Music was first given in the reign of Henry II.; but those who are more nice in their researches, and consequently more correct in their information, tell us that the appellation of Doctor was not granted till the reign of King John, in 1207. Holinshed mentions an enumeration of the most eminent men in the reign of Edward IV. among whom he cites John Hambois, “an excellent musician;” and adds, that “for his notable cunning therein he was made a Doctor of Music.”

In the reign of Edward IV. that is, when he became established on the throne, music seems to have been under better regulation than during that of the so often dethroned Henry VI. Edward incorporated the minstrels into a regular body, and this incorporation resembled the ancient flute players among the Romans. In an account of the establishment of the fourth Edward's household, we read of several musicians retained in his service, as well for his private amusement as for the service of his chapel.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

THE life of this truly illustrious woman, who, by her piety and benevolence, justly merited to be placed where she was, among the saints, was chequered with events which even her extraordinary beauty and endowments could not prevent, when they too often approached her in the guise of afflictions. Not only did she feed from her own table a multitude of indigent persons, but she sought out the habitations of disease and misery, attending the former like an assiduous and careful nurse, and alleviating the latter to the very utmost of her power, and never did the cries of the poor assail her in vain. One day when the Prince of Thuringe, her husband, gave a splendid feast, and Elizabeth was magnificently dressed to do him honour, as she passed through the avenues of his palace she met a poor mendicant, who craved alms. The Princess having no money about her, told the beggar to wait some other time.—“Do not,” said the miserable wretch, “do not send me away without relief; how can you dismiss me in his name by which I have implored an alms?”—The Princess, touched with compassion, immediately took from her head a veil of immense value and gave it to the beggar.

Elizabeth kept constantly employed in her apartments a considerable number of young women, with whom she used to sit and spin vestments for the poor. Her favourite occupation was to see to the bleaching of linen for the service of the altar, and in making and mending garments for the indigent.

A horrible famine having desolated Germany in 1225, Elizabeth, in the absence of her husband, distributed all the corn that grew on his lands amongst the poor. As the Castle of Marburg, wherein were the granaries, was situated on a very steep rock, to spare to the interesting objects of her pity the trouble and fatigue of climbing it, she caused a large hospital to be built at the foot of the rock, which she visited herself every day. Historians remark that it was a most admirable sight to see a Princess in the early bloom of youth, and dazzling by her beauty, pre-

paring with her own hands her benevolent offerings to the poor, waiting on them, making up their beds, and enduring with constant and unremitting perseverance the infectious air of an hospital during the burning heat of an ardent summer. Yet calumny attacked the fame of this virtuous Princess. The treasurers of her husband complained of her prodigality; but the young Landgrave too well knew that the most prudent economy aided her generosity: far then from giving ear to their idle reports, he only placed increased confidence in his virtuous and amiable partner.

Soon after the Prince departed for the Holy Land: Elizabeth accompanied him a great part of his journey; and on her return to court she laid aside every exterior mark of magnificence, and wore constantly the habit of a widow, which she never afterwards quitted.

Her piety had drawn on her the envy and hatred of Sophia, her mother-in-law; and had been displeasing to the proud nobility. Deprived of all her wealth, and driven out with disgrace from the palace of her husband, she found herself compelled to take refuge in a public inn, with a few of her ladies in waiting, who were resolved never to abandon her. This happened at a time when the weather was remarkably severe. Elizabeth had neither food nor firing; nor could she even obtain a situation in one of the many hospitals she had founded. The news of her deplorable situation reached the Bishop of Bamberg, her uncle, who took her into his castle, and caused her marriage portion to be restored to her. Elizabeth made no other use of it than distributing it amongst the poor.

The Pope, touched with the merits, virtue, and undeserved afflictions of this Princess, publicly declared himself her protector; and she retired to Marburg, chusing for her dwelling a very small cottage. The King of Hungary being informed of the wretched lot of his daughter, sent a nobleman to bring her to his palace; but she never would be persuaded to quit her humble retreat, where she died at the age of twenty-four years.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

CHARLES, who was naturally prodigal, observed no more economy at Bender than at Stockholm. Grothusen, his favourite and treasurer, brought to him one day an account of fifty thousand crowns in two lines:—"Ten thousand crowns given to the Swedes and to the Janizaries, by order of his Majesty, and the rest spent by myself."—"That is frank," said the King; "and that is the way I like my friends to make out their accounts. Mullern made me read over several pages accounting for the sum of ten thousand franks; I like the laconic style of Grothusen better."

ANECDOTE OF MOZART.

FROM his most tender age, Mozart, animated with the true feeling of his art, was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. When he had to do with people unacquainted with music, he only performed insignificant trifles. He played, on the contrary, with all the fire and attention of which he was capable when in the presence of connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, and to make the great men, before whom his son was to exhibit, pass for connoisseurs before him. When Mozart, at the age of six years, sat down to play in the presence of the Emperor Francis, he addressed himself to his Majesty, and asked, "Is not M. Wagenseil here? We must send for him; he understands the matter." The Emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave his place to him by the side of the piano.—"Sir," said Mozart to the composer, "we are going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over the leaves for me."

HIGH SENSE OF HONOUR IN A PEON, OR EAST INDIA FOOT SOLDIER.

AN Englishman once on a hunting party, hastily struck a Peon for having let loose, at an improper time, a greyhound. The Peon happened to be a Rajah-pout, which is the highest tribe of Hindoo soldiers. On receiving the blow, he started back with an appearance of horror and amazement, and drew his poniard. But again composing himself, and looking stedfastly at

his master, he said, "I am your servant, and have long eat your rice;" and having pronounced this, he plunged the dagger into his own bosom. In those few words the poor man pathetically expressed—"the arm that has been nourished by you shall not take away your life; but in sparing yours I must give up my own, as I cannot survive my dishonour."

ANECDOTE OF MR. SHERIDAN.

As Mr. Sheridan was coming up to town in one of the public coaches, for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Mr. Paul was his opponent, he found himself in company with two Westminster electors. In the course of conversation, one of them asked the other to whom he would give his vote? When his friend replied, "To Paul, certainly; for though I think him but a shabby sort of a fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan."—"Do you know Sheridan?" asked the stranger.—"Not I, Sir," answered the gentleman: "nor would I wish to know him."—The conversation dropped here; but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other gentleman, and said, "Pray who is that very agreeable friend of yours? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with, and I should be glad to know his name."—"His name is Mr. T—; he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln's Inn-fields."—Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach: soon after which, Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. "It is," said he, "a fine profession: men may rise to the highest eminence in the state, and it gives vast scope to the display of talent; many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals I ever heard of is one T—, who lives in Lincoln's Inn-fields."—"I am Mr. T—," said the gentleman.—"And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply. The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands; and the lawyer exerted himself warmly to promote the election of the facetious orator.

ANECDOTES OF DR. FRANKLIN.

DR. FRANKLIN, when a child, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provisions had been salted—"I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask, once for all, it would be a vast *saving of time*."

In his travels through New England, he had observed, that when he went into an inn, every individual of the family had a question or two to propose to him, relative to his history; and that till each was satisfied, and that they had conferred and compared together their information, there was no possibility of procuring any refreshment. Therefore, the moment he went into any of these places, he inquired for the master, the mistress, the sons, the daughters, the men servants, and the maid servants; and having assembled them all together, he began in this manner:—"Good people, I am Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, by trade a printer; and a bachelor. I have some relations at Boston, to whom I am going to make a visit, my stay will be short; and I shall then return and follow my business, as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you of; I beg, therefore, that you will have pity on me and my horse, and give us both some refreshment."

When Franklin came to England; previous to the breaking out of the American war, he went to Mr. Hett's printing office, in Wild-court, Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and entering the press-room, he went up to a particular press, and thus addressed the two men who were working:—"Come, my friends, we will drink together; it is now forty years since I worked like you at this press, as a journeyman printer."—On this he sent for a gallon of porter, and they drank "Success to printing."

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF DENMARK,
WHEN PRINCE ROYAL.

AN officer, mortally wounded at the battle of Quistram, desired to speak with the Prince; and with his dying breath earnestly recommended to his care a young woman of Christians, to whom he was engaged. When the Prince returned there, a grand ball was given by the principal inhabitants. He inquired whether this

unfortunate girl was invited, and requested that she might, though but of the second class. The girl came; she was pretty; and finding herself among her superiors, bashfully sat down as near the door as possible, nobody deigning to take the least notice of her. Shortly after, the Prince entering, inquired for her, and asked her to dance with him, to the great mortification of the young ladies of high rank. After the dance was over, he handed her to the top of the room, and placing himself by her, spoke of the loss she had sustained with tenderness, promising to provide handsomely for any one she should marry. She afterwards married, and the Prince strictly kept his promise.

SAXON ANECDOTE.

PRINCE ANTOINE, the present heir-apparent of the throne of Saxony, is a person of extremely recluse and monkish habits, frequently enjoining himself to the performance of the most rigorous penances (though his whole life is a series of ceremonies), and bestowing almost his entire income in donations to the monasteries. The King, his father, himself a strict disciplinarian, has often remonstrated with him on his excessive bigotry, but without any other effect than that of increasing it. In the year 1810, the confessor of this Prince persuaded him that his good works would be incomplete, unless he consummated them by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but well aware that the King would never consent to the project, he instigated the Prince to propose to his father to send him on some minor doctrinal embassy to the court of Rome, from whence he might secretly undertake the journey. The Prince followed this advice, but the King rejected the proposed embassy, and suspecting something of the real design, strictly forbade his son leaving Dresden, on any pretence whatever. In this dilemma, the confessor hit upon another expedient, and carefully computing the number of paces between Dresden and Jerusalem, the enthusiastic Prince actually performed the pilgrimage, with unremitting zeal, in his apartments, under the close superintendence of the confessor and some other monks of his order.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

LOO CHOO ISLAND.

THIS island is sixty miles long: about one-third of its southern extent is highly cultivated, and almost entirely covered with villages; and round Port Melville, nearer the other extremity, there are also populous villages; but the north, north-east, and eastern parts are but thinly peopled, and not much cultivated. It is not easy to ascertain exactly what are the religious opinions of the natives; though it appears that the faith of Fo was introduced a thousand years ago by the bodzes; and we have no example of any country where the priesthood was or is held in such a state of degradation. Near a well, offerings of rice and slow matches were seen in little excavations on the top of three or four rudely carved stones, called kawroo. These are generally erected in groves on the hills: they are about two feet long by one wide, and one high. Inscriptions are cut on the sides in a variety of characters, denoting the rank of the person who makes the offering, the date and object of his petition. Two of the inscriptions were translated, and were prayers for protection during a voyage to China, and for success in a literary undertaking. Another religious rite is mentioned:—"Two narrow strips of paper with characters inscribed on them, which, by consent of the natives, were taken from a pillar in the temple, and which have been since translated, prove to be invocations, one to the Supreme Deity, and the other to the Evil Spirit. The first is on a slip of paper, two feet long by two inches wide, and containing a supplication for pardon. The latter invocation begins by seven rows of the character symbolical of the devil. In the upper line there are seven, and in the last one; so that a triangular page is formed of twenty-eight characters, each signifying the devil; and the prayer itself is written in a narrow perpendicular line underneath; the whole inscription resembling in form a kite with a long tail attached to it."

We have remarked upon the degradation of the priests, or bodzes. They are No. 113.—Vol. XVIII.

not respected in society; are neither allowed meat nor marriage; seem to be employed only in menial offices about the temples, the walks, and hedges, and not in religious ceremonies (of which, by the way, the only example seen by the voyagers was a funeral, where Jeeroo, one of the chiefs, officiated, and the poor bodzes had no other occupation than to stand humbly behind); the very children turn them into ridicule, and at the Prince's entertainment our countrymen were laughed at for offering to treat them with attention.

Connected with religion are the tombs of a people. Those of Loo Choo are either caves excavated in rocks, or built in the horse-shoe form of the Chinese. The corpses (of the upper classes, we suppose) are allowed to decay in coffins for seven years; the bones are then collected and preserved with veneration in elegantly shaped vases, placed in the temples, and hung round with offerings of funeral flowers. The caverns are probably for the lower orders, as the bones of the dead are found therein lying amongst the sand.

Among the productions of the island we may enumerate of animals, the small horse and bullock, pigs, goats, and fowls; of fish, an endless variety of all sorts and colours; of vegetables, potatoes, rice, maize, squashes, oranges, onions, radishes, celery, garlick, pumpkins, &c. &c.; tea, tobacco, and cotton, are also among the most valuable products; of edible manufactures, vermicelli, samchew (an ardent spirit), sackee (a light wine), sugar, gingerbread, &c. are mentioned, and the food is formed chiefly of these materials, with eggs, cooked in many ways, not at all disagreeable to European palates.

The natives are fond of riding, though their saddles are made of wood, and so uneven as to be very unpleasant. The scenery is of the most beautiful kind, with Indian features. The bamboo is conspicuous among the trees which overshadow the detached cottages and villages: arbours of cane, covered with various pretty creepers, add to the sylvan graces of these re-

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treats. The houses are simple and neat, and in some rude pictures and carved wood-work figures were hanging on the walls, together with inscriptions in the Chinese character.

Several visits and entertainments were interchanged between the British ships and the shore: the most affectionate intercourse prevailed, and except in keeping the women aloof, and observing much mystery about their King, there was nothing which the kind Loo Chooans did not do to satisfy the curiosity of their visitors. The *Lyra* circumnavigated the island, and touching at several points, visited places where they were unexpected. At one they saw a complete farm-yard, at another a blacksmith's forge and anvil; but the principal object of attraction was the excellent harbour, which has been named Port Melville, in honour of the first Lord of the Admiralty.

The Prince of Loo Choo informed the voyagers that they knew nothing of the English or French, or of any nations but the Chinese, Coreans, and Japanese. Polygamy is not allowed as in China, and the King only is allowed concubines: his Majesty had twelve, and one wife. He had seven children. The women in general are not so well treated as we could expect; the upper classes being a good deal confined to their houses, and the lower orders devoted to the drudgery of husbandry work. No punishment beyond the tap of a fan, or an angry look, was ever seen in this isle, where respect and confidence on the one hand, and consideration and kind feeling on the other, seemed to unite rulers and people. Not one instance of theft or wrong occurred during the whole time the expedition was at Napakiang, though the stores, &c. were much exposed. The gentle and friendly manners of the natives produced so good an effect, that even the roughest of our tars seemed to have been metamorphosed into polite gentlemen by them; and we question that so kind and really affectionate intercourse was ever before carried on under like circumstances, and without break or interruption, in the annals of the human race. Among the Loo Chooans the character of Madera is peculiarly attractive. This young chief, as he afterwards turned out to be, came first

on board in the disguise of a private person, and gradually rose from an intimacy with the sailors to a friendship with the officers, till at length, when the Prince visited them, his real rank and consequence transpired. He was amiable, observant, acute, lively and intelligent; and his transactions with our countrymen possess the interest of a romance of the most pleasing kind.

We cannot conclude our remarks without extracting an account of a coral island, which conveys all the information that can be desired concerning that natural phenomenon, the formation of a country by the labours of an insect.

"The examination of a coral reef during the different stages of one tide, is peculiarly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which were before invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that in a short time the whole surface of the rock appears in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably to catch food. When the coral is broken, about high water mark, it is a solid hard stone, but if any part of it be detached at a spot where the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms, of different lengths and colours, some being as fine as a thread, and several feet long, of a bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue colour.—The growth of coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef, of course, no longer extends itself upwards."—*Lord Amherst's Embassy to China.*

WOMEN.

DIDEROT says, that "when writing on women, we should dip our pen in the rainbow, and throw over each line, instead of sand, the powder of the butterfly's wing."

This counsel is not easy to follow; for it

is not given to every one to *drop their pen in the rainbow*; but those writers who have not the genius of Diderot, must be content to *throw over each line the dust on the butterfly's wing*, which certainly ought to be sufficient to empower us to speak very agreeably of women.

Montaigne speaks sweetly of women where he says,

"Women are more willingly, as well as more gloriously chaste, when they are beautiful."

In the last century, as well as in the present, people have been declaiming continually against prejudice, and, in particular, against that attached to birth; which, excluding the middling and lower classes from every post of consequence, deprived the state of a considerable store of useful talents. But no one has ever yet taken upon himself to examine if it is true, that women, in the full prime of life, whatever may be their merit or information, ought, for the good of their country, to confine themselves merely to the conducting their household affairs? Would it not be difficult to prove that it is vexatious for a superior talent to be buried in the son of a cobbler, and that it is not equally lost in a woman? The wife of every private individual is declared incapable of occupying the most trifling public employment, and, notwithstanding, in every kingdom of the world, except in France, when they are of royal race, they are judged capable of governing kingdoms; and these kingdoms go on like the rest—sometimes wrong, sometimes right.

As, in general, women are not gifted with large hands and broad shoulders, it is evident they were never intended for war; and we regret, on their account, the melancholy empire of the Amazons. But their gentleness, the charms of their behaviour, their conciliating spirit—do not they render them particularly suitable to some employments? For example, in negotiations! Since the time of the Marechale de Guébriant, several have been entrusted with secret missions, and have acquitted themselves with success. We have lately witnessed one (universally regretted) who, of her own accord, happily employed her active mind in this kind of way, with as much success as glory. Why, then, this formal exclusion, so obstinately maintain-

ed? Why this malediction on one half of the human race? Every woman of an age to please and to persuade, ought to carry this question to the sittings of the Chambers; as, heretofore, the Roman dames, conducted by the daughter of Hortensius, carried to the senate their eloquent representations. Our best orators might be puzzled to answer these.

We find in the letters of Balzac, an author now almost forgotten, a remarkable passage on women, which ought to be read by every young person. I cannot terminate this article better than by quoting it: "There are women, who, provided they are but chaste, think they are privileged to do harm; and believe that, if exempt from one vice, they have every virtue. I confess, that the loss of honour is the worst misfortune that can happen to a woman; but it does not follow because she has preserved it that she has done a heroic action; and I see nothing to admire because she did not choose to live unhappy and disgraced. I never heard it said that a person deserved praise for not having fallen into the fire, or for avoiding a dangerous precipice. We condemn the memory of a suicide; but there is no recompence given to those who do not kill themselves. And thus a woman who glories in being chaste, glories in not being dead, and for having a quality, without which she would have no rank in the world, and where she would only remain to assist in the punishment of her name, and to see the infamy of her memory. An honest woman ought not so much to consider vice as evil, but as impossible; nor so much to hate it, as not to understand it. And if she is really virtuous, she will sooner believe that there are griffins and centaurs, than licentious females; and will rather believe that people are slanderers, and common fame a liar, than that her neighbour is not true to her husband. She will pity those who are abused by others; and when she is told of a woman committing a crime, she will satisfy herself with calling her unfortunate." —*Translated from Madame de Genlis's Dictionnaire Des Etiquettes, &c. &c.*

PRIDE.

PRIDE is the most detestable of all vices, when it is carried to excess. When, with

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extraordinary talents, it is found in high places, it is the cause of many public calamities; yet, at the same time, of many splendid actions. In order to be acquainted with all its misery and deformity, we must behold it in the ordinary situations of life: it has then no illusion to ennoble it, and it becomes as puerile as it is hateful. When it aspires to the conquest of the world, it may appear imposing; but how stupid and hateful does it appear in society; where a person wishes to shine, not by wit, talents, or virtuous actions, but by horses, carriages, clothes, shawls, &c. &c.; who renders himself insufferable by his pretensions, his susceptibility, arrogance, and importance attached to trifles; by gossiping, bickerings, disturlances, and disputes, which are the inevitable result of such things. Pride corrupts alike the heart and understanding; it renders all our judgments false. Pride only esteems its admirers; it despises all knowledge and talents, as well as all qualities, not belonging to itself. It renders a person blind to himself as to others, making him not only insensible to his own faults, but often causes him to exaggerate them into virtues, and to deny the worst injuries he inflicts, because he does not feel them himself; he becomes, necessarily, envious, and a stranger to the pleasure of admiring another; he is, however, sufficiently punished by the secret vexation that the success of others gives to his heart. It is impossible for a proud man to be grateful; he thinks every favour is his due; and, moreover, that great benefits

would be, to him, an insupportable burden; then; his youth is passed in disputes, agitation, and discontent of every kind. Hated, calumniated, turned into ridicule, he finishes by throwing himself into bad company, and there he fixes, because it is only there that he finds sycophants and flatterers. He becomes factious, wicked, and a misanthrope; he grows old without attachment, without friends, without heartfelt interest, without consideration or respect; a victim of that frightful vice, the consequences of which are so fatal, and which caused even the angels to fall.

There is another species of pride, or, rather, self-love, carried to a great extent, which the world often confounds with virtue, because its result is almost the same. It is that desire of shining, not by trifles, but by the performance of good actions, or the possession of great talents, and which aspire only to deserved success. This noble kind of self-love gives ardour to labour, and aims at the result with perseverance, the attainment of the empire over ourselves, which makes us triumph over every petty inclination, and even over those passions which might keep us from the end to which we wish to attain. It is this that has often caused a brilliant fortune to be employed to the most worthy purposes; but in this case, if, at first, we are only guided by vanity, we may be said, in the end, to have no other motive than pure benevolence.—Generous men are always humane; a great mind, therefore, often becomes added to a good heart.—*Ibid.*

DISGUISE AND NO DISGUISE; A TALE.

(Concluded from Page 21.)

WHILST the Chevalier remained absorbed in thought, and in silent extacy at the prospect that opened before him, Mathilda, far from manifesting the least resentment, exulted at the ingenuity of her sister's conception; and it being a settled point between them that it now rested with Adolphus alone to bring his affairs to a happy conclusion, they earnestly commenced a course of lectures on the countenance and behaviour he was to assume, the better to be mistaken for a female.

In fact, the part he was preparing to act, was attended with no small difficulties; for he would have at once to be thought a woman, and to make himself agreeable as a man. However, determined to avail himself of the preliminaries which Caroline had so skillfully adjusted, he departed the very same evening, with no other attendant than Mathilda's confidential old servant, his own not being able to ride post as a courier.

Caroline was too well acquainted with

the ardent disposition of Adolphus, to question his acquiescence to her plan the moment she should make it known to him; a communication which she deemed it advisable to postpone, till the expected invitation arrived; and, accordingly, no sooner received the Baroness's letter, than, before the above-stated conference taking place, she sent word to her friend, that Mathilda received her invitation with thanks, and would set off as soon as she received the clothes she had bespoke of a fashionable tailor, as she delighted in the idea of making the excursion, and of being treated as a gentleman by a fair lady.

The Chevalier de Rabar being announced, the Baroness came to meet him, and, with great presence of mind, stretched out her hand, which he was going respectfully to kiss, when recollecting, on a sudden, the lessons he had received, he folded her in his arms with all the familiarity of a female friend. Whether the salute was quite in character, the Baroness was at a loss to determine; but the Count entering the apartment immediately after, the graceful bow of the supposed Mathilda made it appear, that, when required, she was not forgetful of what she owed to herself, or of the part she was performing.

If the situation of the Chevalier was truly novel, that of the Baroness was not much less so.—“The compliments which you lavish upon me, in the presence of my brother,” would she often say to the Chevalier, “I dare not find amiss. I know from what motive they are uttered: but I must tell you, candidly, that I deem them quite out of character when repeated in his absence. If the truth were known, it might be imagined, they are reflections on my want of those qualifications which you pretend to praise.”—“But if they were spoken from my heart,” said the other, in reply, “who would presume to put an opposite construction on my meaning?”—“Forbear, my lovely friend, lest I should doubt your sincerity. Allow me to indulge a partiality which must have originated from my intimacy with your sister, and which, I must own, I felt the first sight of you alone would have created. But, I beg of you, once more, forbear compliments.”—“They are your due; and I will maintain it at my peril.”—“You forget now

that we are by ourselves.”—“I can never forget whom I am speaking to.”—“Neither can I; and I verily believe, that, in order to be quits with you, I must apply to my brother, who may easily be prevailed upon to do justice to the merits of Mathilda de Rabar. Let me advise you, by-the-bye, to warn your servant to be more on his guard; for I have heard him, occasionally, calling you Madame (which the good old fellow had really done through absence, thinking of his mistress); which might be conducive to the detection of a secret, that I have hitherto held sacred.”—

“From what I know of your brother, I would rejoice if he were to pay his addresses to Mathilda.”—“And from the knowledge I have of that amiable girl myself, it would make me happy to—” Here they were interrupted by the arrival of a gamekeeper from a neighbouring nobleman, with the intelligence that the Count d’Moiis was engaged in a shooting and a hunting party that would keep him abroad for a few days, and that he accordingly wished his valet, with proper articles of wearing apparel, and a groom, with a couple of hunters, to go and meet him.

The Chevalier was too anxious to resume a conversation which he thought might lead, perhaps, to a discovery of the Baroness's real sentiments, not to seize the first opportunity. He could never believe that she intended to persevere in a resolution which he ascribed to a former disappointment in love: if she had loved once, it proved her not being destitute of a sensible heart; and, therefore, when he should find her in a proper mood, he might venture a declaration with some hopes of it being listened to. Hazardous as the attempt must be, yet it must be made; besides, a formal denial could hardly cause greater pangs than the state of suspense and uncertainty in which he seemed condemned to live. Such were the thoughts that agitated the unhappy lover's mind; but, notwithstanding his impatience, he imagined it would be advisable, previously to a negotiation of so much importance, to collect his ideas; to effect which, he betook himself to the park, where he sought a solitary walk, that led to a pavilion. He, to his utmost surprise, though not utter disappointment, there found the Baroness, who

did not appear in a more quiet situation of mind than himself. They both remained silent for some moments; but the Chevalier at length began apologizing for his intrusion: "most unintentionally, Madame," added he, in a tremulous voice, "have I injured the happy mortal who was the object of your solitary cogitations, though ever so envious of his lot."—"Those words," returned Clementina, "speak you to be totally unacquainted with my disposition."—"Am I to infer that indifference?"—"No, indeed, I am far from being indifferent and unfeeling; Caroline knows, and can tell you that I am not. My sincere friendship for her, and what I feel for you."—"Oh! that I were certain——"—"Your doubts wrong me: yet, perhaps, I have, in some respect, given rise to them myself. You, most likely, would have felt grievously offended, if I had informed my brother who you really are. In justice to him, I ought to have done so before now. I confess," continued she, with a faint smile, "it would be cruel to divest you of a dress so uncommonly becoming; but am I not equally culpable for exposing the peace of

many of my female friends, who cannot but be smitten at the sight of the most captivating young man, in appearance only, that ever was seen."—"What! do you believe that such an impression could have taken place?"—"I will not protest but I might have been caught myself in the snare, had I not been apprized that——"—"I shall abide by the insinuation."—"And resume your real character."—"So I will."—"Now, then, I shall be at full liberty to embrace my friend, my beloved Caroline's——"—"Brother," interrupted he, kneeling before her, "who adores you! If a single glance at your image has been capable of producing such an impression, you may judge of the effect of a personal acquaintance."

The Chevalier said much more, which I need not repeat. All who have either loved, or been loved, will be qualified to fill up the chasm.

An explanation of Caroline's contrivance naturally took place; and the Baroness easily forgave the trick which made her a happy wife.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GLACIERS IN THE ALPS.

THE glaciers are sometimes, very improperly, denominated mountains of ice. Those enormous masses are amongst the most remarkable objects in the Alps.—Whatever may be the figure or situation of the glaciers, they all, without exception, originate in a huge heap of snow, mixed with water; which, being frozen during the winter, does not entirely melt in summer-time, and thus continues till the return of the winter season. It is exclusively in the most elevated vallies of the mountains that all the glaciers have been formed; those even the ramifications whereof descend into the most fertile vallies. Very few are to be seen in the direction from east to west; and all are surrounded by lofty mountains, whose shade considerably weakens the effect of the sun during the three summer months. For an interval of nine months the snows will accumulate in those elevated regions. Lavanges of snow, of an enormous weight, incessantly fall

from the tops of the neighbouring mountains into the bottom of the valley, where they collect, as in a basin, in very compact beds, several hundred feet thick. It may easily be conceived, that a similar mass cannot possibly get thawed thoroughly during the summer; so that, at the return of winter, it has assumed the aspect of a heap of frozen snow, composed of small grains, which are united together, and increased in volume, by means of the water filtering, and penetrating from the surface into the interior of the mass.

PROGRESSIVE MOTION OF THE GLACIERS TOWARDS THE LOWER VALLIES.—There is no valley throughout the Alps but the soil of which is in a slope. Thus, when the upper part of a vale is occupied by a glacier, whose bulk and extent increase annually, in proportion to the additional cold which it occasions itself; from such a state of things, the result must, unavoidably, be a strong pressure of ice to

wards the lower part of the vale, which is the only part that opposes no resistance. During the hot season, it is on the sides of the glaciers, and on their inferior surface, which lays on the mountain, that the largest quantity of ice will melt; the streams produced by the thaw form extensive vaults; the blocks of ice that are stopped by the angles of those vaults, are finally carried off by the waters collected at their basis; and the air, confined in the cavities of the glacier, breaks down part of the props which support these vaults, that it may be in equilibrium with the outward air, when a change in the weight of the atmosphere happens to take place. The combination of those circumstances lessens the number of the points of contact, and the resistance of the friction. The impulsive power of the superior part, overcomes the efforts which still impede its action, and the whole mass is carried forward. In fine, when the ice has completely filled up the upper valley, it is forcibly brought towards the defile, where it finds an issue, and from thence, by degrees, into the fertile valley, where a higher degree of heat, checks, in some measure, its further progress.

INCREASE AND DIMINUTION OF THE GLACIERS.—The glaciers will sometimes decrease for several consecutive years; that is to say, the lower extremity of the glacier, situated in the fertile part of the valley, loses such a quantity of ice in consequence of the thaw which takes place in summer, that it leaves part of the ground it occupied, whenever the mass is not brought sufficiently forward to replace that loss. On the other hand, there are years in which they increase, and descend further into the valley, and thus cover cultivated hills and meadows. However, there is nothing regular in those occurrences that depend entirely on the duration and severity of the winter—on the quantity of the snow—and on the temperature of the summer. It is generally in the spring that the glaciers increase; and when, during the course of one year, they have advanced much farther than usual in the interior of a valley, they are commonly seen to diminish for several years successively. It is probable that the extraordinary increase hath cleared the upper valley, so that several years are required before it is entirely obstructed again, and

that new heaps of ice have produced the necessary degree of pressure for the action to be felt at the lower extremity.

NATURE OF THE SURFACE.—The surface and figure of the glaciers are determined by the kind of ground on which they rest. In such vallies as are level, and very little sloping, they are also level, and show but few chinks. On the reverse, when they descend along a rapid slope, and on a very uneven ground, their surface is covered with crevices and eminences from fifty to one hundred feet high, the aspect of which bears a resemblance to the waves of the sea. If the slope be upwards of thirty or forty degrees, the beds of ice will break, move, accumulate, and assume the most diversified and fantastic figures. The surface of a glacier is more or less intersected with chinks, some of which are often several feet wide, and above one hundred feet deep. The extreme cold, the sudden change in the temperature of the air, and a sloping ground, are the principal causes of those chinks; the bottom whereof is of a dark-blue colour, and the borders, angles, and points, of the finest light-green. During the winter season, profound silence reigns along the glaciers; but as soon as the air begins to grow warm, and as long as the summer lasts, from time to time a tremendous roaring is heard, attended with dreadful shakes, which cause the whole mountain to tremble; whenever a crevice is formed, it is with a roaring like that of thunder. When those kinds of detonations are heard several times in the course of a day, they are to be considered as the fore-runners of a change in the weather. The crevices are formed, and vary, not only every day, but at every hour, which occasions the glaciers being so dangerous for travellers.

WINDS OF THE GLACIERS, TORRENTS, WELLS.—This phenomenon evinces the agitation undergone by the air confined beneath the glaciers, and inside of their inward cavities. The sudden change in the atmosphere will sometimes occasion to issue from the crevices in the glaciers, currents of air insufferably cold, which carry away with them an icy dust, which they scatter afar like snow. Inside of the glaciers is heard, from all parts, the loud murmuring of the streams that work their way

beneath the ice. When these waters cannot find an issue, they will often accumulate in so large a quantity, that they finally break through the walls that oppose and check them, and, on a sudden, a raging torrent is seen to rush from a wide crevice. Sometimes wells, of a circular form, are also met with, vertically dug out of the glacier, and filled to the brim with water. These wells are produced by some huge stone, which, being made hot by the sun, melts the ice around, and continues to penetrate farther into the interior of the glacier. Travellers sometimes are amused in forcing their sticks to the bottom of these said wells, to have the pleasure of seeing them rise again to the surface.

STONES ON THE SURFACE, AND AT THE FOOT OF THE GLACIERS.—There are many glaciers, the surface of which is of a dirty, blackish colour, which proceeds from stones that are decomposed, and reduced to a kind of muddy earth; for there always is, both in the ice and on the surface even of the glaciers, a multiplicity of fragments of rocks, which the hurricanes and the lavanges have torn from the tops of the most elevated mountains. The stones, in the end, always form, on the borders, and at the base of the glaciers, hills sometimes one hundred feet high. The inferior extremity of the glacier pushes forward that kind of dam. Sometimes in the centre of a glacier, and in the most elevated part, are seen heaps of stones in the shape of tombs, and disposed in parallel lines of considerable height and length. Sometimes also is seen to rise on the surface of a glacier a pyramid of ice, of a regular figure, and surmounted by a huge stone block.

NATURE OF THE ICE OF THE GLACIERS.—When you see a glacier that has neither crevices, points, or cutting edges, you are inclined to think it is only a heap of snow; whereas, mountains of snow, covered over with a thin coat of shining ice, are frequently mistaken for real glaciers. Glaciers can only be known by the chinks and sharp angles, formed by those masses that bear such a resemblance to snow; yet they may be distinguished at some leagues' distance, by the green or blue colour of their crevices and of their cuts. Their ice is not compact, like that of the rivers and lakes in winter; it is composed of grains

and of pieces several inches long and thick, full of hollows and elevations; the shape or figure of those pieces is generally crooked and whimsical; and they stick so close to one another that although they cannot be detached from the main mass without several being broke, yet they are susceptible of a kind of motion similar to that of the articulation of a limb. The cause of this extraordinary conformation is the result of the action of the air which circulates, and by means of its dilatation forms little bubbles of various figures, which, in their turn, determine that which each particle of ice assumes, and retains, even when it increases in bulk, in proportion as the water contained in the snow freezes. Those surfaces that are much inclined, the transversal cuts, the borders, points, and crevices along which the water can stream freely, shew a solid ice, of a light green colour, and very transparent. In the vicinity of the heaps of gravel and of sand that hem the glaciers, the lower beds are composed of very dark blue ice.

VAULTS OF ICE.—The vaults of ice which are observed at the bottom of the glaciers, and from which a torrent is seen to issue, are always formed in the lowest part, where all the waters meet subsequently to the ice being melted. In winter these vaults lay concealed, being obstructed by the ice and snow; the stream that issues from them is remarkably small; but, in the spring and summer, the waters being considerably swoln break through the ice, when vaults are formed one hundred feet high, and from fifty to eighty wide, the figure of which is subject to undergo many changes.

TORRENTS ISSUING FROM THE GLACIERS.—The water of the glaciers is of a whitish blue, and the torrents that issue from them retain that colour for several leagues, unless some other stream alter it by mixing with them. That colour, which is peculiar to them, proceeds from their always carrying numerous particles of rocks excessively attenuated by friction.

NUMBER AND EXTENT OF THE GLACIERS.—Throughout the whole chain of the Alps, from Mont Blanc to the frontier of Tyrol, they reckon about four hundred glaciers, a very small number of which are only one league in length, whereas a

multiplicity are six or seven leagues long, half or three quarters of a league in width, and from a hundred to six hundred feet thick. It is impossible exactly to measure the total surface of all those glaciers, one can only form a general idea of it; yet it

may be supposed that the whole comprises a sea of ice of upwards of one hundred and thirty square leagues. Such are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the largest and principal rivers in Europe.

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—How difficult is it to explain the wonders of creation! it is almost impossible. The animal world presents a chain of miracles, and the contemplation of the universe gives birth to every exalted idea. Creation is the work of one thought, but it is the thought of an Omnipotent power, who imprinted on the world an impression of justice and benevolence: natural history will never be a wearisome study to those who can trace in it the wisdom and power of a creator, whose spirit breathes through every part of the universe,

“As fall, as perfect in a hair as heart.”

Your little tortoise, my Caroline, I am sorry to inform you, is dead. This creature may be certainly classed amongst the *amphibia*. This species, like yours, was brought from the Mediterranean; and the Greeks are fond of the eggs as an article of food: they are about the size of a pigeon's, generally five in number, and of a white colour. In September, you may recollect, this poor little animal used to hide itself under ground, from whence it would emerge in February. When its young are first hatched they are no bigger than a common walnut. We measured the length of the shell of your favourite, and found it to be between seven and eight inches, the usual size of this species. It was old when first given to you, and I am well informed that it lives to an extraordinary age, considerably beyond a century. In the year 1753, a tortoise was seen at Lambeth Palace, which had formerly belonged to Archbishop Laud, in 1633. Its shell is still to be seen in the library at Lambeth.

The tortoise, like other reptiles, has an arbitrary stomach and lungs, and can refrain from eating, as well as breathing, during a

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great part of the year. In the year 1771, an old lady, who had attended on a tortoise above thirty years, was easily recognised whenever she appeared by the grateful creature.

Just before the death of your tortoise, at least for a year before he died, when I began this history of animals, I was particularly watchful of his motions. I observed him spending the sultry hours of summer under a large cabbage leaf, which served him as an umbrella: in the decline of the year he improved the faint beams of autumn by getting within the reflection of a fruit-tree wall; and though he had never been so great a reader as to know that planes inclining to the horizon received a peculiar share of warmth, he always inclined his shell by tilting it against the wall to receive the feeble rays of the sun.

THE TURTLE.

THE turtle, or marine tortoises, are distinguished from the land tortoise by their very large and fin-like feet. Their shell consists of a strong bony covering, in which are embedded the ribs, and which is coated externally by hard horny plates. The head is large, and the upper mandible notched at the tip in such a manner as to give the appearance of two large teeth. There is a species called the green turtle, much in favour among epicures from the tinge that its fat exhibits. The hawk-bill turtle it is that affords the most beautiful tortoise-shell for combs and various ornamental articles. The introduction of the turtle into England, as an article of food, is of recent date, very little more than sixty years ago; and the dressing of one was an article of importance, always advertised in the public papers. Forty sloops are employed by the inhabitants of

Port Royal, in Jamaica, to catch green turtle, and their markets are supplied with it the same as ours with butchers' meat. The turtle feeds on a grass growing at the bottom of the sea, called turtle grass; they never go on shore but to lay their eggs, which is in April: they then crawl up from the sea above the flowing of high water, and dig a hole above two feet deep in the sand, into which they drop in one night above an hundred eggs. They then fill the hole with sand, and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, which is usually performed in three weeks. The eggs are about the size of tennis balls, round, white, and covered with a skin resembling parchment.

THE FROG.

THIS creature generally abounds in moist situations, wherever it can command a sufficient quantity of insects and worms, which constitute its chief food. Its colour varies considerably, but is generally of an olive brown, variegated on the upper parts of the body and limbs with irregular black spots; the lower, or under parts, are of a pale greenish yellow cast. Beneath each eye is a long mark, reaching to the setting on of the fore legs. The frog frequently casts its skin.

I have often been displeased with you at seeing you scream and start when a frog has come across your path in the garden after a shower of rain; not only because it is a most harmless animal, but if you would divest yourself of foolish girlish antipathies, and observe the creature well, it is extremely elegant, and has a very lively and smart appearance: its limbs are finely calculated for all its peculiar motions: the hind feet are strongly webbed, to assist its progress in the water, to which it occasionally retires during the summer heats: in the frosts of winter it lies in a torpid state in the soft mud at the bottom of stagnant waters, till it again awakes at the approach of spring.

The frog goes through two or three changes before it attains its perfect form, from the time it issues from the egg. The first is a tadpole, and so unlike the frog that one can hardly imagine it to be the same animal, as they seem to consist merely of a head and tail; their motion is ex-

tremely lively; and they live on duck-weed and other water plants.

Indeed the anatomy of the frog, in its various changes, is so singular that volumes might be written on it. When the tadpoles are six weeks old the hind legs make their appearance; the animal then bears a resemblance to a lizard more than a frog; the tail soon after begins to decrease, and in the space of a day or two is totally obliterated. It now ventures upon land, but always wanders on the brinks of its native waters; and being in prodigious numbers, this phenomenon has often embarrassed the vulgar, and even some superior characters amongst natural philosophers, who have embraced the popular belief that it has rained frogs.

As soon as the frog has assumed its perfect form it feeds on animal food, and particularly on insects; to obtain which its tongue is admirably calculated, being so placed that the root is more attached to the forepart than the hinder of the mouth; and when at rest it lies backwards, as if the animal was swallowing the tip. This enables the creature to throw it out to some distance from the mouth, which it does with great celerity, and being glutinous at the extremity, the prey is easily caught; which is swallowed with such celerity that the eye can scarcely follow it.

Frogs do not attain to their full size till they are five years old; they live to the age of twelve or fifteen years. They cannot dispense with the want of water, and a dry air and hot sun inevitably cause their destruction: they are unable also to support intense cold.

The bull frog, a native of North America, is uncommonly large, and derives its name from its voice, which resembles the lowing of a bull: it measures, in general, eighteen inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the hind feet. The people of Virginia will not suffer it to be destroyed, as they believe those kind of frogs purify the water and keep it sweet. They are, however, dreadful enemies to the young ducks and goslings, which they swallow whole in great numbers.

I have written more on the frog than I should have done had not you causelessly been prejudiced against a harmless and inoffensive little being of our own climate:

beware of those prejudices; they appear in a well-informed female, especially, a ridiculous affectation; which, in spite of every exterior advantage, so far from rendering a young lady interesting, makes her appear silly and disagreeable. To see you, a sensible woman; an admirer of the wonderful works of a creative Providence,

shunning carefully, without sending forth frightful screams, those creatures which are really noxious, and tracing the hand of the Almighty in the formation of the minutest creature, is the heartfelt wish of

Your truly affectionate mother,

ANNA.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XX.

DOVER.—The first striking object of Dover is its Castle, which shews in all its vast extent of defence and forms a most magnificent sight; in every point of view its grandeur amazes. The town of Dover beneath, forms a crescent terminated by vast chalky precipices at either end, and in part overhung by others. A deep vale, watered by a small stream, and bounded by lofty downs, finish the view on the Deal side: on the other, the celebrated strait, the town of Calais, and the French shore, with correspondent cliffs stretching far to the south, form a most beautiful and uncommon *coup-d'œil*.

It is now upwards of two thousand and thirty years ago since Cæsar sailed on his first expedition against Britain, intending to land at Dover. At that period, instead of an open sea, was a harbour penetrating far into the land, very narrow, and so bounded by mountains that the Britons were enabled to annoy the Roman forces from the heights which hung over the shore. Cicero mentions the very difficult access to our island; for the orator had a very indifferent opinion of Cæsar's expedition; and, indeed, that conqueror himself was astonished at the sight of a mountainous coast covered with armed men, and therefore made his attempt elsewhere, and landed on the flat Rutupian shore.

The ancient Pharos still remains almost entire; the lower part of which is of much greater circumference than the upper; it is square within, excessively strong, and entirely composed of Roman masonry; the windows are small, arched with Roman tiles, as is the entrance: the walls are ten feet thick.

Adjacent to the Pharos are the ruins of the church: the royal chapel is evidently of Norman architecture; and in this chapel

were deposited the remains of many great men; among whom was Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and one of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports; he had a most magnificent monument erected to his memory, which, when the chapel was about to fall into ruins, was removed to the Hospital at Greenwich.

After the battle of Hastings, William the Conqueror presented himself before Dover Castle; it was then crowded with soldiers, but the dread of his valour soon forced them to surrender. During the Conqueror's stay of eight days, he gave new strength to the fortress, and appointed his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, governor. The treachery of Odo, however, caused him to lose his situation, and it was given to John Fiennes. William fortified the Castle by towers distinguished by different names, and which were rebuilt by those persons whose titles they now bear. One is named De la Pole's, from the unfortunate Duke of Suffolk; others of King Arthur and his Queen Gwynever; only, we imagine, in honour of those illustrious persons, who certainly had no pretensions to the architecture.

In the centre of this precinct is a noble keep, or square tower, rebuilt by Henry II. on the model of those erected by Gundulphus, Bishop of Rochester. This is very large, with square towers. The entrance is by a flight of steps on the outside, but within is a magnificent series of stairs round two sides of the Castle, leading through one vestibule to another, and to a grand portal as high as the third story, in which were the state apartments. The vestibules and portal were closed by strong gates, possibly to guard against a sudden attack. In this upper story the governor resided, or the King when he visited the

Castle. The garrison was stationed in the second floor, and the lower was devoted to the keeping the stores and provisions: beneath was a dark and miserable dungeon for prisoners.

The well is three hundred and sixty feet deep; the water-bucket is brought up by two men working within an immense wheel.

The great gate is large and lofty, square in form, with two round towers in front. This was called Fiennes' New Gate, or the Constable's Tower, and it was supposed to have been his principal residence: the present gate must certainly have been built since the days of Fiennes, on the site of the ancient one. Edward IV. laid out ten thousand pounds, by the advice of Lord Cobham, in repairing, fortifying, and beautifying the works; and Henry VIII. to guard against a surprise by sea, built at the foot of the cliff, on the shore, one of the many little castles he erected in the year 1539; it was called the Mole's Bulwark, and remains garrisoned.

Matthew Paris styles Dover Castle the key and barrier of the whole kingdom: but, however it might be deemed impregnable, we find the Saxons panic-struck, and yielding it up to the Conqueror. Stephen, during his war with the Empress Maud, easily persuaded the Constable to deliver it into his hands. King John intrusted it to his faithful Hubert, who, in 1216, defended it against all the efforts of Louis, Dauphin of France, who, uniting with the discontented Barons, vigorously besieged it: though repulsed continually with great loss, Louis swore he would not raise the siege till he had taken the place and hanged the whole garrison; for his father had sworn to him by St. James's arm, that, till he had gained possession of Dover Castle, he had not gained one foot in England. This was soon verified on the death of King John. Louis attempted to corrupt the fidelity of Hubert, but in vain; he continued firm in his allegiance to the young monarch, and by his wise conduct prevented his country from becoming a province of France.

The descent from the Castle to the town is extremely rapid: the entrance of the harbour of the ancient Dubris is now solid land, covered with streets, which extend a

little way up the valley, in places where once rode the navies of Rome; anchors, and other naval remains, have often been found under the soil.

The situation of Dover is very beautiful; it is bounded by lofty verdant downs, and faced with snowy precipices of chalk: a long street runs beneath, called Sars-street.

In early times Dover was much more populous than it is at present: there were seven churches, two of which, St. Mary's and St. James's, alone remain. Dover seems to have been a very considerable place in the seventh century; for in 607, Wihtred, King of Kent, removed the canons from their college in the Castle, to the church of St. Martin in the town, and increased their number to twenty-two; he found it incompatible with the safety of the Castle to let them continue there, their lives being very irregular: Cobbet, Archbishop of Canterbury, complained of their licentiousness to Henry I. who gave him all their possessions, expelled them, and desired the Archbishop to seek out a more moral set; they were replaced by his successor, by the authority of Henry II. by Benedictine monks. Some remains of the church built for the canons, by Wihtred, are yet visible near the market-place.

Numbers of Princes have landed at Dover at different times. William Rufus in 1095, the Emperor Sigismund in 1416; on his arrival the Duke of Gloucester, and several other great men, went into the sea with their swords drawn, and declared they would oppose his landing if he came in any other character than their King's relation and friend, not as an Emperor or superior; his errand was to make peace between the Kings of England and France. At Dover also landed the Emperor Charles V. and was met by Henry VIII. with all that romantic pomp he usually affected.

In 1382, Anne, sister of the Emperor Winceslaus, in her way to the solemnization of her nuptials with Richard II. had no sooner landed at this port than the sea became violently agitated from the shock of an earthquake; the ship she had just left was beat to pieces, and many others greatly damaged; too sure omen of the turbulent reign experienced by the husband of this matchless woman.

In 1670, the charming and accomplished Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, and sister of Charles II. came to exert her influence over her brother to sign his infamous treaty with France; and here she confirmed her other brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. in the Catholic religion.

Mary, the beloved sister of Henry VIII. embarked from Dover in 1514, to be wedded to Louis XII. Henry, by frequently visiting this port, first discovered its importance, and in the year 1563, began a work worthy of a great monarch, by laying the foundation of a most noble pier; and his Majesty expended on this business eighty

thousand pounds, besides giving a handsome annual pension to John Young for his eminent skill as an engineer. When Henry died about one hundred and twenty yards were left unfinished; the early death of Edward VI. interrupted the work; Mary continued it, but not with any degree of energy; and by neglect the sea rolled in such quantities of gravel that the harbour became almost choked up, in which state it remained till 1583. By intense application, in the reigns of succeeding monarchs, it was soon completed at a small expense.

THE LISTENER.

ANONYMOUS LETTER-WRITERS.

I HAVE ever regarded the anonymous letter-writer in the same light as I do an assassin who steals in the dark. The brave and honourable man, if he sees faults in an individual, or even in the public, fears not to come forward and name himself; while the dastardly coward vents his spleen by pouring forth his venom under initials that make no part of his name; or is not afraid, when he disguises his own vile handwriting, to make use of the honoured names of *Hotspur, Spencer, Douglas, &c. &c.*

My correspondents are, it is true, almost all anonymous; but they are of a far different temperament from those miserable beings to whom I allude. They write to me for advice, they lash, in a good humoured way, the manners of a thoughtless age, or they pour their trifling complaints into my aged though quick ears: and all their motive for signing themselves by fictitious names originates in that desire of avoiding publicity; which publicity, in the general class of anonymous writers, is eagerly sought after in their kind of way.

How many a bitter and spiteful letter from these masked assassins has been produced because, perhaps, the Editor of a periodical work, or an impartial paper, has not thought fit to sully his pages with the nonsensical trash that has issued from their pen. Only plunging deeper and deeper into the slough of ignorance, behind the dirty mantle of an anonymous signature,

they dare even to attack the individual character; as if that had any thing to do with the merit of a work, its originality or its elegance.

Other anonymous writers prevent marriages, stir up strife between parents and children, wives and husbands; but all have the same tendency, all are derived from the same source, and that is—mischievous.

Such were the reflections in which I sat busied yesterday in my arm-chair; when sleep suddenly overcame me, and to the eye of vision was represented a spare meagre form, who addressed me in the following words:—

“Without name, without friends, an outcast from society that fears me, and from virtue by whom I am despised, behold the offspring of COWARDICE and MALICIOUSNESS. As COWARDICE was driven from the field of honour he overtook the hag, united his fate to hers, and I was the offspring of that detestable union. I trembled before the scornful looks of my mother, and had in me so much of my father that I dreaded even to perform the tasks she set me. She called in the aid of ENVY, who had helped to nurture me with a parent's care, on whose lap I imbibed those lessons which have guided me through this world, through which I have wandered unseen and unknown through ages, and through which I am still doomed to wander: through her incitements I was spurred on to undertake the dark task of stabbing, unseen, my

neighbours fame, to engender hatred sometimes, and often uneasiness between man and man; to crush with venturous stroke, and still unknown, the building that seemed to stand secure, which had been raised with difficulty, and which now propt up, served, perhaps, to support its owner, or considerably to add to his comfort. Sometimes I have recoiled from the task, not from principle, for I have none; but from the whisperings of my father, who incessantly told me I should one day be discovered.—‘Fear not,’ on the other hand cried ENVY, ‘thou art obscure as thou art hateful; thou hast no name; who will seek thee out?’—Thus encouraged, I perform the tasks my nurse and mother set me. It is I, who forge the tale of public slander, and the loose scandalous novel that shrinks from the scourge of the law: I boast the art of knowing state secrets and the private intrigues of Princes and virtuous Princesses that never had existence; I write the fair anonymous letter from the pretended lady of fashion, or imitate the old shivering hand of the aged. Beware my sting, I inflict it unseen; for COWARDICE and MALIGNANCY were my parents; and ENVY my instructress and nurse!”

I was awakened from this unpleasant threat by my servant putting into my hand the following letter:—

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—Notwithstanding I had been some how disappointed in the object of my first choice, yet I still relied so much on my own sagacity, that I presumed to chuse for myself a second time; when, I must confess it, according to the old adage, I jumped “out of the fryingpan into the fire.”—The odds, nevertheless, were in my favour; neither would probabilities have been against me had the object of my pursuit been any other than that enigmatical being—a woman.

Many and many would have argued in the same manner as I did. If one extreme, thought I, has been productive of unbounded misery, the opposite one, no doubt, must be conducive to supreme happiness: my logic, however, proved erroneous, and my own experience taught me that extremes are frequently next door neighbours. Be it as it may, I am determined to trust

no longer to my own judgment, and apply to you to direct me in chusing a third wife. Some inconsiderate mortal will perhaps express wonder at my persevering resolution: his unfounded prejudice I shall not attempt to refute; but let him, at worst, compare wedlock to a lottery, he will be forced to acknowledge, that although there be so many blanks, there are also many, and some of them capital prizes.

“Marriage has many pains,” says Dr. Johnson. That the Doctor stands eminent amongst our literati, the most severe critic must allow; but his most zealous panegyrists have very little to say in praise of his feelings: nay, I shall make bold to affirm that the propagator of such a principle must renounce all hopes of ever being considered as either a philanthropist or a patriot. Methinks sometimes, if mortal man could retain beyond the grave the recollection of his former maxims, and revive for one day to witness their effect, Dr. Johnson would blush at seeing his bust in St. Paul’s cathedral by the side of that of Howard.—What does Dr. Johnson say next?

“Celibacy has no pleasures.”—This might be construed as a lenitive to the first part of the sentence, some enthusiast will say; since by exposing the irksomeness of a single life, it suggests an inducement to enter the marriage state. Our cynical Doctor never meant such a hint; his jaundiced imagination represented both conditions under the same colour. His feelings were as uncouth as his manners, and displeased with himself, he cared not making his fellow creatures discontent with their situation in life, be it what it might.

Thousands would expatiate at full length on the manifold gratifications celibacy affords; for my part I shall candidly declare, that the greatest I could enjoy consisted in the anticipation of that bliss which awaited me, as I fancied, in the marriage state. To be sure, I cooked my dish to my palate, and with rather a prodigal hand, seasoned it with beauty, wealth, and accomplishments.

I shall now postpone introducing any further reflections, to give you an account of my first hymeneal adventure.

Fortune happened to throw in my way, amongst other young ladies possessed of

the above qualifications, one of those sprightly bewitching syrens, whose charms are not to be resisted. Happy as the days of courtship are known to be, we were both anxious to abridge their duration; so that four months after my being introduced to Clarissa, I engaged to take her "for better or for worse."—Too soon did I find that "there could be too much of a good thing!" But more of that hereafter.

As a prelude, Clarissa being a minor, her miserly guardians would only grant their consent upon condition of the whole of her property being settled on herself; and I readily acquiesced giving that proof of disinterestedness, as I had a handsome fortune of my own, unincumbered with debt. Although by no means extravagantly inclined, yet I conceived it became me to form an elegant establishment proportionate to my income, mindful at the same time to keep a provision for casualties. Little did I imagine that the musical talents of my *cara sposa* alone would be the occasion of my whole reserve being more than absorbed; however, it turned out to be the case. Simple amateurs were not found sufficiently competent to join in her conceits, so that a couple, at least, of virtuosi of each sex were put in requisition. Then every rehearsal was followed by a dinner, to which on account of the ultimate debating which pieces were to be executed, and in what succession, I myself was considered as an intruder; of course, none of my friends were to be admitted upon any terms; but I might have as many as I chose at supper, when they would be better entertained, as the Signors and Signoras were to stop. To these latter I must do the justice to acknowledge their being extremely sober and temperate, though I always found them superlatively dainty. What surprised me most in them, however, was their prolonging their stay after all the company had withdrawn; but Clarissa relieved me from my visible anxiety, by informing me in a sweet whisper that the compliment due to those artists was always to be discharged *prestissimo*.—So much for my having professed being an admirer of music!

I was ever of opinion that a plain looking woman should avoid dressing too showy; but this not being the case with

my wife, I liked to see her set out her beauteous figure to the best advantage, and she availed herself of that infatuation not to follow but to invent new fashions, which, as you may well imagine, was attended with no inconsiderable expence. Next, as it is of no use being fine unless you be seen, she would repeatedly be *at home*; and when intoxicated with the praises that had been lavished upon her superior taste, she sat down to cards, she then had to pay in sterling money by handfuls the interested incense of which she had devoured the smoke.

My hints at economy were suffered to pass unnoticed, and when, at the expiration of two years, I found myself compelled to mortgage an estate, and to explicitly announce a reform, my wife's spirits were instantly paralyzed. Not long after, she caught the small-pox, by which she was literally disfigured. Disconsolate at the loss of her beauty, she lingered for a short time, and finally left me to lament the death of a partner whose life had been for me a source of regret amidst an ocean of joys.

My second wife had no beauty to boast of; and with regard to fortune and accomplishments, hers were proportionate to the situation in life of her father, an humble worthy country curate. Like another Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*, I saw Miss Arabella Wilson at church, was pleased with her countenance, and on my third visit, asked whether she would allow me to demand her father's consent; which the good gentleman, being apprized of her acquiescence, and acquainted with my circumstances and character, readily granted: It was immediately agreed also, that he should accompany his daughter to London, there to provide such articles of wearing apparel as her new situation would require, the choice and purchase of which I doubted not but one of my female relatives would willingly superintend. This point once settled, I sued for no demur; a few hours brought us to town. The next day, whilst the ladies were gone shopping, I went to procure a special license, and half a score of milliners, dress-makers, and other artists of the same description, being prevailed upon to sit up all night, our days of courtship were speedily at an end—to make

room for a life of contradiction and displeasure.

The objection of my new spouse to range within the circle of my numerous connections and acquaintance, I ascribed, at first, to her domestic habits, and to a timidity which would soon wear off; but she shewed a similar dislike to receiving company at home; and I discovered, to my great sorrow, that it proceeded from a peevish disposition on the one hand, and from peevishness on the other. Under a pretence of her being indisposed, I was forced to decline many invitations; when, in fact, the only motive of her refusal was to prevent the obligation of returning the civility. A trusty housekeeper, who had been in my father's service before I was born, and my aged porter and butler, who had lived in the family from the same date as the former, gave me warning, on account of the constant discontented humour and ill-treatment of their mistress; neither was I suffered to enjoy one day's rest until I had dismissed my valet, who, upon an occasion, had saved my life at the peril of his own, because Madame could not abide keeping in her house a foreigner, to be murdered by him at some future period.

So far, however, I had not been quite deprived of my liberty; I was allowed to take my morning rides and walks, so beneficial to health; but my wife, discovering that she was in the family way, would no longer dispense with my presence, so that I was condemned to live in a state of imprisonment. In order to avoid being

intruded upon, I proposed removing into the country; to this suggestion she objected, reproaching me with wishing to deprive her of medical assistance, as she stood in need of daily advice: yet exercise was prescribed, and she refused taking any out of doors. The jolting of the carriage might be attended with fatal consequences; the streets of London, besides, offered such monstrous sights! Oh! if her child was to be deformed!—Meanwhile she was safely delivered, and she immediately changed her course. She relinquished the negative to assume the imperative; and if her commands, however whimsical, ridiculous, or absurd, were not obeyed, as by magic, “her dear babe must suffer, a wet-nurse must be sent for.”—How shall I proceed? an involuntary mistake threw her into so violent a rage, that a complete derangement soon followed, and within a fortnight, once more I was left a widower; and a convulsion robbed me of my child.

The joys of being a parent I have experienced once, and cannot renounce tamely the hopes of enjoying the same blessing again. So many of my acquaintance are happy in the marriage state, that, although my lot, as a husband, has hitherto been unhappy, through my inconsiderate choice, I consider it as one chance more in my behalf, that my next wife will not resemble either of the two first, whom I have described, and that you might select one whose temper and qualifications will be more congenial with my own.—I am, &c. &c.

Bewerdy.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES; OR, NEW MASKS.—FROM THE FRENCH.

“Je crois voir des masques partout,
“Et partout, c’était des visages.”—MARTHELY.

THE events which, for a long time, continued to agitate France, have wrought such a change in the manners, tastes, fortune, and situation of its inhabitants, that it is impossible for a Frenchman who has been absent from his country for only a quarter of a century, to enter it again without meeting, at every step, fresh subjects to excite his astonishment, and without continually falling into curious, and often disagreeable errors.

The Count de Norville left France in the month of June, 1766: when he took a voyage for the sake of improving himself in the languages of the north, which he had been some time studying, and which he desired to obtain a thorough knowledge of. During the commencement of his stay in a foreign country, the revolution broke out; and the political flame spread through France with the rapidity of the evil: the family of the Count was persecuted and

persecuted; some of his relatives, martyrs to the royal cause, lost on the scaffold the remainder of that blood which had already been shed in the field of battle in the defence of their monarch; others were condemned to end those days in exile, now shortened by grief and despair. The Count, himself, although he had quitted his country long before the fever of revolt had destroyed every moral principle, was yet placed on the fatal list, and stripped, during the life of his father, of the immense wealth that his family had, for ages, enjoyed, and which, one day, was to descend to his own children.

The sorrows of his country drew tears from the Count, who supported, without complaining, the loss of rank, dignity, and fortune. He thought no more of seeing France, where he then possessed nothing; a Frenchman of known honour and bravery, while the Russians, who had given him so generous a reception, were conquered on the plains of Eylau, the Count, at the head of another Russian army, fought, and avenged, by a shining victory, the numerous checks that the brave Russians received from French valour; an illustrious warrior, a grateful foreigner, he instructed his hosts in the art of vanquishing the Persians, and paid the debt of hospitality by his victories.

A change took place in France; she invited the Bourbons back to the throne of their ancestors: immediately the Count de Norville, proud of having yet a sacrifice to offer to his sovereign, abandoned, without regret, the brilliant lot that awaited him in a foreign land, to go and range himself among the defenders of a throne, of which his ancestors had been some of the firmest supporters. On his return to France, he offered to his King a pure heart, a well-tryed arm, and a name without reproach, which had been rendered doubly glorious by his exploits: precious advantages, of which the native modesty of the Count taught him not to be vain, but of which the wisdom of the monarch knew how to set a just value.

The government that had seized on the wealth of the Count, forgot to dispose of a little chateau, situated about eight leagues from Paris. M. de Norville went there on a Sunday; and as soon as the news of his

arrival had spread through the village, every one went to pay him homage; but as he saw no one, they were obliged to be satisfied with being only allowed to write down their names. The Count, to whom the list was delivered in the evening, read the names over very attentively, but was not able to discover among them one with which he was acquainted. The next day, M. de Lussac, one of the newest and richest inhabitants of the district, being more pressing and more fortunate than those that had preceded him, was introduced into the presence of M. de Norville; after having made him a laboured congratulation on his return, M. de Lussac, who had carefully informed the Count of the important character he held in the commune, of which he was fifth magistrate, intreated him to do him the honour of accepting an invitation he gave him for the following day. "I shall have," said he, "a select and brilliant party, composed of the first people in this quarter, and I shall consider myself but too happy if the Count de Norville will do me the honour of his company."

M. de Norville, curious of seeing a specimen of the inhabitants of the canton, and desirous also of knowing the manners of those amongst whom he was obliged to pass a part of the year, accepted the invitation of M. de Lussac.

The Count, who feared he should find himself in the midst of a circle of strangers, was agreeably deceived in seeing himself surrounded by people whose countenances were familiar to him, although their names were utterly unknown to him. These names rather staggered him; there was, according to his opinion, a very great resemblance between the features of a *valet-de-chambre* formerly in his father's service, and those of a financier who was placed on his right hand; but how could he recognise Dupré under the name of M. de St. Yves, the owner of half a dozen old castles, which he had taken care to demolish? He thought also that he discovered, in the countenance of a certain Baroness de Chamoin, the wit and gaiety of a charming female villager, who was about fourteen years of age at the time of his departure, and who gave promise of being one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood; but to judge by the countenance of Madame

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the, Baroness, Fanny appeared to have ceased verifying this promise for some years. At length, the Count was just on the point of saying to a little old man, for whom every one seemed to have the highest consideration, "Gaspard, good day to you, you old rogue," which was the name his aunt's attorney went by; but, just as this *amicable* sentence was about to escape him, he was stopped by one saying, "Well, M. Durivage, you say nothing!"—These new qualities, mingled with former recollections, this resemblance of feature, and this difference of the name and profession, excited his curiosity in a very singular manner; the respect, besides, with which the master of the house treated those persons which the Count did not expect to meet at his house, destroyed all his conjectures, and set aside his suspicions.

A footman announced the Baron d'Orfeuille: here, the identity of the name served to make the Count recollect the son of a secretary formerly belonging to his uncle, that twelve years' service, eight wounds, and two famous actions, had elevated to the rank of Colonel. Without any other patron than his own bravery, no protector but his own conduct, young d'Orfeuille had pursued the path to danger to arrive at the temple of honour; he owed his rank to his own merit, and his nobility to his sword. Proud of having built for himself a name, he took care not to change his own; and the Colonel never forgot that he commenced his military career as a private soldier: the Count and he immediately became acquainted; one single glance exchanged, was sufficient to establish the most perfect intelligence between them.—M. de Norville congratulated the Baron on his military talents, and renewed his acquaintance with him. D'Orfeuille, an enthusiast to every thing that was great, rendered justice to the noble character of M. de Norville, which never belied itself for an instant, and solicited the honour of paying his respects to one of the most early protectors of his family; a sort of intimacy was, therefore, established between these two warriors, who so well knew how to value each other.

The Count, always puzzled by the change of names in those persons he thought himself so well acquainted with, questioned

d'Orfeuille, who informed him that he was not mistaken by the species of silence that those people had kept towards him, who, certainly, owed him some respect; the Count resolved to avenge himself in a laughable manner.

At the end of the repast, when the champagne had put every one in good humour, M. de Norville, turning to M. de Lucan, thanked him kindly for the pleasure he had procured him; but, added he, a little sarcastically, "I am sorry you did not let me into the secret; I would then have adopted a disguise like the others, and I am happy in thinking that I should not have acquitted myself amiss."—"What do you mean, Sir? A disguise!"—"Assuredly; is not this the seventh of February, and, consequently, the last and best day of the carnival?"—"Well!"—"You imagined, I suppose, that the season of madness was an excuse for every thing; and you wished to treat me with a little masquerade?"—"A masquerade!" cried out, at once, all the guests.—"Why are you displeased," replied M. de Norville, smiling; "is it a fault in me that I should recognize you? An absence of twenty-six years may have caused you to forget my features; but, notwithstanding the ease with which you fill your new characters, there are certain habits which time cannot destroy, and which were sufficient to make me know you again."—"But, Sir," replied M. de Saint Yves, reddening, "it is now eighteen years that I have held in the world a very *consequential* post."—"Consequential! Ah! that is just the term that I should have suspected my poor Dupré to make use of."—"But there are circumstances," said the Baroness, "which *has* too much struck us ever to be forgotten."—"The Baroness yet as ungrammatical as an angel," replied the Count; "but I have seen the time when this provincial language was suitable to her dress. Ah! Fanny, how pretty you once looked in your corset of white dimity, and your ~~coarse~~ striped cotton petticoat; your budding charms then concealed under a thick double muslin handkerchief! I ask your pardon, gentlemen; but if, like me, you had known Fanny when she was only fourteen, she would have set you all mad. I appeal only to this old attorney that you have christened Durivage, and who, at

that time, often used to frequent the house of my aunt, whose affairs he sadly neglected and deranged, while he went to pay his court to my nurse's daughter. I have often fancied, during my exile, that Fanny had become the prey of that mask."—"Sir, I am truly sorry," replied M. de Lussac, with much quickness, "but I never thought of the Carnival; you are not dining with masks."—"Indeed!" said M. de Norville, affecting surprise—"M. de Saint Yves, Sir, is really become a wealthy man; he owes his fortune to his industry, the consideration he enjoys to his wife, and he has taken the name of an estate he has just disposed of. Your pretty village fair was left a widow by her first husband, who was a clerk in the treasury; her second was a captain in the cavalry; her third was a commercial broker; and she became a Baroness by marrying an old officer, who retired from the service about five-and-twenty years ago. M. Durivage has been in place at all periods of the revolution; taking care, in good time, always to abandon the conquered party, and giving every assistance, and that with infinite address, as Madame de Stael observes, to the conquerors: often entrusted with the affairs

of France, he took care never to forget his own. The name of Durivage fell to his lot on account of a circumstance which he would be very happy to have buried in oblivion."

"Ah! gentlemen," said the Count, affecting an air of remorse yet more mortifying than his recent observations, "you will excuse an error natural enough for a man to be guilty of who has been so long absent from France, especially as rumour had not made him acquainted with your brilliant situations. Do not suffer the remainder of this day to be clouded with my singular mistake. You will pardon me for recollecting you, the same as I pardon your having forgot me."—So saying, he rose from table, and addressing, by turns, the different personages by which he was surrounded, he added, "Saint Yves, I shall meet you without feeling any trouble. Durivage, I shall receive you without any ceremony. Baron d'Orfeuille, I shall ever see you with pleasure:" and drawing the arm of the Baroness through his own, he walked out with her, to take a turn round the garden.

S. G.

PIERRE HUET; OR, THE SQUARE TOWER.—FROM A FRENCH PAPER.

PARIS is a place wherein we easily forget both our neighbours and ourselves: it is this indifference which gives us real freedom. No uneasy curiosity, no tiresome observations; every one lives for himself, and as best pleases him. We may, there, be a saint without edification, a libertine without giving scandal, an atheist without exciting wonder. Extraordinary actions inspire but little enthusiasm, and trifles confer glory. Montaigne, who wrote such a beautiful chapter against the fear of death, would have been surprised at the stoical tranquillity of the humblest inhabitant of Paris. If a funeral procession crosses his path, his imagination is not tormented by it: it is an embarrassment, it is a death, that is nothing. Never did one city contain a greater number of philosophers: as many as there are inhabitants.

With all the charms of inconsiderateness,

Paris has all the advantages of constancy. The artless traditions of our ancestors are preserved amongst the frivolities of the present day. Extremes always border close upon each other. How often does a slight partition separate the *boudoir* of a coquette from the dwelling of a poor old married couple, virtuous as they are industrious.

There is an union of this kind, the circumstances of which might appear fabulous, if all Paris could not attest the truth. At the foot of that square tower, which gives its name to the *Quai de l'Horloge*, the fatal bell of which gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a monument which takes its date from the time of the crusades, and where, according to an old tradition, Clotaire assassinated her nephews, in spite of the tears of her mother: at the foot of this tower, an old venerable man

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every day takes his seat, and appears, like the tower, as if time had forgotten him.—Pierre Huet is the name of this man, who has lived more than a century, and who has outlived many generations; Pierre Huet was born in a little village near Vitry-le-François. He remembers the imposing figure of Louis XIV., of the Regent, of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. which will never be effaced from his memory, that now receives no fresh objects, but which preserves, like an antique medal, the impression of times long gone by. One day, when he was about six years of age, his mother was holding him in her arms: all on a sudden, the couriers, guards, and pages, passed rapidly by: soon after appeared a carriage—the air resounded with the cries of *Vive le Roi*; and this King was Louis XIV. In two years time Louis was no more. Another time, as Pierre Huet was coming out of church, he saw Madame de Maintenon, herself, giving alms. These two images were deeply engraven on his memory, so as never to be forgotten. This living witness of a century now passed away, and who beheld the commencement of this, is aged one hundred and eleven years; he walks, hears, and sees as well he did at sixty: the son of a common labourer, he quitted the quiet occupation of his father, to embrace the life of a soldier. After the wars of Hanover, he embarked, with his regiment, and served successively, in the marines, under the different orders of Messieurs de Labourdonnaye, des Roches, and de Bougainville, with whom he made a voyage round the world. In India he saw some Bramins yet older than he himself is now; at Otaheite, Sybarites yet more voluptuous than those of the French metropolis; and it is not always under the huts of the savages that we find the most barbarous manners. The delights of Otaheite could not, however, cause him to forget his native country. The confidence of the islanders, their voluptuous life passed near the tombs of their ancestors; the novelty, the freshness of every object; the dangers of a tempest that the ships experienced in the roads, are all mingled in his memory; but in the midst of this confusion of objects, is one charming scene, which, I believe, has been recounted by Monsieur Bougainville, but which it is delightful to hear told

by Pierre Huet. They had wandered over this smiling country, and had repaired to the shore, loaded with precious stuffs, when they were stopped by an islander, of a beautiful countenance, who reclined under a tree, offering them a part of the grassy couch on which he lay stretched. The proposal was accepted; the man leaned towards them in the most affectionate manner, and sang a tender air to the sound of a flute, which another Indian, according to their custom, blew with the nose. He slowly sang a kind of elegy, the soft expression of which seemed to invite them to pleasure.

It was from this period that Pierre Huet began to drink wine; and on his return home, he married a woman who had been a widow sixteen years, and whose portion was an only son, of whom he has never ceased to take the kindest care: this woman is now seventy-seven years of age, and is very proud of having an husband who has seen Louis XIV. and been present at the battle of Fontenoy. She loves him, takes care of him; and respects him, and hopes fervently that she may not survive him. As for him, he thinks he shall live to attain the age of an hundred and twenty years; and far from repining at his lot, which has been only poverty for all his toils, he thinks himself happy at being enabled to live from day to day, without any care for the morrow. The industry that maintains this singular couple is of that kind which could only prove successful at Paris.—Pierre Huet, after sailing round the world, finishes by coming into the flower market, and distributing among the flower girls a powder to preserve and whiten their teeth. Some time ago he sold books, but he quitted that trade for conscience sake: a man above an hundred years of age should neither deceive a person nor set him to sleep.

Pierre Huet knew all the great projectors of the revolution; he saw them selling lies on their counters, while he was selling his drug on his own. Seated at the foot of the square tower, this aged man, with his white beard and venerable figure, appears the image of time personified. A neutral spectator of the agitations which agitate different parties, he has seen passing before him the people and their tyrants, Kings and their executioners: he has seen them

all disappear, while he yet remains. In the mean time, let us not conceal this saved truth; he declares that it is religion, alone, that has sustained him in the troubles of his long existence: this is one of those *Gothic* prejudices which the modern free-thinker must pardon, on account of his great age; he even carries his superstition so far as to take his wife to his parish church every Sunday; but, in spite of the fatal ignorance which prevents his following the manners of the present age, he yet offers a fine lesson to those who

choose to understand it: he offers, to Heaven the incense of a man, chaste in the season of youth, faithful to his marriage vows, content with poverty, arrived at extreme old age, and free from infirmity; preserving his life with patience, expecting death without fear, fully persuaded, though in the bosom of indigence, he shall never want, because he believes in a protecting Providence, and in a God that has never forsaken him.

S. G.

THE WONDER OF WONDERS:—AN ULTRA-FASHIONABLE TRANSFORMED TO A DOMESTICATED MATRON.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE hath beneficently constituted the human heart to become more tenderly interested, in proportion as the suffering or infirmity of our relatives call for assiduous exertion. Even mental defects or aberrations, if not contemptibly ridiculous or disgusting, or obstinately vicious, seldom fail to create, in more happily poised dispositions, a compassionate solicitude, which a small measure of success in meliorating the habits of an erring friend, will nurture into fonder attachment. If the faults are eradicated, we feel as though our wise perseverance had bestowed a new being, and self-love leads us more closely to the work of our own dutiful vigilance and forbearance.

The writer borrows these hints from a valuable old lady, who, in the first years of wedded life, had many trials of patience; but at length succeeded in detaching her husband from spurious gratifications, and during almost half a century received from him proofs of the most affectionate esteem.

Talking of the discord in a neighbouring family, this venerable matron observed,

"Mr. F——'s infidelities cannot be palliated by others—yet, if his wife had not inflamed his resentment, and wounded his pride, he might, perhaps, correct himself. I mean not to say a flagrantly injured wife should never seek redress from the laws of her country—yet, where helpless infants must be the sufferers, I would recommend a mild endeavour to reclaim the tyrant;

and if the wife has not finally determined upon irreconcilable separation, it is insanity to expose her wrongs to the cold pity, the derision, or misconstruction of the world. We all know, that to check the devouring progress of fire all external communication must be excluded; but Mrs. F—— acts as though the flames of wrath could be extinguished only by throwing abroad the smouldering sparks until they gush in raging columns from the open door and windows. Ah! she little considers how precious may be the recompense of the espoused, who, by reciprocally bearing and forbearing, come by degrees entirely to assimilate in tastes and habitudes. A man of a sound understanding and generous feelings, will not long be callous to the worth of a helpmate whose affection and prudence, suppressing and overcoming individual resentments, tacitly forgives his trespasses, and concentrates all her wishes in conducting him to amendment and felicity. Our sex never approach so near to angelic perfection as when we benignly excuse in the lord of our destiny frailties abhorrent to our parity of heart and manners."

Hampden had no repulsive, despicable, or flagitious foibles to tolerate in his Olivia, but folios not a few required counter-action. In the first months of their marriage Dr. Bryant engaged her to spend much of her time at home, by representing how injurious to the health of her beloved

must be even a moderate participation in dissipated gaieties. Her own qualms soon made her unfit for public places, and being reduced by bilious complaints previous to the birth of a son, many weeks elapsed before she could leave her bed, unless carried to the next room while her own received currents of fresh air. One morning while her father and husband exerted all their resources to amuse her, as she seemed unusually pensive, she gave vent to the thoughts that for some time had often reverted, fully relying upon Hampden's promptitude in asserting his right to figure in the highest circles. He was nearly related to nobility of the first distinction; and though his mother's elopement with an *honourable* who had no fortune but a pair of epaulettes, had forfeited her father's favour and any share of his wealth, the settlements liberally granted by Dr. Bryant would enable him to sport a splendid equipage, and all suitable appendages. The attention his titled cousins had lavished since his marriage, increased Olivia's ambition to cultivate their acquaintance. Her father had very different views. He had advised her to suckle the infant, hoping to wean her from the infatuation which the Countess would sedulously seek to renew at her return; and her return to London was daily expected.

"I have been thinking," said Olivia, "how vastly the pleasures of this dear bewitching town will be enhanced by novelty, after an interval of nearly twelve months."

In speaking, her imploring look baffled all Hampden's resolves against concurring in Olivia's passion for amusements. Her finely turned arms supported the babe as he drew nourishment from her bosom; and the address with which she reconciled this office to the strictest delicacy, without incommoding her tender charge, ineffably heightened the impression of her lovely features and exquisitely transparent complexion. Hampden's heart was penetrated by recollecting how much she had endured to make him an exulting father, and he was on the point of utterance as she wished, when Dr. Bryant anticipated him, with seeming *nonchalance* responding:—"I am much of your mind, my dear Olivia, that

intermissions improve the zest of all our gratifications. You have spoken as a sage matron, to admonish your partner not to dispel the sweet illusions borrowed by imagination from the rarity of pleasure. You can quote your own experience, how the poignant susceptibility of pleasure is impaired by two frequent excitation, and how restored by occasional abstinence."

"You are, dare I say it? superabundantly sententious to-day, papa. Are you alarmed lest I shall again sparkle as an ultra-fashionable? Indeed I must own it will be not amiss to become whatever you and my liege lord prescribe: but I trust you will not be very merciless to your poor *helot*."

A tear glistened in Olivia's downcast eyes, and trickled down her glowing cheek. Hampden apparently stooped to caress his son, but his lips breathed a consolatory sigh as he pressed the pearly drops that dissolved all his fortitude.—"Make no painful sacrifices on my account, my love," whispered the doating husband.

Olivia saw his bright orbs dimmed by sympathy for her distress.—"No sacrifices for my Hampden! Could I not forego any fancy, every inclination for his sake, and deem all no sacrifice, I should not deserve his endearing kindness."

Dr. Bryant had taken out his tablets and removed to a window-seat when Hampden bent over Olivia's pillow, and, occupied by his pencil, left the youthful pair to unreserved converse. Hampden's reply to Olivia's foud apostrophe greeted his ear in mellow tones of the softest fascination, and her irritated sensibility calmed to delicious languor, conceded whatever could promote the health and happiness of her heart's lord paramount.

"Papa," she exclaimed in a playful voice, "are you at leisure to accept a rarity?"

"Yes, my child, I am always at leisure when you invoke my attention in accents so exhilarating."

Dr. Bryant drew near: Olivia took his hand, looked up with a thousand pleasant meanings in her brilliant glances, and said, "When a wilful girl, I expected papa should soothe me into good humour; now a sedate matron lays at your paternal feet

a submissive palinode, disclaiming all ultra-fashionable pretensions."

"My dearest, my only child!" sobbed the fond parent; "you are, you will be worthy of your sainted mother. Now you deserve happiness, and must be happy. Fashion may be a presiding divinity in the drawing-room, and in scenes of public exhibition, but if predominating in the nursery she acts as a very fiend. In the sacred retreats of domestic privacy she may be admitted as a handmaid at the toilette, as an artist to decorate the apartments, or her culinary mysteries may embellish the table, but, I repeat it, if allowed to predominate, she acts as a fiend, especially in the nursery. Nature and simplicity must govern and superintend, if you would preserve the constitution of this helpless innocent."

Olivia clasped her son more closely to her breast.—"Papa, you shall be dragoman for dame Nature and her pretty cherub daughter Simplicity, till Hampden has instructed me in their dialect."

"You have wit enough to befool us both if you like," said Dr. Bryant; "but you are now going to use it for a better purpose. I shall become too vain of my girl."

"All the reward I shall ask is, that dear good papa no more gives me an oblique look by repeating Pope's illiberal couplet,

"Some men to business, some to pleasure take,
"But every woman is at heart a rake."

"Pope debased his genius in sanctioning a most unjust and narrow-minded sarcasm," said Hampden indignantly. "With as much truth should we estimate the most upright of men by the misdeeds of knaves and ruffians, as judge the best of women by the worst; and the worst have been corrupted by the perfidy of our sex."

Olivia repaid these candid sentiments by looks expressive of tenderness and admiration which no pathos of language could convey.

"My children, my dear children," said Doctor Bryant, "you were formed for each other—for all the bliss of connubial love, sublimed into ever-growing friendship.—Your hearts are in the right place: you will be wise and good, without any affectation of singularity: you will be ornaments of society, and to each other daily more necessary to mutual comfort. You possess all intrinsic qualifications, and all external means for enjoyment, except some stated avocation. If Mr. Hampden has no objection, I shall provide employment to fill up vacant hours, and exercise his talents."

"My dear Sir, I shall readily attempt what you recommend, and I know you will make indulgent allowances if incapacity, not indolence or idleness, should frustrate my willing efforts," replied Hampden.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF VIENNA.

THE manner of lighting the streets in Vienna is by lamps without reflectors, fixed in pots of earthen ware, and which are suspended from an iron in the form of a gibbet; the light descends laterally, and as the irons are fastened to the walls at the height of about ten feet, the lamp cannot be brought down; the lamplighter is obliged to trim and light it by lifting it up with a stick, at the end of which is a kind of mutilated funnel, and which draws it out of the reservoir, or replaces it, like a hook. This method renders the process very tedious, although all the lamps may be previously lighted in the boxes carried

by the lamplighters. In the city the houses are of an immense height, but those in the suburbs are seldom more than two or three stories high. The streets where carriages are able to pass are all paved on the footway with flag stones, as in London. The narrow streets are paved all over with one kind of stone, but yet after the same model as the wider ones.

Fires happen very seldom in Vienna, although the roofs of the houses are chiefly of wood. All the apartments are heated by large stoves constructed in such a manner that the flames cannot ascend. The funnels of the chimnies are terminated by

a chapter like a dormer window, which prevents the wind from driving back the smoke into the apartments. When a fire takes place they make use of engines and osier baskets lined with leather; but though the engines are well made they are too small, and they do not make use of the pipes to conduct the water on the place of conflagration, but trust to the mere play of the engine, which only sprinkles water on the flames. The windows of almost every house, especially the old ones, are grated; so that if a fire breaks out in the lower part of a building, it is next to an impossibility to save the lives of the inhabitants by the windows.

There are stands of hackney coaches, all numbered, and which are obliged to carry the first person who calls them, if unhired. They are six hundred and fifty in number; the horses good and well harnessed, and they go at a very swift pace: but the coaches are hung so low, and are so narrow, that they are far from pleasant, and will hold only three persons. As these coaches are not taxed, it is requisite to make a bargain with the driver beforehand, otherwise they will extort money, and be extremely insolent.

The inns are remarkably clean; the rooms at the eating-houses are elegant; but both at them and at the inns the kitchens are detestable and unwholesome. There are seventy-five coffee-houses in this city, and five hundred beer-houses. The coffee-houses are mere smoking rooms, where numbers are seen smoking round one or more billiard tables. The refreshments, liqueurs, and ices are all badly prepared. The Germans eat very little bread, therefore baking is not brought to the perfection it is in France or England. The interior of their play-houses is without lustres; there are only a few wax-lights stuck against the boxes. The orchestra, which is called the Grand Parterre, is divided into stalls, which are raised one above the other as in cathedrals: every place is numbered, and may be taken beforehand. A padlock, or common lock, ensures to him who hires it his place, till the hour he chuses to go and occupy it. No single places can be taken in the boxes, but a party may hire a whole box. At

every change of scene the machinist rings a bell, and before every air the prompter gives notice to the musicians by striking with a hammer on a thin piece of metal: this noise, and that of the bell ringing, are very disagreeable. If an actor is very much applauded, he advances to the front of the stage, thanks the public by a very low bow, and returns to his performance. Thus the dramatic illusion is entirely destroyed.

The *Saalon of Apollo* is a kind of *Fest-hall*, situated in the suburbs of Vienna, and is of an extent which surpasses every thing of the kind in other countries. Three thousand dancers may there waltz with ease; and if it was made a mere assembly, it is capable of containing ten thousand people. It is impossible to conceive the singularity of the *coup-d'œil* which this place of amusement offers, illuminated and decorated by a profusion of beautiful orange trees, and animated by two or three moving circles, formed by waltzers, dancing with the most lovely girls of Vienna, to the sound of a numerous orchestra composed of wind instruments.

Although the *Prater* is situated a full quarter of a league from town, the people flock thither in crowds every Sunday and holiday during the summer; the rich go there every day. It is a charming and animated picture! We may meet there Princes, citizens, monks, officers, and milliners' girls all mingled *plebe-mixte* together. We may behold twenty people in twenty different costumes—Turks, Greeks, Bohemians, Hungarians, Cossacks, and Jews; some with turbans round their heads, others with calottes; bearded rabbies, and anabaptists in brown levites, their heads covered with enormous hats: women of Vienna belonging to the class of rich tradesmen, wearing on their heads *coques* of gold in the form of Phrygian caps, their corsets made of the most costly stuffs, and handsome full petticoats; while the young villagers of both sexes have black straps girt round their waists. In the midst of this whimsical assemblage we see the most elegant people walking who belong to Vienna, dressed in the French fashion, but yet retaining in their carriage, and the manner of putting on their clothes, much of the ancient Teutonic. In the broad

allées of the Prater three or four carriages are seen abreast, slowly creeping along to the sound of twenty or thirty orchestras distributed about the forest. Those who prefer a solitary walk, wander towards the banks of the Danube, where nature wild, yet pastoral, presents a thousand enchanting views, capable of giving inspiration to the poet and meditation to the philosopher. But as soon as the sun has left the horizon it is time to quit the Prater, which becomes then, in a few minutes, overshadowed with troublesome insects; gnats, gadflies, musquitos, fly about in such quantities that the air becomes really darkened with them; they fall in swarms on those who are walking, sting them, and bite in such a manner that they may be said to devour. An intelligent German to whom one was speaking of this inconvenience, said it was Heaven's own police; if it was not for those insects, he added, the young people who walk the Prater would be making love till the dawning of the next day.

"The shopkeepers at Vienna shut up their shops from noon to three o'clock, to dine; then they open them again till ten at night. The greater part have only their shops in town, and dwell in the suburbs, on account of the dearness of lodgings in

Vienna. They are very just dealers. A gentleman once wishing to have a trinket repaired, asked for a lapidary, and was directed to a rich jeweller of the name of Wisner. He found him seated at a table whereon was spread a great quantity of diamonds. The gentleman could not forbear expressing his surprise at his receiving strangers with so little caution. He thanked him for his observation, but continued to act in the same manner; suspecting no one, being just himself.

"The people are laborious but sedentary: there are not the quantity of beggars to be found in Vienna as there are in Paris, on the quays, the boulevards, and other public walks.

"People of literature and science live very retired, and are not found in different societies, as in France; they are only employed in one thing, and on that they are incessantly employed: they are indefatigable in their researches, and their works are of an erudite composition that are almost terrific. The German scholars are like the ancient Benedictines, who grew pale in their studies over books for years, and who only left off reading for the pleasure of composing, or of taking extracts."

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Antonia; a Poem. By Murdo Young.
12mo. Longman and Co.

THE cause which prompted the writer to adopt the affecting subject contained in this Poem, as an offering to his muse, is sufficient to enhance its interest, independent of its poetic beauties: it is requisite that we should offer an abridgment from the Note at the end of the Poem, previous to the extracts we lay before our readers, in order that they may be the better enabled to understand the story.

"Having been in Malta in the year 1813, during the prevalence of the plague in that island, and having seen no description of its ravages since my arrival in this country, I am induced to give a brief account of its appearance, progress, and termination.—About the beginning of May, 1813, a rumour was propagated that the plague had

made its appearance in the city of La Vallette, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule by the Maltese faculty, and with merriment by the populace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate: and, after having been carried to the quarantine hospital or lazaretto, he, too, fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease.—The dissolution of this family created for some time an alarm; amusements ceased, places of public worship were shut up, and prohibitory orders were issued, commanding all persons from appearing in the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the Governor, or the Board of Health. The

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consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably, and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigour of quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly re-appeared. About the middle of summer the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree, from fifty to seventy-five daily; the number falling sick was equal, indeed greater. Such was the printed report of the Board of Health.—In autumn the plague unexpectedly declined, and business began partly to revive. The rains of December, and the cold breezes of January, dispelled the remains of the plague in La Valette; but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables, and other matter, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease, the ravages of which were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness."

LOVES OF ANTONIA AND ORLANDO.

"How blest the friendship youthful becomes
 prove,
 That leads insensibly to future love!
 While each endearment memory can trace
 Swells on the mind with more bewitching grace.
 And thus Orlando found his bosom swell
 With soft emotions that he blushed to tell.
 Fond recollection dwelt on every scene
 Of glowing friendship on the playful green,
 Where each soft look of smiling loveliness
 Diffused a charm that memory must bless.
 Oh! while he mused on rapture's morning dream,
 What thoughts awake of passionate esteem!
 What soothing sighs beguiled the balmy night,
 Where beauty warmed the vision of delight!
 Antonia still was present to his mind,
 And seemed on earth that heaven he wished to find.
 But that assurance which his youth could boast,
 In manhood's morn of tenderness, is lost.
 If passion prompts his modesty to speak,
 The blood flies his—to tinge Antonia's cheek—
 And when her voice salutes his ravish'd ear,
 Confusion's blushes throbbingly appear!
 While o'er his frame strange languishment prevails,
 His face but shadows what his bosom feels.

But now Langema's watchful eye espied
 These soft emotions both desired to hide.
 She loved the youth from boyhood—but no more
 Can love Orlando:—wherefore?—he is poor!
 But is he not superior to his fate—
 As nobly born—and burning to be great—
 Endowed with genius, learning's various lore,
 And shining virtues?—Yes, but he is poor!
 And o'er that face with welcome ever bright,
 A coldness came like clouds o'er morning's light.
 Langema spoke not; but her silence told
 Orlando's mind what words may not unfold.
 He had adieu—but was not press'd again
 To hospitality's beloved fane.
 The tear of anguish glistened in his eye,
 And vision swam in giddy vacancy.
 Antonia sighed—while blushes of distress
 Revealed the pathos of her tenderness:—
 Oh! then his soul a pang of madness felt,
 Where hope reposed a moment—but to melt!
 And left despair an undetermined way
 While thoughts tumultuous hurried him away."

ORLANDO'S SEARCH AFTER WEALTH.

"Well may I curse the contrast of my fate,
 A generous feeling, and a poor estate!—
 But I have health, and strength, and power of mind—
 Let lamentation vanish with the wind!
 Two things appress me, which I must e'scume,
 The loss of thee, and those I leave at home:
 But I'll return—my father's pious breath
 Consigned his family to me in death!
 He bade me cherish them with tenderness,
 And heaven's reward would, with his blessing,
 bless!
 Weep not, Antonia! days of joy will send
 To thee a lover, and to them a friend.
 Oh! how I long with rapture for that time,
 That fills my soul with tenderness sublime.
 But it will come, Antonia, yes, full soon,
 With fortune's favours wed to Hymen's boon.
 My spirit burns with emulative zeal
 For independence—and I must prevail.
 The path of fortune brightens on my view,
 And at the goal I meet with love and you!
 That heavenly hope, with anguish doubly dear,
 Shall urge Orlando's passionate career—
 Shall cheer his soul, and smooth adventure's road
 With glowing promise—lighting up to God!
 To-morrow's sun shall see the sail expand
 That wafts me, sorrowing, from my native land.
 For Persia climes I cross the Egean deep,
 But will return—O! do not—do not weep!
 When first we met enamoured in this grove,
 Thy tears were joy—thy smiles were smiles of love—
 And wilt thou now dispess my troubled mind,
 My hope on earth!—mine angel!—never kind!
 Oh! let me kiss thee—yet!—and yet—once more!
 For each seems sweeter still than all before!
 I must depart—although my bosom's swell
 Forbid's that death-like, dreaded word—fare
 well!"

PARTING OF ANTONIA AND ORLANDO.

"Around his neck the beauteous maiden clung,
With heavy heart, while silence chained her
tongue:

But that deep sorrow labouring in her breast,
Impassioned tears tumultuously confest.
A kindred weakness o'er his bosom stole,
And spoke in tears the anguish of his soul!
'Twas such a struggle of delirious woe
As nature proved on Adam's overthrow!
Still, still she strained him in that dear embrace,
While her dark curls were wandering o'er his
face.

He tried to leave her—but her arms of love
Were locked enchantingly, and would not move!
Each soft exertion of his soul was vain,
To quit that fond, indissoluble chain!
Which bound him closer, as he seemed to start,
With keen reluctance, from her throbbing heart!
'And wilt thou go?'—the burst of feeling came,
With sighs of tenderness, and looks of shame—
'Oh! were the world my gift—I'd give away
'A thousand worlds to make Orlando stay!—
I will not hear thee!—no!—it must not be—
'N thou depart—Antonia goes with thee!
'My God!—Yet—stay!—I'll come again this
night."
He kissed her twice—and vanished from her
sight."

PANGS OF MEMORY.

"When friendship parts—the mourners that
remain,
Mute on its worth with melancholy pain:
Recall the memory of past delight—
The day's young joy—and sweet harmonious
night.

Then each endearment teems upon the soul
With fond effluences from friendship's roll—
Till unavailing sorrow wrings the mind,
Lamenting gratitude was not more kind!
But the deep pang which friendship's doomed to
prove,

Is but the shadow of that felt by love!
While the fond heart in melancholy dear,
Beguiles its agony with tender tear,
Remembrance turns to each enamoured scene
With sighing joy—and weeps that such had
been!—

Oh! while the mind may venture to retrace
The killing transports of the last embrace—
The nameless whisper—look—and parting sigh,
That mingled joy with whelming agony!
The love-lorn soul, in languishing regret,
Feels sad, like nature when her sun hath set."

RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE.

"God of the just! and guardian of the free!
What scenes arise on anguished memory!
From streets depopulated—downs forlorn—
Nights red with ruin lighting in the morn!
From feeling's wreck—from nature's mortal
throes—
Where shall I turn—nor meet appalling woes!

Ev'now'd plague! that terror of mankind,
Destroyed the social sympathies of mind—
Subdued the proud—the humble heart distressed,
Bade joy be sad—and beauty be unblessed!
Spread through the isle its overwhelming gloom,
And daily dug the nightly glutted tomb!
Men, women, babes, promiscuous crowd the
scene,

Till morning chase their bearers from the green!
Reflection sickens at the tragic tale,
Where lamentation's murmurs fed the gale—
Where every face betrayed the secret dread—
Who next will swell the number of the dead!
Self-preservation mutually began
To break the chain uniting man to man.
Commerce departed—strangers shunned the bay,
And gaunt starvation perished where he lay!

Devouring Pestilence! accursed of heaven—
Fell taming scourge of nations unforgiven!
Still dreaded still! of rankling matter born,
Whose evening victims saw their latest morn,
Creation withers at thy coming breath—
Thy name is horror: and thy presence death!
The glare of madness lightened in his eye—
Woe marked his cheek, his voice was agony!
Fever his frame, unquenchable his thirst,
His mind was anguish, and himself accursed!
Terrific visitant! that cowed the son!—
As lightning, fierce—and grasps to control;
His march was loneliness without a shade!
Day cursed his silence! night his dark parade!
Reflection, shuddering at the demon past,
Shrunk from the future moment to his last!
Air loathed his breath, and earth abhorred his
tread—

He found men living—and he left them dead!
Spreading around infection's blasting touch
From crowded poverty's still widowed couch,
He gave despair to rule the breast alone,
And banished hope—to sue at Mercy's throne."

THE FATE OF ROBELLA.

"Yet, ere thou cease, Robella's fate disclose."
'Her Lord still lives to mourn her last repose!
'Lamented victim! borne to shades of night,
'Soon as the babe of promise blest the light!
'It is the plague!' exclaimed that brutal hand—
'We parley not—but execute command—
'Thou must depart!'—she clasped the new-born
child,
'And pleaded truth with speechless anguish
wild—
'Thou must depart!'—And nature's sickness
gave
'Robella's beauty to a living grave!
'Where was her Lord at that eventful hour?'
'Alas! what could he 'gainst the arm of power?
'Firm in his faith, devoted in his love,
'He shared that fate which he could not remove.
'There was no plague, he urged them all to see,
'With nature's feelings wound to agony.
'They saw—believed not—pitied not his case,
'But tore his partner from his last embrace!

'Then, too, must go—with every child thou
 hast—
 'Where caution wills—till quarantine be past.'
 'I will!' he cried, 'but leave my children
 here'—
 'Tis vain—Robella weeps on horror's bier,
 'The hapless man's distraction who may tell?
 'He bade his home a long—a last farewell.
 'Close by his side slow move a girl—a boy—
 'Their mother's pride—their father's bosom-joy;
 'That joy hath vanished from his frantic mind,
 'While, sobbing, walks his eldest hope behind—
 'Where do we go, my father, thus, from home?'
 'Emotion, startling, falters—'to the tomb!'
 'The car of death precedes them through the
 town,
 'Where thousands, weeping, deem his fate their
 own.
 'Strained to his breast, an infant babe is seen,
 'Whose sorrows touch, pathetically keen :—
 'Silent, in grief—he soothes its speechless fears,
 'And bushes asure with a father's tears!'"

ADDRESS TO SLEEP,

BY THE LATE MR. CURRAN.

O SLEEP, awhile thy power suspending,
 Weigh not yet my eyelid down,
 For mem'ry, see! with eve attending,
 Claims a moment for her own :
 I know her by her robe of mourning,
 I know her by her faded light,
 When faithful with the gloom returning,
 She comes to bid a sad good night.

O! let me hear, with bosom swelling,
 While she sighs o'er time that's past ;
 O! let me weep, while she is telling,
 Of joys that pine and pang that last.
 And now, O sleep, while grief is streaming,
 Let thy balm sweet peace restore ;
 While fearful hope through tears is beaming,
 Soothe to rest that wakes no more.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BLIGHTED ROSE.

BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

How gay was its foliage, how bright was its hue,
 How it scented the breeze that blew round it,
 How carelessly sweet in the valley it grew,
 Till the blight of the mildew had found it.

New faded, forlorn, scarce the wreck of its
 charms,

Remain e'en for fancy's renewing ;
 its branches are bare, and exposed are its thorns,
 And it lies the pale victim of ruin.

Discontent is the mildew that feeds on the mind,
 That robs the warm cheek of its roses,
 That cankers the breast of the rude or refined,
 Where'er it a moment reposes ;

'Tis a wizard, whose touch withers beauty away,
 And denies every pleasure to blossom ;
 Insidiously creeps to the heart of its prey,
 And invites cold despair to the bosom.

FASHIONS

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

FRENCH.

No. 1.—PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of printed muslin, of a ce-
 rulean blue spotted with black, with bor-
 dered flounces of the same material to
 correspond : between each flounce a layer
 placed of black brocaded satin ribband.—
 Bonnet of straw-coloured gossamer satin,
 ornamented on the left side with a single
 full-blown rose, and a plume of white fea-
 thers. Cachemire *seuiloir*, and parasol of
 barbel blue, fringed with white. Slippers
 of pale blue kid, and washing leather
 gloves.

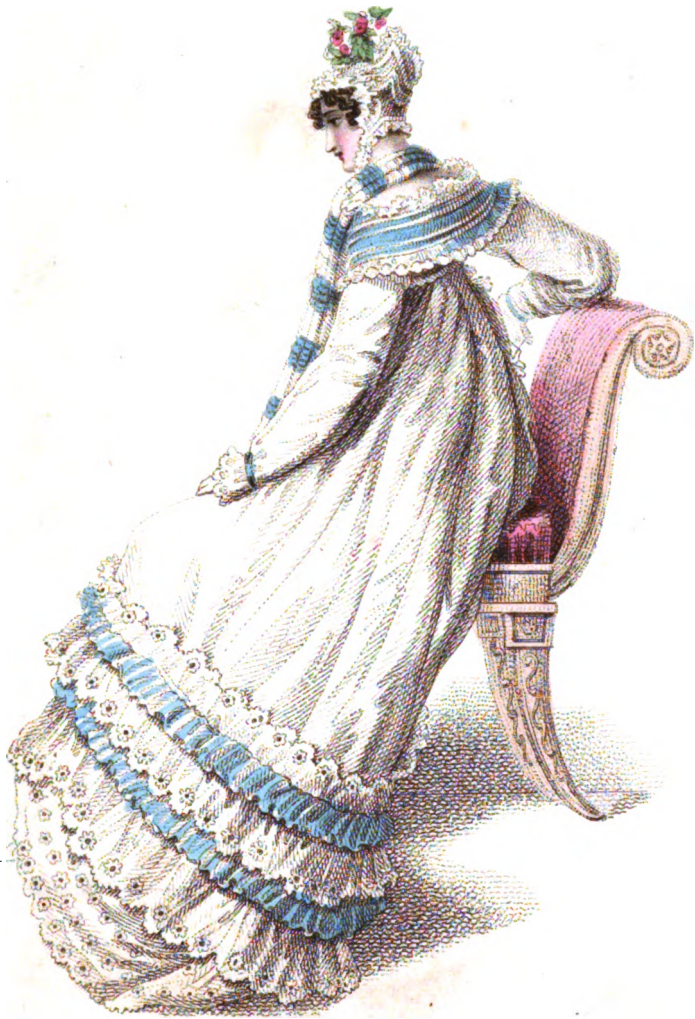
ENGLISH.

No. 2.—DINNER DRESS.

Round dress of fine Bengal muslin, with
 a superbly embroidered border; the border
 surmounted by two flounces richly em-
 broidered at the edges, and headed by
 muslin *bouillons* run through with Clarence
 blue satin : Meinengen *corange* of the same
 colour, with small pelerine cape, elegantly
 finished with narrow *rouleaux* of white
 satin and fine lace. Parisian *cornette* of
 blond, with a very full and spreading
 branch of full-blown roses placed in
 front.



PARISIAN WALKING DRESS
Engraved for the Ladies of London. Wm. Pugh's hand. Sept. 1. 1855.



CHERRY PRESS.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

IN order to supply the votaries of Fashion with every new invention that taste and fancy can devise, a few of the most eminent *Marchandes de Modes* have quitted the metropolis, and repaired to those places whereto beauty is led by the hand of prudence to the abodes of health on the shores of the ocean. Amongst these priestesses of the toilette may first be classed one of the most elegant of the profession from St. James's-street, and who purposes, we believe, to make her marine excursions as versatile as that fancy for which she is so justly famed: of this we are assured, that several amongst the higher classes, now stationed at the different watering places, are anxiously awaiting her arrival, before they fix on some important articles of female attire. We here, we are well assured, need not name the inventress of the *Circassian* and *Armenian corsettes*, the *new court hoop*, *Meinengen corsage*, &c. &c.

The continued warmth of the weather renders yet the muslin pelisses and spencers to be almost universally adopted: some of the latter are of clear book muslin, trimmed with very full trimmings of muslin, richly embroidered at the edge. Scarf-shawls, mantles, and sarsnet wraps are only seen on evenings, when returning from the rooms or from crowded parties.

Bonnets for the carriage are of white satin, crowned with damask roses, or made transparent of fine net, almost covered in alternate stripes, crosswise, of French white satin ribband: these bonnets are generally crowned with hollyhock blossoms: but nothing can be more admired, or more deserving admiration, than the Cambridge dress hat of pale pink satin, embroidered in cockleshells, in thread straw, and finished by a full plume of white ostrich feathers: this elegant hat is partially turned up in front. For walking, the Cheltenham bonnet of marine striped straw, with a simple ornament of white roses, or a large Leghorn, with little trimming except blond and ribband, are reckoned most fashionable, and are very universally adopted.

Next to the dinner dress, represented in

our Print, is another for the same purpose of fine Decca muslin, striped, and embroidered in a small pattern between the stripes; the border is ornamented with three rows of muslin *bouillonné*, run through with rose-coloured satin ribband. The Catalonia dress is worn at friendly dinner parties; it is of fine cambric, embroidered all over in crescents or very small sprigs, and is finished by three flounces of open embroidery, and at the head of the upper flounce is a row of the same open kind of work. For morning walking dresses, printed muslins, with borders to correspond, and above the border two flounces of plain muslin, scalloped with the colour of the pattern, are at present in favour; but this is one of those ephemeral fashions that soon vanish, and are scarce worth recording, excepting that they find employment for the loom in the charm of variety.

Mrs. Bell, whom we have cited above, has, amongst her novelties, some very superb ball dresses, the newest of which are the harvest frocks; some of these have a beautiful border of wheat ears, actually worked in straw on fine net, and others are adorned with a rich border of corn poppies, which produces, certainly, the most beautiful effect by candlelight. These dresses are worn over white satin slips, with a *Meinengen corsage* of a correspondent colour to the border.

Never were caps so universal; and in this the English ladies do wisely: an ardent sun, particularly when accompanied by breezes from the sea, has often a sudden effect in changing the colour of the hair. Among the new *cornettes* is the fan *cornette à la-Comtesse*, so called from the front being spread out like a fan; youth and loveliness are certainly requisite to render this head-dress becoming. The breakfast *cornette*, of fine thread net and Brussels lace, simply finished by *rouleaux* of lilac satin, is a very becoming *deshabille* to every face: and a lighter kind of Madras turban, worn as a home costume, is an improvement of a fashion that has lasted much longer than we predicted; it is of plaid gauze, the colours of a light and appropriate kind for summer.

The favourite colours are Clarence blue, rose colour, and lilac.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

I AGREE entirely with you, that, in some instances, the characters of the French are totally changed. Party and passing events seldom now give titles to the different articles of female dress; and this mania has been gradually sinking away since the guillotine lockets, broaches made of Bastille wood or stone, Marat's blood beads, &c. &c.; things are now called by their right names, fashions described as plainly as possible, and, to use an English phrase, you "beat us all hollow" with the elegant titles you give to a *cornette*, a coloured body, &c. &c.

I must not forget, however, to tell you in our homespun, plain way, what are the most prevalent fashions now in Paris. For out-door costume, cambric pelerines are most in favour; they are trimmed with muslin, and a ruff is worn with them, broad hemmed, and made up in very full plaits. *Canezou* spencers are also much worn in the public walks; and these, like the pelerines, are seldom the same as the dress.

Carriage hats are now often made of fluted net and straw, intermingled; rose-coloured crape hats are also much in favour, as are hats of white gauze, ornamented with *marabout* feathers, though some ladies prefer a bunch of roses, daisies, and *lauristinas*: transparent bonnets, ornamented with satin *rouleaux*, at the edge, of rose-colour or white, are also a favourite carriage head-dress; as are hats of *tulle*, with sweet pease embroidered on the *tulle*; this is a beautiful, but very expensive article. The brims of all hats are worn much extended; and down feathers are reckoned more elegant than flowers.

Straw hats are most in favour for walking; they are turned up behind, *à la Fanchette*, and the hats are placed rather forwarder than before. Hats of the new cotton straw manufacture are generally ornamented at the edges with a *cordon* of small white roses; and a bunch of pinks, of a celestial blue colour, are placed on the crown, or a *bouquet* of daisies of various

colour, or of poppies, deep coloured red carnations, larkspur, and other flowers most in season. Leghorn hats have wreaths of ripe corn laid in bias across the crown: and bunches of flowers, brought very near the edge of the brim, are a favourite ornament on all hats; these bunches are formed of pinks, roses, Indian pinks, *jeannine*, *mignionette*, honeysuckles, and geraniums, all mingled together; others of musk-roses, guelder-roses, larkspurs, wild poppies, and pomegranate blossoms.

Printed cambric gowns are yet very fashionable; they are either striped or spotted, and are oftentimes trimmed with rows of muslin *dentelles*; and muslin gowns, printed in small chequers of pink, are in high favour: but for the dress promenade, or the public gardens, nothing is so fashionable as white, with flounces the same as the dress, which, if muslin, are laid on in very full plaits; with these white dresses are worn sashes of tartan plaid ribbon: if the *Canezou* body worn with this dress is of the same material, it is made open in front, with a plain frock stomacher to supply the opening; and a clear muslin *stola* generally finishes the dress. Gowns of India dimity, with flounces embroidered in different colours, and rows of coloured embroidery between each flounce, is a novelty much admired; and with this is worn a hat to correspond in colours. Letting-in of lace is now a favourite way of ornamenting the borders of gowns, either of cambric or muslin, between the rows of which are six or seven very small tucks.

Young ladies continue to go without caps, with their hair arranged in very full curls, *à l'Enfant*. This head-dress, so very infantine, requires the hair to be cut short behind; and many a fine head of hair is sacrificed to a fashion, often too youthful for the wearer. The *cornettes*, turbans, and dress hats have undergone but little alteration since my last account, except that the former is seldom ornamented with flowers now, but is worn merely as a *deshabille*; and a hat is generally put on when a lady dresses for the day, for she seldom means to stay at home; this hat, however, is various, according to circumstances, as above described: a turban is generally worn for evening dress parties, and the first night of a new play.

DESCRIPTION OF A YOUNG MOGUL BEAUTY, &c.

Her age did not exceed fifteen; her form was perfect, her features regular, and her large antelope eyes of a brilliant lustre. Although fairer than the generality of Indian females, neither the rose nor the lily adorned her complexion; yet the brunet taint rather enriched than impaired the softness and delicacy of her skin; "grace was in all her steps," and her whole deportment elegant and courteous. This young beauty excelled in personal charms, but was not so superbly dressed as her friend, whom I hastily sketched as a specimen of a well-dressed Mogul.

Her drawers, of green satin, flowered with gold, were seen under a chemise of transparent gauze, reaching to her slippers, richly embroidered; a vest of pale blue satin, edged with gold, sat close to her shape, which an under robe of striped silver muslin, full and flowing, displayed to great advantage; a netted veil of crimson silk, flowered with silver, fell carelessly over her long braided hair, combed smooth and divided from the forehead, where a cluster of jewels was fastened by strings of seed pearls; her ear-rings were large and handsome; that in her nose, according to our idea of ornament, less becoming. The Asiatic ladies are extremely fond of the nose jewel, and it is mentioned among the Jewish trinkets in the Old Testament; a necklace, in intermingled rows of pearl and gold, covered her bosom; and several strings of large pearls were suspended from an embroidered girdle, set with diamonds; bracelets of gold and coral reached from her wrist to the elbow; golden chains encircled her ankles, and all her toes and fingers were adorned with valuable rings. Like most of the Oriental females, of all religions, her eyes were tinged by a black circle, formed with the powder of antimony, which produces a refreshing coolness, gives the eye additional lustre, and is thought to be a general improvement to Asiatic beauty. —*Foster's Oriental Memoirs.*

LETTER FROM A YOUNG MARRIED LADY TO HER SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Brighton.

Here, my dear Lucy, are we now enjoying ourselves, with all the gaiety and

splendour that fashion and affluence can bestow, previous to our departure for Weymouth or Cheltenham, it is as yet undetermined which; could I racket through all the summer amidst balls, routs, and concerts, in the elegant way I do at present, I would be content to remain here the whole summer; but that the laws of fashion forbid; for this lively scene is reckoned now too near London to make it an entire summer residence for those who compose the *haut ton*.

You read in the papers, no doubt, the wedding of the dashing Adelaide Worthington with the Hon. Frederic Cleveland: it is with this pair that Fitzosborn and myself, at their earnest intreaties, consented to be inmates during their short stay here. We have not the awkward embarrassment of not knowing what to do with ourselves, or how to behave before a pair of turtles just caught in the conjugal net; they are both so completely fashionable, that I am sure they would not be heard to say a tender thing to each other for worlds: the *beaux* still continue to flutter about Adelaide, and Cleveland is as fond as ever of his dogs and horses; he is a modern character, a great encourager of pugilism, and the delicate bride has lately affected to be robust; swallows at her breakfast anchovy toasts, and holds the pinion of a cold fowl in her fingers, while she picks it with her ivory teeth: she endeavours to be thought a good judge of a horse, but by some of her misplaced remarks, obtains a boisterous laugh from her husband, who has most admirable skill in horsemanship.

Alas! my dear Lucy, I do not seem now to have laid up much store of prudence from my dear parent's last awakening admonition, in her kind letter. Lady Worthington, with some little alteration, repeated it to her niece Adelaide, when she parted from her. "Lose not," said that excellent woman, "lose not your hours, my dear Adelaide, in fashionable follies: do not act like too many votaries of dissipation, as if youth and life were eternal."

But Adelaide has wedded a man so wealthy, that Mexico and Peru seem to be at his command; so much the worse, perhaps, for her; for she is naturally extravagant, and will think his riches inexhaustible. Cleveland has never less than thirty

blood horses, and he is changing them continually; he will be a kind husband I hope; he loved her—next to a horse—the best of any creature in the world; and his vices and follies do not lead him to a plurality of women: he is nine years older than Adelaide; it is time he began to reform, but I fear he never will. Already they have engaged, for the winter, two separate boxes at the Opera: what a fashionable pair! But I must give you an account of how five mornings out of seven are commonly employed. At half-past one in the afternoon we go to breakfast, when a very fashionable milliner, from London, sends one of her assistants, and in a corner, a stand, bought on purpose, is placed, on which is hung bonnets and caps of various patterns and colours. Adelaide, then, with the whip her husband uses in riding, strikes off those that she does not like, and out of twenty, there perhaps only remain two or three which she rises and tries on, finds them delicious, and gives an immense price for what she seldom wears above once: a box of ribbands is next opened, out of which she takes what she likes, piece by piece, without even asking the price: then come the feathers, flowers, and lace veils: she takes them almost all, has enough for ten months at least, and desires the bills may be sent in. It is not an unusual thing for her to throw down her Cachemire shawl on the ground for her little dog, or, perhaps, one of the pointers belonging to her lord and master, to repose on, while she passes about two hours in reading some new romance, of which, if you ask her, she has forgot even the title; and as to the harp, which she once struck with such brilliant execution, she scarce ever touches it, unless at her private concerts; which, Heaven knows, are public enough, for they are a perfect crowd. But I know you are eager to learn how we were attired on the wedding-day: we were dreadfully troubled to make the bride-elect attend to reason; it was so horrid vulgar to be dressed in white at a wedding; for her part, she would like to be married in a printed calico, and her hair in papers: at length, the bridegroom was resolved every part of her dress should be French; this appeased her, and a gown of the finest Brussels lace, to be worn over Chinese silk,

determined her to be married in white.—In vain Lady Worthington urged the cause of our home manufacturers: “Quix me none of your formality,” politely answered Cleveland; “what great harm can my wife’s wedding-dress do to the clumsy weavers?”—Adelaide’s transparent bonnet was too large for her delicate little features, and it did not become her; but it was fashionable; it was of fine French blond, with a full plume of *marabout* feathers: she wore over her gown a *Cameron* body of white satin, richly ornamented with silk French trimming, and which gave a fine relief to the lace dress. I, as bridewoman, was dressed in a fine Bengal muslin, with stripes of lace let in, a broad lace flounce, and a profusion of trimming of the same costly material; a lace scarf and a white crape bonnet, adorned with a wreath of full-blown white roses, all from Mrs. Bell’s. The lovely and gentle Miss Worthington was habited in an Oriental robe of white spotted crape, her dark hair shaded by a fine net bonnet, with a *cordon* of small white roses at the edge, and a small plume of white ostrich feathers. Fitzosborn was neatly dressed in a coat of a beautiful sage colour, with white waistcoat, &c. silk stockings, and was every where taken for the bridegroom; for he, happy man, was habited in an American drab-coloured coat, with large and loose white trowsers. On our return home, the bride mounted a celestial blue sarsnet pelisse, under sprigged muslin, and put on an immense Leghorn bonnet, so that her little face was entirely lost; they then set off in a *barouche* drawn by four beautiful roans to an old family-seat belonging to the Cleveland. Here, in one week, the pensive Adelaide was *ennuyé à la mort*; though her mother and cousin were delighted with the rural scene, and the society around. The fashionable pair, however, both languished for the scenes of notoriety, and proposed a short sojournment here, till they should visit the more distant watering-places: and here, Adelaide positively declared, we must accompany her, and then that we would depart together for Weymouth, perhaps; in which vicinity her dear aunt, Lady Worthington, is gone on a visit for the summer, with her amiable daughter.

Our bridal dresses were of too great a

sameness to give you an idea of general fashion. White gowns, muslin or cambric, are universal this season. A few gipsy hats have appeared, but they do not take much; the large bonnets still retaining their pre-eminence. I am sorry mamma thinks the Highland cap I sent her too young for her; she is mistaken; they are worn by all ages, except those who have attained that of our dear grandmother; and very young ladies do not wear the Scotch cap in town. Do not wear your transparent bonnet for morning walks, unless it is to pay a morning visit of ceremony. Shorten your petticoats again, and display your pretty ankle; and let your boucles be laid in full plaits. The bor-

dered muslin gowns in colours, that you speak of, are already getting vulgar; do not think of buying one. My cousin Pelham, called on me in a frightful black straw hat, and says my brother Thomas has got just such another: tell Tom, if he wishes to be regarded any thing above the veriest country bumpkin in the north, to throw it away directly, let the weather be what it will; better have the headache than seek coolness at the risk of the loss of fashion.

I know he and you will excuse this *badinage*: for, believe me, I am possessed of all the Gothic principles of true affection, and for none more is that affection felt, than it is for you by your sister,

MARIA.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;
INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The Merchant of Venice has been performed at this Theatre, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Warde, in *Shylock*. His scene with *Tubal* was well executed, and he exhibited powers which require only to be duly disciplined by longer experience to render him an excellent actor: his conception of many parts of the character was original.

ENGLISH OPERA.

The Deserter of Naples has been performed here. Miss Kelly's *Louisa* has all the energy and feeling which this admirable actress possesses in so eminent a degree, and exercises upon all occasions, when she is presented with an opportunity.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODÉON.—Sketch of *The Glinet Family*; or, *The Commencement of the Ligue*; a comedy in five acts:—

The scene of this piece is laid at Melan, in the year 1576, a fatal year to France, when that impious *ligue* took place, when, under cover of the edict of peace, and that toleration granted to the worship of the Calvinists, France beheld a haughty family invested with papal colours, supported by the gold of Spain, and armed with

the thunders of the Vatican, propose to the misled people of France a sacrilegious association against the royal family, to force the King himself to abolish his own laws, and sign his consent to what would inevitably bring down upon him ruin and disgrace. At this period the French, to a man, took either the part of the Guises or declared against them; some, actuated by their secret attachment to the new doctrines, others, by their zeal for the ancient faith. These last were called *Liguers*, and they succeeded for some time in deceiving others, till Henry, indignant at his debasement, would no longer allow his name to serve as a rallying mark and a rampart to his enemies. He committed a crime to get rid of the Princes of Lorain, and joined the King of Navarre to regain a crown that his premature death scarce gave him time to transmit to him.

When the action of the piece begins, the *ligue* is not supposed to be formed; a Spanish agent, named *Paghara*, has introduced himself at Melan, where he has won the confidence of the family of *Glinet*, which hospitably receives him. This family is composed of three brothers; *Charles*, the master of the house, a physician, a sensible man, attached to the good cause, but indulgent towards those who are of a contrary opinion; *Arthur*, who, in fact, thinks like his brother *Charles*, but who differs from him by the exaltation of his ideas, and his severity against all who are averse to the good cause; lastly, *Egidius*, the sheriff of the district, a mere weathercock, always on the strongest side, and at that moment devoted to *Mayenne*, whose party has the advantage at Melan. *Madame Bertha*, the wife of *Charles Glinet*, exacting with *hauteur* that every one should think as she does, is fa-

M

vour of the house of Lorrain, and being seriously angry with her husband for paying attention to a sick royalist; the young *Henry*, her son, who at first, from docility to the commands of his mother, and through inexperience, adopts the colours of the Guises, and sacrifices them the next moment for those that his cousin *Susanna* requests him to wear; she is the daughter of *Arthur*, and, of course, a royalist like her father: next is a little waiting-maid of *Madame Bertha*, still more violently attached to the ligne than her mistress; and a footman belonging to *Arthur*, who expresses the same sentiments as his master, in the most *outré* manner.

It is in this family that the treacherous Spaniard begins to put in practice the instructions he has received from his court. He has, besides, built on the success of his political intrigues to bring about the making of his own individual fortune: he has a daughter at Madrid, and he cherishes the idea that he shall easily persuade the young *Henry* to give her the preference before *Susanna*, from whom he has been separated from childhood.

Unfortunately for *Paghera's* plans, *Susanna* arrives with her father *Arthur* at the dwelling of *Charles*. The two brothers have been separated on account of a law suit for above twelve years. *Charles* was the first to come forward to seek a reconciliation: he has been at his brother's house and brought him home in triumph. One interview between *Susanna* and *Henry* has been sufficient to bring together the two cousins. *Henry* throws away his Spanish colours, and proudly adorns himself with those of *Susanna*. Every thing seems to promise their speedy union, but *Madame Bertha*, informed of the sentiments of her brother-in-law and his daughter, becomes an insuperable bar to the marriage; she storms, she raves; and *Arthur* prepares to return to his native village.

It is in vain that *Charles* exerts his authority, in vain he urges all that reason, wisdom, and the rights of a husband and father can urge—he can obtain nothing from the obstinacy of his wife, nor from the inflexibility of his brother. However, touched, at length, by a last effort of the eloquence of *Charles*, *Arthur* yields. News of great importance soon gives a turn to this domestic fracas; the cannon is heard throughout Paris; *Mayenne* and the Duke of *Alençon* have come to close combat, and are advancing upon Melun; hopes and prayers are offered up by every member of this family, according to their different sentiments and interest. *Henry*, faithful to the engagements he has formed with *Susanna*, escapes to Melun; they are ignorant what is become of him, and the moment when it should be discovered offers to a dramatic author a situation the most natural and touching that can be imagined. The conqueror makes his entry into Melun, and *Egidius*, in his quality of sheriff, is one amongst the first to present him with the keys of the city. *Madame Bertha*, and her ad-

herents, have not the least doubt but this conqueror is *Mayenne*, and she orders bonfires to be lighted before her gates, and prepares to dress herself splendidly to offer him her homage. In the mean time it is announced that the wounded of both parties are to be billeted on the houses of the inhabitants; *Madame Bertha* does not understand having to take in a party belonging to *Alençon*; if one alone was to be brought in, she would know very well what to do with him; he should be sent away without receiving any succour: yes, she would send him off without so much as giving him a cup of cold water.—“Send away your own son, then,” says the good *Maclos*, who now enters, supporting the drooping *Henry* in his arms, who has received a slight wound in combatting for the royal cause. This is like a thunderstroke to *Madame Bertha*; while, at the same moment, the sheriff enters crying aloud,

“*Vive, vive la France et le Duc d'Alençon!*”

The whole city rejoices at the victory obtained by the Duke; and the natural affection of the inhabitants towards their monarch being no longer checked by fear, now vents itself in loud and ardent demonstrations. *Paghera*, who has signalized himself, like the other chiefs of the party of *Mayenne*, now enters pale, bleeding, and defeated, and happy to save himself from pursuit in the kindness of *Maclos*. *Bertha*, at length, is deeply impressed with the virtuous example of her excellent husband, and becomes a submissive and obedient wife. *Henry* and *Susanna* are united, and all past differences buried in oblivion.

There is but little action in this comedy; it is, however, extremely interesting: and what renders it so is the great variety displayed in the different characters, and which are faithfully portrayed through the whole piece—in the noble-minded *Charles*, the blunt and honest *Arthur*, the versatile *Egidius*, the tenacious and obstinate *Madame Bertha*, the servile *Colette*, the honest rustic *Maclos*, the ardent and impetuous *Henry*, with his artless and sensible cousin. *The Family of Glinet* is, however, not an historical play, it is a comedy representing modern manners and characters, only changing one century for another. There are few, we believe, in an audience who cannot see themselves or their neighbours represented in this piece.

THEATRE DE LA GAITE.—*The Village on Fire; or, Military Reprisals*.—This novelty was not ushered forth by any pompous announcements. The manager and the author both neglected this usual custom: the house, therefore, was not so full as might have been expected, but that does not take from the merits of the piece.

It possesses much interest, charming dancing, and beautiful decorations; presenting, at the same time, a terrific picture of the ravages of war, and the terrible right given to an enemy to revenge himself by an useless evil for an irreparable loss. The scene lies in America; the time, that of the struggle for independence. An American officer is massacred by two English spies; the General of the Independents gives orders for the village wherein the crime has been committed to be reduced to ashes, or for the guilty to be delivered up. The Governor of the country, to save his unfortunate fellow-citizens, declares himself the author of the murder, and generously devotes himself to death. His magnanimous falsehood is discovered; and the village, in consequence, given up to the discretion of the military power. But the officer, who has the charge of conducting the conflagration, is in love with the Governor's daughter: his love and his humanity inspire him with the idea of having recourse to stratagem. He causes bonfires to be kindled in all the most conspicuous places, which offer to the sight of the General the heart-rending image of a real conflagration. The General begins to repent of his severity, and his regret becomes twofold when he beholds the real delinquents, whose guilt has been positively and clearly proved. The young officer then discovers to him the stratagem, and the General, pleased at having been thus nobly deceived, gives his consent to the union of the two lovers.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Introductory Lecture for the Diseases of the Ear. By J. H. Curtis, Esq. Auriat to the Prince Regent, &c. &c.

This Lecture was delivered at the Royal Dispensary, in 1816; and the author has now been induced to publish it for the good of practitioners, whereby they will be enabled to judge how important it is to make a separate study of this useful branch. This, as he justly styles it, "intricate organ," requiring peculiar care and attention.

Hearing is certainly one of the most valuable of the senses; social life is supported by it, and next to sight, it is of the utmost

consequence to our domestic comforts, which are deadened, and almost totally destroyed by its loss.

The author of this lecture can, however, speak better on this subject, as a practitioner, whose skill is now highly estimated by an enlightened world, than we can; we shall, therefore, lay before our readers a few particulars in his own words.

IMPORTANCE OF THE SENSE OF HEARING.

"I need hardly state to you, in estimating the different senses, the great importance of hearing, especially to man; it is the grand medium which connects him with society, and that extends information and intelligence far beyond what the eye, or any of the other senses can do. Through this medium man is enabled to conduct the great and complicated business of life. By it his language is heard in the senate, and his commands in the field. It forms the mutual and unembarrassed communication of all sentiment and expression.

"The organs of voice, the most pre-eminent distinction of man, are even useless, unless their powers are excited through the agency of this sense; and where hearing is defective in early life, dumbness is generally the consequence."

INTERESTING CASE RELATED BY BUFFON.

"A young man of the town of Chartes, about twenty-four, who had been deaf from his birth, began all at once to speak, to the astonishment of all who knew him.

"He informed his friends, that for three or four months before, he had heard the sound of bells; and that he was extremely surprised at this new and unknown sensation.

"Some time after, a kind of humour issued from his left ear, and then he heard distinctly with both. During these three or four months, he listened to every thing; and without attempting to speak aloud, he accustomed himself to utter softly the words spoken by others. He laboured hard in acquiring the pronunciation of words, and in learning the ideas annexed to them. At length, thinking himself qualified to break silence, he declared he could speak, though still imperfectly. Soon after, he was interrogated by some able divines, concerning his former condition. The principal questions turned upon God, the soul, and moral good and evil; but of these subjects he seemed to have not the smallest conception. Though he was born of Catholic parents, attended mass, was instructed to make the sign of the cross, and to assume all the external marks of devotion, he comprehended nothing of their real intention. He had formed no distinct idea of death, and existed purely in an animal state: wholly occupied with sensible objects, and with the few ideas he had acquired by the eye, he drew no conclusions from them. He did not want parts; but the understanding of a man,

when deprived of the intercourse of society, has so little exercise or cultivation, that he never thinks but when sensible objects obtrude themselves on his mind. The great source of human ideas arises from the reciprocal intercourse of society."

INTERNAL SITUATION OF THE EAR.

"The situation of the ear, we may observe, is more internal, and its powers more concentrated than those of the eye; its nervous expansion is more limited, and the bodies which act upon it are denser, and more solid than those of light; hence the sensations conveyed by it are limited, though more numerous and durable than those of the eye."

IRREPARABLE NEGLIGENCE, RESULTING FROM THINKING DEAFNESS INCURABLE.

"It has been unfortunately laid down as a maxim, that the diseases of this organ are incurable. But this opinion has no just foundation; and, in fact, might have been applied with equal propriety to the other organs, on which we daily see such admirable cures performed. Indeed, there can be no doubt but experience, joined with an ardent desire to improve, will be attended with the same success in this as in every other branch of the medical science."

"But to such a length has prejudice been carried on this subject, that in cases of deafness in early childhood, where much might have been done, and the misfortune of a settled disease is a great measure averted, no attempt has even been made to ascertain the defect, or try the smallest means of relief, under the fallacious, and unfortunate idea for the sufferer, that he will outgrow the disease, or that the organ will acquire an acuteness or increased powers as life advances, which it does not possess at that period."

"No opinion deserves more to be condemned, or is more against the interest of society; there are indeed diseases of this nature, but they are of the constitutional class, and depend on a general fault of habit—they are not local, or affections of one part. Thus, scrofula, or king's evil, as puberty advances, and the system acquires greater tone and firmness from the changes which take place at that period, loses much of its virulence and morbid action, and, therefore, is a certain degree, the constitution may be said, as it acquires strength, to outgrow the disease; but even here it is found that, unless medicine lend its aid, numerous victims would be lost before the salutary time of life or out-growing era did arrive."

"This popular prejudice I am endeavouring to combat, may be considered as one cause that impedes the progress of medicine, for it prevents patients applying to the practitioner on the commencement of a malady—the idea of nature curing disease in general, though proper to be entertained to a certain length by a professional character, should be opposed as a general opinion, from conveying a want of confidence in a

science which is justly considered as the most useful.

"The diseases of the ear, like those of other parts, are often constitutional; and the general treatment of the constitution will therefore influence the malady of the particular part. The same course of medicines that removes other constitutional symptoms, has an equal effect on this organ; and if there are no other constitutional symptoms but deafness, then, employing internal medicines, according to the regular method observed, will remove this complaint."

SENSE OF HEARING IN MAN.

"Though hearing is more perfect in man than in any other animal, it is not so at the period of birth; an infant hears at first very imperfectly, and only strong sounds; but this arises, in part, from the passage, or mucus externus being covered with a viscid mucus, or discharge from the ceruminous glands of the ear, in a similar manner as the meconium fills up the intestines: on the removal of this original layer, or deposition, the sense soon appears perfect, but not so strong as at an after period of life. Indeed, as we find the meconium, with some children, at birth, possesses a morbid viscidness; so, in the same manner, the secretion most analogous to it will partake of a similar state, and may therefore be suspected where congenital deafness occurs, by examining the state of the first passages, or *primæ viæ*."

NERVOUS DEAFNESS.

"Hence of all species of deafness, that termed nervous, or which affects the delicate nervous expansion of the ear, is the most serious. In consequence of the little success that has attended the practice in nervous deafness, I have conceived in such constitutions the quantity of air admitted by the external ear is too great; and in order to produce an equal balance between it and that admitted by the mouth, or through the passage of the Eustachian tube, I have been induced, lately, to adopt successfully a new mode of practice pursued on the Continent, which I shall have occasion to mention in a subsequent part of the course."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Works of Madame Riccobini, complete.
Six Vols. 8vo. Paris.

THE romances of this celebrated female writer are too well known in Europe to render it requisite for us to analyze them; but we cannot forbear remarking that they are singular for never containing events out of nature, nor those high-flown sentiments that are unknown in the commerce of real life: all her descriptions, all her adventures, bear on them the stamp of truth and nature. Her heroes are not demi-gods, according to the general rules

of romance; neither are they particularly strong-minded, or high in rank, but are placed in the ordinary situations of life; and yet the reader is as much interested with their fate, as when that fate is brought about by the most incredible or extraordinary means. The principal merit of Madame Riccobini's writings, consists in the charming manner of her telling the story, the ease and elegance of her style, the originality of her portraits, the justness of her observations, which discover a profound knowledge, and which always have the rare merit of never digressing from the main subject: thus the romances of Madame Riccobini have this advantage, they are not only amusing to the superficial reader, but to more serious people, who may be desirous of relaxing from abstruser studies. Morals are carefully respected, and the lesson offered by the works of Madame Riccobini is mild and pure; while all her characters have the air and manners of people accustomed to mix with the more refined classes of society.

These romances are not like too many others, improper for the perusal of youth. They do not vitiate the taste by giving the picture of a world existing only in imagination. They do not kindle the passions into flame, by descriptions as dangerous as they are seducing. We often see the misfortunes attendant on a first fault in these instructive volumes, but meet oftener a virtuous conduct meeting its just reward: and these lessons are set forth in so pleasing and natural a manner, that they deeply interest the reader, and dispose the heart to receive those impressions it was the writer's intention to inculcate. We cannot, then, forbear highly recommending this new edition, which is got up with the nicest care, and ornamented with beautiful engravings.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

It will be gratifying to the lovers of Scottish literature to be informed, that a volume of *Poems and Songs*, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, will shortly be published, by the late Richard Gall. Mr. Gall died several years ago, in the bloom of youth, when his genius and taste had introduced him to gentlemen eminent in the literary world. He enjoyed the friendship and cor-

respondence of Burns, Campbell, Macniel, and other eminent poets of the day; it is said that his poems breathe a tenderness and simplicity honourable to the head and heart of the author.

Campbell; or, The Scottish Probation, a novel, in three volumes, 12mo. will shortly appear.

Sentimental Lines, selected from celebrated plays, by John Wilson, third edition, 12mo.

Early Genius, exemplified in the juvenile pursuits of eminent foreigners, 18mo.

Dr. Spiker, one of the librarians of his Majesty the King of Prussia, who recently visited this country for literary and scientific objects, has published, in German, the first volume of his *Tour through England, Wales, and Scotland*. The work will extend to three volumes, a translation of which will be published here, under the authority, and with some additional remarks by the author.

The Memoirs of Count Grammont are about to be published, printed elegantly in two pocket volumes, and at a moderate price. This highly distinguished work, which was written by Count Hamilton, owes its celebrity as much to the *piquant* graces of its narrative, as to the rich store of secret anecdote with which it abounds, of distinguished personages of the courts of Charles and James II. It has been published hitherto only in an expensive form, which must have prevented that general circulation to which it would otherwise have attained; that obstacle will be removed by the present edition.

Dr. Jones's new translation of the four Gospels, into Welch, will be published in a few days, in a duodecimo volume.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

I'm certain he'll come if he can; sung by Mrs. Bland, set to music by Mr. Hook.

The style of this little pastoral air is particularly suited to the silver tones of Mrs. Bland's voice, which is always listened to with peculiar pleasure, when pouring forth this simple kind of harmony. We greatly admire the *preludio*, and the *refrains*, or burthen of the song before us; but we anxiously look forward to some novel productions from such a composer as Mr.

Hook ; and are astonished at finding such powers for composition as we know him to be possessed of laying, in a manner, dormant, when they might afford so much real pleasure, in the operatic line, to all the lovers of harmonic science, by subjects better adapted to a veteran composer's skill than the above air.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF HESSE-HOMBOURG.

HOMBOURG was, before the late system of making and unmaking sovereigns, an appanage of a younger branch of the family of Hesse-Darmstadt, and under the sovereignty of the Grand Duke of Hesse, with a territory literally not much exceeding in size that of Lilliput, as described by Gulliver, "twelve miles in circumference." Now the little state is swelled into an absolute monarchy : a patch of territory is given to it on the opposite side of the Rhine ; it masters from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand subjects, and contains ten square German, about fifty English miles. This enormous aggrandizement is owing to the influence at Vienna of the four or five sons of the reigning sovereign, distinguished and meritorious officers in the service of the Emperor of Austria. Of the elder brother, the hereditary Prince (the husband of the Princess Elizabeth), every body speaks well, as a brave honest soldier. One of the brothers is married to a Princess of Prussia.—Hombourg is a pretty little place, in a beautiful country, under noble mountains : the reigning sovereign a worthy, infirm, old Prince. The revenue of the state, about fifteen thousand pounds a-year. The hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has long been attached to the Princess of Hesse-Hombourg, the only sister of the husband of our Princess ; but there is "one fair daughter and no more ;" and the old sovereign of Hombourg loving her more than "passing well," long declared the impossibility of parting with her. He has now, at last, been induced to consent, with tears in his eyes, to the separation, but he cannot bring himself to remain at Hombourg during the marriage, and will return to it only to welcome his married son and his illustrious English daughter-in-law. The old Landgrave is somewhat *bizarre* in his character ; and when he at last assented to

his daughter's marriage, it was on condition that it should take place the 1st of April.

It is a curious fact that the present will not be the first connexion of little Hesse-Hombourg with England. As far back as the year 1294, Hombourg became, by a singular bargain, a fief of our Edward I. The Emperor Adolphus (of Nassau) was involved in a dispute with Philip of France, with whom our Edward being also disposed to quarrel, he entered into a close alliance with the Emperor, and engaged him to declare war against Philip. The chief agent between the two sovereigns, and promoter of the alliance, was Adolphus's favourite, Eberhard, Count of Catzenellenbogen, and Lord of Hombourg. The King of England, in his anxiety to secure him to his interest, persuaded him to become his vassal, seconded his proposal by five hundred pounds, English gold, which, it appears, possessed as much attraction to little Princes in those days as in these. The Count could not resist the offer, and actually took the oath of allegiance, before an English ambassador, to the English King, for the castle and town of Hombourg.

SINGULAR ZOOPHYTE.

IN a cavern in the island of St. Lucie, on the borders of the sea, is a large basin, of the depth of about twelve or fifteen feet, the waters of which are brackish, and the bottom composed of rocks ; from which are constantly ascending substances, which, at first sight, resemble beautiful flowers, having very much the appearance of marigolds, but of a much more bright and glaring colour. These apparent flowers, at the approach of a hand or any instrument, retire like snails, probably into the interior of the rocks. On observing them closely, four filaments of a brown colour are perceptible, something similar to the legs of spiders ; these antennae, which move rapidly round a kind of petal, are armed with pincers to seize the prey that may present itself ; and no sooner is it seized, than the yellow flower closes, to prevent the object escaping that it holds in these pincers.—Beneath the flower is a brown-coloured stalk, probably the receptacle of the animal. This zoophyte appears to feed on the spawn of fish, and water insects.

They are found of all colours in the north seas during the summer; they lose their beauty when taken; and cause blisters on the hands of those that touch them.

MADAME MANSON.

THE following letter was written lately by Madame Manson to the editor of *Le Journal des Debats* :—

"TILL now I have constantly refused to sit for my portrait; indeed, I have taken all possible means to disappoint the schemes of some certain artists, during the trial concerning Fualdes: is it out of revenge for my refusals that they have produced those grotesque and ridiculous figures, to which they have done me the favour of putting my name? 'This is Madame Manson,' it is said, and curiosity eagerly runs after it.

"Since it is my fate to see my portrait dispersed through every corner of the kingdom, I should wish, at least, it might resemble me, and prove that whatever portraits have hitherto been published of me are only those of *fancy* and *imagination*. I will, as much as lies in my power, prevent the French from being duped; and if there are a few individuals who wish to see the likeness of a woman, unfortunately, alas! too celebrated, I can certify that the only painter to whom I have sat is M. Garnier-Narcisse, and that the portrait he has taken of me is a faithful resemblance.

"ENJALBAN-MANSON.

"N. B. M. Garnier-Narcisse intends to send this portrait to London, and to other capital cities."

A RELIC OF SUPERSTITION AMONG THE GAEL.

AT Cluny, the residence of the chieftain of the McPhersons, there is a magical circle, or belt, four yards wide, supposed to contain a virtue, which, in the most dangerous extremities, procures parturition with perfect safety to the mother and child. This talisman is called, in Gaelic, *Cris Vreck*, or speckled girdle. It consists of tanned leather, about four inches broad: it is doubled, and, at short distances, embroidered with crosses, figures of birds, fishes, and quadrupeds. Forty years since, horsemen and footmen came express, at the distance of many days' journey, to solicit the use of

this specific, which often had hardly been placed round the sufferer, when a fine boy or girl inhaled the vital air. The reason is obvious: in tedious cases, the time required for nature to effect her operations is completed while the *envoy* has been procuring the charm.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS IN PARIS.

RECKONING together theatres, balls, concerts, foreign spectacles, evening entertainments, and public gardens, there are, in Paris, one hundred and fourteen places of amusement where it is requisite to pay at the doors to gain admission: added to which there are a number of public-houses in the suburbs where the lower classes dance, several rural balls and village fêtes. In Paris there are likewise a prodigious number of coffee-houses, billiard tables, and gaming-tables, both public and private; and every one of these places are thronged with people, every one of the fifty-two Sundays in the year.

One single Boulevard, that of the Temple, within the small space of one hundred and thirty feet, contains five theatres, four or five exhibitions of curiosities, a public garden, and a dozen coffee-houses: some of which are ornamented with as many looking-glasses as there were in the whole palace of Versailles, in the time of Louis XIV.; and, thanks to gas-lights, better illuminated than the palaces of the Cæsars, when in all the height of their glory.

People of cynical manners will assert, that the increasing number and splendour of these numerous places of dissipation, are proofs of the deplorable corruption of morals in the present age: while, in the eye of the optimist, it seems the gratifying testimony of the progress of industry, and the increase of wealth and ease among the inferior classes of society. Probably there may be something of that: but when they give also that as a proof of the progress of the arts to the attainment of perfection, it is no such thing. This myriad of theatres, from that in the Rue Transnonain to the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, does not prevent the Parisians from feeling how difficult it will be to get the Theatre Français on its former footing: how will they ever replace Fleury, Saint-Prix, Caumont, and Mademoiselle Raucourt?

BIRTHS.

At Grove-House, Blackheath, the Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon, of a son. We understand it is Lord Huntingdon's intention to commemorate his succession to the title, by naming this boy Robin Hood.

At Xeres, in Spain, the lady of John David Gordon, Esq. jun. of Wardhouse, Aberdeenshire, of a son.

MARRIED.

By special licence, at St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Windsor, the Marquis of Bute, to the Lady Maria North, eldest daughter of the late George, Earl of Guildford. The bride was given away by his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Charles Aston, eldest son of Dr. Key, of London, to Anne, third daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Lovick Cooper, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, and niece of Dr. A. Cooper, of London.

DIED.

At his Lordship's seat, Port Eliot, Cornwall, the Countess of St. Germaine.

At his house, in St. James's-square, Viscount Anson. His Lordship, who was descended from a sister of the first Lord Anson, and who inherited the estates of that family, was born in 1767, and was created a Peer, by patent, in 1806. He was married, in 1794, to the second daughter of T. W. Coke, Esq. of Norfolk. There are seven surviving children of this marriage; of whom, Thomas William, the eldest son, born in 1795, succeeds to the title and estates.

In Grosvenor-place, after a lingering illness, the Right Hon. General Lord Muncaster, aged 73. His Lordship inherited the title and estates on the death of his brother, in 1813, and is succeeded in both by his only son, the Hon. Lower Augustus John Pennington, a minor.

In the 76th year of his age, Francis Newbery, Esq. of St. Paul's Church-yard.

Mr. Abraham Thornton, sen. farmer, of Castle Bromwich, Warwickshire, father of Abraham Thornton, tried and acquitted of the murder of Mary Ashford.

Lately, in the United States of America, Sir John Oldmixon, once known in fashionable life, but having retired from this country about twenty-five years ago, he sunk into obscurity, and has died neglected and forgotten.

Lately, at Paris, in the 70th year of his age, M. Monge, one of the greatest geometricians of the age, and a distinguished member of the French institute. He was one of the men of science who formed part of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt.

In Dublin, in the 83d year of his age, Cennely, the father of the Irish stage, and the contemporary of Edwin, Shuter, O'Reilly, and Ryder. In his time he was an excellent comedian, and the particular friend and companion of O'Keefe.

At Brompton, in the 75th year of her age, deeply regretted by her family and friends, Miss Pope, of Newman-street, Oxford-street, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

At Dundee, in the 100th year of his age, John Fraser, a native of Strathspey, and one of the few remaining adherents of Prince Charles Stuart—having fought under that unfortunate Prince in 1745 and 1746.

At his house, Broad-court, Long-acre, aged 56, Mr. Thomas Goold, wholesale fruiterer of Covent-garden market. He was a sincere friend, and truly honest man; much esteemed by those who had the pleasure of knowing him, and regretted by the trade, of which he was a worthy member: he has left a widow to bemoan his irreparable loss.

At the Ville of Dunkirk, near Boughton-under-the-Blean, David Ferguson, aged 124 years.—Ferguson was a Scotchman, but had resided in the Ville of Dunkirk between fifty and sixty years; he was, until a few years back, a very industrious, active, and hard-working labourer. The following account which he gave of himself is extracted from a memoir of this remarkable old man, lately published:—"He was born at Netherud, in the parish of Kirkcud, about ten miles north of Drumieguir, the youngest of fifteen children; his father's name was James, his mother's maiden name Somerville. He was at school at Dunsyre, in Lanarkshire, about nine miles from Lanark; his mother's friends came from Niebiken, in the parish of Carnwaith; he was bred a shoemaker at Linton, on the Dumfries road, about three miles from Cair Muir; he first entered into the army in a regiment of dragoons called the Glasgow Grays (not the present Scots Grays); after this he served in the 70th regiment; that he was about twelve or thirteen years old at the battle of Sheriff Muir; was at the battle of Malplaquet; remembers Queen Anne, and has seen the Duke of Marlborough in England; he recollects Lord Stair calling upon his father, who was a farmer, and left the estate of Cair Muir, in consequence of Lawson, of Cair Muir, throwing three farms into one for sheep." The remains of the old man were interred in Boughton Church-yard, attended by a numerous assemblage of both old and young persons; and one common sentiment of regret seemed to pervade all classes, at the last farewell of their old friend, who was universally beloved.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL original articles for the Poetical department of *LA BOURG ASSEMBLER* having been unavoidably postponed, we shall be obliged to attend to them before some effusions sent us by G. P. B. The Drama that he has sent will certainly be too long for our monthly columns, but shall be noticed in our SUPPLEMENT, or yearly Review.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the British, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger Office*, *Clare-court*, *Drury-lane*, London.

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OCTOBER 1, 1816.



Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Nemours
Engraved by Latour from an original drawing by Partridge.

Published by John Bell, Oct 12 1818

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the Duchess of Kent is appointed guardian, according to the present marriage contract.

large, ever prone to honour and appreciate worth and virtue, cannot fail to experience the most heart-felt gratification by this auspicious marriage.

This amiable and truly illustrious Prin-



Published by John Bell, Glasgow, 1868.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

For SEPTEMBER, 1812

A. Deba and Imprinted. Paris.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Fourteen.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

When every virtue that can adorn humanity, while it adds lustre to a coronet, is found shining conspicuous in those of illustrious birth, the historian and the biographer dwell with delight on such rare endowments, and are emulous of handing down their memorial to posterity; happy in the idea that such memorial will be perpetuated to distant ages, a lasting monument of the dignity of human nature.

The members of the present house of Saxe-Cobourg are all worthy of the princely race from whence they sprung, and of the high and royal alliances they have formed. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the illustrious object of this sketch, whose likeness we have the gratification of presenting this month to our readers, was born at Cobourg, in the year 1786, and received the baptismal names of Victoria-Mary Louisa.

The Princess was married early in life to the Prince of Leinengen, and at his demise, which took place in 1814, she was appointed Regent of that principality. By this marriage the Princess of Leinengen had two children; a son, the present Prince of Leinengen, aged fourteen, and a Princess, aged ten, and to whom her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent is appointed guardian, according to the present marriage contract.

This amiable and truly illustrious Prin-

cess, was the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Cobourg; and was educated altogether with her truly excellent and accomplished brother, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, under the immediate care and inspection of their august and well-informed mother, a Princess whose merit and judgment have gained her the most high and well-deserved admiration of all who have the honour and happiness of approaching her.

Her daughter has proved herself worthy of such a parent: the Princess, in her single state, lived idolized in the hearts of every inhabitant of Cobourg; and in her first marriage, which she adorned by her virtues, she found herself equally loved, honoured, and estimated throughout the principality of Leineugen. Affability and kindness accompany every word and gesture of this exalted and charming female, and while her dignity commands respect, her amiability ensures the love of all who are so happy as to come within her influence.

The Duke of Kent, whose popularity continually increases by his late unremitting attention to the public good, will, we are well assured, know how to estimate such a treasure; and the English nation at large, ever prone to honour and appreciate worth and virtue, cannot fail to experience the most heart-felt gratification by this auspicious marriage.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 53.)

—“Dear Music, that can touch,
 “Beyond all else, the soul that loves thee much.”—MOORE'S LALLAH ROOKH.

MUSIC OF INDOSTAN.

THE instrumental part of the music of Indostan is rather noisy, from the constant use of drums of all sizes, and of trumpets and pipes, even from that so large as to require a man to bear the mouth-piece on his shoulder while it is played by another, to the smallest reed. They have the double pipe, which is seen in antique sculptures, but which is not remarkable for the sweetness of its tones. There are several instruments of the guitar and lute kind, some of which are formed of hollow gourds, by way of sounding boards; and from a triangular harp or lyre, the tones are charming. There is also an instrument played with a bow, something like a dancing master's kit; the strings of which are of iron or brass wire, and the fingers used for fretting the strings are armed with thimbles of metal: the tones from this instrument are not replete with that mellowness we find in Europe.

Yet there is little doubt but what the ancient music of Indostan was infinitely superior to the modern. They ascribed such a divine art, as well they might, to the Gods alone; and the Bramins, at this time, suppose it to have been communicated to man by Brahma himself. The pastoral people in the neighbourhood of Mathura, delighted in singing the loves and adventures of their hero, Krishna, who was himself the patron of music, and is often represented dancing while he plays on a reed. The scale of the Hindoos comprehends seven sounds, called *sa, ri, ga, ma, pa, dha, ni*, and in the octave they reckon twenty-two quarters and thirds.

The six chief modes are personified as beautiful youths, the genii of music, and presiding over the six seasons. Bhairava is lord of the cheerful, dry, or autumnal season, and his strains invite the dancer to accompany them. Malava rules the cold and melancholy month, and with his

attendant Pagnis, complains of slighted love, or bewails the pains of absence. Sri-raga patronizes the dewy season, which is the time of delight, that ushers in the spring, the fragrant, and the flowery time over which Hindola, or Vasanta, presides. When the oppressive heats come on, the soft and languid melody of Diapaca sympathizes with the fevered feelings, while the refreshing season of the new rains bestows a double pleasure when accompanied by the sweet strains of Megha.

It is extraordinary that when we consider music as being one of the dearest objects of sense to all mankind, that we should find the Chinese, who have so long been a civilized people, still without any eminent composers or performers. Dr. Burney is of opinion that “there is a physical defect in the intellects or organization of all the sons of men, except in Europe; and that a perfect ear, and the power of delighting it, are local.”—This, we think, is advancing too much, and giving too much praise to one quarter of the globe at the expence of another. Had this learned writer on the art of music asserted that Europe contains more unremitting industry amongst her inhabitants, we should be more ready to accede to his opinion.

The English, in themselves, do not form a very musical nation: and the number of volumes in the British Museum of music, has no proportion to those on the other arts.

In the music book of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. in the Pepys collection, at Cambridge, are several of his compositions; and Anne of Boleyn, while she resided in France, collected and learned a great number of them. In the British Museum is a very beautiful MS. consisting of French songs of the fifteenth century, in three or four parts; and the most capital

collection of Josquin's works are also in the British Museum.

A very curious and valuable musical MS. is preserved, which once belonged to Dr. Robert Fayrfax, an eminent English composer in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.: it was afterwards in the possession of General Fairfax, and in the year 1787 was the property of Mr. White, of Newgate-street. It consists of a collection of very ancient English songs, the music of which have been carefully preserved. The writing is clear and intelligible; though, from the time in which it was written, the want of modern punctuation in some parts, renders it difficult to be ascertained.

In the year 1512, the third of Henry VIII. a memorandum is made that three minstrels were retained as a part of the Earl of Northumberland's household, viz. a taberet, a lute, and a rebec. Every minstrel, if a taberet, to be paid four pounds, and every lute and rebec, thirty-three shillings and fourpence.

Henry VIII. in his youth, made music a serious study; he had a finished education, and was eminent as a musician. He composed two entire masses, which were always sung in the King's chapel. He exercised himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, throwing the bar, playing on recorders, flutes, virginals, setting of songs to music, and learning of ballads.

Great attention was paid to choral music when this Prince succeeded his father on the throne of Great Britain, before his breach with the sovereign Pontiff of Rome. Six singing boys, and six gentlemen of the choir, always made a part of the royal retinue. And Henry could not only perform the music of others, but was sufficiently skilled in counterpoint to compose several pieces, as may be seen by an anthem in Boyce's collection. In the time of Henry's reign it was reckoned a requisite accomplishment for a gentleman to sing a part in the full pieces then in vogue, and not only for a private gentleman, but even for nobles and Princes.

When Henry VIII. resolved to emancipate himself from the control of the Pope, he made no other change in ecclesiastical music than merely adapting it to English

words; and the plain song of the Romish church in the principal hymns and responses in the Common Prayer, remained nearly the same, as may be seen in the *Te Deum laudamus*. It seems, too, as we may safely conclude, that the chief part of such portions of scripture, or hymns of the church, as have been set by English musicians to Latin words, were produced before the Reformation, or, at least, in the time of Queen Mary. When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, a school of counterpoint, equal to any in Europe, was founded.

Before the Reformation as there was but one religion so there was but one kind of ecclesiastical music, which was plain chant; and this kind of sacred music was all derived, in the middle ages, from the church of Rome.

Henry was, however, as we have said before, not only a judge but an encourager of music. Beside the household band on his establishment, he had supernumerary musicians in his service: the number of singing boys in his chapel are not specified, but there is an account of the allowance made them for their maintenance, and also for their teaching.

In the sixteenth century, music certainly was looked on as the best regale that could be given to any foreign Prince, or person of high rank. The Emperor Charles V. was entertained here with music during his meals.

It was in the reign of Edward VI. that metrical psalmody, in the same manner as it is yet sung in our parochial churches, commenced; and which was versified by Sternhold and Hopkins. Sternhold was groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and afterwards of the bedchamber to Edward VI. He was then accounted a most excellent poet.

Until the year 1549, parish churches had all used the same kind of chant as cathedrals (styled the plain chant), with English words; but during the reign of Mary, ecclesiastical music was again transferred to Latin words. The gloomy Princess herself was a performer on the virginals, an instrument resembling the spinnet, and also on the lute. Queen Catharine of Arragon, her mother, after her separation

from the King, writes to her, to "suffer cheerfully, keep her heart clean," and after recommending the outward duties of her religion, the injured Queen desires her to recreate herself with "her virginals and her lute."

Fuller informs us, that, on Mary's coming to the crown, she caused a solemn dirge, in Latin, to be chanted on the day her royal brother's body was buried at Westminster.

During the long and prosperous reign of Elizabeth, choral music became as eminent in England as in any other part of Europe. Elizabeth had been taught music at a very early age: her voice, though shrill, was sweet, and she touched the lute with taste and skill.

On the accession of James I. to the throne of England, the polite arts did not make any very rapid progress. Though Rizzio, in the time of his unfortunate mother, no doubt introduced much improvement in the national music of Scotland, yet we find James, neither from nature nor education, as taking much pleasure in music. Early, however, in his reign, the gentlemen belonging to the Chapel Royal obtained an increase of ten pounds to their annual stipend, so that the King shewed himself desirous of encouraging the sons of harmony. But anthems, masques, madrigals, songs, and catches, seem to comprise the whole of our vocal music at that time, either for the church, the stage, or the

private concert: to which may be added instrumental productions, styled *frotins*, composed chiefly for lutes and viols: they were very insipid, and the lovers of good music can never feel their loss.

Prince Henry was said to be a lover of music, and a performer; but if this idea is only formed from the list of musicians on his establishment, it may be erroneous: it was a matter of dignity and ancient custom for a Prince of Wales to have minstrels and musicians in his service; no particular records prove that this Prince had any real passion for music, neither can any memorials be found of his ever availing himself of the advantage of his musical band in honouring them with his commands in any signal manner to prove their talents.

We are told by Riscobini that James I. on his coming to the throne, in 1603, granted a licence to a company of players, in which *Interludes* are included; but an interlude then was only another word for a play. Masques were not mentioned in the patent: they were performed in the houses of the nobility on very festive occasions, the machinery and decorations being too expensive for the Theatres; indeed the characters were generally represented by the first personages in the kingdom: when at court, the King, Queen, and Princes of the blood often performed in them.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

THE COUNTESS OF GRAMMONT.

THE maiden name of this lady was Hamilton, and she was one of the beauties that adorned the court of Charles II. The Count de Grammont, before his marriage with her, used always to say, she was one of the best creatures in the whole world. She had the air and carriage of a Queen, and all those manners which are only to be gained by a sojournment in a brilliant and polite court. Her wit was poignant, her erudition profound, and her character and manners most exemplary and amiable. That reserve, so natural to Englishwomen, which by some foreigners is mistaken for pride, was tempered by an enlightened and

enlarged mind. It was always said of this lady that she had so much wit that it had a kind of magnetic influence, and whoever came near her seemed, in some degree, to have imbibed it from her. She united every duty as a wife to the knowledge she had, too fatally for her peace, of those indiscretions of her husband, which such a mind as hers could not fail to despise.

LADY NORTHESK.

ABOUT the summer of 1778, the Countess of Northesk rested at an inn in Litchfield, on her way to Scotland, whither she was going by the shortest possible stages. She had been a year in England for the benefit

of her health, and wasting rapidly away, the advice of the most eminent physicians of London and Bath having been ineffectual. Her Ladyship told the mistress of the inn at Litchfield, that she was going home to die: the woman replied, "I wish, Madam, you would send for our Doctor," meaning Dr. Darwin, the celebrated author of the *Botanic Garden*. Lady Northesk gave her consent.

The Doctor pressed her to remove with her daughter and attendants to his house. The invitation was accepted; Lady Northesk reposed on a couch, during the day, in Dr. Darwin's parlour, drawing, with difficulty, that breath which seemed often on the verge of evaporation. She was thin, even to transparency; her cheeks, at times, suffused with a flush, beautiful though

hectic. Her eyes were lucid and full of intelligence; if they were sometimes deadened by the languor of disease, they were re-illuminated by every observation to which she listened, whether to the powers of lettered excellence, science, or art: her friendly physician constantly assuring her that she should not die thus prematurely if he could prevent it.

He gave her but little medicine, and made her live on vegetables, milk, and fruit; and she gathered strength from day to day, pursuing her journey to Scotland, a convalescent full of hope.

Lady Northesk might have lived to an old age, the blessing of her family and friends, had she not perished by the dreadful accident of setting fire to her clothes.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

THE COMTESSE DE CHARLUS.

THIS lady was of a family which, though noble, could not boast much of its ancestry. Her face, her figure, her carriage, her sluttishness, and whole behaviour, were so coarse and disgusting, that she might have been thought to trace her descent from those women who cry fish in the streets. The strongest trait in the character of this Countess was her unequalled avarice; for she would dress herself like a common beggar, and take any thing that was given her. She was, besides, uncommonly addicted to gaming; excessively proud, vulgar, and even brutal in her behaviour to her equals. One night, when she was very old, grey, and almost bald-headed, she supped at the Princess de Conti's, that she might sit down after supper to play at night. At that time the ladies wore their head-dresses of so ridiculous a height that the King was seriously displeased with them; and though his Majesty had taken all possible pains to make them after this disguising fashion, it still continued to prevail. The women, who were old, wore a kind of *the* ready curled and elevated in false hair, and which, without being otherwise attached to their heads, they put on as men put on their wigs. The Countess de

Archbishop de Reims, Le Tellier; and without heeding what she was about, being always accustomed to give way to all her accustomed rudeness of behaviour, she set fire to her head-dress. The Archbishop, who saw her head in a blaze, snatched off her cap, and threw it on the ground. Madame de Charlus, neither seeing nor feeling the fire, turned towards the Archbishop in a transport of rage, and threw an egg, which she was holding in her hand, right in his face, making use of all those terms of opprobrium which might naturally be expected from a character like hers. It can be easily conceived what a spectacle such a woman must present to the illustrious company assembled at the Hotel de Conti, with her head despoiled of its artificial covering, and animated by the most furious passion; while M. de Reimes, whose face was remarkably broad, was varnished all over with the yolk of an egg. A peal of laughter shook the *salle à manger*; but nothing hurt Madame de Charlus so much as to see the Archbishop laugh as heartily as the others, and putting up with the chastisement she bestowed on him in boxing his ears, by laughing yet more heartily than before. Madame de Conti could scarce bring her to herself, or prevent her by all her kindness from grumbling the whole night.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF THE MARQUIS DE SOUVRE.

LOUIS XV. was strongly suspected, during the time of the scarcity of bread in his kingdom, to have been at the head of a corn speculation. A little time before the death of the Marchioness de Pompadour, the mob followed the King's carriage with the reiterated and distressing cries of—"Bread, Sire, bread!"—The guard was unable to quell the tumult, and the King returned to Versailles, stung to the quick. A creature of Madame de Pompadour, seeing the distress of the King, broke silence, and told his Majesty he was very much surprised at the want of reason as well as justice in the people, in their cries for bread, when they were seated on immense heaps of wheat in the market-place, and that bread was at a very moderate price indeed.

The Marquis de Souvre, shocked at such a violation of truth, took his gloves and his hat, and seemed in a violent hurry to get to the door.—"Where are you going in such haste?" said the King.—"Sire," replied Souvre, "if you will permit me, I am going to hang my scoundrel of a *maître d'hôtel*, who makes me pay double the price for bread that this *honest* man tells you it is sold at."

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

ABOUT two hours previous to the ever-memorable battle of Bridgewater, news had arrived in the camp of the 9th American regiment, that the British were advancing. A number of the officers of the 9th, among whom were Captain Hull, Lieutenants Turner and Burgett, and Captain David Perry, had assembled together in a little squad; were chatting in a friendly and jocular manner, and were commenting upon the news they had heard of the approach of the enemy. One of the company observed—"Well, we shall have warm work to-day: some of us shall be killed—who shall they be?"—Another, in the same tone of jocularly, replied, "Captain Hull," and held up his hand. The company all joined in holding up their hands, and Captain Hull amongst the rest. "Who next?" rejoined another; "Lieutenant Turner," was the reply, and the vote

taken in like manner.—"Well, but there must be more than two—who next?" was asked—"Lieutenant Burgett," was the reply, and carried by a similar vote.—"We want a representative in the British camp—who shall be our representative? who shall be taken prisoner?"—All eyes were immediately turned to Captain Perry; who being quite in his *dishabille*, had excited some raillery.—"Captain Perry shall be our representative," was the unanimous reply, and unanimous vote. Captain Perry immediately retired, and in a few minutes returned shaved and cleanly dressed; and, in a jocular tone, asked whether he now made an appearance suitable for their representative? The order for forming the line of battle came: the different gentlemen repaired to their different posts. The dreadful conflict commenced. The first officer that fell in the 9th regiment was Captain Hull, fighting at the head of his company; the second, Lieutenant Turner; the third, Lieutenant Burgett; whilst Captain Perry, as if fully to complete the previous prediction, was taken prisoner by the enemy, and carried captive into the British camp! So striking a coincidence of circumstances rarely occurs; and these incidents have frequently been the subject of conversation and remark among the American officers, since the battle of Bridgewater.

ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO HEYLIN.

SOON after the celebrated Heylin had published his *Geography of the World*, he accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with a gentleman who lived on the New Forest, Hampshire, with directions where his servant should meet him to conduct him thither. As soon as he was joined by the gentleman's servant they struck off into the thick part of the forest; and after riding for a considerable time, Mr. Heylin asked if that was the right road? and to his great astonishment received for answer that the conductor did not know, but he had heard there was a very near cut to his master's house through the thicket; and he certainly thought, as Mr. Heylin had written the *Geography of the World*,

that such a road could not have been unknown to him!

ANECDOTE OF THE LAWFUL KING OF SWEDEN.

THE susceptible heart of this unfortunate monarch lately fell into the chains of a banker's fair daughter, whose friends were not quite pleased with the nature of his Majesty's attention, and his proposal of a marriage with the left hand by no means satisfied them. The Count Gottorp, however, valiantly persisted in his overtures, and at last procured the opportunity of indulging his chivalrous propensities in a single combat with his fair one's uncle. The impression of the banker's daughter was not easily effaced. Caroline used to appear to him in visions in various attitudes and shapes—sometimes strangely confounded in appearance with a Princess of Mecklenburg, with whom his Majesty had once been on the point of marriage. One day the disconsolate lover, partly on the strength of an invitation to England from the Prince Regent, took a resolution to depart. The hour arrived, the post-horses were at the door, and the royal lover ready to step into the carriage, when Caroline's little lapdog, which had always before been rather shy of his Majesty's caresses, presented itself at the coach door, and laid hold of his coat. This had too much the air of an embassy from his relenting fair one not to melt at once the King's feeble resolution. The Prince Regent's invitation was forgotten, the post-horses sent away, and the monarch returned to his pursuit, with his courage renovated by the lapdog's caresses.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF MR. DAY, THE AUTHOR OF "SANDFORD AND MERTON."

MR. DAY, in his youth, had cherished some eccentric and visionary ideas in regard to a female partner for life: he had, in the first place, resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy, in order that she might be his companion in retirement, and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. At the same time he resolved that she should be as simple as a mountain girl in her dress, her diet, and her manners; yet intrepid

and heroic as the Spartan and Roman dames of old. As it was impossible to find such a female ready made, he must get some infant and mould it according to his romantic fancy.

Mr. Bicknell, a barrister of considerable practice and unimpeachable moral character, was an intimate friend of Mr. Day's, of whose untainted reputation credentials were procured; and furnished with them, these two friends departed for Shrewsbury, to explore the hospital there for female foundlings. Mr. Day selected two beautiful little girls, twelve years of age each; one of them was fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes; to her he gave the name of Lucretia: the other was a clear brunette with dark eyes, more ruddy, and her hair of a bright chestnut; her he called Sabrina.

Mr. Bicknell being much older than his friend, he became guarantee to see the written conditions performed under which these girls were obtained, and which were as follows:—that Mr. Day should resign them to the protection of some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to each to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married or began business for herself. On either of these events he promised to advance four hundred more; but he avowed his intention of educating them with a view to making one his wife. Solemnly engaged himself never to betray their virtue, and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain them decently with some creditable family till they married; when he promised each five hundred pounds as her wedding portion. Mr. Day then went to France with these girls, not taking an English servant, being resolved they should receive no ideas but what he chose to impart.

They teized him, they quarrelled and fought incessantly; they caught the small-pox, and chained him to their bedside by crying and screaming, if they were left a moment with any one who could not speak English. They lost, however, no beauty by their disease; but as he crossed the Rhone with his wards after their recovery, the boat upset. Being an excellent swimmer he saved them both.

In eight months Mr. Day returned to England. Sabrina was his favourite, and he placed Lucretia with a chamber milliner;

she became the wife of a respectable linen-draper, and Sabrina was intrusted to the care of Mr. Bicknell's mother.

In the year 1770, Mr. Day introduced the beautiful Sabrina, then thirteen years old, to the celebrated Dr. Darwin, at Litchfield; and taking a twelvemonth's possession of his pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, he prepared to implant in her young mind the principles and virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments did not succeed. When he dropped melting sealing wax on her arms, she did not endure the pain heroically, nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed charged with balls, could she suppress her screams: when he tried her fidelity in secret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himself which, if known, would produce yet greater danger, he has more than once detected her telling them to the servants or her play-fellows.

After several fruitless trials, Mr. Day renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being that his imagination had formed; and ceasing to behold in her his future wife, he placed her at a boarding-school in

Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. When she left school he allowed her fifty pounds per annum. Beautiful, and universally admired, she passed the dangerous interval from sixteen to twenty-five, without reproach, and in her twenty-sixth year married Mr. Bicknell, the friend of Mr. Day. After she became a widow she ended her days in the house of the good Dr. Burney.

Mr. Day found, at last, amongst the class of women he dreaded (fashionable women), a heart whose tenderness for him supplied all the requisites of those high-flown expectations his enthusiastic fancy had formed.

His favourite system was that horses were only unruly and disobedient from the ill usage of man. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal, and disdaining to employ a horse-breaker, he would use it to the bit and burthen himself: he was a bad horseman, and the animal disliking his new situation, plunged, threw his master, and with his heels struck him on the head a fatal blow. Mrs. Day survived her adored husband only two years.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

MANNERS, &c. OF THE PERSIANS.

HAVING had frequent opportunities of observing Persians of the poorer class travelling, some with and some without their families, I shall here attempt a general description of their mode of life during their journeys. If the man has with him his wife and family, which is but rarely the case, except with those who possess some little property, the wife and children ride on an ass, yaboo-horse, or mule, she and the youngest child being covered up. Beneath the covering are also the provisions and clothes in two bags thrown across the beast's saddle, and over them the bedding, with a pillow, or a nummud rolled up; on these, thrown rather far back, the rider sits. There are rings and hooks of iron fixed to the saddle, on which various articles are hung, and reach nearly to the ground. These usually consist, first, of a

haircloth nose-bag for the beast, containing chopped straw, or chaff. Second, a cylindrical case with a cullyoon, having on its sides pipes for the tonga, an iron rod for cleansing the pipes of the cullyoon, and its chillum and tobacco. This case is often painted or covered with carpeting. By the side of the beast walks the man, with a wallet on his back like a knapsack, and bearing a stick knobbed at the lower end; he has generally a child either on his wallet or on his shoulder, and in some instances one also walking by his side. The man is relieved by the woman from the ass as often as her strength will permit. At the end of every mile or two the party sit down on grass or stones, and, in preference, near water. They travel thus by moonlight, and in the cool hours of the mornings & evenings. After nine in the forenoon, in hot weather, they make a longer halt for

the purpose of preparing their victuals, and of eating and sleeping.

Having pre-determined on some place near water for this purpose, they begin at some distance on their approach to it, to collect dry weeds, sticks, dung of cattle, and other combustibles on and near the road, and thus continue gathering until they arrive at the selected spot.

The ass is here unloaded and turned loose, with his saddle on, to pasture on the weeds; if the place be totally sterile the bag of chopped straw is attached to his head, he being secured by the long chain fastened to his head stall, which serves, on the road, both for bridle and whip. The nummud is laid on the evenest spot of ground, in the shade, or behind the wall of a ruin, if there be one, to screen the female from view. The wallet, or double bag before mentioned, is then opened, the contents of which, if the travellers be not in a state of wretchedness, are a cup or wooden bowl of sour milk, a quantity of dough worked up the preceding evening with a little leaven tied up in a tanned skin of sheep or goat, with the hair outward. This dough is exposed to the heat of the morning sun, or that of the fire, to complete its rising. The tawa, or flat iron baking utensil, is then unhooked from the saddle. It is of an oval form, about ten inches by five: they place it on the burning fuel to be heated, while pieces of dough are detached from the mass and adapted to the shape of the tawa, being about a thumb's breadth at the edge and thinner in the middle, like a large biscuit. They are wrought to this form by pressure with the fingers, and pricked with the point of a knife. The cake is slowly baked on the plate of iron, but not turned; the upper side being merely held to the embers until it is browned. During this process, sometimes performed by the female, but oftener by the man, one of the party goes to the nearest village to purchase a supply of sour milk, unless there be some of the preceding meal remaining, in which case it is preserved in a leathern bottle hung on the saddle. It is mixed with water, and becomes a very sharp and acid beverage. This, and a proportion of the wheat or barley cakes left of former meals, form the principal part, and generally the whole of

their daily nourishment. Sometimes they are so fortunate as to find a few berries or wild sorrel, which serve to quench their thirst on the mountains, or a young thistle. This they dig out of the ground as deep as possible; the green prickly leaves and the top serve as fodder for the ass; the remaining part is eaten by themselves. Sometimes they may have had an opportunity in passing through the last town, to add a few luxuries to their store, such as a hard white curd cheese, leaves of sallaki, a green melon, a few onions, or at least their top-leaves which they do not reject, some salt, and a few seeds of the poppy; the latter, when stuck on the flattened dough before baking, give the bread a soft and pleasant flavour. It is not unworthy of remark, that the practice of strewing bread with poppy-seeds prevails among the Jews in all countries, and seems to be one of the customs which this singular race of men have derived from their Asiatic ancestors.

In this minute detail of the travelling arrangements of the poor Persians, we may recognise many circumstances incidentally alluded to in sacred history. It is not likely that habits of life, so simple and in-artificial, can have deviated much from those of the patriarchs of old. The repose in the open air, the preparation of bread, the leisurely journeying, and a variety of subordinate circumstances, associate intimately with the notions that we gather from Scripture of a way-faring life; and perhaps from some of these solitary groupings in the wilds of Arabia or Persia, the painter might derive many interesting materials for the composition of a *Flight into Egypt*.

If these wanderers are travelling through a district in which they observe the black tents of the Illyauts, they, depending on their hospitality, go to them, and generally either obtain the present of a small quantity of such food as they want, or are invited with the customary bishmilla, or welcome, to sit down and eat with them.

There are certain articles almost as necessary to a Persian as a clasp knife is to an English ploughman or labourer. These are a flint and steel, with amadou, or the fungous substance commonly called German tinder, and cotton match; these implements for ignition are carried together in one of the numerous small bags, or

purses, attached to the waist of the traveller, who carries also a case-knife for use or defence, stuck in his cummerbund, or cloth girdle.

The repast of bread and diluted sour milk being ended, they usually smoke the cullyoon, and then repose all together on the nummud; but more frequently the woman and children are placed on it somewhat aloof, so as to be screened from observation, the man and his son lying on the ground. Thus they sleep until the scorching heat of the day is past, when they arise, replace their loads, and resume their journey.

Persians of all ranks use nearly the same costume; the rich and affluent make no other distinction in dress than what arises from a finer quality of cloth; and it is their general maxim, at present, to appear in as poor a garb as the mind can condescend to, in order that they may elude the demands of the poorer classes for relief, but principally with a view to exempt themselves as much as possible from the arbitrary and exorbitant requisitions of government. The national dress, then, for the men, consists of a pair of drawers, generally blue, reaching from the waist to below the calf of the leg, over this a shirt of the same colour, open near the right breast, and there fastened with a button and loop, and open also at the sides near the bottom, which reaches to the middle of the thigh. The sleeves are very wide at the shoulders, and descend to the wrists, where they are not tied but left loose. Over the shirt they wear one and occasionally two coats, which sometimes open by a row of buttons and loops from under the armpits down to the elbow, and always from the elbow to the wrist, and are bound to the waist either by a belt of worsted girthing, or by a cloth cummerbund, blue and white. On the head is a cap of felt or of sheep-skin, tanned and lined, or, when marching in hot weather, a chintz cap. The shoes are of knit worsted or cotton, with leather soles, lengthened out, and turned up at the point. These shoes reach up to the ankle, and being of an elastic make sit light on the foot, without pinching. Persians who travel bind a cloth ligature about four inches broad round the ankles, which, they say, prevents them from swelling.

The food of the more opulent sort of people travelling, is chiefly the bread and acid milk already mentioned, with the addition of meat, cut into small pieces of fat and lean, stuck on a thin iron skewer and broiled over the fire. Slices of onion are sometimes introduced among the fat and lean. This preparation of meat is called khebaub. As the mutton and lamb of Persia are extremely fine and very fat, they are rendered very savoury by this easy and expeditious mode of dressing.

Another very savoury dish of the same nature is thus prepared:—pieces of the fleshy part of mutton or lamb are cut into slices like our chops, which are covered with sliced onions or shalots, and stewed with black pepper; this is kept for the next day's march, when the onions are removed, and the meat, fried in a little butter or mutton fat, is eaten with bread or rice.

In winter the men wear over their usual clothes cloaks or jackets of sheep-skin, and have caps of the same material, the wool being kept inside, and the exterior left in its yellow tanned state, or covered by coloured cloths. The sleeves of the cloaks sometimes reach to the wrists, but more commonly terminate at the elbow, the wool being observable only at the edges. Men of the poorer class have jackets similar in form and size made of felt, the body and sleeves being of one entire piece. These jackets are generally worn as cloaks, the sleeves hanging loose outside. They have gloves, or rather mittens, of the same material.

Of the dresses of the females I can say but little. They wear drawers like the men, and a chemise with an opening, not on the right side but in front, fastened with buttons; the sleeves have also buttons at the wrist. Their drawers are loose, but worked of different colours, and tight at the ankle. The upper dress consists of an oblong piece of woollen shawl or linen cloth, folding over the chest and arms, and one corner hanging down behind to below the knees. There are, no doubt, other garments, but the whole person is enveloped from head to foot with a long wrapper of chequered cloth, fastened to a coil, or cushion, on the head, the sides meeting in front, and reaching down to the feet.

Suspended from the coil, by two hooks, with chains or strings down each side of the head, is a long strip of white cloth, which covers the face and the junction of the wrapper in front. The part over the eyes is open-work, and that opposite the mouth has a damp, or wet, appearance, occasioned by the moisture of the breath. This thin slip of cloth is called roobunda; it is only kept over the face when the female is within view of strangers, at other times it is laid aside, as well as the wrapper, or, if both are worn, the roobunda is thrown back, and left to hang over one side of the head and shoulder. Both men and women, if travelling, wear high-heeled slippers and boots of red, green, or yellow leather.

Ornaments appear to be worn mostly on the head, arms, and wrists. Scarlet seems a favourite colour, particularly for binding or edging other colours on the part most likely to be seen by strangers near the ankle. The women studiously avoid exposing any part of the skin; but I perceive that the middling class are fond of carrying their children, particularly if they be fair, to the gardens and walks, where, I believe, a stranger may notice and admire them without giving offence. The beauty of a child is presumptive evidence of the beauty of its mother; and the ladies of Persia, amidst so much seclusion and restraint, are entitled to no small praise for this ingenious and logical mode of asserting their claims to admiration.

Edging, cord, silk, lace of different colours, are, I observe, very much worn on the dresses of men, women, and children, both rich and poor. Blue is the prevailing colour of the garments of the middle and labouring classes, both male and female; these garments are seldom if ever washed, being kept on until they are worn to rags:

the women, indeed, are sometimes seen to carry their clothes to a streamlet, where they wash them, and after drying them on the grass, fold them up for future use.—*Johnson's Journey from India to England, in 1817.*

MENDICITY.

THE inconceivable power of habit alone can cause us to behold without horror and shuddering the spectacles that are incessantly presenting themselves before us; we meet continually old men, lame and mutilated objects, mothers a prey to despair without clothing, asylum, or bread; and we hear, with the most impenetrable indifference, this heart-rending cry:—"I am perishing with hunger!"—And if we bestow on these poor creatures a few halfpence, we think we have performed a humane action, and we pass on without emotion or pity! In the mean time where are we going? Perhaps to some public spectacle, to the play or opera, where fictitious sorrows will excite all our sensibility, and cause us to shed torrents of tears. Are we then only alive to pity in a box at the Theatre, at the representation of a drama, a tragedy, or when we are reading a romance?

Mendicity is a frightful spectacle, the shame of a civilized country, and in great cities this distressing picture is a dishonour to luxury and magnificence; and we cannot but imagine that the repressive laws of mendicity are only a barbarous hypocrisy in governments, when their execution serves principally to conceal only the misery. No one should suffer himself to deprive the poor of casual alms, unless he assures to him an honest livelihood, or adjudges to him that labour which is proportioned to his strength.—*From Madame de Genlis' Dictionnaire des Etiquettes, &c.*

INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE EMPRESS HELENA, MOTHER OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

THE birth of this celebrated female, who was so famed for her piety, and for the high renown of her son, was so obscure that she is said to have been the daughter of an innkeeper. The Emperor Constan-

tius Chloris having, when only an officer, an occasion of seeing and admiring Helena, as well for the noble qualifications of her mind as for the outward charms of her person, married her, and took her with him into Dalmatia, a province of Illyria, where he possessed great wealth, and where his

family held a distinguished rank. At the age of twenty-five years she brought into the world the immortal Constantine.—Though Helena was tenderly beloved by her husband, yet when he was created Cæsar in conjunction with Galerius Maximin, he was compelled by the orders of Dioclesian and Maximin, then Emperors, to repudiate her.

Helena remained in ignorance of the true God till her son Constantine ascended the throne, and it was to him she owed her conversion. She was then sixty-four years of age; and she instructed a considerable number of Pagans in the Christian faith, amongst whom were several members of the imperial family. Tenderly attached to her grandson Crispus, whom Constantine his father had created Cæsar, Helena could not forbear to complain bitterly of the injustice of the Emperor in putting this young Prince to death, who gave the fairest promise of becoming all that was great. Constantine, who never departed from the respect he owed his mother, judged of the extent of his crime by the tears and anguish of Helena, and sought to console her by decorating her with the title of Empress: he had also her image engraven on the gold coin of the empire, and gave up to her the disposal of all his treasures. Helena only made use of this privilege to distribute blessings among the indigent, and to ornament the sacred vessels of the different churches. Modest in her elevated state, she never appeared in public in gorgeous apparel, but was clothed in the most plain and simple manner.

Constantine, desirous of employing a part of his riches in building churches, principally in the Holy Land, Helena seized, with transport, the opportunity of visiting the sacred place. During the course of her voyage, she did not pass a single day without satisfying her fervent charity. In one place she gave money to the poor, at another garments: many did she deliver from prison, many from the painful slavery of working in the mines, and others from the misery of exile. On her arrival at Jerusalem she caused the temple of Venus to be pulled down, which had been erected on Mount Calvary; and underneath, it is said, she discovered fragments of wood from the Cross of Christ, of which she sent a considerable quantity to Constantine, together with the nails, and she remained some time in Palestine to build the superb church of the Holy Sepulchre. She superintended the works of the other churches that the Emperor ordered to be built at Bethlehem and on the Mount of Olives, in honour of Christ's ascension, and the place sanctified by his birth.

Helena rejoined the Emperor at the end of the year 327, and expired soon after, surrounded by her grandchildren, amongst whom were two Cæsars. Her body was carried to Rome, and buried amongst those of the Emperors. Her funeral was celebrated by her son, with every outward pomp and mark of magnificence, and a superb monument erected to her memory. She had lived to be above fourscore years of age.

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—I shall now introduce to you an animal, the victim of mistaken prejudice, whose aspect is more loathsome than the frog, but whose timidity, harmlessness, and usefulness, in destroying noxious insects and poisonous weeds, give it every claim to our protection; this is

THE TOAD.

It is found in gardens, woods, and fields,

and has not unfrequently found its way into cellars, in order to supply itself with food, or as a shelter from the cold. In the early part of spring it retires, like the frog, to the waters, where it deposits its eggs, which, when hatched, are like the tadpoles of frogs, and go through much the same changes. The most remarkable thing in this unsightly creature's history is its longevity—its life generally extending to fifteen or twenty years; and we have very an-

authentic records communicated to the writers of natural history, of a toad, in Devonshire, having lived, in a kind of domestic state, for above forty years: it had laid aside that shyness which is its peculiar characteristic, and would come out of its hole regularly, at the approach of its master, in order to be fed: it grew to an immense size, equal to those I have myself seen in the island of Jersey, and which are enormous; they would impede our paths, by half-dozens, when we took our evening walks in the pleasant green lanes, which render Jersey, were it not for these evening nuisances, a delightful summer island: but the poor things are quite harmless, and were much more fearful of us, I believe, than we (especially if we made use of our reason) could be of them: the most unpleasant sensation they caused me was, when I happened to set my foot on one of them; for the toad is extremely susceptible of fear, and not nimble like the frog.

Curious stories are told of the enmity of the spider to the toad; Erasmus, whom I should be sorry to doubt, relates the following story:—

“A monk had in his chamber several bundles of green rushes, wherewith to strew his chamber at his pleasure. One day, after dinner, he fell asleep on one of those bundles, with his face upward; and while he slept, a great toad came and sat on his mouth. When some of his comrades saw this, they knew not how to act; for it was then the foolish belief, that to pull away the toad would have been certain death to them, so prejudiced was the ignorant people against the poor animal; but then, to let her stand on the monk's mouth was worse than death. One of them spying a spider's web in the window, wherein was a large spider, advised that the monk should be carried to that window, and laid with his face right under the spider's web. As soon as the spider saw the toad, she directly wove her thread, and descended on it down upon the toad, when she so severely wounded it, at three different times, that it swelled and died.”

This tale, though from such good authority, I must say, I feel inclined to doubt.—That there is an enmity between the common toad and the spider, is beyond a doubt; but then it appears to be more on the side

of the toad, who will swallow down dozens of spiders, without being affected by any venom: but lizards, after biting a toad, have been known to become paralyzed, and to appear dead for as much as two hours; a dog, too, holding a toad, after he has seized it, a little while in his mouth, will be affected with a slight swelling on his lips, and the saliva will run profusely from his mouth; yet this is nothing more than from the acrimonious acid which the toad exudes from the skin, whenever it is frightened or agitated: be assured, then, my dear Caroline, that the common toad is a creature perfectly innoxious.

Ugly as this creature may appear, its eyes, perhaps, are the most beautiful of any other living creature. They are of uncommon brilliancy, and are surrounded by a reddish gold-coloured iris; and the pupil, when contracted, appears transverse.

The most extraordinary circumstance attending this animal is, its having been found inclosed, or imbedded, without any seeming passage for air, not only in woody substances, but even in blocks of stone and marble. Dr. Shaw, the famous zoologist, expresses his doubts on that subject; and thinks, if a toad had been so overtaken as to have been inclosed by the growth of wood, it yet could only live so long as there was some passage for air, and, of course, for the ingress of insects on which it could occasionally feed. A curious experiment was made by a Monsieur Herissant, belonging to the French academy, which rather makes me willing to embrace the opinion of Dr. Shaw. In the year 1771, on pulling down a wall at a seat belonging to the Duke of Orleans, and which had been built forty years, a living toad, it was asserted, had been found in it; its hind feet completely imbedded in the mortar. M. Herissant, therefore, in the presence of the academicians, inclosed three toads in as many boxes, which were immediately covered with a thick coat of mortar, and kept in the apartments of the academy. On opening these boxes eighteen months afterwards, two of the toads were found still living; these were immediately re-inclosed; but on being again opened three months after, were found dead. These experiments cannot be regarded as conclusive, and only serve to shew, that the toad, like

other amphibia, can support a long abstinence, and requires but a very small quantity of air.

You start—you shudder—you look with a kind of horror on the toad; nor are you singular in this respect; I am sorry to say, that many very sensible people have been guilty of feeling the same antipathy against this poor, defenceless, and inoffensive creature: you, like a silly girl, when I have tried to reason you out of your repugnance, have always cried out, "Oh! but it is so ugly!" Let me conclude this subject with the remarks of an elegant writer of the seventeenth century, and treasure them up in your memory, deducing from them a requisite and important lesson.—"There is a general beauty in the works of God, and, therefore, no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever: I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant, ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures, which best express the actions of their inward forms. And having past that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they be-

come, sometimes, more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there never was any thing ugly or misshapen but the chaos: wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form; nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his Providence. Art is the perfection of nature; were the world now as it was on the sixth day, there were yet a chaos.—Nature hath made one world, and art is other. In brief, all beings are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

In my next letter I will give you some account of your favourite amphibia, the lizard tribe. Continue to improve yourself under your worthy governess, for the short time that you will now be under her fostering care: few women who undertake the education of youth are so well qualified by depth of understanding, elegant manners and accomplishments, with true maternal tenderness, for the arduous task; emulate her virtues, and strive to attain her acquirements, and you will fulfil every wish of your fond and affectionate mother,

ANNA.

THE SOJOURNER.

"WHAT charms can this, as it is called, gay world, have for you? You, who have glided through all its mazes, and enjoyed its pleasures, even to satiety? Leave, then, a place no longer endeared to you, either by friendship or by love, and retire to scenes more congenial with that time of life to which you are arrived—a time of life which longs for repose; and, with a little world of your own, make some pastoral spot your home, where you may behold what you never have beheld—the sun rise and set in all its magnificence. Except when your body and mind have been under the dominion of enervation, you have retired to your rest at a time when Covent-Garden's laborious sons are beginning the day of labour."—This was the advice of Meanwell, as we sat together in one of the capacious chairs of the Green Park, where

hundreds passed us; and who, like us, the victims of satiety, came in search of novelty where that deity was least likely to be found—at the edge of the basin, or the beaten track from Piccadilly to St. James's gate: whose faces I had viewed from year to year—altered, indeed, somewhat by time, and, like the streamers and ribbons on their bonnets, were still of the same material as they were twenty years ago, but varied in colour by time or circumstance.—What! leave the charms of town? the Theatre? the Opera? and continued variety? Yes, we were not long in taking Meanwell's advice. A chaise was soon at our door, for the baggage was not long knocking down to the best bidder, and my better half, a designation I am wont to give her when in my best humour, had not a murmur of dissent; and a few weeks saw

us settled in a pleasant house not far from C—.

To one who had scarce ever emigrated farther than Richmond, or beheld a mole or a viper, except at Exeter 'Change, it was no wonder if, at first sight, the country seemed, in the commencement of autumn, the only desirable place of existence. To the admirer of picturesque scenery, the sublimity of the views round K— could not fail to fill the heart with the most enthusiastic pleasure; in fact, at first we actually trod on fairy ground—the Regent's Park was nothing to it. But views cannot always be enjoyed: rain will fall—books will tire—and, as I am neither painter nor poet, I did sometimes long for Hookham's, the Ring, and Almack's rooms. It is good to know some one, said my wife, just to vary the scene: so we returned the many calls we had been honoured with, and accepted some of the many civilities showered upon us, as new comers.

We had hoped to find in the connection which we thus made, if it were not the very first in point of consequence, it were, at least, so in intellect. As I had determined, before I left the capital, to avoid the overgrown and wealthy tradesmen, and rather to encourage the acquaintance of such persons whose minds were well cultivated:—in this, my prejudices pointed out the subaltern in the army, the half-pay navy-officer, or the vicar; in one word, men who could never raise my envy, whose talents I could love to see rewarded, and who would not tempt me, by their style of living, to outrun the constable; and from whom I might gain the advantages of the knowledge of science they could impart to me. But, alas! I found that the dissipated habits of London, at second hand, had reached this quiet spot. The wealth of trade had corrupted the place; every one was striving for the top of the ladder, and kicking away the steps which had raised them. The social and frugal meal for two or three, with a few glasses of port, was discarded for a dinner of three courses, with French wines, and ten couple; and by the time we had been here four months, no one dined with us again, and few cared to visit me, who appeared neither willing to flatter their capacities, nor add to their consequence. My thread-bare coat was set down for the effect

of poverty, not prudence; and my wife's bonnet, *à-la-Flora*, purchased at Madame de Chesin's, in Paris, was declared to be a fright, because, at that time, it was the first arrival in C—.

In six months time we were left to our own cogitation, and, like the jessamine at our door, to "waste our sweetness in the desert air." As one of my motives for retiring into the country was economy, silly man that I was, I confessed it; and rather choosing to act frankly than involve myself in an air of mysteriousness, or by living as others did, run headlong into ruin, I had the courage to give such dinners as my forefathers were glad to give, and such as the forefathers of those, who now turned up their nose at it, could never taste.—At first, the hop merchant's wife, whom I could not shut out, for she would play at friendship, pretended that my meals were the only ones for comfort; but she, with the lawyer, whose father was once a respectable shoemaker, now came no more, and a power of professions were all forgotten. I returned them to him, for I knew he would want them at the next general election; and now when I offer my mutton and plain port, I save it through the medium of a prior engagement.

Sometimes, indeed, a newly-arrived curate, or the surgeon, will condescend to taste my beef; and the exciseman wonders I never invite him; but as I war, and war only, with vulgarity and rudeness, he must excuse me; the man, I am told, wonders at this, because, he says, he is a richer man than I am. Several others came, but as I found I had been harbouring facetious spies, I no longer invited those who came only to report progress of the new comer. Reckless, at length, of joining any parties but those in which I might encounter my wine-merchant or my linen-draper, who were uneducated men, I chose to stay at home. I was, at first, surprised to find the company of these men courted by those whose family was much superior to my own, but I forgot that where the honey is, there will the flies be also: and finding I could not obtain the society I wished for, I applied to my own resources for amusement. There was, however, I acknowledge, some cause for this to the new settler. I had been guilty of many very

imprudent actions. I had differed in opinion with many, on things I had seen, and which they had not. I could not assent to their criticisms on literature, music, or the drama—criticisms which they drew from the partial newspapers they had taken the trouble to read—the *Courier*, the *Examiner*; it is true I opposed to these the *Weekly Messenger*, but I pinned not my entire faith on the sleeve of the editor of this, although I knew his opinion was often irrefragable: and I was condemned to hear those artists suspected of a want of talents, which I had been taught to idolize in London—suspected of a want of abilities, by those who had never seen the effect of their exertions. Besides this, I was convicted of being seen walking with the editor of a paper, and arm-in-arm with a painter. No wonder, then, that we were left to our own insignificance; and if any passing stranger demanded who we were, no one acknowledged us, save our butcher and our baker, whose bills we were unfashionable enough to pay. However, we only became, in consequence of this, better customers to the music shop. I blew my flute till I went nearly into a consumption, and then my Delia accompanied my voice on her piano, almost as well as any young lady could here.

I do not say that envy, hatred, and malice, reign with more arbitrary sway in the country than in London, but I will say that the mind, undiverted by the every-day occurrences of a market-town, has more time to cultivate the bad passions, and where there is a stronger competition for consequence, it will exert itself for mastery; and that the person unoccupied by a variety of objects, will make employment for itself in scandal and slander. In the country, the idler will live a month upon an intrigue or an elopement. In London, so many incidents follow each other, that the breath has scarce time to dilate on each revolving circumstance: he requires not the minutiae of circumstance to entertain him, because a fresh tale is every day thrown out, to entertain the whole of public opinion. But to return: I had resided here about thirteen months, when a brother of

mine arrived from abroad. His figure, which is not like mine, extremely short and meagre, has a dignified air; the hard services which he has seen has embrowned his cheeks, which, with his style of dress, has given him a foreign air—but it is that of a travelled gentleman. I made a few sacrifices on his account—gave a dinner of two courses to get him connection—and this encouraged him to attend the racball, gaily dressed; to this he had appended the order of some foreign club: this was, perhaps, silly, but he is yet a young man; and the wish to be respectable among strangers, may be construed into an unpardonable weakness. I was, immediately, however, elevated to the dignity of brother to a foreign knight. In vain I told them he was only the son of a private gentleman:—he was overwhelmed with attentions; while the many apologies showered on my wife for past coolness, were highly diverting. Where, then, was it that all the restraint, deemed once so proper to strangers, had melted away? I was wearied with introducing persons to my august brother: the girls were mad to dance with him—the mammas to talk to him. He received an invitation to a ball, at a great house, where I had never been; a card for a dinner party, from a total stranger; nay, a general invitation from Mrs. Prolific and her six daughters; and my wife was offered the use of that lady's carriage, at all times and all seasons. But, to conclude, will it be believed, that my brother, after all this, after declaring the honours he bore were only those of a private club, put on for a youthful frolic, was still adored, because unbelieving he was so. But, alas! in a few days came a frost—a cutting frost. The waiter of his inn had declared, that he was always directed to, plain Mr. Nickintop. The postmaster corroborated this, as did also William. He is now passed unnoticed; and the frippery of what was thought a foreign court, has for ever deprived him of experiencing the notice of what he is entitled to—as the son of a private gentleman, and a man of no contemptible property and attainments.

THE SOJOURNER.

MY UPHOLSTERER.—A FRAGMENT.

It is for want of proper reflection that we wonder at the rapidity with which ignorant men make their fortunes; those people, in general, have the *esprit* of their business, which, indeed, is the best in most cases. The line which they pursue engrosses their whole attention, is the object of all their thoughts, and the stimulus of their every transaction. The wise mistrust which they entertain of themselves, naturally leads them to conceive a useful mistrust in others; thence proceed the safe operations they engage in; for a man of shallow intellects will seldom trust to chance.

A person in a certain sphere of life harbours rather a mean opinion of the artisans he employs, but is apt to consider them as mere machines, the motions whereof he directs as he pleases. He is not aware that an uncouth outside, an address of simplicity and candour, are masks to disguise the cunning which he is to be made the dupe of. The idea which he has formed of his own superiority, turns also to his disadvantage; it leaves him exposed, without reserve, to the malicious scrutiny of his dependents: neither are there many servants but who know, and avail themselves of, the weak side of their masters.

My upholsterer is a man who, for certain reasons, never bore the name of his father; was brought up in an establishment of charity till he was twelve years of age, when he enlisted as a drummer in a regiment of foot. When a grown man he became a grenadier; his Captain wished to promote him, and he would have been made a corporal had he known how to read, but, unfortunately, his education had not been carried so far.

Louis was not thirsty of honours, neither did the disappointment inspire him with a desire of being more learned. He had obtained leave to work in different shops of the towns where his regiment was quartered; and his trifling wages, in addition to his still more scanty pay, answered every call of his ambition. During eight-and-twenty years Louis continued in the ranks; till, at last, he had his discharge, and retired to Paris, on the list of out-pensioners.

He there commenced upholsterer, and succeeded. At first, he undertook the making of some few plain articles of furniture, which, on account of the taste and elegance in the execution, procured him several new customers. He might have married a widow, in good circumstances; several were introduced to him, but he refused them all, and chose a young girl who had no fortune; because as she could read and write, and understood arithmetic, he thought she would prove very useful to him in his undertakings.

Louis called upon me the other day, dressed in a brown great coat, of coarse cloth, that purposely disguised the opulence of the wearer. "Excuse me, Sir," said he, scraping his right foot side-ways; "excuse me for thus intruding; I am only come to inform you that I have disposed of my stock in trade, and that, thank God, I am retiring from business."—"What already!"—"Why, I am forty-eight, full; I have fagged very hard for ten years, it is high time I should enjoy myself a little. I intend going to live on an estate I have purchased in Brie. I there own a chateau, which I have paid for every sou, and which I have had modernized for myself and family. In the summer season we shall inhabit the country, and return to spend the winter in Paris. My eldest boy is nine years old, and, betwixt ourselves, he already is more knowing than his father."—"You have known how to get a fortune."—"True, and I wish Edward may have sense enough to keep it. Why, the dear fellow and his sister Victoire will have, each of them, the best part of thirty thousand francs per annum, earned by the sweat of my brow."—"You were said to be richer."—"So goes the world; people take pleasure in diminishing the credit of those who stand in need of it, and in promoting that of such as can do without.—When I began, every body would foretel my failing: my manufacturers were charitably warned not to trust me, as I had neither money, nor the means of making money in the way of business; in proportion as the predictions of those good friends of mine proved false, they proclaimed that

my success was not to be wondered at—that they knew of my having an immense capital at command; and both versions, equally erroneous, have, nevertheless, proved equally beneficial to me: the first only contributed to increase the interest which is felt for a beginner; the latter procured me a consideration, that I had hitherto obtained from my workmen only: so true it proves, that unexperienced enemies will sometimes be instrumental in affording unexpected resources to their intended victims.”—“So, then, you think yourself indebted to your enemies for your success?”—“Have not they reported me as a simpleton? You, yourself, have been the dupe of my supposed imbecility, like many more.”—“How so?”—“A man need not have learned to read, to know that men can be led by flattery.”—“Monsieur Louis, this mode of thinking—”—“Has been conducive to my success. I have had a fresh instance of it lately. I had furnished the chateau of Marshal —; he was quite pleased with every article till I brought in my bill. Those same articles lost much of their merit, in his opinion, when he was told of the price of them; however, instead of quarrelling with him on my terms, I brought him into his drawing-room, and placed him facing a full-length likeness of himself, in the midst of a group of pictures, representing the principal victories gained by his Excellency. At every observation his Lordship addressed to me, I exclaimed on one of his heroic achievements. No sooner had I reminded him of one of his triumphs, than the Marshal, forgetful of the amount of my bill, would draw near, and, leaning on my shoulder, would assist me in the recollection of his former career; the glorious remembrance, by degrees, inflamed his imagination; and after listening for a time to the recital of the battles he had fought, and to his being promoted upon such or such an occasion, I handed to him the bill, which he had, inadvertently, placed on the mantle-piece, when his Excellency, now in a mood of liberality, signed, with cheerfulness, the account which, at first, he had viewed with chagrin.”—“I no longer am surprised, Monsieur Louis, at your having made a fortune, if you have dealt in this same way with all your customers.”—“Why, Sir, flattery, for ages,

has been considered as a currency which no one objects to. When I carry my bill to a man of letters, his censure on my work I reply to by praising his. If to a clerk in office, I tell him that I have just heard he was going to be appointed one of the cabinet, and solicit his protection, which he will scarce engage to grant me, but I get his bill discharged.”—“I must confess, Mr. Louis, that a tradesman can become a great gainer by assuming an air of idiosyncrasy, and by allowing himself to be laughed at without even appearing to pay any attention to it. How could you acquire such a profitable talent?”—“Live and learn, is an old saying, you know, Sir; I see so many people.”—“Truly, you must have dealings with a great variety of characters.”—“Permit me to recount what occurred only yesterday.

“At five o'clock in the morning one of my workmen came to inform me that as he was going by the Rue de Vendôme, he observed that a lady whose apartment I had just furnished upon credit, was about moving. I instantly repaired to the spot, and with the interference of a magistrate, prevailed on the fair damsel not to strip an elegant sitting-room of its velvet hangings, sofas, chairs, &c. with gold fringe, pier glasses, &c. the walls of which, if bare, would cut but a poor figure. After a little ceremony, the lady agreed to continue in the house; and in order to prevent the landlord being exposed to the repetition of a similar whim, I hired the apartment myself which my dear customer seemed to be tired of.

I next proceeded to the Rue de Louvois, to complete the drapery of the apartment of a young person who, since her being attached to the Opera-house, can no longer live with her parents. A gentleman, a well-wisher to the family, has taken the charge of directing the new actress; he being old and rich, I readily accepted his being security. I had known the girl before she had become a lady; I found her much altered. I doubt my having undergone any alteration in my appearance, yet she did not know me again. She gave out her orders with admirable sangfroid, without allowing me to make the least observation, and displayed so much taste in the arrangement of every article she bespoke, that one might have thought she had ever

been a person of fortune; she, nevertheless, once or twice seemed to consult, in a whisper, a young gentleman who, I understood, is a near relative of her Mentor. She was obliged to leave him, however, to go and receive her mother, with whom she continued for half an hour in the hall, through regard for a rich new carpet that had just been fitted up in her room.

"I then went to the sale of the household furniture of a nobleman who was leaving town. The whole was allotted to me for one-fourth of what I had received for them a short time before—goods sell for so little at those auctions! I was more hurt than himself.

"On my return home my wife told me that the Marchioness of Gerolles had just called to let me know that she was to have a grand rout in a couple of days. Upon those occasions I supply her with a variety of articles of furniture; the same as I do Counsellor Dumont for his yearly ball. The one lives in the Marais, the other in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, so that the travelling articles are not recognised.

"I next prepared for another whimsical expedition. Mademoiselle Eugenia T—,

who last year was called Madame la Baronne, three years ago Madame la Generale, and, I know not why, is now called Lady Palma, came to desire me to procure an execution, to have brought to the hammer the furniture which four years back I was paid for, one half by the General, the other moiety by the Baron. As I was always a friend to the ladies, I granted the request, and this morning remitted to Mademoiselle Eugenie, Baronne, Generale, and Lady, the whole amount of the goods that were seized and sold."

Mr. Louis was going to proceed in his narrative, when M. de Berville was announced.—"He is one of my customers, too," said Louis; "it is not long since I have furnished for him a *petite maison*, where he retires every now and then to reflect on the frailties of the poor human race."

Berville was introduced: Louis recommended to us both his successor, and bowed to me with a smile which he made as satirical as possible. I verily believe he surmised the use I intended to make of his conversation.

T. SIMPLETON.

THE WONDER OF WONDERS!—AN ULTRA-FASHIONABLE TRANSFORMED TO A DOMESTICATED MATRON.

(Concluded from Page 79.)

"During my long practice," said Dr. Bryant, "I took hasty notes of my diurnal proceedings as a physician. I have no spare moments to arrange those sketches: you, my dear Hampden, are endowed with a clearness of perception, and general knowledge, truly adequate to the undertaking; I know Olivia will sometimes wish you engrossed by herself alone, but the scarcity of attendance you can give to her cannot fall intensely to endure the sunny hours of relaxation you pass together; and when she thinks you have too long bent over the desk—why, let her wield the quill for you. Her vivacity can enliven the style of your grave compilation."

"Now you deride your poor Olivia, papa. Or, let me see, you want to contrive employment for me."

"Yes, my child; and you will soon find your destined employment a luxury. A mind such as yours must take delight in developing its acute and refined capacities; and thus you shall banish the demon *ennui*. Opulence may be idle, but can neither evade nor charm away the haunting torments of *ennui*, that claim the idle as a devoted prey."

Hampden and Olivia perceived the parental *provenance* which induced Dr. Bryant to intrust them with notes on which he rested his fame in future ages, and they resolved to contribute all in their power to his satisfaction and enduring celebrity. Besides this literary engagement, their elegant accomplishments afforded a fund of diversified interesting recreations; and couples less highly gifted, who are anxious

to render home agreeable to each other, may always procure a variety of resources for amusement. Hampden and Olivia excelled as musicians, and in guiding the plastic pencil; engraving, sculpture, chemistry, and mechanics, were favourite pursuits of her husband, and Olivia could not be indifferent to any pursuit in which he found pleasure. Affection aided the progress of her intellectual improvement: hitherto she had wasted her time in the perusal of horrific romances, or enervating superficial sentimentality. Hampden did not arrogantly suppose he could, by a sudden transformation, change this perverted task; he knew gradual remedies to be the most effectual, and mingling indulgence with edification, ransacked ancient and modern history and biography for facts the most similar to *novel* adventures. He culled from natural history wonders such as Lady Florentia related to her adopted charge; for Olivia, in this respect, was but a child of larger growth. We have seen, in No. 109, of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, the description Hampden succinctly gave of the animal flower, and more detailed particulars excited Olivia's ardent curiosity. The dreadful and sudden inhumation of the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii; the discovery of those ill-fated cities after being lost in the bowels of the earth near a thousand years; discussions whether an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, or a rising of the waters, overwhelmed them; the probability, or exaggeration, of the accounts we have concerning the gardens of Latomi, in Sicily: old writers tell us the rocks excavated for the building of Syracuse, accumulated soil, and, being protected from parching winds and scorching sunbeams, produced the most profuse variety of high-flavoured fruits; the Lago Magiore, near Milan, with the lovely islets *Isola Madre* and *Isola Bella*, delineated by Hampden as Olivia, hanging on his arm, walked through the shrubbery in her father's fine country residence, charmed her luxuriant fancy. Hampden pictured to her the lofty terraces commanding a sublime perspective, and the near view of sylvan and floral beauties in the groves of lofty cedars, aromatic shrubs, and all the pride of gardens laid out with sumptuous grandeur, and graced by statues of the most perfect workmanship.

With those written remains of antediluvian elegance, Hampden contrasted the recent absurdities at Baggaria, where invention has tortured itself to combine in each animal the most incongruous parts of many, forming in all a hideous monstrosity. Hampden led his fair pupil to frigidic climes, and directing her mind's eye to the iceblink, explained how a lucid expanse in the atmosphere reflected a correct map of the ice, far beyond the reach of human vision without this providential aid; and he feelingly awakened sentiments of piety, by observing that the iceblink, and the luminous appearances of icebergs and field-ice in gloomy weather, and even in the darkest nights, preserve the experienced mariner amidst dreadful perils. Natural evils are accompanied by mitigating circumstances, and man is endowed with faculties which, stimulated by the commanding energy of his will, can enable him to rectify his moral ills. Under the guidance of her beloved, Olivia's thoughts were transported to the desolate Paramos of South America, and he informed her that even there, although nature ceases her visible operations, the active goodness of the great Creator hath appointed the huge Andes to generate winds that purify the pestilential vapours of the moist vallies, steaming beneath the rays of a vertical sun.

Our limits warn us to hasten the conclusion, and we shall only mention the game, or dropping tree, which in the Canary Isles, and the Isle of St. Thomas, in the Gulf of Guinea, supplies water for arid regions. Hampden did not neglect the enchantments of poetry to unfold the perceptions of his docile companion, and he found in well-selected Magazines the most material assistance to the prose and poetical tuition he had undertaken. His lessons were short, and seemingly fortuitous, growing out of the present occasion, or suggested by some conversation that had passed in company. Olivia had a new world of delectable ideas laid open to her; and to lengthen the space allotted for conversation, she tried to take the pen for Hampden, if other engagements interfered with writing out her father's notes. She did not venture to insert her transcript in the book, but having copied it on separate sheets, and the contents being approved or

amended by Hampden, she wrote while he hastened to prepare for walking. The frequent use of her pen helped her to think more correctly, and this was all that Hampden desired, or her father intended. To qualify her by various occupations to amuse solitary hours, to reflect with solid judgment, and to act with self-possession, discernment, and consistency; in a word, to confer on the external blessings of life a real value, by learning their right application—these were the aims of Dr. Bryant and Mr. Hampden in cultivating the understanding of Olivia; and she imbibed instruction with the sweetest affiance and without the least diminution of sportive animation. In the eyes of her husband every attraction augmented as her complexion was transferred to a blooming group of sons and daughters. Beauty may fascinate the lover, but marriage can perpetuate felicitous sensations only where complacent graces, unassuming wisdom, and companionable attainments endear the wife.

Olivia's first son was nearly of his fa-

ther's noble stature, when she said to her own fond parent:—"My dear, dear father, I never can be sufficiently grateful to you for preferring my Hampden to a titled suitor as your son-in-law. The Duke could not have made me so happy, for his habits were the reverse of all that could make me good; and yet he was so handsome, so fascinating, I once liked him better than Hampden."

"You did not know his private character, and your ambition aspired to a coronet. Dread of his success led me to encourage Hampden, as I would rather have my child happy than exalted. With Hampden's regular habits I certainly should have preferred his Grace; and a Duke may be, and often is, not less worthy than a private gentleman. Goodness is not confined to any sphere, nor excluded from any situation, but it is the duty of parents to place their daughters beneath the shelter of true merit, in preference to the pinnacle of grandeur.

B. G.

CURIOUS OBSERVATIONS ON THE DRESS OF LADIES.

It is not long since the following question was proposed in France by a certain society, and a prize offered to the author who should answer it in the most satisfactory and incontrovertible manner.

Question.—Has the art of the toilet attained, under the meridian of Paris, its highest degree of perfection, and is it now at the eve of experiencing the fate of all human inventions, which degenerate as soon as their development is completed?

Fifteen authors agreed in maintaining that the art of the toilet in France had exhausted the resources of genius, and in discovering, which some censured and others praised, an eminent characteristic of voluptuousness, inquiry, and caprice, together with a tolerably good loss of time, taste, and money, and a proportionate relaxation of morals.

The society, however, unmoved by those declamations, reserved its whole interested attention for the Memorial No. 8, bearing this motto:—*And I too have drunk of the*

waters of the Meckacebe river.—This last work discovers an original and independent mind.—"I smile with contempt," says the author, "when I see a society of pensive men resolve thoughtlessly; I feel indignant when I hear Europeans speaking of their toilet, as if in Paris, the same as in London, the art so called was not in its infancy, which no one cares about, a coarse daub entirely neglected!"—These assertions undoubtedly are strange enough; but what will appear still more so is, that the author proves them to be founded on truth. He establishes a parallel between our most refined toilet and that which is in common use in the forests of America; he pursues it with perseverance through an immensity of details; and with equal erudition and logic exposes our inferiority.

Instruments and preparations.—He has only been able to find out seven hundred and twenty-nine on the most fashionable dressing tables of the *Chaussée d'Antin*; whereas he produces a catalogue of two

thousand and thirty-five which are indispensably requisite amongst the Iroquees.

Extent on which the operations are performed.—It is only the fourth part, says he, of the person of a Parisian lady that receives cosmetic ointments, whilst over the whole bodies of the females of the Missouri he has never found the space of one inch square but on which the ingenious attention of coquetry had deposited insignia of its impression.

Are the progress of the art considered?—The preparations for the body of an European fair lady are limited to the blending of, and covering over each other, four colours at most; which does not excel the abilities of a house-painter; but the dispersed skin of a savage combines, in the eye of an amateur, historical, landscape, arabesque, and portrait painting.

Is courage brought into question?—The American female endures the torture of the stiletto, of fire, and of caustics; whereas papering hair, crimping it, or using pincers to pull off such as are superfluous, &c. are scarcely parodies of the other executions suggested by vanity.

Good taste.—No one as yet has presumed to deny but the costumes of the new world offered drapery better suited to the taste of our artists, and revealed nudity with more sublime truth.

Richness.—There are dresses in the Floridas, masterpieces of skill and patience, the making of which speak thirty years of assiduous working; moreover, the feathers, metals, and colours, are incomparable.

Habit.—The undress, so common among us, is a gross liberty quite unknown in the woods of America, neither would the most brutal huntsman start from his hut without carrying the implements of his toilet wrapped up in duck-skin round his waist.

Engerness and passion.—It is known that for a frivolous ornament the savage is always ready to give up his hut; and his wife to forfeit her honour; it is even probable that exchanges of the kind are effected among them with greater expedition still, if possible, than in our country.

"Silence!" exclaims the author, "ye national flatterers who are enraptured at French eloquence! hold your tongues ye covetous husbands and scolding fathers, who bewail the excesses of dress! Alas! every article in Paris is still plain, innocent, and homely; far from undergoing a decay, the art of dressing is in its cradle, or rather at its first dawn. The thought, I confess, is disgraceful; but we may still entertain great hopes, for we are in a fair way towards improvement. Nature would have it that the progress of the toilet should be in an inverted ratio of civilization; and as it is evident that, in many respects, we retrograde with regard to the latter, it is but right that we should gain ground towards the former. We shall be no losers by the bargain; for I have studied the age we live in, and have only found it afforded two supports to human kindness, viz. sleep and dress; this last especially, which, monopolizing all the leisure hours of the savage tribes, secures them at once against ambition, envy, scandal, and female authors."—Speaking of these, the same author says:—"The books written by a man are generally better than himself; a woman, on the contrary, is always more deserving than her publications. A book and a ball are, for a woman, two public representations; and it is no more possible for her to make her appearance in the one with the style of her mind, than at the other with her natural complexion."

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XXI.

COUNTY OF KENT, CONTINUED.

FOLKSTONE.—This town was rendered famous for a victory obtained over the Saxons, and grew into a very considerable place in the Saxon period, to whom it owed its name of Folkstone. It is built on the side of a kind of chasm opening to the sea; a part skirts the water, and the

church, with some buildings, occupy the summit on the western side. This town wants a pier, for the famous Folkstone cutters, so noticed for their sailing, lie upon the beach. Since the suppression of smuggling, fisheries have been very successfully carried on at Folkstone.

In 1573, this town had the honour of

giving birth to the celebrated William Harvey, to whom we owe the important discovery of the circulation of the blood. At the age of ten this renowned physician was sent to school at Canterbury, and after the benefits of a foreign education, he settled at London, and was appointed physician to James I. and Charles I. During the troubles of the latter he retired into Kent, where he died in 1657, aged eighty, and was buried in the church of Hempstead, in Hertfordshire.

HYTHE.—Consists of two long streets, intersected by others at right angles, and has a very neat appearance. In 849, Alfred bestowed Hythe, or Hyde, as it was called by the Saxons, on the priory of Christ Church, in Canterbury. It is one of the Cinque Ports, and still continues to enjoy its privilege of sending its Barons to parliament. In the time of Edward II. near four hundred houses were burned by an accidental fire, and immediately after the place was visited by a most destructive pestilence.

The parish church is seated high above the town, on the rising grounds. It is a large and venerable pile, dedicated to St. Leonard, once a convent. There is much singularity about this church, such as passages cut through the five great buttresses, with a strange grotesque face over one of the doors. There are three windows at the end of the chancel; they are narrow and Gothic, with most elegant slender and lofty pillars on each side. Under the chancel is a great vault, with a neat Gothic door opening to the churchyard, full of skulls and other bones neatly sorted and piled: it is thought that they have formerly belonged to some Danish pirates, who having landed and being defeated with great slaughter, their bones were left to be bleached on the naked beach: they are certainly uncommonly white.

COUNTY OF SUSSEX.

RYE.—This is another of the Cinque Ports: Edward III. encompassed it with walls; some of the gates of which are still standing, but in a ruinous state. The trade of Rye consists chiefly in mackerel and herring fisheries, and in trawling for flat fish, which are sent to London: it also exports corn and malt.

No. 114.—Vol. XVIII.

WINCHELSEA.—Stands on a flat piece of ground on the brink of the hill: the town was originally divided into forty squares, or quarters, with spacious streets, some of which yet remain, and the houses have a neat and comfortable appearance: few vestiges of the others can be traced, for even the foundation of the buildings are in general lost; yet vast vaults, now converted into magazines, have been frequently discovered in digging, the roofs of which are secured by ribs of stone.

In the middle of the town was a large square, in the centre of which stands the church: three aisles and the chancel of the original building still remain, and three of the lofty arches which supported the tower; the column consists of clusters of elegant slender pillars. The outside has lost all its ancient beauty, except a venerable coat of thick ivy on the ruins of one of the transepts; and from its solemn green is seen peeping out a snow-white monumental tablet. Within the church are several very ancient monuments; amongst which is a knight, with his legs crossed, his hands in the posture of prayer, and covered with mail to his fingers' ends: on his shield a lion rampant. This belonged to an Oxenbridge of Breede, in this county, who was descended from the Alardes, a family that came in with the conquest.

Winchelsea had two religious houses; one of Black Friars, or Dominican, the other of Grey Friars. The first was founded by Edward II. the latter by William of Buckingham. The choir of the church of Grey Friars exhibits a magnificent evidence of its former grandeur. It has at the end three Gothic windows placed in a tribune, and four on each side in a narrow but lofty style. An arch at the west part, twenty-six feet wide, is of a height uncommonly grand and striking. It stands now in the garden of a gentleman of fortune.

Other remains of antiquity are the court-house and the gaol, both evidently of Norman architecture; and three of the gates are still to be seen in a very ruinous condition. In the time of Edward I. the old town, which stood on the shore, was, in six or seven years, totally ruined.

Old Winchelsea had been a very powerful port, and Queen Elizabeth was so struck with the splendid appearance of the mayor

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and jurats, when she passed through the town, that she gave it the name of Little London. Till within these few years New Winchelsea had a manufacture of cambrics, which is succeeded by one for mourning gauze and slight summer silks.

HASTINGS.—This town is crowded in a narrow gap between high hills, and is open to the sea: it is a wild port, without being sheltered even by a pier. William the Conqueror made this place his first day's march, after landing at Pevensey, and stayed here fifteen days to refresh his troops, collect provisions, and obtain some knowledge of the country. He added Hastings to the number of the Cinque Ports. It has been conjectured by Saxon historians that this town took its name from Hastings, a Danish pirate, who used to land always here on his plundering expeditions: it was certainly a very flourishing town long before the Norman invasion, for King Athelstan, who reigned between the years 925 and 942, had there a royal mint.

After the conquest, William bestowed Hastings on Robert, Earl of Eu, descended from a natural son of Richard I. Duke of Normandy; and this town gave name to the great family of the Hastings, afterwards Earls of Huntingdon. The first was Robert, portgreve of the town, and the Conqueror's steward; they flourished from that time to the death of the last in 1789.

BATTLE ABBEY.—William, after his landing at Pevensey, made every effort to induce Harold to resign his crown. The English monarch was in London when he received the Norman's message; the envoys treated the King with insolence, which he resented with a spirit becoming a Briton. When the rivals met at Hastings, Harold determined to put his crown to the decision of the sword. The English army passed the night before the battle in feasting and carousal; the Norman in prayer, not forgetting the most vigilant preparation for the fight. In the morning Harold placed his troops after the Saxon manner, like an impenetrable wedge, putting himself in the centre, to shew that he meant to share with his soldiers the fortune of the day. The Duke of Normandy divided his forces into three bodies, and his troops began the battle by discharging a cloud of arrows into the air, which fell with

great execution among the English, by reason of the men being so closely ranged; recovering themselves, however, from their first disorder, the English quickly recommenced the battle, which was continued with violent animosity on each side. The Normans, armed with axes, maces, and clubs, intermixed with the archers, in vain attempted to make an impression on the English wedge; they endeavoured to animate their countrymen by singing the deeds of Rolando, the hero of French chivalry. The battle continued raging from morning to night; but near the close of the day William saw the impossibility of breaking the solid phalanx of his enemy; he therefore had recourse to stratagem: he ordered his troops to make shew of a fighting retreat, as if they were overpowered by the superiority of the English: this was successful. Harold, thinking to take advantage of a retiring foe, deranged his invincible system. William seized the auspicious moment, caused his troops to close their ranks, and to press on the disordered English. Harold, enraged, performed prodigies of valour; an arrow, however, from the conquering Norman, pierced his eye and entered the brain: the army, disheartened at the fatal blow, gave way in all directions, and left the Conqueror master of the field and the crown. The Conqueror, with true generosity, sent the bodies of Harold and his two brothers to Gith, their unfortunate mother. This renowned battle was fought on St. Catherine's day, the 14th of October, 1066, and on the birth-day of Harold. To expiate the dreadful slaughter, and for the repose of the souls of the slain, and also in gratitude to Heaven for victory, William founded, the following year, the Abbey of Battle, and dedicated it to St. Martin. At the consecration of the Abbey, William was present, offering at the altar his sword and the robe he wore at his coronation.

The town of Battle is a scattered looking place, and is remarkable for nothing but the excellence and strength of the gunpowder made there, and so well known to sportsmen by the name of *Battle Powder*. The country about Battle is very beautiful, full of gentle risings and fertile bottoms, well wooded.

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

KEEPING AN EXCELLENT HOUSE.

SIR,—I am a man arrived at what is styled the autumn of life, and am the independent heir to a good family estate bequeathed me by my father, who was an honest country 'Squire; and I often think how surprised would be my good mother, if she was alive, to see one of those houses which are now said to be well kept and elegantly furnished! In the little provincial town where I was born, a person passed for opulent who had four or five hundred a year. I know my father always kept, under my mother's management, an excellent table; and it was the good lady's pride to know that every one thought she kept a good house. In her cellar there were constantly kept ten or twelve dozen of the best wine, and twenty hams were always on the hooks for the winter, with store of dried pot herbs and keeping fruit, such as apples, pears, and walnuts, with plenty of pickles and preserves; while we had always the temporary resources of a well-stocked rabbit warren, and a pond filled with excellent fish. We were, therefore, always prepared to receive our vicar, the village lawyer, or any of the neighbouring gentry within ten miles round. On extraordinary occasions, when a large dinner-party was invited, the old family plate was brought out and displayed, with the Nanquin and Dresden china: the two men servants put on their new liveries, and all the house bore the appearance of a little gala. We could, besides, offer fifteen spare beds to our friends and their servants; but we had not one sofa bed, nor one Egyptian couch, or Turkish ottoman: our clothes-presses were, however, filled with good linen, and my mother and aunts had their particular clothing for every season; but not one of our apartments were adorned with bronze statues, alabaster urns, or antique paintings.

When I came to the metropolis, my town friends endeavoured to persuade me that there were no houses well furnished except those in London; where I had not long taken up my residence before I was invited to join a very brilliant party at the house

of a family I had lately become acquainted with, and whom I imagined to be as wealthy as they were dashing. A gossiping servant, to whom I was compelled to listen *malgré moi*, soon, however, opened my eyes.

"Sir," said he one morning as he entered my dwelling, "I was informed that you wanted a servant: if I could suit you, Sir,——" "What!" interrupted I, "are you going to leave Mr. H——? such a good place as you must have there!"—"O, Sir, you would not call it good if you knew all."—"Why, Mr. H—— is a very rich man!"—"You mean, Sir, I presume, that he spends a great deal of money."—"I am told his estate is worth an hundred thousand pounds."—"That may be, Sir, but I am sure it has more than one hundred thousand mortgages on it."—"His costly furniture——"—"Is hired from the upholsterers."—"His numerous blood horses, his superb carriages."—"They, too, are hired."—"And what a table he keeps!"—"The expence of that is defrayed by his steward."—"He has a numerous train of servants."—"But none of them can get their wages, and that is the reason which determined me to give him warning."—"But amongst all the numerous acquaintance I have met there, has he not one real friend who would endeavour to extricate him from his embarrassments?"—"He has, Sir, a great many friends, but they all live in the same way he does; they all keep excellent houses: and you do not know, perhaps, why you did not dine at Mr. H——'s yesterday till past eight?"—"No; I thought it was his usual hour of dining."—"The true reason, Sir, was, that the plate and linen were both borrowed, and they did not arrive till that hour. And, perhaps, Sir, you did not know why Lady C—— smiled while she was complimenting Mrs. H—— on the beauty of her diamond earrings and necklace."—"No; I supposed she really had admired them."—"No, Sir, she was quizzing; for every one there, Sir, excepting yourself, knew that they were composed of false jewels."—Seeing me become rather impatient at his impertinence, the fellow said:—"I only have to

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ask you one question, Sir. Did you not remark a young gentleman of the name of Arlington? Well, Sir, he too keeps an excellent house; he has his eye upon Mr. H—— because he is one of his principal creditors; but they assist each other at the same time in duping the public. That wine, Sir, that you thought so excellent, is adulterated by a wine merchant of my acquaintance. The horses of Mr. H—— are all defective, notwithstanding their being bits of blood; every one has the mark in his mouth: his carriage, which is so showy, is nevertheless so crazy that it would not be safe to take a journey in it; the service he uses, which is thought to be silver, is only plated; and more than one half of the

footmen you saw, were lent him by his friends, who all keep excellent houses."—"Then, according to your account, there are a great many of these excellent houses kept in London."—"Too many, indeed, Sir, I may say."

I leave you to judge, Mr. Hearwell, whether or no I hired this servant, who seemed too well versed in the science of modern show, to suit such a sober, quiet being as myself; but sober as I am, I chuse to take my wine, if possible, free of adulteration; the art of which may be communicated to this party-coloured gentleman by his friend, the wine merchant, and soon hasten the end of your correspondent,

A COUNTRY FREEHOLDER.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

August 26, 1818.

MY DEAR H——,—At length I can say with Miss Biddy Fudge, that I am actually writing on French paper, with a French pen and French ink; and shall proceed to give you an account of some of the French wonders.

We have been here a fortnight, and have seen much more in that time of Paris than I ever have of my native city, as we are sight-searching from morning till night. We have magnificent apartments in the Hotel de Londres, Place Vendome, which is certainly (in my opinion, at least,) the best part of Paris.

In the centre of the Place Vendome stands a very handsome column, from the model of Trajan's pillar, at Rome; it is made from the cannon taken by Bonaparte, and on it are engraven all his victories. There was once his statue on the top of it; but that has been removed, and the white flag has succeeded to the exalted station. But how very humiliating must it be for his most Christian Majesty to see his standard waving over a monument of Napoleon's victories!

In point of building I prefer London to Paris, with all due allowance for national prejudice; for there is no regularity in the edifices here, Place Louis Guinze excepted, which is remarkably handsome; having on one side the palace and gardens of the

Thuileries, and on the other the Champ Elysées. We went to see Montmartre, celebrated for the bravery of its defenders, when Blucher presented himself at the gates of Paris: none of the Thermopylean band had reached their twentieth year, and our guide pointed out the spots where the different detachments were posted, and where all the skirmishes took place; all this was extremely interesting to us, from the events being so recent. This celebrated spot commands a view of all Paris and its environs, and on a fine clear day the reflection of the sun on the gilt dome of the Invalids, together with the houses, prettily interspersed with clumps of trees, and the meandering of the Seine, would form a most delightful harvest for your pencil.

You desired me to tell you whether I liked the modes of cookery, and if the people are so dirty as they are represented. At first I did not relish the culinary process; but soon became so reconciled to it, as well as my friends, that now, when a plain roasted joint comes on the table, it is not touched; and you cannot think we suffer much from dirt when I assure you that even the foliage of the elm-trees, in the court-yard, are washed every morning! Compare your dusty leaves near the English metropolis, and then spare ironical remarks on your Gallic neighbours.

I envy the French no possession so much

as the Louvre: this gallery is so long, that when at one extreme, the eye can scarcely reach the other: imagine this filled with the best paintings of the best masters! Oh! to have been here before the superlative works were removed! Besides what I have mentioned, there is another gallery full of statues; but drapery being quite omitted, the display is not, nor should it be, congenial to ideas of female delicacy.

Friday last was the *fête* of St. Louis; we went to Versailles, walked about the grounds, and saw the famous water works. They are, doubtless, extremely grand, though Mrs. M—— says those at Chatsworth are infinitely superior. After dinner we returned to Paris, and saw the fireworks to great advantage, in consequence of a ridiculous stratagem of our lacquey, who, when we were stopped, gave the King of Prussia's pass-word, and we paraded through the streets as part of his Prussian Majesty's suite, the guards saluting us as we passed.

On Sunday we visited St. Cloud, and it being the festival of that saint, the park was crowded with people, in their holiday clothes, and full of booths of every description, very much like what we call a fair, only on a grander scale. It is the national custom for ladies and gentlemen to join in the sports, and I went several times in those vehicles the English call *roundabouts*, till, at last, I became quite expert in the amusement. What most struck my fancy, was the dancing under the trees: the musician is mounted on a tub, and the girls, neatly dressed in their green silk aprons, and the postillions with their long *queues*, gave such a grotesque, yet characteristic,

sprightliness to the green, that my imagination realized those sylvan scenes described in novels.

I think the church-yard does honour to the feelings of the French people: each grave has a portion of ground allotted to it, railed round with trellis-work, and entwined with roses, jessamine, and heliotrope, and is every morning strewed with fresh flowers. The same attention is paid to those who have been dead for a number of years. One, in particular, awoke the most sympathetic feeling by its simplicity; it was on a little hillock, with steps, cut in the turf, to ascend to it; the garden was neatly planted, and on the outside of the trellis-work was this simple inscription, "*à ma mere.*" Among other places, I expected to visit the Conciergerie. Myself and friends wished to see the tombs of Ney and Labedoyere: we desired the guide to conduct us to them: this excited the man's suspicion, and he followed us the whole time we were in the church-yard so closely, that our curiosity could not be gratified; and it seems the King has now ordered these tombs to be destroyed, as they tended to keep alive a great degree of enthusiasm in the minds of the people, who brought their children to the graves, and made them swear to revenge the deaths of these Generals.

You must now be even more tired with reading this long letter than I am with writing it; I shall, therefore, reserve my further communications for another time. Love to all friends; and believe me affectionately yours,

A. M.

SIROES AND MIRAME.

A TALE FOR BOOKSELLERS; FROM "LE SAGE."

A VERY eminent bookseller in Paris, in the reign of Louis XV. was once most completely duped in the purchase of a manuscript: he was reckoned frank and sincere in his dealings, but, at the same time, he was careful, to a proverb, how he parted with his money on speculation. One morning a lacquey entered the bookseller's shop, in the livery of the Prince de Bouillon, and

addressing the bookseller, said, "Sir, Madame, the Duchess de Bouillon, is very desirous of knowing whether you have yet got the Persian history of *Siroës and Mirame*? It is a book that is very much talked of at court."—"My good boy," returned the bookseller, "I have never heard of such a work; I know nothing about it."

Scarce had the lacquey quitted the shop,

when a kind of *valet-de-chambre* made his appearance, who asked if the *History of Siroës and Mirame* was yet printed? Telling the bookseller, at the same time, that the Princess of Conti had desired him to call on him, as being the most fashionable bookseller, and always having the newest works.—“Sir,” said the bookseller, “I know nothing of the work you are speaking of. Pray what is the name of the author of it?”—“I do not know,” said the *valet de-chambre*; “all I can tell you, is, that the book is in high estimation at the Hotel de Conti.”

The *valet-de-chambre* had been gone about an hour, when a well-dressed man, who gave himself out as an officer belonging to the Duchess of Orleans, said to the bookseller, “Her Royal Highness has sent me to ask you when the *History of Siroës and Mirame* will be out?”—“Sir,” replied the Bookseller, “I am quite ignorant of this history; and if it is now in the press, it is not in my list.”—“I am sorry for you,” said the officer; “for I am told it is a most elegant romance, and far superior to that of *The Princess of Cleves*. It is positively asserted to be the work of a lady belonging to the court, and whose name is sufficient to enhance the value of the work.”

The bookseller now became very much agitated in his mind. What, then, said he to himself, can this book be, that sets all the court in motion? It must certainly be the work of some lady, whose wit and talents are equal to her high birth. Such a manuscript must make the fortune of the bookseller who prints it. I will spare nothing to get hold of it: and, in effect, he ran through every bookseller's shop to inquire, if, by chance, any one had offered to them a work, entitled *Siroës and Mirame*, a Persian history? They all answered in the negative, adding, “What, what is this *Siroës*?”—“Nothing, nothing,” replied he, running off, without stopping, as if he had feared, by an explanation, the losing of the precious manuscript of which he was in search.

He passed twenty-four hours in the most cruel uneasiness, sometimes dreading lest a brother in the trade had purchased the valuable copyright; and at others, fearing

that the lady whom he fancied to be the author had taken it into her head not to make it public. While his thoughts were thus employed, a man called on him, with a cloak folded over the lower part of his face, and who drew near to him, with a mysterious air, whispering, at the same time, “I wish to speak with you in private, to shew you a manuscript that you will not be sorry to see.”

At the mention of a manuscript, our bookseller flattered himself that it was that which he so much desired to obtain; and he made the bearer instantly come into his private apartment; where this adventurer, opening his cloak, drew out the copy in question. The bookseller seized on it with a transport of joy; and seeing on the first page those darling words *Siroës and Mirame*, he nearly swooned away with delight.—“Sir,” said he, quite beside himself, “what is the price of this manuscript?”—“It is not for sale,” replied the bearer; “the lady who composed it, does not write for money: she presents it to you as a gift. She only requests that you will make a little present to her waiting maids of four hundred crowns, to buy pins.”—The bookseller, at these last words, made a very long face; which the bearer of *Siroës and Mirame* having remarked, said coldly to him, “Sir, reflect well on this matter. If my proposal does not suit you, there is no harm done. There are plenty of printers; and the preference was only given to you, because it was thought it would have given you pleasure.”

The bookseller, who, notwithstanding this enormous price for pins, was not a man to let slip the occasion of obtaining this precious copy, said to the bearer, with a laugh, “Sir, you are very hasty. I did not refuse to give you the twelve hundred livres for your manuscript that you asked; but I must tell you, in confidence, that I am not in a situation, at this moment, to give you the sum down: I can only pay you the half, and the other half, by a bill, payable in a fortnight. Will that suit you?”—“Perfectly,” replied the bearer. “Why, you are not dealing with a Jew; no one wishes you to be put to inconvenience.—Besides, you are so well known; your bills are as good as ingots of gold.”—The

bargain was then made: the bookseller became master of *Siroës and Mirame*, and the bearer carried off the money, with a bill for the remaining two hundred crowns.

As soon as the bookseller was left alone, he sat down to count the pages of the manuscript; and judging that there would be enough for two duodecimo volumes, he congratulated himself for having made such a good day's work. "I will," said he to himself, "have two thousand copies printed; and it will be scarcely published before I shall have it re-printed; seven or eight months after, at furthest, I shall be obliged to begin again: for when once the elegance of the work becomes known, it will be run after like wildfire. Happy the booksellers who get hold of works like these! This is the way to be enabled to keep a town and a country-house."—Thus feeding his sanguine hopes, he began to read the manuscript with delight; crying out, every moment, "How beautiful that idea! Although I am not the first genius in the world, I cannot avoid finding out that this style is absolutely divine. How easy it is to see that it is not an author by profession, that has composed this romance. It must be confessed, that people of quality write with a peculiar kind of dignity."

While he was thus overjoyed at his bargain, a literary character came in, whom he generally consulted on those works that he intended to have printed: a bookseller generally has about him a man of letters, as a superintendant of his manuscripts.—"Ah! Sir," said the bookseller to him, "you are come, just *à propos*, to felicitate me on the acquisition of this copy, which, as I am informed, is written by a lady belonging to the court, and which I am not inclined to disbelieve, on finding the language so flowing."—"Let me see," replied the literary gentleman, looking at the romance, "let me see if you have cause to be so prepossessed in favour of this manuscript."—He then read over the beginning, which was well written, and which he did not fail to admire. He was so much pleased with it, that he said, "This prose is excellent—it is beautiful; if the subject answers to the style, you have not made a bad bargain. The commencement is so interesting, that I am very desirous of read-

ing the whole work."—"Well," said the bookseller, "take it home with you, and return it me, if you please, to-morrow."

The next day the bookseller waited, impatiently, for the arrival of his literary friend; who, when he appeared, returned him his copy, saying, "I am very much mortified to give you such unpleasant intelligence, but it is what you must be acquainted with. My good friend, you have been imposed upon. Your Persian history is detestable: or, rather, I think this is a trick that some one has designedly played upon you. The first part seems written with an affectation of elegance—indeed, the first pages are charming; but it soon sinks into the most flat stupidity, and so continues to the end. I can tell you more; the events are nothing else than a repetition of *Pharamond and Cleopatra*. In a word, it is the work of some revengeful author, who fancies he has some cause of complaint against you. Examine your memory: have not you, by chance, given some one among these gentry, reason to be dissatisfied with you? It is a question which may be put to a great many of you booksellers."—"No," replied the bookseller; "I do not suspect that any author has written this work, unless it is a little lame Abbé, whose book I printed and published at my own expence, and who was to have shared with me the profits; and I know he fancies that I do not give him an exact account of the number of copies I sell."

"You have hit the right nail on the head," said the man of letters; "you need not look farther for the author of *Siroës and Mirame*. But why did you buy this manuscript before you had given it me to read? You should, at least, have told him who brought it you, to wait for your determination a few hours. You would not then have been so duped."—"I was wrong, I was wrong, it is true," said the bookseller; "I own I have been guilty of imprudence and stupidity. I was led to believe that the work was written by a lady of quality; and I gave into the scheme, like a fool. However," continued he, "since the fault is committed, let us say no more about it. Keep my secret; for if my brothers of the trade should hear of this

adventure, they will only turn me into ridicule. I shall pay the bill when it becomes due, without saying a word, and I shall send *Sirois and Mirame* immediately to press; it will not be the first bad work

I have published, nor, please God, the last; I shall, at least, make by it what it cost me, since the vilest trash among books always finds some fool or other to be a purchaser."
S. G.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MR. EDMUND BURKE TO A POOR ARTIST
OF GENIUS AT YORK.

Beaconsfield, Oct. 1, 1786.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your letter from York, and for your receiving so kindly the trifling accommodation that it fell in my way, by accident, to afford you: I should, however, be exceedingly concerned, if it should become the means of raising in your mind expectations which it may not be in my power to answer; and of inducing you to engage in pursuits, which all your abilities and industry may not enable you to succeed in. My circumstances are such as oblige me to keep within narrow bounds, and will not suffer me to shew that countenance to talents, which I wish to shew whenever I meet them. Your case, I assure you, is one of those that make the reserves which prudence and justice indispensably require, somewhat painful to me. Not being able to undertake to support you in your studies as a painter, I cannot, in conscience and honour, encourage you to abandon wholly the business to which you are bred, and which is a very reputable trade. I do not, however, mean at all to discourage you from the study of design, so far as it is compatible with that employment, which must be the foundation of your support, and your retreat, in case your progress in the arts, or the encouragement you meet with, should not answer our mutual wishes. Whether you can ever arrive at sufficient eminence, as a painter, to answer any good purpose, must be, in a great measure, uncertain.—But, at any rate, whatever progress you make in design, though not sufficient to accomplish you as a painter, cannot fail of being of very great advantage in all those trades that are conversant in decoration,

which are many, and some of them lucrative. I shall certainly, therefore, when we meet in town next winter, recommend you to the academy—to Sir Joshua Reynolds, provided your progress in drawing be such as will entitle you to learn there: and we shall talk on the further steps you are to take.

Your communicating your ideas to me in so open and friendly a manner, will, I hope, justify the liberty I take, in recommending to you to put a little restraint on your imagination, relative to your views in life. The spirit of enterprize and adventure I certainly do not mean wholly to damp, as it is the source of every thing which improves and adorns society: but, at the same time, it is, more frequently, the cause of the greatest disappointments, miseries, and misfortunes; and, sometimes, even of dangerous immoralities. You seem to feel too much disgust at humble, but honest, situations in life, and to form too alight an opinion of those whom the order of Providence has destined to those situations. This is a serious mistake, whether it regards the happiness or the virtue of men, which are neither of them much less in one condition than in another. Your own happiness is deeply concerned, in not giving yourself over too much to the guidance of your imagination. You will excuse the liberty I take, as proceeding from my very good wishes for you; and you will do me the favour to believe me, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Inclose this to Mr. Carr, of York, upon whom you will wait as soon as you can.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Woman; a Poem. By E. S. Barrett, Esq.

THIS production is at once energetic and harmonious; its chief feature is the praise of women, and their thanks are highly due to such a champion as they have here found in Mr. Barrett. The Poem opens with a tribute to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, and goes on from that exalted subject to the eulogy of females in general. From this interesting volume we lay before our readers the following tender and truly poetic extracts:—

CHARM OF MODESTY.

"To guard that virtue, to supply the place
Of courage, wanting in the gentle race,
Lo, modesty was given, mysterious spell,
Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel:
Strong, by the very weakness it betrays,
It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze.
The panting apprehension, quick to feel,
The shrinking grace that fair would grace conceal;

The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise,
The gentle vengeance of averted eyes," &c.

WOMAN'S HOSPITALITY.

"Ask the grey pilgrim by the surges cast
On hostile shores, and numb'd beneath the blast,
Ask who revived him? who the hearth began
To kindle? who with spilling goblet ran?
O he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his withered hands, and woman name."

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.

"But can all earth excel that crimson grace,
When her heart sends its herald to her face?
Bids from its ark its own unblemish'd dove,
A messenger of truth, of joy, of love!
Her blush can man to modest passion fire,
Her blush can awe his arrogant desire;
Her blush can welcome lovers, or can warn,
As roddy skies announce both night and morn."

AN AMIABLE WIFE.

"Oh, give me, Heaven! to sweeten latter life,
And mend my wayward heart, a tender wife,
Who soothes me, though herself with anguish wrung,

Nor renders ill for ill, nor tongue for tongue;
Sways by persuasion, kisses off my frown,
And reigns, unarm'd, a Queen without a crown.
Alike to please me, her accomplish'd hand
The harp and homely needle can command;
And learning with each grace her tongue applies,
Her very maxims wear a gay disguise.
Nest for my presence as if princes came,
And modest, e'en to me, with bright shame;

No. 114.—Vol. XVIII.

A friend, a play-mate, as my wishes call,
A ready nurse, though summoned from a hall;
She holds in age that conquest youth achieved,
Loves without pomp, and pleasures unperceived.

The Soldier's Widow. By the Ettrick Shepherd.

THE flag wav'd o'er the castle wall,
The bird came flitting o'er the lee;
Loud joy rang thro' the lighted ha'
As ilka aye was blythe but me;
For, ah! my heart had lost its glee,
Altho' the wars had worn away;
The breast that ne'd my stay to be
Was lyin' cauld in foreign clay.

I lookit east, I lookit west,
I saw the darksome coming even;
The wild-bird had its cozy nest,
The kid was to the hamlet driven;
But hame nor hame, aneath the heaven,
Except the shough of greenwood tree;
O that was a' the comfort given
To my three little bairns an' me.

I had a prap'r I cou'd na say—
I had a vow I dough na breathe—
For aye they led my words astray—
As a' aye they wer' connectet bairn
Wi' aye wha now was cauld in death.
I lookit round wi' wat'ry e'e—
Hope was na there—but I was laith
To see my little babies dee.

Just as the breeze the caper stir'd,
And hoar salant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonny bird
Singing amid the air so blue;
It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery;
It was of aye my woes that knew,
And some kind heart that car'd for me.

O sweet as breaks the rising day,
Or sunbeams thro' the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the cheering lay—
Was it an angel pour'd the strain?
Wha kens a yearning mother's pain,
Bent o'er the child upon her knee!
O mine will bless, and bless again
The generous hearts that car'd for me.

A cot was rear'd by Mercy's hand
Amid the Grampian wilderness;
It rose as if by magic wand,
A shelter to forlorn distress!
An' weel I ken that Heaven will bless
The hearts that issue the decree—
The widow and the fatherless
Can never pray and slighted be.

R

THE PETITION OF LADY EMILY VANE TEMPEST.

WHY, Guardian, leave me in the lurch?
From wedding, why prevent me?
When I was mad to go to *Church*,
To *Chancery* you sent me?

And now, which solace none affords,
But source is of regretting,
You place me in the *House of Lords*,
The *Lord's house* quite forgetting.

But, ere this tedious process ends,
Though youth I'm now array'd in,
I fear, my over careful friends,
I'll perish—an old maiden.

Hear, then, and grant my modest pray'r,
Denial would be too hard—
Of form and fortune to take care,
Appoint an honest (*Steward*) *Steward*.

A FASHIONABLE MOTHER. FROM "CHILDE PADDIE."

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony, not in mind,
A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, French lace—
The smartest carriages in town;
With title, pin-money, and place,
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time, by Sims's art,
The wish'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next, to glad her heart—
Dorinda had no more.

New education's care employs
Dorinda's brain—but, ah! the curse—
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise,
Go! take them to the nurse!

The lovely babes improve a pace,
By dear Ma'me's prodigious care,
Miss gabbles French—with pert grimace,
And Master learns to swear.

Sweet innocents! the servants cry;
So natural he, and she so wild:
Laud, nurse! do humour 'em—for why?
'Twere sin to snub a child.

Time runs—bless me! Dorinda cries,
How monstrously the child is grown!
She has more meaning in her eyes
Than half the girls in town.

Now teachers throng: Miss dances, sings,
Learns every art beneath the sun;
Scravls, scribbles, does a thousand things,
Without a taste for one.

Lap-dogs and parrots; paints, good lack!
Which makes ev'n venerable West quite jea-
lous:

Writes rebuses, and has her clack
Of small talk for the fellows.

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,
Reads the *Six Weeks*, and *Little*, too!
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
Ev'n dictates in *versu*.

Ma'me'selle to Miss's hand conveys
A *billet doux*—she's *très commode*;
The fortune-hunter's in the chaise,
They scour the northern road.

Away to Gretna Green they post,
Miss there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolic over, to her cost,
Miss is—a wretch for life!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON VIEWING THE GRAVE OF A LOVELY UNFORTUNATE WOMAN.

BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

AND does Pride with austerity frown,
On this spot so deserted and lone?
Where the tempest hath beaten thee down,
And the last ray of beauty hath flown.

Cou'd she mark the fair promise of youth,
Thus blighted by perfidy fade,
Nor think that her manner uncouth
A guiltier bosom betray'd?

Nay, surely the happier lot,
That to her was benignantly given,
Should hallow this isolate spot,
With gratitude's tribute to heaven!

Oh! pause frail humanity ere
Another thou dar'st to condemn,
And ask thy own heart cou'd it ne'er
Have err'd and have acted like them.

Then a tear to their sorrows bestow,
Nor their errors too rigidly scan,
Thou forget'st the atonement of woe,
And that frailty's the portion of man.

The path Laura fatally trod,
Which the peace of the sufferer destroy'd,
As oft as thou viewest this sod
Thou'lt remember and learn to avoid.

But in sympathy shed the soft tear,
O'er the spot of her final repose,
As the mild dews of heaven appear,
On the leaves of a withering rose.

Here, beautiful fugitive, fade,
Cold, cold in this desolate urn;
Fond pity shall visit thy shade,
And nature thy memory mourn.

For tho' the world scorn thee, there are
Those perhaps who can never forget,
The beams of that beautiful star,
That in darkness so fatally set.

The flower our fondness has rear'd,
Which in exquisite sweetness has blown,
Will to memory long be endear'd,
When its fragrance and beauty are flown.

TO THE ZEPHYR.

BY MRS. M'MULLAN.

THE Æolian music of the Zephyr's wing,
A thousand long-lost sweet ideas bring;
Each rapt'rous feeling vibrates on the soul,
As thus its notes so tremulously roll.
Joys, long entomb'd, its diapasons raise,
And memory wakes by such reviving lays;
The days of childhood and the hours of love,
Still meet remembrance in this leaf-clad grove.
And though, green Erin, I have said—farewell!
Yet in my heart lives gentle Isabella.

To retrospection even hope resigns,
And mental vision to the dream inclines;
Imagination's ever active power,
Lends all her charms to the enraptur'd hour!
With sounds celestial fills her votary's ear,
And bids each form in heavenly hues appear.
Inhaling life-balm from the vernal morn,
Extracting bliss from notes on ether borne.
Pleas'd fancy, like the insect in the beam,
Or like the basking tenant of the stream,
Plays o'er the senses, captivates the soul,
While every feeling yields to her controul.
Oh! that these dear illusions would but stay,
Till memory's annals marked one happy day!
But list! rude winds the Zephyr's breath destroy,

'Twas ever thus, my true and fancied joy.

Return, sweet Zephyr! be not thus in haste,
Of woe I've drank, the cup of joy would taste;
Thy sounds I'll wait at eve, at early morn
Thy breathing altar pensively adorn;
Weave Sharon's rose-buds in the simple wreath,
With ev'ry flow'ret from the perfumed heath.
Here peaceful streamlets glide beneath the hill,
Here all is beauty, unobserv'd and still—
No echo nearer than yon hermit-cot,
No step, save mine, in this sequestered spot.
Here, whispering Zephyr, let thine altar be,
From noise, from pomp, from idle glitter free:
Fancy, illumed in all her rays divine,
The only priestess at thy hallow'd shrine!

Ah! know'st thou, Zephyr, I am soon to roam
Far, far away to seek another home?
No list'ning ear will wait thy accents then,
Nor seek the Æolian orifice in this glen.
Such magic sounds have charms but for the few,
Then, plaintive Zephyr breathe one kind adieu!
And wait the sigh that bids my bosom swell,
Before Lodona's happy Isabella!

When dreary winter sends his rigours forth,
Cur-borne on icy breezes from the north;
Of thee I'll think in many a Highland scene,
Or where the Alps of Pentland intervene,
Absorb'd in soothing visions of the mind,
By musing nursed, by solitude refined,

On thought's swift pinion, lo! I'll visit here,
And, in idea, dry the parting tear!
Review each walk—attend the peasant's tale—
Mark each lov'd spot—then rest in Zephyr's
vale.

When memory wakes from this delightful
theme,

And shews such bliss a fleeting, rainbow dream;
The plaid wrapt closer, and a bright'ning fire,
Shall bid the demon of despair retire!

INVOCATION.

BY THE SAME.

SPIRIT of the peaceful dream—
I woo thee in poetic theme;
When weary nature sinks to rest,
By labour, or by care oppress,
Ah! then remember me.

The thorny maze, the tangled brake,
The quiv'ring bridge o'er yonder lake,
The summit of some tower or hill,
Where mute astonishment breathes still,
Oh! bring not those to me.

Tempestuous ocean's troubled shore,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
The sinking bark, the tott'ring mast,
The shipwreck'd voyager's looks aghast,
These must not torture me.

The din of war, the clash of arms,
For mad ambition may have charms,
E'en dreams of conquest 'neath the pole,
May gratify a warrior's soul;
But these are not for me.

O form ethereal! bless the hour,
Devoted to soft slumber's power,
With imagery mild and kind,
To glad the heart and sooth the mind;
Deal gently thus with me.

Place me beside the Esk's sweet stream,
(Tis luxury there to wake and dream;)
Bring forms beloved of friends most true,
Without the farewell or adieu—
Blest spirit! think of me.

Or lead me where the saff'ring lie,
With pallid cheek, with sunken eye;
Oh! bid me haste their woes to cheer,
And let them smile when I appear;
That's happiness to me.

Yet give me back the visions sweet,
Of days when I was wont to meet
The humid seal of faithful love;—
Above all wealth, all joys above,
To those who feel like me.

When sad realities annoy,
Let shadows give me fancied joy;
Haste, bring the soothing opiate balm,
And bid the dreams of night be calm,
Since day has thorns for all.

R 2

FASHIONS

FOR

OCTOBER, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

FRENCH.

No. 1.—PROMENADE PARISIAN DRESS.

Cambric muslin dress, trimmed round the border with three rows of muslin medallion puffs; each row separated by a rich embroidery, finished by open hemstitch. Body of the dress made *à-la-jardinière*; the sleeves long, and elegantly trimmed to correspond with the border of the robe. Bonnet of white crape trimmed with blond, with a *bouquet* of purple poppies placed on one side. Bayadere shawl scarf of tartan plaid silk. Murray coloured kid slippers and parasol, and white silk gloves.

ENGLISH.

No. 2.—AUTUMNAL HALF-DRESS.

Round dress of fine cambric with muslin flounces, richly embroidered with Clarence blue. Clarence bonnet, finished at the edge with a double cord of blue and white double larkspur blossoms without leaves, and surmounted by a full *bouquet* of blue roses. Clarence spenser, of a fine itafine blue, with *manchérans* and lapels of white satin. Castilian *fichu*, with full Spanish ruff. The hair divided on the forehead, and terminating in light curls at the ears, *à-l'Enfant*. Boots of white kid leather laced with blue, and terminating at the foot with a blue point; Limerick gloves. A Cachemire shawl of a very light pattern, is occasionally thrown over this dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE *demi-saison*, or autumnal epoch, brings with it those appropriate forms of dress which, aided by the skilful talents of a tasteful *Marchande de Modes*, shed a brilliancy over the departing rays of the summer's sun, and, in spite of a deserted

metropolis, enable us to present our readers with a cheerful and splendid diversity.

St. James's-street, and the Steyne at Brighton, now offer, in the different Repositories of taste and elegance belonging to Mrs. Bell, in each situation, an unrivalled display of the most chaste, brilliant, and classical costumes: and we particularly refer our youthful subscribers to the consideration of her autumnal out-door dress of verdant hue, especially for the blooming and healthy looking female; for we perfectly agree with Ovid, that great master of the art of beauty, who lays it down as a certain maxim, where he says,

"Let the gay nymph, in whose plump cheeks are seen

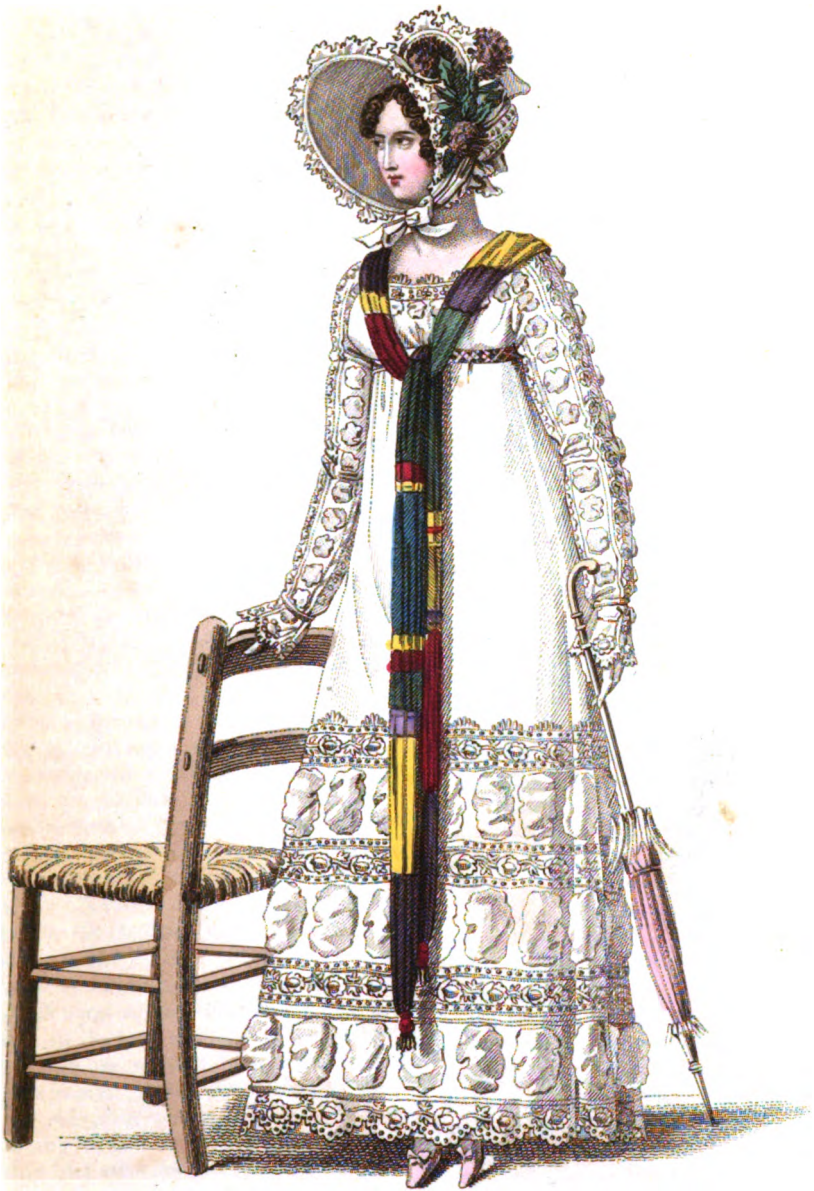
"A constant blush, be dressed in cheerful green."

The autumnal hat and pelisse of 1818, are of a fine Laurestina green, trimmed with shag silk of emerald, shaded with Christmas green. The hat, trimmed to correspond exactly with the pelisse, is crowned with a full branch of October roses.

For the carriage, as a morning airing costume, the Clarence spenser and bonnet are most in favour: they are of a fine marine blue; the material the chain repose silk; the bonnet trimmed at the edge with a rich cord of the flower of the double larkspur, without the leaves; these blossoms are of purple and white intermingled; the crown is ornamented by a bunch of faucy roses, of the same colours as the flowers at the edge. This bonnet, which takes its name from the Duchess of Clarence, is, however, of various colours, and promises to be an universal favourite with those ladies who compose the higher classes of society.

The Scarborough carriage bonnet of newly invented straw, and another material quite novel and unique, is also an additional appendage peculiarly belonging to the toilet of high fashion and distinguished





FROMENADE DRESS.

Designed for La Belle of London Xth Pitt Street 26th 1844.

rank; the very first of these we saw at Mrs. Bell's, and pronounce it beyond any thing we ever saw of taste and elegance for this season of the year: the *sorden* of flowers at the edge is superb; it is formed of double Egyptian roses, of various colours, crowned with roses of the same brilliant and different hues.

The dresses, it is true, have varied but little, and amongst the newest is the Victoria *déshabille*, or Duchess of Kent's morning dress: it is of a beautiful lavender coloured Italian crape, made partially high, with pelorise cape, and is elegantly trimmed with satin of the same colour as the robe. For home costume, a black French robe of sarsnet is a very favourite half-dress; it is finished in the true Parisian style, with *tablier pochettes*, and with this dress the Castilian *fichu* is indispensable: this elegant and modest shield for the female bust is of fine book muslin, surmounted by a broad triple Spanish ruff of fine lace, or richly embroidered muslin, with Valenciennes narrow edging, and which is made to stand up à l'Elizabeth.

Poplins, sarsnets, and Italian crapes are the most prevalent materials for dinner dresses; while fine muslin, silk net, and book gauze are most in favour for evening costume.

The walks by the sea side, marine excursions, and the lounges at the different libraries at our watering-places, cause the heads of our fair countrywomen to be so often covered with a hat or bonnet, that the caps have undergone but little alteration since last month; the *déjant cornette* of very fine lace, concealing much of the hair, is the chief novelty we have observed of this kind. A satin turban, placed very much on one side, and discovering the hair in full curls on the other, has been lately seen on the head of a lady of title at Scarborough, and which fashion seems likely to gain ground; it was of rose-colour, with a full drooping plume of white feathers. Young ladies wear their hair dressed lower than they did a few months ago; a garland of flowers constitutes, in general, the chief ornament at balls, &c.

The colours most in favour are royal purple, marine blue, holly green, lavender, and rose-colour.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

FASHION offers but little novelty this month; we are in the midst of that season when the temperature of air being much the same, our ladies continue to adopt the same kind of clothing as when I last wrote. The warmth of the weather gives the majority of favour to light and elegant textures of summer hue; and white dresses, whether of gauzes, cambric, or Indian silk, are in high estimation.

The heat, as intense in Paris as in London, has made muslin, spencers, as an outdoor costume, universal. The day, however, that is marked by any cool refreshing breeze, causes the modish *belle* to adopt immediately a spencer of royal purple silk, which is ornamented with very narrow *rouleaux* of white satin. Pelisses for the carriage are of white satin trimmed with blond.

Gauze hats are ornamented at the edges with full quillings of blond, and the crowns almost covered with flowers; lemon-coloured crape hats are bound with plaid ribband; straw hats are generally ornamented round the summit of the crown with a row of puffed white satin ribband, and the edge trimmed with a plaiting of gauze ribband: bonnets of clear muslin are worn in the morning walks, lined with rose-coloured sarsnet. On lilac hats a wreath of white daisies round the crown is the most prevailing ornament, with a bunch of lilac daisies on one side; on white hats a wreath of pomegranate blossoms, or a full bunch of geraniums. A bonnet now much in favour is of pink gauze, with a white veil carelessly thrown over it, or a deep blond at the edge, forming a kind of curtain veil: the brow is almost horizontal, and the crown very low.

The favourite breakfasting *déshabille* now of a *petite maitresse*, is a little white dressing jacket of cambric muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and a little bonnet of muslin, something like the *chapeau bras*, invented some time ago by your famous *Mar-*

chande de Modes, Mistriss Bell. The greatest simplicity is observed in half-dress; a gown of India muslin, with a sash of broad ribband; a Leghorn hat, with a small bunch of daisies for ornament; and black satin slippers, constitute the whole dress. For full dress, a robe of Indian silk, or Chinese crape, with a Grecian *corsage* and drapery; short sleeves, with angular puffings, and the dress trimmed with folds of *coquelicot* satin, with a wash of white ribband, edged with *coquelicot*: and for a head-dress, a gauze *toque* hat, surmounted with ears of corn, corn poppies, and a plume of *marabouts*; white satin shoes, and coral ornaments: this is, at present, *la grande toilette* most in favour.

The other dresses consist of striped muslin, either plain or embroidered between the stripes; they are ornamented with a great number of flounces, which, for dinner dresses, &c. are of fine broad lace; but the inferior, or that part next the shoe, is terminated by a rich row of embroidery, worked on the dress.

Many young ladies yet wear *cornettes* under their hats; and, in spite of the heat of the weather, enormous ruffs are still worn.

The long hair behind is now brought forward, and curled in corkcrew ringlets, which hang over, and render the *toupet* more full; so that the hats are smaller in the crown, in order to place them backward to shew the curls.

You will hardly believe that the newly-fabricated Parisian shawls, in imitation of Cachemire, have been eagerly adopted in Turkey for these last six months, and the manufacturers continue to receive large demands for them.

The favourite colours are lilac, emerald-green, pearl-colour, yellow, peach, and amaranth.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS FROM RECENT OBSERVATION.

DETACHED flowers, mingled amongst the hair, form the most fashionable head-dress for young ladies. Among the new hats, lemon-coloured crape, ornamented with a plume of white down feathers, are most admired for the carriage. The waists are longer than formerly, and are often confined by a black velvet belt, fastened with

a *rosette* of ribband behind, or by one of green Morocco leather, with a buckle of polished steel.—*Extract of a letter, received last week, from Paris.*

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE

IMPROVEMENTS IN FASHIONS AND DRESS.

IN 1789 the French ladies were so troubled with the anglo-mania, that they would wear only English gowns made of poplin, mohair, cloth, and lend, from England: they even sold their diamonds to buy little beads of steel and English glass; while Staffordshire pottery was preferred to the most beautiful Sèvres china; and they tore down the fine tapestry of the Gobelins, to substitute in its place the English blue paper. They renounced all their little evening collations, to drinking of tea, and eating slices of bread and butter. A few years, as it may be said, before that period, the citizens' wives and daughters formed a separate class, distinguished as much by their dress, as by the correctness of their conduct, their simplicity, and modesty; this ensured them that respect which they have now exchanged for finery: the rich merchants' wives, only, wore lace, earrings, diamond crosses, and rich stuffs, but without gold or silver; they never wore feathers, artificial flowers, nor *rouge*; and it was impossible ever to mistake them for courtezans; a misfortune which now very frequently happens to them—because dressing, as they do, like women of quality, they cannot attain their manners.

When, too, the female countenance was frequently suffused with the blush of modesty, a large fan was an indispensable part of dress; the lady could open it, and, without any appearance of affectation, screen her face behind it. Now blushes are out of fashion—young ladies are no longer timid; they have no wish to hide their faces, and the present miniature fan has been introduced, which serves neither to collect the passing zephyrs, nor to shield the countenance from observation.

Fans, in France, are only now made use of by ladies of a certain age. A young *petite maitresse* of the present day, when in public, is so embarrassed with the charge of her pocket-handkerchief, her kalei-

doscope, her eye-glass, her silver box of pine-apple pastiles, &c. that what can she possibly do with a fan?

A word or two concerning fashionable corsets will not, it is hoped, be taken amiss by my fair and indulgent readers, ere I close these remarks. They were frightful when they forced the bosom to ascend to the chin: the fashion was, in itself, detrimental to health, and contrary to all the rules of beauty and symmetry. In the mean time, it is very difficult for a pretty woman to lay aside a fashion which, how ever absurd, she may fancy adds to the grace of her figure. I could name the in-

ventress of a corset, not many miles from St. James's-street, with whom I have no personal acquaintance, and no interest whatever to make me "boast her off;" but I have seen shapes so admirably improved by the graceful and easy appearance in those female forms that have adopted them, that I cannot forbear earnestly recommending them to every one who wishes to preserve the graceful *contour* she may have received from nature, or to amend the shape where that overruling power has been less kind.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

THE following occasional address was spoken by Mr. H. Johnston at the opening of this Theatre:—

Once more old Drury now her standard rears,
Sustain'd by hopes, yet not exempt from fears;
Internal feuds have check'd her onward course,
And law has interpos'd its awful force:
But concord here, we trust, will soon revive,
And for your smiles with emulation strive.
Fashion, we know, is stronger e'en than law,
And all mankind can in her circle draw:
To novelty, her stamp such power conveys,
In vain may genius spread its splendid rays;
In cold neglect its brightest beams may fade,
Lost in obscurity's o'erwhelming shade.
But shall the spot where Garrick rais'd his name,
In mingling radiance with his Shakespeare's fame—

Where Siddons, tragedy's unrivall'd queen,
As nature vivid, dignify'd the scene—
Where Sheridan, our boast, who all admit
A second Congreve, in the realms of wit,
Enrich'd those realms with humour that shall live,
And polish'd mirth to latest ages give:
Two the "fell Serjeant Death" has borne away,
The third has abdicated scenic sway—
Yet still their spirits hover o'er the place,
With reason, truth and energy to grace;
Shall these, so long admir'd, to fashion yield,
And talents droop on the deserted field?
No—taste, upheld by you, with noble pride,
Shall fashion scorn, or lead to merit's side;
No—still this spot to mem'ry shall be dear,
And rising genius find protection here.

The reduction of the prices was as great an attraction, perhaps, as the novelty of a new *Romeo and Juliet*: whichever cause operated, the house was filled to its topmost bench. Mr. H. Kemble was the new *Romeo*, and plays much in the style of Mr. C. Kemble. *Juliet* was a young lady, her first appearance; her figure is good, her voice articulate and pleasing, and she is young; she performed her part with feeling.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS Theatre opened with *Macbeth*; the chief attraction was a Mrs. Yates, in the character of *Lady Macbeth*: her eminent deficiency is that of feeling, and her performance is spoilt by its hardness and austerity. Her whole manner and deportment evince a thorough knowledge of the stage; her action is easy, and unembarrassed; and her voice agreeable. The interlude of *Perseus* introduced our favourite, Mrs. C. Kemble, again to an admiring audience.

ENGLISH OPERA.

CUMBERLAND's comedy of *The Brothers* has been revived at this Theatre, in a three-act drama called *The Privateer*. The audience, and ourselves amongst them, were particularly delighted with the subjugation of *Lady Dove*, a thorough-paced shrew, tyrannizing over a husband infinitely too

good for her. The character of *Sophia* is rather a non-descript.

The *Amateurs and Actors*, another new short drama, is an entertaining piece, though it has a little too large a proportion of nonsense for the one good sketch of character (that of the free-school boy) which it affords. Nor can we applaud the direct and personal attacks upon certain known individuals, which, in a theatre, a servant of the public, are at least licentious, not to say insolent. Let any one imagine how he would feel, if he himself should be produced upon the public stage; and let no one encourage towards another what may be repeated on himself. This practice ought not to be encouraged. In manners, and even in morals, ridicule is less frequently employed as the test of truth, than truth, under a perverse taste and corrupt feelings, is made the butt of ridicule.

The following is the plot of *Amateurs and Actors*:—A country stage-manager, named *O. P. Bustle*, is engaged by an amateur of the name of *Dulcet*, to superintend a private theatre in which he is concerned. *Dulcet* is a lover and a man of taste, in which capacity he runs away with *Miss Hardacre*, the ward of *Elderberry*, a retired tradesman, and takes her to *Bustle's* house. *Elderberry* pursues the parties to their retreat, but being ignorant of theatricals, he mistakes the grimaces and declamations of the persons occupied in rehearsal, for symptoms of insanity, and concludes he has got into a madhouse. A number of ludicrous circumstances occur on this point. The lovers, however, are united in the end; and the piece fixes the attention, and excites the laughter of the audience.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—Sketch of *The Sharper*:—

A kind of black-leg, who calls himself *Der-fenille de Saint-Remi*, after having made several dupes in London, returns to France, more dishonoured than enriched by his plunder. A rich widow, possessed of an annual income of an hundred thousand livres, and yet capable of inspiring a tender affection, the mother of a daughter yet more lovely, lets an apartment to him in her house. Fake documents, by papers, no seeming luxury, and insinuating manners, have soon established between him and his landlady a

familiar kind of intercourse, which becomes every day more intimate, and ends in a proposal of marriage, which is that very night (at the opening of the scene) to take place. By one of those fatalities which often overthrow the best concerted plans, a young stranger, the lover of *Adela*, the widow's only daughter, happens to introduce himself to the house, and this young man has been one of the numerous victims of *M. de Saint-Remi's* machinations. *Belman*, adopted from childhood by *M. Dumont*, the brother of *Madame de Franval*, after having received, no one knows why, a considerable sum, to place him in some respectable situation, and is gone to England to perform the character of the prodigal son; for all this money has got into the industrious hands of *M. de Saint-Remi*. On his return, by a chance, not more easy to be explained, he has become acquainted with *Adela*, and has fallen in love with her. It may easily be guessed that his presence at *Madame de Franval's* is an insurmountable obstacle to the interested projects of *Saint-Remi*.

He meets with *M. Dumont*, who, by a prodigy yet more surprising than those above quoted, does not recollect the child of his adoption, and the object of his tenderest affection. How can it be conceived that the absence of a few years can have so altered *Belman* as to render him incongruous to his benefactor! *Belman* could not have been a child when *M. Dumont* placed in his hands a sum which was to have made his fortune! And from twenty to twenty-five years, the period is not so long as to operate such a metamorphosis, and so change those features which must have been engraven on the memory, and on the heart. However, *Saint-Remi*, already much embarrassed by *M. Dumont*, is yet more so by the presence of *Belman*, which offers to this brother-in-law a very powerful auxiliary; for, by one word, he could throw down the edifice that the cupidity of the adventurer had raised: therefore, to get hold of *Belman*, and stop his tongue, to make him in some manner his accomplice, is what *Saint-Remi* must aim at. He offers him his purse, and promises to hasten his marriage with *Adela*; the principles of *Belman*, shaken by this consideration, are about to give way. In the meantime, honour is one single sentiment, and mistresses may be many; honour, therefore, takes the precedence, and *Belman* courageously denounces *Saint-Remi* as the usurper of an illustrious name—as the author of his ruin—as a man in the habit of living by the ignorance and credulity of others. *Dumont* triumphs, and saves his poor sister undeceived; but *Madame Franval*, blinded by her passion, is obstinate, and convinced that all which has been revealed to her is a chimera, and that all the opposition she meets with, is only the result of a scheme laid by her brother, her daughter, and *Belman*, against a marriage which she is pleased to contract, and she makes ready to accelerate its conclusion. *Dumont* has then recourse to other means; and this

produces a fine stage effect : he is possessed of a million ; he loves his sister and his niece ; and wishes to save them from the consequences of a marriage, which must be a scandal to the one, and a disgrace to the other. In a *tête-à-tête* with *Saint-Remi*, he offers him an hundred thousand crowns, in hard cash, if he will give up all pretensions to the hand of *Madame Francoal*. The money is spread on the table, and the paper of agreement, to be signed. *Saint-Remi*, who is not ignorant of the informations that can be collected concerning him, hesitates, wavers, and, at length, sets himself in order to sign a renunciation for which he is so well paid. At the moment he is taking up his pen, *Madame Francoal* enters : *Saint-Remi* is the first who perceives her, and he supposes that *M. Dumont* has laid a plot to ensnare him ; he bursts into reproaches ; he casts from him, with a noble kind of disdain, the proposition that he was about to accept. The widow, enchanted with the heroic disinterestedness of her intended, testifies her gratitude, in offering instantly to sign the marriage contract ; but, in veneration of the grand moral principle, which causes vice to be punished, and virtue to rise triumphant, the author brings in *Belman*, who has found at the British Ambassador's the written proof that the *Desfeuille* of whom he has taken the name, and furnished himself with the papers of, has been dead six years, having expired in England. *Madame Francoal* yields to this information. *Dumont* knows *Belman* again ; and, affected by the service he has rendered the family, and his sincere repentance for his former errors, he gives him hopes of being soon united to his *Adela*.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.—
Azendai ; or, Necessaries and Superfluities.

Azendai is a basket-maker, and is murmuring over the little he gets by his humble employment, when his complaints are interrupted by two strangers : these are the Caliph, *Haroun Al Raschid*, accompanied by his Vizier, both in disguise ; and whom *Azendai* had, the night before, saved from imminent danger. Learning from his own lips the extent of his misery, they request him not to give way to despair. *Azendai* goes to some distance, and the Caliph drops a purse full of gold into one of the baskets of his preserver. A note is fastened to the purse, informing him that it is a present from one of the genii, who watches over his safety ; and, moreover, assures him, that all his wishes shall be satisfied as soon as they are formed, provided he asks only for the *necessaries* of life : but what are they ? who can fix their limits, or determine their extent ? *Azendai* first wishes for a commodious dwelling, instead of his miserable hut : he buys one, and fixes himself in it ; but he is there alone. He remarks a beautiful female slave that has been exposed for sale at the bazar, and it is pretty evident that the possession of *Zaide* is requisite to his happiness ; but how

is he to procure her ? The good genius takes care of that ; and a pretty woman is not reckoned among the *superfluities* of life : *Azendai* is then soon put in possession of *Zaide* ; but when a man has a wife that he idolises, he must decorate her with jewels and valuable garments ; present her with costly furniture, and purchase slaves to wait on her : she must have a harem to reside in, and a garden, wherein to take the air. Just at this time, the palace of the Prince of Basora is exposed to sale ; and the good genii is willing yet to consider this among the *necessaries* of life. *Azendai* becomes the Prince's successor ; and he moves into the palace with *Zaide*, where he is received as lord and master by a swarm of lovely *odaliskis*. All the pleasures of life seem to have fixed their abode in this charming spot. *Zaide* is enchanted with it ; and one thing only vexes her : the prospect from the gardens is superb ; but it is obstructed in one part by a fisherman's hut. This hut must be pulled down ; but the fisherman is obstinate, and he will not give up the humble inheritance of his ancestors. This is an hankering after *superfluities* ; and the patience of the genii is worn out. The interior of the palace is opened, and the Caliph is seen on his throne, surrounded by all the splendour of power and greatness. He reproaches *Azendai* for his unjust and immeasurable ambition, which begins to wear the tint of ingratitude : he declares his intention of taking the fisherman under his protection ; but touched with the penitence of *Azendai*, he recompences the service he received from him of saving his life, by leaving him, with all the benefits he has heaped upon him, a lesson of wisdom and moderation.

The first act of this drama is the best ; because the interest of the audience is excited by *Azendai's* desires and their accomplishments : but the *dénouement* is too perceptible after this act. The piece, however, met with unbounded applause. The decorations of the palace and the bazar are beautiful ; and the story is diversified by an old libertine Emir, who is well caricatured by Emile, the celebrated French comedian.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Plain Statement of Facts, connected with the case of Mrs. Jane Scarborough, of Buckden, Hants.

It is a nice and delicate point to determine betwixt the fiat of the law, and the innocence or guilt of an individual. Perhaps, were we to follow merely the dictates of our own imagination, which ever prompts

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us to be favourable to the weaker sex, we might be led to believe Mrs. Scarborough innocent, notwithstanding the appearances against her; for, according to the song,

"What we wish to be true, we find would be true."

But, with such strong appearances in her disfavour, we know not how to blame the respectable members of the law, or of the jury who pronounced her guilty; if she really was so, her punishment, which has not gone to the letter of the law, was, certainly *lenient*.

The high and estimable character before supported by Mrs. Scarborough is much in her favour: she displays good sense in her pamphlet, nor do we find her "bold and loquacious before her judges," but only seeming to feel that consciousness of her innocence, as rendered her sure of acquittal.

There certainly appears to have been very great carelessness on the part of Mr. Preston's clerk, when about to send a note of twenty pounds by the post: his letter was *unwafered* till it was time to give it to the bellman—we by no means impeach the good man's honesty, for these men are generally the faithful and well-tryed servants of the Post Office; but accidents may happen, especially when a letter is sealed with a wet wafer, and a direction so *blotted* as hardly to be legible. It went through *many* hands, before it reached the unfortunate Mrs. Scarborough.

But again, how happened it that the *very note missing* of twenty pounds, should be paid away by Mrs. Scarborough? She affirms, that a gentleman in a barouche, driving into the Bell Inn yard, an inn kept by her son, got it changed there, and received the change from her: this gentleman never came forward, though intreated by public advertisements so to do. She must not, then, feel her rancour excited by the conduct of those who tried her: with such glaring appearances against her, however innocent she might really be, we know not how they could have acquitted her.

Mrs. Scarborough expresses herself much hurt at the behaviour of the Rev. Dr. Malby; but she must acknowledge, that his first behaviour was kind and soothing in the extreme: she should reflect that, in

his province as a magistrate, when proof seemed so strong against her, he could not avow himself the protector, perhaps, which he might have desired, had a shadow of innocence appeared, to have shown himself.

We yet cannot forbear saying, that we ourselves are strongly inclined to form the individual opinion of Mrs. Scarborough's innocence; but this we assert without in the least blaming her judges, and wish she would, on serious reflection, endeavour to harbour the same opinion. We think, however, that Stanwell's evidence ought not to have been heard; or when heard, not attended to: and we must say, that the attorney Mrs. Scarborough employed, seemed too careless of the interests of his client.

We sincerely hope, that, in consequence of the known character Mrs. Scarborough so long enjoyed, of an excellent "wife, mother, mistress, and neighbour," this unhappy event will be banished the remembrance of those who have been long and often gratified in their sojournment at the George Inn, which she had for many years kept with such infinite credit, and unblemished character, and that they will still continue their patronage; as the pecuniary losses she has sustained by her late imprisonment, have been great and severe.

Le Portefeuille Francais; ou Mémoge Anecdotique et Littéraire. By L. SEMOUIN.

THE above work, published at Worcester and London, is dedicated to those who are fond of the French language: these, no doubt, in England, are many; but they are seldom sufficiently versed in it either to seize with avidity, or estimate with proper precision, every new French work that may appear. We, therefore, cannot augur any great success to French works published in England; for those who have real and thorough knowledge of any foreign language, will always prefer those published in the native country, especially now that such publications are so easily obtained from the continent.

In periodical works, like the *Portefeuille Francais*, care should particularly be taken of not making the *novellitas* too long; and the subject of anecdote is now so exhausted, that every thing the most new and

recent should be collected together in such a work: of those in *Le Portefeuille Français*, we have long ago published several.

The poetry of the *Portefeuille* is good, and well chosen; but some of our very best French scholars in England are known to declare, that they do not admire French poetry, and are blind to many of its most prominent beauties.

Though we earnestly wish to see the talents of many of our indigent and unemployed authors, of true genius, occupied in this, our native land, in improving its literature, and adding to the treasures of its press, yet we by no means wish to exclude the industrious foreigner from disseminating knowledge also among us; we were unjust else; had it been our lot to sojourn in a foreign clime, we should feel ourselves happy to be employed, and especially to be classed amongst its literati. We, therefore, wish Mr. Semoun every success; though, at the same time, we scarce dare hope it; and trust he will pardon the hints we have suggested, as they were given only, from our knowledge of this country's taste, with a wish to promote his interest.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Nearly ready for publication, in one volume, 18mo. *A Fortnight's Visit*; containing original, moral, and instructive tales for young gentlemen, with wood cuts, by Branson.

There is now printing, in three volumes, a novel entitled *The Mock Moralist*; or, *A Dressing for Special Dissenters*.

Nearly ready for publication, in one volume, 12mo. *Prince Chilia*; a satirical history of all nations in the world, after the manner of Dean Swift's *Gulliver*—by Tom Brown.

Preparing for publication, *The Iron Mask*, a poem. By the author of the popular poem called *The Boatswain of the Pyramus*.

Miss Hutton is about to publish *The Tour of Africa*, containing a concise account of all the countries in that quarter of the globe, hitherto visited by Europeans; with the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

Lieutenant Elmhurst is about to publish *Occurrences during a Six Months' Residence*

in the Province of Calabria Ulteriore, in the kingdom of Naples.

Night, a descriptive poem, by M. E. Elliot, jun.: being an attempt to paint the scenery of night as connected with great and interesting events.

Revenge Defeated and Self-Punished, a dramatic poem.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Refutation of Fallacies and Misrepresentations in a Pamphlet entitled "An Exposition of the New System of Musical Education." By J. B. Logier. 8vo. Hunter, St. Paul's Church-yard.

THE above well-written *Refutation*, by the inventor of the new system, carries with it much force of reasoning and truth: innovation ought never to be confounded with innovation; and that a new and improved system of musical education is as requisite in that delightful science as in any other part of instruction, no one, surely, will be weak or prejudiced enough to deny. Man, with all his knowledge of the arts, is yet very far from a state of perfection in any: it behoves him, then, to employ his talents in continual search after improvement, in order to attain that wished-for end. If the committee of musical professors, as Mr. Logier declares, in his well-written and modest dedication, approved his plan, and exerted themselves in his favour, how can any one be so mad, we might almost say, to endeavour at a refutation of what such men, of known science, approve.

The invention of the Chiroplast is as ingenious as useful; it gives ease, where formerly there was much labour, in enabling a person, at small trouble, to hold the hands well, when playing on the piano-forte, which is sometimes not sufficiently attended to: the invention of Mr. Logier has been approved of both by Cramer and Clementi; and we must say, that we ever find men of real merit and science eager in their encouragement of what may add to the improvement of the art, be it what it will, in which they themselves excel: those who carp and cavil are seldom more than half perfect.

Having given our opinion on this head, we shall now let Mr. Logier speak for himself:—

NOTE ON SIR G. SMART'S EXAMINATION, &c.

"When Sir G. Smart arrived in Dublin, I waited on him in company with Mr. Munro, and invited him to my academy.—"No, Sir," said he, "I cannot come. I am a man of candour. I know nothing about it, and I do not wish to be a party man."—I replied, that not to come would be to make himself a party man, because it shewed an unwillingness to satisfy himself whether my enemies spoke falsely or not. I wished him to come and judge for himself, and he would then be at liberty to offer his opinion or not, as he thought proper. He said, that he had seen a pamphlet, in which it was reported, that I had asserted nobody knew how to teach but myself. I replied, that he had seen the work of an anonymous enemy, and I begged he would read my own syllabuses, and learn to the contrary. I accordingly sent them to him, but received no reply. After this first visit, I wrote to Mr. Webbe an account of the testy manner in which I had been received, and immediately had an answer from him, which spoke of the Knight in the following handsome terms: "I am inclined, in general, to think extremely well of Smart, and of his motives of action; and I can perfectly well make out, that, as his connections in London are very extensive and numerous, and that there are many, I have no doubt, who are, in a great measure, dependent upon him and his good word for their well-being, he might very reasonably feel fearful, as you say, of being convinced of the efficacy of the system, as it might hereafter interfere with a conscientious recommendation of the aforesaid friends and dependents." This opinion of Mr. Webbe's, induced me to renew my invitation to the Knight by a letter, on receipt of which he called at my house, and left his card, saying he would come to my academy, but begged to be allowed to bring a friend with him. To this I replied, he might bring as many as he chose. He accordingly came with Mr. Drouet. I requested both these gentlemen to ask my pupils any questions they pleased; but they declined asking any.—There were about thirty children in the room, most of whom executed something on the pianoforte, or in harmony; and since the committee have so often repeated that the four young ladies from Ireland have been trained for the purpose of exhibition, I beg to ask Sir George, if these thirty children were also trained for this purpose? After my pupils had gone through various modulations, and two classes had each harmonized an air, I asked Sir George what he thought of their performance? To which he replied, that he saw nothing in it but what an able professor might do. But, Sir, said I, you will recollect that this has not been done by professors, but by children; and to this point I wish to fix your attention, that by my mode of instruction I enable children to effect that which you say an able professor may do. When I informed Sir George that I charged an hundred

guineas for communicating my mode of instruction to a professor, he answered, why not? I see no reason why any man should not charge what he thinks proper for his talent."

ARRAIGNMENTS AGAINST MR. LOGIER.

"I am first arraigned for having said, that 'the master is obliged to wade through many tedious hours before he can produce a proper disposition of the hand of the pupil, and that by means of the Chiroplast this labour is quickly surmounted.' Now these gentlemen roundly deny there is any labour in this part of instruction, which, in the same breath, they admit to be one of the greatest importance to the beginner. Does not this savour of incongruity? and I appeal to the decision of every one who has ever been present at the early instruction of a scholar, whether this has not always been a serious difficulty, of which the master was ever complaining. I have made a most unbecoming insinuation too, it seems, by hinting that this defect is often slurred over by the master, for fear of losing a scholar by its rigid correction. Whence comes it then that so few who play on the piano-forte hold their hands well, since the difficulty of obviating it is so slight? Will not the master even give himself this trifling trouble to prevent it? Who can utter a more gross libel than this upon their professional brethren? I am further charged with making one of my chief objects, the depreciation of the motives and actions of all other teachers; but to this I give the downright and flat contradiction. The very principle on which they ground this assertion, involves a manifest absurdity; for it has been spread about, that I denounce my fellow professors as guilty of gross imposition on the public, because they have been practising a mode of instruction different from mine. Now I pretend to something new in my mode of instruction, and what absurdity would there not be in my blaming men for not employing a method before it was invented? Really these gentlemen do not give me credit for that portion of common sense which, without much exertion of generosity, they might believe me to possess.

"On the authority of Dr. Carnaby, I am charged with bringing forward a child at my examination, who, according to my own account, had been taught two years by an eminent professor, and at the expiration of that time had been turned off as incurable. For this act I am called an empiric, harbouring deep and dangerous designs against the profession. How these gentlemen strive 'to monster my nothings,' this passage sufficiently evinces. Now who would imagine that the whole circumstance, thus pompously set forth, amounted merely to this:—A young lady, whom her parents were very desirous of having instructed in music, was put under a master; but for two years the child was so disheartened by the first difficulties which the study presented, that she made no progress, and

quitted it in disgust; but on being tried with my mode of instruction, she found these difficulties so easily overcome that it gave a sudden turn to her mind, and she made as rapid a progress as those who had shewn a much more promising commencement.

"As for what M. de Monti says of the Chiroplast, and what he saw in Bohemia before I was born, it is too far fetched, and too long ago to need a comment. Whenever he will produce a proof of his assertion it will be sufficient time for me then to bring an answer. But I am sorry for him, poor man, he is very much vexed, and says any thing that comes into his head."

APPROBATION FROM MEN OF SCIENCE.

"Mr. Clementi says, 'I have examined your new invention, &c. and I am so well persuaded of its great utility, that I cannot but give it the warmest approbation and recommendation.'

"Mr. Cramer says, 'I consider your invention admirably calculated to lay the best foundation for forming the hand of the pupil in the true notion of touching the piano-forte.'

"Mr. Kalbrenner says, 'I have found your Chiroplast as ingenious as useful, not only for a beginner, but for every performer who has contracted bad habits in the position of the hands.'

ERROR IN OPINION IN PLAYING AT SIGHT.

"The general notion of playing at sight, is that a young lady should sit down to a piece of music, never having seen it before, and play it straight onward, from beginning to end, without pause or breach of time. To every musician of taste and judgment this idea is preposterous and revolting; and indeed what can be more so, whether we consider the injustice done to the author, who is thus abused and misunderstood; or to the performer, whose blunders and misconceptions are thus mortifyingly exposed to every ear of the least discrimination. Mr. Cramer, who is, perhaps, gifted with a greater readiness of reading than any other man, says, 'there is no such thing as playing at sight.' At all events it can only rationally advert to an extraordinary aptitude—such as can be possessed only by a consummate master of his art, in perceiving at a single glance the whole drift and design of an author, and in conveying that design to the minds of others by executing at the instant whatever the eye perceives. Mr. Cramer's remark is still, however, made out; for there are authors which no master could read and execute at the instant!

"My observations on this subject are not meant to discourage the frequent trial of new music, but this should only be permitted when the pupil has acquired, by constant study and practice, a justness of fingering and steadiness of hand, in every description of passage; the master always keeping guard against false playing, even to the nicety of a single note, and constantly inculcating a salutary dread of missing a

passage. After all, no pupil should ever attempt this trial in the way of exhibition, as the Committee so reasonably expected my pupils to do, and as they shall still do, and also play from figured basses, if they will allow it to be in competition with their own. Let this be reserved for the perfect master only."

The author's mode of exercise is demonstrated at the conclusion, with a list of most respectable names of those who have approved his plan, together with a prospectus, for the perusal of which we refer our readers to his well written work.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF A DEAD MONK'S REANIMATION.

It is a well known fact that throughout all the monasteries in Sicily the dead bodies of the monks are dried and made to stand erect in niches placed round a kind of sepulchral chamber, where one of the brothers of the holy order take it in turn to watch for two hours every night, to put them in constant mind of the last awful change that every one is destined to undergo.

A monk of Palermo was passing part of the night in the manner above mentioned, when in the interval of his devotional exercises, he fancied he heard every now and then a very unusual noise; and looking steadfastly at that part of the room from whence it proceeded, he perceived one of the dead monks nod to him; he held up his lamp, and the head nodded again: he instantly hastened up stairs to the convent, to acquaint the brethren with this fearful omen. The monks laughed at his fears, and persuaded him it was a mere illusion of the imagination; he, therefore, summoned courage to return, but took care to go to a different part of these extensive galleries, where he remained a while in anxious suspense. Finding all still and motionless, he began to think he must have been deceived by his imagination, and therefore he returned to his former station, and fixed his eyes on the same dead monk. He again saw the head move and nod at him. Away he ran, and declared, that all the saints in the calendar should not persuade him to go down again: he was now so positive of the fact he had witnessed that considerable alarm prevailed in the

convent. The monks were called together, and eight or ten descended into the apartment with candles and holy water. They were brought opposite to the dead body in question, but just as they drew up, a nod of the head put them all to flight. When the superior was informed of it he was extremely angry, and declared some English heretic had got in and played this trick; he therefore went down himself with another party. As they descended to the galleries their courage, in some degree, abated; and after advancing cautiously to the place, the superior held up his lamp to the monk. It was no illusion; life had, indeed, once more entered this frail tenement of mortality! At that very moment the head shook violently, and fell from the body, when out flew—not the soul of a monk, but a living rat, which had made its nest in the skull.

This is a fact which happened lately, and is well known and authenticated at Palermo.

ACCOUNT OF A DREADFUL MURDER COMMITTED IN PALERMO.

A man stimulated by jealousy had a quarrel with another in the street: he stabbed his adversary, and took refuge in the next church, leaving his knife in the heart of the murdered man. It was late in the evening, a little before dark. The Sicilians have all a firm belief in spectres; and as the assassin afterwards declared, he did not feel very easy in his asylum though he knew he could not be taken in the church; yet such were the compunctions of guilt on his conscience, that he skulked and hid himself behind the columns in great agitation. Shortly after he entered the church it was shut up for the night; he remained absorbed in horror of mind, but was roused by seeing a priest, with a very young female, enter from one of the side chapels, along the great aisle; she seemed extremely unwilling to go with him, but partly by persuasion and partly by force, he brought her to the foot of the chief altar: he made her then kneel down, and they appeared to be in prayer, when the priest suddenly drew a stiletto, stabbed her, and she sank lifeless on the floor. In most of the parochial churches there is a

large vault for the bodies of the common people near the great altar, having an opening always left just sufficient to admit one body, with a flag and a ring to it, like the coal cellars in England. The priest, immediately after the commission of the murder, raised the stone of the vault, and threw in the body: he then got water from the holy water basin, and with his handkerchief washed the blood from the flag; after which he let himself out of the church. The murderer, who had taken refuge, witnessed this shocking scene without being perceived: he declared afterwards that the act was so instantaneous that it was impossible for him to have prevented it. It may be supposed he did not pass a very comfortable night in the church after what he had seen, and he began to suspect it could not be a priest that had committed so foul an act, but rather the devil, who had assumed the shape of a priest. The apprehension that his infernal majesty might still be in the church, determined him to stay there no longer; however, he could not get out, the doors being all locked: but such was the misery of his situation, that the moment the door was opened for morning service, he left the church and gave himself up.

He stated what he had seen, but gave the devil credit for the murder, in which the priests fully supported him. The officers of justice concluded the man was deranged: but the story took wind, and as a young woman of Palermo was missing and could not be found, her relations had the vault opened, and there her body was discovered. The disposition of the higher powers appeared willing to fix the crime on the devil, but the people came in a body, and, supporting her relations, demanded justice. Suspicion fell on the girl's confessor, and he was taken up: the man was now convinced he had not seen the devil, and gave evidence against the priest. Corrupt as may be the government of Sicily, such acts of atrocity cannot always be screened: he was found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. It appeared that he had seduced the unfortunate girl, who became pregnant, and fearing detection, he had persuaded her to meet him in the church, where he committed the horrid act as above related. The wretch,

however, could not be executed publicly, because he was a priest: they gave it out that he was executed privately, and shew-ed a hand for him, nailed up against the jail.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF LICHFIELD.

LICHFIELD, the chief city of Staffordshire, signifies in the old Saxon tongue, the *Field of dead bodies*; so called from a number of Christian bodies which lay massacred and unburied there, in the persecution raised by Dioclesian. Plot's *History of Staffordshire* gives a full account of this massacre, and says, that finding the Christians in the exercise of their religion, he took and carried them to the place where Lichfield now stands, and martyred one thousand of them there, leaving their bodies unburied, to be devoured by birds and beasts; whence the place still retains the name of Lichfield, or *Cadaverum Campus*, the field of dead bodies. The arms of the city is an escutcheon with many martyrs in it, in several manners mangled.

COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGES.

To Italy, which was in a state of civilization long before the other states of Europe, the English theatre is indebted for Punch, for Harlequin, Columbine, the disciples of St. Crispin, and female fortune-tellers.

The Opera has long drawn all its resources from Italy, and masquerades are undubitably of Italian invention.

To Italy our cookery stands indebted for Vermicelli, Macaroni, and Bologna sausages; while our confectionaries are improved by ices, sherbet, and a variety of liqueurs, all borrowed from the Italians, who have also taught our perfumers the art of making the most costly and odoriferous essences.

From the Venetians, France and England first learned the art of making looking-glasses; and France, during the reign of Henry IV. had few coaches but what were fabricated at Milan.

From the French we have learned to make plaister of Paris and ragouts.

We are indebted to the Germans for sour crout, and sophistical dramas and romances.

Spain has furnished us with wines and snuff, Russia with hemp and tallow, and China with tea.

DOMESTIC COMFORT.

PERHAPS there is nothing so much contributes to domestic comfort, to the security of families, both as to morals and property, as a good selection of servants.—Upon their capacity, integrity, and good conduct, more depends than can well be expressed. The establishment of the Westminster Central Mart is highly conducive to this end. Its object is to supply families with respectable servants of all classes; and not only with those who are in the class of servants, but with such as are capable to undertake the higher departments in families, namely, those of education and domestic management. Governesses and housekeepers will find at this establishment a constant demand: Cooks, ladies' maids, nursery maids, and servants of all work, are likewise in daily attendance. Male servants are also to be obtained in the different departments of domestic service, viz.—stewards, gamekeepers, butlers, valets, footmen, &c. The nobility, gentry, and persons of the most respectable ranks of life daily register their names at this office (as may be seen on the books), whom the conductors undertake to supply according to their wants. Thus no disappointment is experienced on either side. Servants are immediately supplied with situations, and masters and mistresses are invariably supplied with servants. None but the most respectable are permitted to register themselves.—Office, at the corner of Southamp-ton-street, Strand; open every day from ten till four.

BIRTHS.

At Cheltenham, the Lady of Sir Henry Banbury, K. C. B. of a daughter.

At Edinburgh, the Lady of the Hon. Charles Noel (daughter of the Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart.), of a son and heir.

At Abeny, Lady Gardiner, of a son.

At Kneeworth-house, Cambridgeshire, Lady Jane Pym, of a son.

At Rochester, the Lady of Rear-Admiral Sir John Gore, K. C. B. of a daughter.

At Welwyn, the Lady of H. Fynes, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

In Italy, at the Baths of Lucca, the Lady of J. Fyler, Esq. of a daughter

A few days since, Mrs. Roberts, wife of Mr. J. Roberts, of Walth, farmer, of three children, two sons and a daughter, who, with their mother, are likely to do well. They were immediately baptized Matthew, Thomas, and Mary; and it is further remarkable, her youngest child, before them, is thirteen years old.

Lately, a woman, who had taken her place to Newcastle, was delivered of a child on the Telegraph coach, just at the entrance into Harrogate. The coach was fortunately only about one hundred yards from a cottage, where the child, a fine boy, was taken in an apron. We are glad to state that both the mother and child are doing very well, in more senses of the word than one; as the ladies at Harrogate have liberally supplied the poor woman with clothes, and a collection has been made for her to the amount of about 30*l*.

MARRIED.

At the New Church, St. Mary-le-bonne, by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Rice, Prebendary of Worcester, John Pepper, Esq. of Bigods, in the county of Essex, to Maria, second daughter of Magens Dorrien Magens, Esq. of Hammerwood-lodge, in the county of Sussex, and niece to the Right Hon. the Lord Dynevor.

At Paris, the Hon. Mr. Clifford, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, of Uxbrook Park, in the county of Devon, to Miss Weld, the only daughter of T. Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle, in the county of Dorset.

At Tenterden, James Grant, Esq. of Austinfriars and Brixton, to Caroline, fifth daughter of the late J. Neve, Esq. of Tenterden.

Mr. George Howard, of Chelmsford, to Miss Clay, daughter of Edward Clay, Esq. of Greensted Park, the present Mayor of Colchester.

By the Rev. F. Ricketts, S. Batson, Esq. of Winkfield, Berks, to Miss Ricketts, only daughter of the late Governor Ricketts, of Barbadoes.

At Lausanne, at the house of Stratford Canning, Esq. the British Minister, Robert Sutherland, Esq. to Jennetta C. M. Murray, eldest daughter of Col. R. McGregor Murray.

At Hutton, Lieut.-Colonel D. Forbes, half-pay of the 78th Highlanders, to Maria Isabella, eldest daughter of James Forbes, Esq. of Hutton-hall, Essex.

At Brussels, E. Coxwell, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Jane Maxwell, youngest daughter of P. L. Gordon, of Farringdon, Berkshire.

At Audley, in Staffordshire, W. S. Roscoe, Esq. eldest son of W. Roscoe, of Liverpool, Esq. to Hannah Eliza, eldest daughter of J. Caldwell, Esq. of Linley Wood.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, T. Pagan, Esq. of Ely-place, to Lady Plomer, of Snaresbrook, widow of the late Alderman Sir W. Plomer.

At Dumfries, Scotland, Captain R. Stewart, R. N. to Miss Dalzell, heiress of Glance.

DIED.

At St. Germain-en Laye, aged 85, Princess de Montmorency.

At Lyons, the Right Hon. Lady Cecilia Charlotte Leeson, eldest daughter of Lady Cloncurry, and only sister to the Earl of Milbourn.

At Cheltenham, Sir Gilbert King, Bart. of Charlstown, county Roscommon.

At his house at Banner-croft, near Sheffield, in the county of York, Lieutenant-General Murray.

At the Holt, near Bishop's Waltham, sincerely and deeply lamented, Admiral Sir R. Calder, Bart. in the 74th year of his age.

A most remarkable instance of mortality has lately occurred in a family at Chepstow.—Mrs. Williams, wife of Mr. John Williams, tailor, died suddenly in the latter end of April last; her husband survived her about nine weeks afterwards; since which period, three grown-up sons have paid the debt of nature.—John, the eldest, died in the last week of June; James, the youngest, died on Sunday, the 23d of August, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and David, on the Sunday following, at the same hour!

Lately, on his passage home from Jamaica, Matthew G. Lewis, Esq. author of the celebrated romance entitled *The Monk*, &c. &c. and of several dramatic pieces, which rank him amongst the most successful of our writers in that department. On the death of his father, Mr. M. G. Lewis, succeeded to an handsome patrimony in the West Indies. When in London, he had resided, for some time, in a very retired manner, in Albany. His stature was rather diminutive, but his manners most elegant. He has left one natural daughter, and was never married.

The Hon. A. Annesley, who was married only in August to the amiable daughter of R. Ainsworth, Esq. of Halliwell, in Lancashire, was unfortunately drowned, on the 27th of the same month, at Blackpool, near Liverpool. He had left his residence, early in the morning, to bathe in one of the machines, and got out of his depth. Every effort was made by his servant and some gentlemen present, but without effect.

By a letter from the Hague, we learn the death of the Dutch General Daendels, who was not unknown during the period of the Revolution. This officer expired suddenly on the coast of Guiana, where he was Governor of the Dutch settlements.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Review of *Margaret Melville*, by Alicia Mant, is unavoidably postponed till our next Number.

If we insert the *Young Post's Address to his Lyre*, it cannot possibly be before next month. We must say we should have expected something better from the author of *Astarte*.

It is with much regret that we are compelled to put off the review of the beautiful Duet of *Deep in a hollow Glen*, *The Lake Minstrels*, and *Ah! where shall I fly?* to our next Number, when the Musical Review will close for this year, and which we trust our contributors will have found both impartially and indulgently performed.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 31, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazil, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 23, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger* Office, No. 104, Drury-lane, London.

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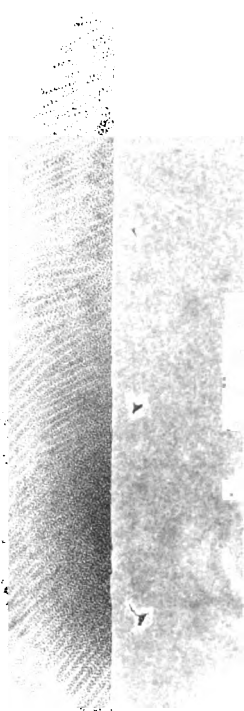
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Number One Hundred and Fifteen.

MISS ELIZABETH WALKER BLANCHARD.

THE young lady whose Portrait embellishes our present Number, is the third and youngest daughter of Mr. William Blanchard, of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, and is now in her eighteenth year, having been born on the 15th of November, 1800. When our heroine was only six years of age she had the misfortune to lose her mother; from which time her father, to the best of his ability, and with equal justice to his other children, has endeavoured to discharge the anxious duty which devolved to him, by giving her an education suitable to some respectable situation in life, but without any reference to the stage as a profession. Miss Blanchard had, however, it seems, made up her mind to become an actress; and at length, with some difficulty, prevailed upon her father to permit her trying her talents before the best judges and most generous public in the world: the result was her making her *début* in *Miss Blandford* (the only character she had then attempted to study), in Moreton's comedy of *Speed the Plough*, on Friday the 19th of June, 1818, and for Mr. Blanchard's benefit. The flattering reception she met with, and the evident promise of future excellence, induced Mr. Colman, who was just then disappointed of a young

lady whom he expected for the opening of the Haymarket Theatre, to solicit Miss Blanchard's assistance for the first night of the season. The play fixed upon was *The Poor Gentleman*; Miss Blanchard had never studied *Emily Worthington*, but undertook it at three days' notice: and in her performance, though her timidity almost overcame her powers, yet she evinced such merit, and was so warmly encouraged by the audience, as to secure an immediate engagement from the managers, upon the most liberal terms.

Miss Blanchard has since been the representative of *Berissa*, in *The Africans*; *Miss Neville*, in *She Stoops to Conquer*; *Zorayda*, in *The Mountaineers*; *Jessy Oakland*, in *A Cure for the Heart Ache*; *Maria*, in *X. Y. Z. &c. &c.*

We cannot forbear subjoining our meed of praise to that excellent artist, Miss Drummond, who painted the original of the engraving presented to our readers: a more faithful likeness, we pronounce, was never taken, and the turn of the head, and graceful demeanour of the figure altogether, confer the highest honour on the talents of this young and excellent female artist.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 102.)

BEFORE we say more of the state of music under James I. and his immediate successors, we must revert to it as it stood under Queen Elizabeth, who, on her coming to the throne, reckoned music amongst her most favourite amusements, and for many years delighted in the performance of it. Sir James Melvil, when sent on an embassy from Mary Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, gives an account of a curious conversation he had with the latter. Amongst other questions, as which of the two were tallest, which fairest, &c. the English Queen inquired of the Ambassador what were Mary's recreations? Sir James replied, that her Majesty played on the lute and the virginals.—“Does she play well?” asked Elizabeth.—“Reasonably well for a Queen,” replied Melvil.

The very same day after dinner, in company with Lord Hunsdon, Melvil withdrew into a gallery, that he might hear Elizabeth, in a contiguous apartment, play on the virginals. Having listened a while, he ventured to lift up the tapestry that hung before the entrance into her chamber, and seeing the Queen's back was towards the door, he entered, and stood within the chamber, delighted with the excellence of her performance. Turning about, the Queen discovered him, rose, and advanced, and with a *badinage* half serious, lifted up her hand as if to strike him, telling him that she was not accustomed to play before men. The Ambassador, who had resided chiefly in France, knew how to flatter, and excused himself, not particularly on the custom of that country, but that he was drawn thither by the melody that had so ravished his senses he had forgot all he owed to ceremony and etiquette; but he was willing to endure any punishment her Majesty might be pleased to inflict on his presumption. Elizabeth sat down on a cushion, and Melvil knelt beside her, but the Queen gave him a cushion with her own royal hands to place under his knee. She then inquired which

played the best, the Queen of Scots or herself? Melvil declared that he found himself compelled to give the preference to Queen Elizabeth's playing. Melvil was a true courtier, and perhaps was only compelled by the presence of Elizabeth: for Brantome, in enumerating the accomplishments of Mary Stuart, declares that she not only touched the lute with unrivalled skill, but that she had also talents at composition. A manuscript, however, is preserved of the Virginal Book of Queen Elizabeth; of which Dr. Burney, and other writers on music declare, that if her Majesty was able to perform several of the difficult pieces of music it contains, she must have been a very excellent player indeed. Dr. Burney even goes so far as to say, that it would be hardly possible to find a master in Europe who could play them well after a full month's practice.

Elizabeth was also a performer on the violin, and on an instrument called the poliphant, an instrument not unlike the lute, but strung with wire.

The chapel establishments of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, continued much the same. Camden says, that the Romish religion remained a full month and more after the death of Queen Mary, in the same state as before: and certain it is that Elizabeth, who began her reign November 17th, 1558, had a solemn service performed for her sister Mary at Westminster, December 5th, and another December 20th, for the Emperor Charles V.; and these, as well as her own coronation, were celebrated after the Romish manner.

We find in Neale's *History of the Puritans*, that the service of Elizabeth's chapel was not only sung to organs, but on other instruments, such as cornets, sackbuts, &c. especially on festivals. Under this Queen the Church of England, in 1560, might be regarded as brought to perfection. Music was still retained in divine service, and the most excellent voices, both of men and children, that could be procured, were

pressed into the Queen's service for her chapel. Elizabeth, when she first met her parliament, requested them to consider religion without heat or partiality; never using the terms papist or heretic in the way of reproach: that they would avoid on one hand the extremes of idolatry and superstition, and contempt and irreligion on the other. But this wise Princess relinquished no prerogative which had been exercised by her ancestors; she issued placards for impressing boys into her service as singers, and paid the greatest attention to cathedral service.

Luther, who had first shaken the papal throne in the time of her father, was both a judge and a lover of music: the old melodies to the Evangelical hymns were all composed by Lutherans; they are elaborate and florid, like the Latin mass. The metrical Psalmody had its origin in Germany.

Calvin was a gloomy and rigid reformer; and the only music he allowed his disciples was a monotonous and unmeaning psalmody, without even the constituent parts of mere melody. The inhabitants of Iceland, who, in spite of their rigorous climate, once glowed with the most ardent love for poetry and music, were forbidden to practice the latter in their worship, by the more freezing religion of Calvin.

When Sir Joseph Banks visited this island in 1773, he brought home a very ancient musical instrument, of a narrow and long form, which used to be played on with a bow. It was called by the natives the *long spíél*; it has four strings of copper, one of which is used as a drone. Pieces of wood are placed at different distances upon the finger-board to serve as frets.

Several of the Psalms were translated and versified during the reign of Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and printed in 1549. The Earl of Surrey wrote a sonnet in their praise, and translated others himself, but both these and the translation by Wyatt are lost.

Sternhold, who versified only fifty-one of the Psalms, died in 1540. Hopkins, a clergyman and schoolmaster in Suffolk, versified fifty-eight; Whittingham five, among which is the 119th; Norton twenty-seven; Windome one; the 7th and 25th

have the initials of W. K. and the 106th those of T. C.

Archbishop Parker, during his exile, translated the Psalms into English verse. He adhered to the Lutheran manner of setting them; they were never published. But the most ample and complete edition of the Psalms, in parts, which appeared in England during the sixteenth century, was that imprinted at London, by T. Est, 1594; the former publications contained only forty tunes, but this furnished one to every Psalm.

We are told by Menestrier that psalms and hymns were the opera songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and Varrillas assures us, that the airs applied to the French version of the Psalms were those of the best songs of those times. The Psalms are, in general, now sung in a very wretched manner, and banish from the mind these devout aspirations they are meant to impart. This is particularly exemplified in those parish churches where there is no organ.

Roger Ascham, in a letter from Augsburg, dated 14th of May, 1551, says, "Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church in this city is but a trifle." And in Bishop Jewel's letter to Peter Martyr, he says "Sometimes at Paul's Cross, there will be six thousand people singing together."

In Scotland psalmody was practised very early by the reformers; and about the year 1555, one Elizabeth Adamson, a follower of Knox, died singing metrical psalms.

The Puritans of England, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, devoted our cathedral service to destruction, assigned the absolute necessity of that simple kind of music which might be understood by the whole congregation. But all who read the scriptures will find singing men and singing women retained for divine service: and singing necessarily implies a being skilled in music. Now, in many conventicles, and even parish churches in the country, each line of a Psalm is pronounced by the parish clerk before it is sung by the congregation: this is sufficient to shew that the words are injured and disguised by the monotonous manner of general psalm-singing.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

LADY CARRHAMPTON.

In the year 1796 this illustrious female, at the advanced age of eighty-four, preserved unimpaired her charming flow of spirits, strength, faculties, and amiability: but what rendered her truly the wonder of her time, was her unexampled fortitude and resignation. These qualities had invariably expelled from a heart otherwise prone to the softest feeling, the "serpent's tooth" of the ingratitude of the then Lord Carrhampton, who never paid her one shilling of her jointure after the death of his father, though she voluntarily, in her Lord's life time, resigned to him an estate in her own disposal of £4000 per annum. She would, however, herself have wanted bread had it not been for another estate in her own right of £1000 annual income. She obtained from Chancery repeated decrees in her favour, upon which the young Lord filed cross bills; at one time, on pretence of her having taken away the family jewels, though she had not a single gem or pic-

ture in her possession belonging to the family.

ANECDOTE OF MISS RUSSELL.

In the suite of the late Princess Amelia there was formerly a lady of the name of Russell, who was a granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, and who, it should seem, inherited, without any alloy, much of his undaunted and ready spirit. One day, it happened to be on the *thirtieth of January*, she was in waiting, and occupied in adjusting some part of the Princess's dress, just as the then Prince of Wales, the father of his present Majesty, came into the room. His Royal Highness accosted Miss Russell rather sportingly, and said to her—"For shame, Miss Russell, why have you not been at church, humbling yourself for the sins on this day committed by your grandfather?"—"Sir," replied Miss Russell, "for a granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, it is humiliation sufficient to be employed as I am in pinning up your sister's train."

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

OLYMPIA DE SEGUR.

THERE are but few historical particulars known of Olympia de Segur: her character, however, may class her amongst the illustrious of her sex.

At the period of the parliamentary troubles in France, the Marquis de Belair, son of the chief president of Bourdeaux, had been imprisoned in the Chateau-Trompette. He had there groaned for some time in captivity, when his wife resolved to be his deliverer. Olympia de Segur, whose virtues shed a lustre over her birth, united to a solid and ingenious understanding, that cool fortitude which is so necessary for the support of every difficult enterprise. Conjugal tenderness and an ardent imagination were equally serviceable to her, and both were called in to aid her in this extremity. Heaven assists the virtuous in all their undertakings, and the more the soul is elevated, so much more easy are obstacles overcome by the virtuous

and persevering.—Olympia was permitted sometimes to see her husband, and she sought, in concurrence with him, to elude the vigilance of his guards. Without any fear of the perils that her devotedness to him might cause her to encounter, and animated by that noble boldness her virtue gave her, she offered to take his place, and let him escape in her clothes. The Marquis hesitated, dreading to expose his wife to the fury of his enemies; he chose rather to brave every danger, and perhaps lose his head on the scaffold, than to leave his Olympia exposed to become the sacrifice to her own heroism.

By dint of tears and supplications, and still more by the loved names of their children, she, at length, wrought on her husband, and stripped herself of those garments that she had providently added to what she usually wore: the Marquis put them on, and with his face partly concealed by a large cap, and hiding the remainder with

his handkerchief, which seemed to be held up to dry his tears, he passed through a file of jailers, and made his escape.

The keepers of the prison, who yet thought they detained their captive in safety, did not visit the apartment wherein Belair was confined till his dinner hour. Their astonishment can be better imagined than described; but Olympia, that pattern of conjugal love, was not perfectly easy on her husband's escape, she trembled least the guards, too soon made acquainted with it, might yet have been able to overtake the fugitive. Forgetting the weakness of her sex, and animated by a courage the most sublime, she fell upon the jailer, who immediately called out for help, held him fast, and made use of all her strength to retain him, not letting go her prize till the noise of this event had drawn together every inhabitant of the prison.

This bold attempt was crowned with success; and she received an ample reward by bearing that her husband was safe, while she accepted with heart-felt joy the punishments that awaited her. They were but slight—what wretches must those judges have been who could have dared to condemn such an action, who could have dared to violate the most holy bond of nature, and make use, against so virtuous a deception, of those laws, which were made by man, and imperfect as himself!

After Olympia had remained for some time as an hostage for her husband, she was permitted to quit her confinement; and she lived but a few years longer, leaving to posterity an example worthy of being appreciated by her own sex, the admiration of the other, and a lasting honour to conjugal affection.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE RELATED BY DR. PEPYS.

A GENTLEMAN one day sending to the learned Doctor, when he was absent from home, to borrow the works of Theocritus and Horace, the maid servant told him on his return, that a gentleman had sent to him to request he would lend him *three oxen and a hog'shead!*

COURAGEOUS INDIFFERENCE.

At the battle of Fontenoy, an officer of the name of Honeywood, was endeavouring to cleave down a French soldier, but his hanger sticking fast in the shoulder, the fellow gained strength sufficient to thrust Honeywood through the side with his bayonet, while another struck him on the head and face with a sabre, so that he immediately fell. Next day Lord Robert Manners looking at the waggons that were carrying off the wounded, beheld Honeywood on one of them, with half a dozen soldiers lying on the top of him.—“Poor fellow!” said his Lordship, “thou art now done for, sure enough.”—But what was his surprise when, on arriving at Hannau, he received a message with Mr. Honeywood's compliments, desiring Lord Robert to go and see his wounds dressed. He went

directly.—“And now Bob,” cried the gallant creature, “look sharp and thou shalt see my brains; and Middleton the surgeon here shall bear witness that I have some.”

ANECDOTE OF DR. LEE.

THIS amiable character, whose youthful gaiety of manners at the advanced age of eighty-six, delighted all who were in his society, was dining once with some members of Baliol College, Oxford, of which he was master; when one of the gentlemen, speaking of a dispute that had taken place amongst the Privy Councillors, remarked that the Lord Chancellor had struck the table with such violence that he split it; “No, no,” replied Dr. Lee, drily, “I can hardly persuade myself that he split the table, though I believe he *divided the board!*”

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A West India gentleman of large fortune, and greater worth, was so absent that he seldom called upon a friend without occasioning some *bizarre* incident. One cold morning he came to the house of Dr. E——. The servant informed him his master was dressing; Mr. H——, almost unconsciously,

stepped up stairs, and belted into the dressing-room. The physician asked him to be seated. Growing too warm, Mr. H—— threw off his great coat, and chatted for some time with his old intimate; but a gentleman urgently asking to see the Doctor, he went in his night-gown to a breakfast parlour where the patient waited. Mr. H——, as he supposed, put on his great coat, and went off, without waiting to bid the Doctor good morning. His next visit was to a lady, and before he sat down he said—"Bless me, Madam, what can be the reason that a train of boys followed me, and forced me to take refuge here?"—The lady replied by immoderate laughter. Mr. H—— was a little man, the physician a large man; he had taken that gentleman's upper coat in place of his own great coat, and the house was in an uproar searching for the garment, and all the physician's memorandums for the day, when Mrs. M——'s servant appeared to restore them.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE OF BAVARIA.

In the month of November of last year, the Prince Royal of Bavaria, who was travelling in Sicily, was reposing himself one day with his attendants, in an orange grove near the little town of Monte Allegro; when suddenly a woman with four young children threw herself at his feet, and entreated him to solicit her husband's pardon, who stood condemned to death for having, in a moment of passion, mortally wounded with a knife a man with whom he had a quarrel. The sister of the woman, with six children, joined her entreaties, and the country people assembled at a respectful distance, anxiously awaiting the issue of the interesting interview. Before the Prince had time to answer, another woman, with her countenance inflamed, and her head covered with a black veil, darted through the crowd, crying out "Vengeance! vengeance!" It was the sister of the man who had been killed in the quarrel. The people, fearing the effect of the latter woman's grief upon the Prince's feelings, all exclaimed with one voice, "Mercy! mercy!" The Prince, greatly moved by this affecting scene, sent one of his train to the house of the nearest judge. The latter confirmed the statement of the women, and joined with them in entreaties in favour of the

convict. The Prince engaged to ask his pardon at the court of Palermo, and immediately the air resounded with cries of joy from the multitude, and the news was echoed by the firing of cannon. Shortly after, the pardon came, and the Prince, on his departure, was saluted with the benedictions of all the inhabitants.

ANECDOTE OF PELISSON.

PELISSON was dreadfully disfigured by the small-pox, and the following incident befel him from his extreme ugliness. A very beautiful lady met him one day in the street, and taking him by the hand, she requested him to let her lead him to a house a few doors off. Delighted at being noticed by so beautiful a female, Pelisson, in spite of his appearance, could not forbear entertaining the most ardent hopes. The lady, speaking to the master of the house, uttered the following sentence,—"Exactly like that, every feature."—Pelisson, recovering his astonishment at the sudden disappearance of the lady, requested the master of the house to explain what all this meant? Who, after refusing for a long while, confessed that he was a painter, adding, "I have some time ago undertook to paint for that lady a picture of the *Temptation in the Wilderness*, and we have been sadly puzzled to get a good representation of the devil; she therefore brought you to me as a model."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN II. KING OF SWEDEN.

THE first dramatic spectacle performed in Sweden, was the death and passion of our blessed Saviour. The actor who performed the part of the soldier who pierced the side of Jesus, whether through awkwardness, or too much energy of feeling, buried his spear so deep in the side of the actor on the cross, that it not only killed the man, but threw down the cross; the fall of which crushed the actress to death who was performing the part of Mary. On which John, in a violent rage against him who had enacted that of the soldier, rushed forwards, and with one stroke of his scymetar cut off his head. The audience, however, who were moved with pity for the actor, whose fault was purely accidental, avenged his death immediately by taking away the life of the monarch.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE DE ROHAN.

As the Duke was once travelling through Switzerland, finding himself indisposed, he sent for the most famous physician of the Canton, who was named Dr. Thibaut.—“I think,” said the Duke, “I have seen your face before.”—“Very likely,” replied the Doctor, “for I had the honour to serve you as a farrier.”—“How, the deuce, then, is it that you are become a physician? How do you practice upon the sick?”—“As on the horses of your Excellency. It is true that many of them die under my hands, but I also cure a great many. For heaven’s sake, Sir, do not betray me, but suffer me to gain my livelihood amongst these honest Swiss.”

ANECDOTE OF WEBB, THE PEDESTRIAN.

WEBB, the once celebrated pedestrian, who was remarkable for vigour both of mind and body, lived wholly upon water for his drink, and chiefly upon vegetables for his sustenance. He one day recommended his regimen to one of his patrons, who was extremely fond of brandy. He urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury by which his health and his intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him “that he would conform to his counsel, but that he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off all strong liquors by degrees.”—“By degrees!” exclaimed Webb; “if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants not to pull you out but by degrees?”

FORTUNATE SUPERSTITION.

CAPTAIN STOUT, of the American ship *Hercules*, which was ran on shore on the coast of Caffraria, in 1796, as the only means of saving the lives of the crew, gives the following account of the superstition of the Lascars. At a period when the tempest raged with the utmost violence, the Captain directed most of the crew below, particularly the Lascars, to work the pumps. One of them, however, was perceived coming up the gangway, with a handkerchief in his hand; and on being questioned what he was about, he answered in a tone of voice that discovered a perfect confidence in the measure that he pro-

posed, that he was going to make an offering to his God.—“This handkerchief,” said he, “contains a certain quantity of rice, and all the rupees I am worth; suffer me to attempt to lash it to the mizen-top, and rely upon it, Sir, if I succeed we shall all be preserved.”—The Captain was going to order him back again to the pumps, but recollecting that in so doing he might throw both him and his countrymen into a state of despondency, and thereby lose the benefit of their exertions, he acquiesced. The Lascar thanked him, and he soon beheld this child of prejudice mount the tottering shrouds without the least apprehension. He soon lashed the handkerchief to the mizen top-mast head, fearless of all danger, and arrived in safety on the deck, confident now that his God was the Captain’s friend; he went below to inform his brethren that he had done his duty. All the Lascars seemed transported with joy, embraced their virtuous companion, and then laboured at the pump with increased alacrity and perseverance, as if they had encountered before neither apprehension nor fatigue. To their unceasing labour was owing, in a great measure, the preservation of the people.

ANECDOTE OF THE BISHOP OF MEAUX.

THIS prelate once asked an old woman how many sacraments there were? To which question she replied by saying there were but two.—“But,” replied the Bishop, “there is marriage; what prevents your regarding so holy, delightful, and happy a state as one of the sacraments?”—“Ah! ah! Sir,” said the old woman, “if it is so very good, what is the reason that you have never partaken of it?”

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT FERGUSON.

IN the reign of James II. Robert Ferguson, a Presbyterian minister, who had plotted against the government, fled from justice to the city of Edinburgh, when perceiving that he was closely pursued, and that the gates were shut to prevent his escape, he had recourse to a device which men of less cunning would have considered as the certain means of destruction. Instead of secreting himself in a cellar or garret, and putting confidence in strangers, he went to the town prison,

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where he knew an old acquaintance was confined, and there he remained concealed till the search being over and curiosity at an end, he was enabled to go quietly about his business.

The same man, after the unfortunate and melancholy affair in which the Duke of Monmouth perished, with whom he acted as secretary, had a still more narrow escape. Ferguson knew that a proclamation was issued out against him, and his person was so very remarkable, that he could hardly entertain the least hopes of eluding pursuit. Being, however, a man of great presence of mind, he made the best of his way for the coast; but instead of passing along bye-roads, or through villages, he entered the largest towns, and fearlessly put up at the best inns. At one place in Dorsetshire, where his danger was the greatest, he found that the principal inn was kept by the Mayor, which circumstance made him choose that very house for his quarters. Here he came towards the evening, ordered a handsome supper, to which he invited the company of the landlord and his wife. In the middle of the repast, the Mayor received a message, desiring him to grant a search-warrant, for the apprehension of one Ferguson. The magistrate, in consequence, being obliged to retire, for the discharge of his official duty, made an apology to his guest, and, at the same time, acquainted him with the

reason of his absence. On his return, the conversation fell upon the subject of the fugitive, and the offences with which he stood charged. Ferguson, who knew that too much ardour in condemning, frequently betrays consciousness of guilt, and that an attempt to palliate crime is apt to create suspicion, both which are the errors of little cunning, commended the zeal of the magistrate with that discreet coolness which generally accompanies moderation and honesty, and then deviated, imperceptibly, to topics best calculated for his own security. The evening passed away pleasantly, and Ferguson lay till pretty late in the morning, when he arose confident enough of his being safe while in that house, but not so sure of getting out of the town to the sea-side. In order to obviate this difficulty he called for breakfast, and again desiring the company of his worship, with whose conversation he affected to be so much pleased, that he promised, if the Mayor would ride to the next town, and spend the evening with him, he would stop and take dinner. This flattery won the affection of the host, who very readily complied; and thus Ferguson, in the company of the magistrate, passed safely through that town, and the neighbourhood, without being at all suspected. He then got a passage to Holland, and returned from thence with the Prince of Orange.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

HINTS TO MISSIONARIES.

THE fundamental principles of morality itself are so firmly implanted in the soul of man, that no vicious practice, and no mistaken code, can change their nature; and that we should look on the historian who should tell us of laws which enacted theft and murder, or punished honesty and benevolence, with as little credit, as on him who should talk of "men, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

Our missionaries are very apt to split upon this rock, and in order to place our

religion in the brightest light, as if it wanted their feeble aid, they lay claim, exclusively, to all the sublime maxims of morality, and tell those they wish to convert, that their own books contain nothing but abominations, the belief of which they must abandon, in order to receive the purer doctrine of Christianity. Mistaken men! Could they desire a better opening to their hopes, than to find already established that morality which says, it is enjoined to man, even at the moment of destruction, to wish to benefit his foes, "as

the sandal tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe that fells it."

How happy would it be, if, instead of fighting with the air, as these good men persist in doing, they were employed in teaching the rudiments of knowledge, in searching for, and compiling such moral passages from the ancient Hindoo books, as, taught to the young Indians, might improve them, and render them worthy of still further advantages—an improvement they would be far from refusing, as it would accord with their prejudices, and being founded on the wisdom of their forefathers, would carry with it the authority of religion, and the attraction of affection. Should we hear of the habitual want of truth in the Hindoos—if, from their infancy, they were exercised in those sacred passages, where truth, in all her sublime and attractive array, is identified with the universal soul, and made familiar with the strains of the poet, who, speaking of the inviolability of a promise, sings, "Before the appointed hour, even thou, thyself, art not able to destroy the tyrant to whom thou hast promised life, no more than the sun is able prematurely to close the day which he himself enlightens."—*Graham's Letters on India.*

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

THE causes which have produced the differences between the manners and customs of the Asiatic and European nations, is a subject for the inquiry of the philosopher. I regard them, as affording two principal classifications. There are nations in Asia, whose habits resemble those of the Europeans; and in some countries of Europe, customs similar to those of Asia prevail. The manners and customs of the ancient Romans, corresponded more with those of the modern Asiatics than the Europeans. In Turkey, the customs of Asia prevail. Among the other European nations, the habits of the Portuguese, Spaniards, Russians, and Hungarians, approximate most closely to those of the Asiatics. Were we to seek for a mother-country, or central point, if it may so be called, for manners, we should say that Persia is such for Asia, and France for Europe.

This assertion, which is supported by

history, leads us to the proposition, that the chief cause of the difference of manners, is to be sought in the different treatment experienced by the women of Asia and Europe. Because the woman, in Asia, is condemned to play a subordinate part in society, and is doomed to a kind of imprisonment; and as the man exercises full controul over her, her influence is extremely limited, and cannot operate, in any remarkable way, on the national character. Even in early ages, the customs of Europe were the opposite of all this.

Among the ancient Germans, women were honoured and respected—they were even admitted to public assemblies, and allowed to deliberate on political affairs.—This custom gave birth to the gallantries of the age of chivalry, the most brilliant period for the female sex. The Turks must, indeed, have regarded, as singular, the oath made by St. Louis, not to consider as valid the agreement which guaranteed the lives of himself and his companions in arms, until it should be ratified by his Queen, whom he had left behind at Damietta.—The influence of knight-errantry has even extended to modern times. The Europeans have, by degrees, adopted those habits and customs, which are most agreeable to women. To please them, the European has renounced the beard, which the Asiatic regards as his greatest ornament, and not only forms his person, but likewise his mind, in the way which may be most agreeable to them. On the other hand, the European women resemble the men. Europe is indebted to the fair sex for many of her pre-eminences over the other regions of the world.

Rudeness and despotism prevail where women are kept in a state of complete oppression—effeminacy and cowardice are the characteristics of those nations where they enjoy too great an ascendancy.

In England, the spirit of chivalry was never carried to such an extent, as on the opposite shores of France; in the former country, it consisted merely in superficial appearances. Women never possessed so much power in England as in France.—Though the English woman is not, like her sister in Turkey, the slave of her husband, yet she is, more than females in other parts of Europe, excluded from an

interference with public affairs, and confined to the occupations which nature has marked out for her—namely, the education of her children, and the care of her household affairs.

Until the reign of Charles I. agriculture constituted the chief occupation of the English, and the form of their constitution bordered on a territorial aristocracy, that is to say, the landed proprietors, who have since been reduced, and have degenerated, were the most important individuals in the country. They furnished the model, according to which the manners, customs, and prejudices of the whole nation, were formed. Educated on their estates, they obstinately retained their peculiarities. Being naturally serious, and living entirely within the circle of their families, the superior classes in England acquire a more solid knowledge, and purer morals, than those on the Continent. During the period of the reformation, intolerance was a prominent feature in the English character, combined with religious feelings, which degenerated into bigotry. The women formed themselves after the model of the men. With the exception of a few traits of barbarity, which arose out of the darkness of the age, many women, during the period of the English republic, bring to our recollection the *Valerias* and *Portias* of antiquity. With warm feelings of patriotism and national pride, they combined the sincerest devotedness to their husbands.—They displayed talent and ability for manly occupations, without, for a moment, renouncing female modesty and reserve.

The periods of tranquillity which succeeded the storms of the revolution, afforded the fair sex no opportunities for the development of the virtues above alluded to; they rather withdrew themselves from all manly occupations, to which the nature of the English constitution has contributed.

The monarch, who is limited in his prerogatives, cannot, as under other constitutions, invest his wife, or mistress, with any important influence in political affairs.—The minister must pay dearly in his person, were he to suffer his mistress to officiate for him. The course of government affairs is too precisely indicated, to admit of any foreign influence; the fair sex are, conse-

quently, shut out from all political intriguing.* Modern English history presents but few instances of the choice of an Admiral or General having been decided by female influence.

An Englishman does not love the fair sex with such a degree of adoration, as would lead him, voluntarily, to renounce the dominion which nature seems to have assigned to man, and which is likewise granted to him by the laws.

As soon as a woman is married, all she is possessed of becomes the property of her husband; and she can dispose of nothing without his consent. He, on the other hand, is responsible for all the debts she may incur, either before or after marriage. Though the husband is obliged, by law, to pay his wife's debts, and is deprived of personal freedom in case he should not possess the means of doing so, yet, in all that regards property, the wife is reduced to a state of subjection, and the husband invested with controul, though limits are established against its abuse.

An Englishwoman is equally estimable, as a wife and as a mother. As a wife, she is the faithful companion of her husband; she participates in all his sorrows, observes regularity in her domestic arrangements; and for cleanliness, is superior to the females of any other country in Europe. She remains at home, whilst her husband is abroad seeking the recreations of riding, driving or hunting; she rises early from table, leaving him and his friends to enjoy the pleasures of the bottle; frequently excluded from all society, she lives for years in a lonely country estate, without feeling any desire to seek for amusement beyond the walls of her house. When she exercises dominion over her husband, it is obtained by sweetness of temper; her's, therefore, is a dominion to which man readily yields, and that only which becomes her sex.

As a mother, an Englishwoman regards the education of her children as her dear-

* This practice of excluding females from all participation in public affairs in England, is a serious cause of complaint to the foreign Envoys who are sent to the English court. All diplomatic intrigues prove ineffectual. The Ambassador must trust to the public journals for all his information on the subject of state secrets.

est duty. It is exclusively the mother's office, to implant in the minds of her children those early precepts, which exercise so important an influence over their future existence, and which redound so much to the honour of the English system of education.

There is, however, something monastic in the mode of educating young women in England. A foreigner, introduced for the first time to a party of young English ladies, might almost fancy himself transported to a nunnery. The uniformity of their white muslin dresses, would likewise contribute to maintain the illusion, for every female follows the same fashion, without any distinction being observed between youth and old age. Uncommonly fine features are to be met with among the young women in England; but their complexions seem too delicate to resist, for any length of time, the destructive influence of the foggy English atmosphere; they lose their beauty at an early age.—The English women are more remarkable for well-proportioned forms, than for any striking beauty of countenance. They do not, however, devote much attention to gracefulness of deportment.

Foreigners might be inclined to wish for more vivacity, more wit, and more talent for conversation among the fair sex of England. Even the English husband not unfrequently complains of ennui when at home; but he reflects, that the attainment of these attractive talents might have a prejudicial influence on the exercise of more important duties.—*From a German Work.*

HOLLAND, IN 1773.

THE country is entirely flat, and so are the surrounding towns: but nothing can be more neat, more pretty, nor more elegant than these towns. They present to the eye, at a great distance, by their numerous canals, planted on each side with trees, the prospect of a great number of hamlets, united together; we seem always in the country, and the hamlets appear as if they had been formed during the night by the wand of a fairy.

The public edifices and houses are built on the waters, which surround and divide the country; these appear in the water

like so many stationary vessels, without masts, the roofs of which seem to be the decks. They are slight, and have not cost much labour in erecting. They are washed every day, inside and out; the outside, by means of engines—the inside, with sponges. The corridors, and stories, are all inlaid with Dutch tiling; which give an air of newness to the most ancient buildings. The outside is varnished in all manner of colours, and the stairs are covered with matting, or strips of cloth.

In Holland, the way of living is temperate and wholesome; a piece of beef, weighing about twenty pounds, serves all the week, with a dish of excellent vegetables. This is the whole course. Those who call the Hollanders cheese-eaters, have only been familiar with sailors, and other seafaring men.

It is in vain that the Russians may tell a foreigner to be guarded against the effects of cold, or the Hollanders against the influence of their evening dews; experience furnishes the best defence. Would you wish to preserve your health, always follow the regimen of the natives belonging to the country wherein you may sojourn; when in Russia, during the winter, eat their sugar-cakes, and drink the spirituous liquors they offer you before dinner; in Holland, return home early, and when you go out, do not go till it is late. The vicissitudes of the atmosphere require little change in the clothing, from winter to summer.

The roads, in several countries, are made with new half-baked bricks, just from the field; they last, because they are well covered with sand, and no heavy carriages pass over them. Every thing is transported in boats, and provisions are carried to their destined place in wheelbarrows.

Holland, watered on almost every side by the ocean, offers only extensive fields. There are no forests, and the only trees are those of the gardens, and of places near the towns.

Besides the rivers, there are innumerable canals, to facilitate parties of pleasure, voyages, and the transporting of merchandize; and the boatmen undertake to carry provisions and goods at a moderate price. A boat costs but little to keep it, and will contain more than eight cart-loads of merchandize. The public barks, with which

the canals are covered, are drawn by horses, and depart and arrive at a given hour. The banks of the canals are almost all adorned with beautiful walks of elms, and linden trees, and intersected with handsome houses, and gardens, finely cultivated, with all sorts of trees and flowers; and wherein are bred the most scarce and beautiful birds from India. The *rouse* of the canal-boat is a little kind of cabin, set apart for some particular travellers.

The time of frost and snow is the carnival of Holland; the canals and rivers are covered with skaters, both male and female. A villager carries his provisions to market, skating; the female villager does the same.

It seems that, without the business of commerce, which draws the Hollanders together, there is no kind of society among them, so little do they frequent each other. The country-house of a wealthy individual, has the appearance of a Prince's palace.

The coffee-houses are very simple; there are no women seen presiding in them; there is no bar, no marble tables; neither glasses, nor chandeliers.

The carriages are built high, and are very light, because the country is sandy, and a heavy carriage would require several horses to drag it out of the deep ruts which the wheels would make.

The quantity of diamonds worn by the ladies, the buckles, knives, scissors, chains of gold, rings, on the fingers of the tradesmen's wives, and even on those of female peasants, are proofs of the riches in the country. The women yet wear, hanging to their sides, a kind of purse, similar to the ancient French *Escarcelle*, ornamented with a spring circlet, and hooks of silver.

The young maidens, however wealthy, do not marry so early as in France; the fathers keeping close together, as long as they possibly can, their tuns of gold.

The Dutch women are, in general, truly virtuous; and there are few men, prodigals or libertines. Interest, labour, the love of gain, and close application to business, with a natural taste for commerce, absorb every other passion.

The women, as we have said before, are virtuous and modest, good housewives—rather too economical; they watch over their houses with the most incessant care, to see

that they are kept in the utmost extreme of neatness. They love their boorish husbands, are beloved by them, have all the rule in domestic affairs, and are sovereigns in their own houses.

Several women wear large rings of gold on the first finger and on the thumb of the right hand: the ring on the forefinger is a mark of their having gold enough; and that on the thumb, that they have abundance.

The Dutch women are fair, but they are apt to stoop too much; they are handsome, if we may allow a woman to be so who is enormously fat. Such as we see them painted by Reubens, such we actually behold them in their houses.

The young women seldom marry till they are five-and-twenty. On the wedding-day, the bride receives a present, with part of her household furniture. The present is what is observed, as a custom, with the most opulent; the furniture is bestowed among the common people, at the expense of the aunts, cousins, relations, and friends, who are present at the wedding, where there is always an equal number of each sex invited.

There are very pretty children, few handsome men, and scarce any beautiful women, in Holland. If morals are not attended to more in Amsterdam than in Paris, it is not the case in other towns; a public courtesan would not be allowed to remain in Saardam: at this place, the women wear short petticoats, folded like fans, a corset, tight to the shape, and a straw hat; not even the shadow of a naked bust is to be seen, at any time in the year. They wear fine laces, rings on their fingers, earrings, their legs almost bare, and they stir up the dung with forks, like men: but one cause of the extreme neatness of the Dutch, is, that there are a far greater number of women than men-servants.

The Hollanders take, regularly, four meals a day; their coffee in the morning, dine between one and two o'clock, drink tea at six, and sup at nine. Economical as is the Dutchman, he yet loves a good table. The birth of a child, its christening, its weaning, all agreements, betrothals, weddings, lyings-in, departing on a journey, and on return, are all subjects for feasting.

The Westphalians in Holland, are what the Savoyards are in France. They are industrious, faithful, and parsimonious; they live on bread and water, with a little of their own country bacon; they are employed in all kinds of works, but in particular with the gathering in of the hay-harvest, which is considerable in a country covered with fields and meadows. The women are attached to the country-houses, where they are employed in gardening.

There are fewer thieves in Holland than in other parts of the world: and how could they possibly exercise the perilous trade of a highwayman, in a country cut out into ditches, canals, and rivers, and set thick, all over, with barriers?

On Sunday, every man and woman are seen flocking to church; they never work on that day, neither do they buy, sell, ne-

gotiate, nor make any demand or payment; and Sunday is a day of liberty for every debtor.

The Dutch keep their dead unburied for a whole week; they often wash the corpse with warm water, shave it, dress it, and expose it, for two or three days, to its nearest relatives and friends: they place it in an oak coffin, lined with iron plates, the head placed on a cross-bar, which serves as a pillow: the coffin is nailed and screwed down. The women are dressed in the habiliments suitable to their sex, trimmed with black ribband; the men are in night-gowns, with wigs on their heads, and are buried with an expence proportionate to their means.—*Translated from the French of Diderot's Supplementary Work, just published.*

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,—To combat with anxious energy the encroachments of folly and vice, by disseminating Christian principles and useful information, is a harmless *quizotism*; and it is highly encouraging to know, that schemes which, in the commencement, appeared visionary, and agency deemed too feeble for momentous effect, have, by perseverance, ultimately prospered, in attempting, out of the beaten track, to serve mankind. Viewing society as a tree, improved in its loftiest boughs by careful cultivation applied to the root, the writer is pledged, with unwearied zeal, to provide mental melioration for the sons and daughters of industry—animated by a hope of inciting more efficient lovers of their species to confederate in saving multitudes from the most dire temporal evils, and from eternal perdition. To promote the speediest circulation of appropriate instruction, all remaining copies of the first, second, and third parts of the *Popular Models* are to be sold by auction, and each purchaser of a set is to receive a ticket, entitling him or her to a copy of the fourth volume, gratis. Besides these homely vehicles of edification, some hundred copies of the fourth part are to be gratuitously distributed to parochial libraries, and other collections of books, to

which, on easy terms, the poor may obtain access. These aids, to the admonitions of parents, friends, and employers, may avert evils more dire than the extinction of life by lingering agony—alas! too often drawn upon themselves by girls, whose personal attractions, aspiring refinement, and dependant state, are rendered, by imprudence, destructive snares; and if youth of the dictatorial sex shall deign to look into the chapters, the cogent appeals to a natural horror at protracted sufferings, corroborated by generous repugnance to inflict cureless ills upon others, may counteract allurements to the elegant profligacy, supposed to confer tonish notoriety upon a *man of pleasure*; but which, according to our mass of evidence, soon transforms him to a man of pain.

Subjoined to those *Warnings of Bitter Experience*, a note, on the means for preventing a recurrence of public distress, contains many considerations, suggested by the present state of extensive districts, where crowds of children, like the birds of the air, seek their chief sustenance gathering wild berries in woods, moors, and mountains, while the parents languish under contagious fever, the consequence of scanty and unwholesome provisions. The

present season has produced an exuberant crop: let us beware of improvidence, for times less favourable will return; and the safety of the rich, and the comfort of the poor, may be ensured, by using abundance with economy, and storing the surplus out of the reach of humidity, or depredation; and we trust the period is not remote, when millions of acres shall no longer lie waste, though crowds of famishing labourers are not only willing, but anxious, to render the soil productive—and extended tillage would augment a demand for the commodities of our trade and manufactures.

To place in the most striking and unexceptionable light those truths, and the various details in the *Warnings*, the manuscript has been eight times transcribed,* and, afterwards, several revisals have corrected inaccuracies—trusting that extracts, engrafted upon the imperishable celebrity of the most distinguished periodical publications, may transmit to posterity the general purport of our pages, conducing to elevate our national character, happiness, and political supremacy.

A virtuous and intelligent populace are a wall of fire round an empire, and the demoralizing tendency of wanting uniform opportunity for earning the necessities of life, has recently proved more deplorable than the pain occasioned by inanition, or consequent malady. Patient endurance of extreme privation cannot be enforced by the most salutary laws—nor can the utmost vigilance of the police constrain good behaviour, nor prevent penal offences: but the poor may be exempted from frequent temptations to injure the wealthy, if constant employment shall be afforded, and their brief intermissions of labour rendered pleasant and improving, by domestic recreations. The competence earned by regular industry, is not merely appeasing the cravings of nature. The consciousness of power to be sufficient for their own necessities, permits self-reverence and independence of spirit, friendly to each Christian

* Dangerous and tedious indisposition hastened the publication of the first, second, and third parts of the *Popular Models*, and the authoress has often lamented the MS. had been but twice transcribed; the copy for the press was prepared under circumstances of the heaviest affliction, and debilitating malady.

virtue, and to all manly usefulness. The meanest plebeian, who, after a diligent exercise of his calling, desires no relaxation except from the perusal of edifying or innocently amusing books, will, in every connection, act as a superior being, compared to the untaught rugged slave of appetite, or conceited ape of gentility—who have no idea of gratification but in common with the brutes, or in more bestializing intemperance, or contemptible vanity; and who own no restraint but judicial terrors, or awe of worldly censure. The cheap, safe, and instructive pleasure of reading, effectuates for working people and servants much more than filling up vacant time. They are withheld from grovelling and dangerous pastimes, that might gradually entice them to misdeeds. Their capacity for serving others, and benefitting themselves, is expanded. Their activity receives a right direction. The money that would have been squandered in debauchery is saved, and pauperism averted; and when business claims the contented humble readers, no intoxicating fumes, no lassitude, nor depraved notions, unfit them for exertion. They are happy, because they deserve happiness; and their knowledge and worth impart incalculable advantages to infancy and childhood in a higher sphere.

Nursery attendants can largely contribute in confirming, or deteriorating, the corporeal, moral, and intellectual constitution of their charges. Thus the most exalted rank is very deeply interested in all the good derived to the lower orders, through an abiding rational conviction, that a vast increase of true respectability and enjoyment are attainable, independent of any change in their outward condition, beyond what will result from practical knowledge, and a faithful discharge of incumbent duties. It must be so. Reiterated impressions will assert a due ascendancy over the feelings and understanding, and influence the conduct. Exclusive of imbibing the most pure and operative principles of action, we may expect, that, in furnishing the bulk of our population with means for developing their faculties, many germs of genius will be unfolded, and many fine inventions produced, and carried to perfection, by enlightened intellect, combined with handicraft skill. How many

invaluable discoveries have been postponed, by the ignorance of husbandmen and artisans, will probably appear, when daily scope for actual observation has been assisted by the recorded experience of others.—These probabilities have a more full description in the *Popular Models*; and since the sale of those volumes is a disinterested tribute to the improvement of public morals, the writer may presume to add, that, though overwhelming grief hindered a due finish to the style, many of the most powerful motives have been adduced, for prevailing with the rising generation to avoid in-

dulgencies more degrading than the most toilsome drudgery, and abject indigence. We hope success will reward that aim, though the original undertaking has been partly frustrated. How arduous each effort, can only be conceived by such as, with a profound consciousness of inadequate powers, have resolved upon taxing them to the uttermost, in elucidating topics of extreme delicacy—too long left to vague and perplexed sentiments, or to artful misrepresentation of the most pernicious tendency.

B. G.

THE REFORMED GAMBLER.

Of the divers passions which assail the human breast, that of gambling, long experience has evinced to be the most ungovernable. The man who is given to drinking, sometimes in consequence of domestic infelicity, of unsuccessful speculations, or of slighted love, will get cured of the malady by the reform of his companion at home, by a happy change in his circumstances, or by meeting with another more amiable object, still willing to repay his affection. Satiety, the natural inconstancy that "our flesh is heir to," besides many other causes, will extinguish the raging flame of the most ardent lover! I cannot abstain introducing here a very extraordinary instance of a case relative to this subject, which occurred during the seven years' war.

An officer of high rank in the French army, had left behind him, in Paris, a fair lady, with whom he was desperately in love. Now in Germany, he would dispatch, daily, a messenger, with an epistle, to his beloved, from whom he was no less anxious to receive an answer every day. This officer happened to be severely wounded at the battle of Minden, where the Scotch Greys, amongst others, performed such feats of valour. What with the loss of blood prior to his being removed to his tent, and the subsequent copious bleedings requisite, the excessive weakness of his bodily constitution, influenced his other faculties to such a degree, that he was entirely cured of his love, and scarcely

credited what was said to him of his former passion.

The reason why gambling is found a more incurable affliction, proceeds from the infatuation of the gambler being a compound of several infirmities, such as avarice, ambition, gluttony, lewdness, &c. In other respects female adventurers, at the card or hazard table, will shew a boldness of spirit equal to that of the soldier or seafaring man, who, having greater perils to encounter in his professional pursuits, retains the same hardness in the contest with propitious or adverse fortune.

To enumerate the expedients which are frequently resorted to in order to be able to take the field, would prove to me as arduous a task as distressing to my readers; yet, though ever so reluctantly, I cannot abstain mentioning some, which perchance meeting the eye of the offender in his cooler moments, may prevent a repetition of the nefarious transaction. Many a father will abridge the support of his family; many a debtor defraud his creditors, and in consequence be removed from his comfortable home, to an unhealthy prison, there to associate with profligates of every description, whom, at a future period, to his utmost disgrace, he will be accosted by in public. Hard as may be the lot of those, how supportable in comparison to that of the unfaithful collector, who, in hopes of being enabled to replace it, will venture to risk his charge! Though Providence befriended you once, believe not it were with

an intent to foster an imprudence; think rather, unwary youth, it was a warning from above, and that you are more bound than ever through gratitude to that Being who has opened a door to your repentance, never more to deviate from the path of rectitude.

Madame d'Imbert, a widow lady who resided in the neighbourhood of Meaux, had two sons. The younger brother, who from his earliest youth had been intended for the church, had become a rich prebendary before he was twenty years of age. In the absence of all virtues to recommend him, he nevertheless preserved a good name, owing to his being free from either of those passions which are so liable to lead us poor mortals astray. His elder brother stood in a very different predicament. His natural abilities, improved by refined education, had made him the complete gentleman. Duly qualified to sit either in a court of justice or at the head of a troop, he had preferred entering the corps of the Light Horsemen of the King's Guard, that he might not be far removed from Versailles or the capital, where he could both day and night indulge his violent passion for gambling, without, however, neglecting his military duty. His filial piety would also induce him to pay frequent visits to his mother in the country; and as the distance did not exceed ten leagues, the journey could be easily accomplished in the course of a few hours, and back again. It is not to be imagined that Baron d'Imbert was more secure against the arts of Greeks and sharpers than the rest of his fellow adventurers at the card-table. He, therefore, was reduced to the sad necessity of often applying to money-lenders, in order to recruit his finances, for he durst not always make his embarrassments known to his mother.

The manner in which these loans are generally procured in the metropolis of France, will appear rather curious, and open a wide field to reflection.

A bill of exchange, drawn by any one, but accepted by the party in want of cash, is given to a kind of broker, who takes it to one of his compeers: this latter ascertains whether the acceptor is solvent, and if the signature be really his; in this case he furnishes goods of any description, an inventory of which is produced to the

party, who commissions the broker to sell them, which is generally done for little more than one-third, or at most one-half, of what they are charged by the original vender. The broker is allowed for his trouble the copper included in the payment, which, upon an average, is the fortieth part of the sum total. But what are fifty-two and a half per cent. interest to a gambler, who, at the first deal, may get a hundred per cent.?

Chance would have it one day that Madame d'Imbert was out when her son came to pay her an interested visit. Till such time as she returned he proposed to sit down and read a book, when, crossing the room to reach the library, he accidentally observed a press, with the key in it.—“Oh! oh!” quoth he, “this may be my mother's museum. Let us survey the antiques she has collected.”—So saying he opened the press, which he found to contain divers articles of wearing apparel, and some of these to be rather out of date. At sight of a pea-green quilted-satin petticoat—“this,” added he, “is quite out of fashion, but will make me a very comfortable coverlid; come down!” and he really did give a pull, when lo! to his utmost surprise and joy, he had occasion to suspect the under garment contained something more valuable than ordinary wadding. In fact he soon ascertained that most squares of the quilting had been made a repository, each for a double Louis. He hastily drew the running; the most expert sempstress could not have completed the work more skillfully, or with greater expedition; the threads he pocketed with the gold, returned the petticoat to its former station, locked the press as he had found it, and marched out of the room to retrace his steps, forgetful even of there being a library in the house.

Meanwhile his mother's waiting-woman having informed him that her mistress was to dine out, he had his horse brought to him, and without loss of time made towards Paris, anxious to know what his booty amounted to. In the first intoxication of his joy, he reflected not on the enormity he had been committing; neither did his guilty conscience allow him to anticipate the expectation of returning the stolen money; he only thought of the im-

possibility of replacing it as he found it, which idea soon made room for another no less cutting—where was he to recruit his finances when the cormorants he was going to engage would have devoured his present capital? So far then his offence remained not entirely unpunished.

Upon his arrival at home, the first thing he did was to count his treasure, which he found to consist of two hundred and fifty double Louis d'Ors, a very pretty round sum. From that moment the young Baron never went out without writing down the different places where he was to be found, with strict injunction to his servant to remain stationary, that in case any message or letter should come from the country it might be conveyed to him without loss of time. A whole week elapsed, and three-fourths of the money were gone, when d'Imbert received the following letter:—

"Hasten to me, my dear son: a wretch in whom I reposed the greatest confidence, has robbed me of an immense sum. I want you to help me in having the offender apprehended; we shall have her put to the rack to make her confess her guilt, and then the law will take its course. The miscreant must be hanged, as I am your loving mother,

"LA BARONNE D'IMBERT."

At the perusal of those few lines the pangs of the youth are not to be described. Post-horses were immediately ordered. His noble mind revolted at the very idea of leaving an innocent dependent under the lash of suspicion, whilst he alone was guilty. He flew to accuse himself, whatever might be the consequence.

On his knees before his mother, he had scarcely uttered these words—"It was I who robbed you," when the old lady, interrupting him, said, "I renounce you for my son, and will post instantly to Versailles, to solicit a *Lettre de Cachet*; you shall die in a dungeon, Sir!"—"No, Madam," replied the son, drawing his cutlass; "I will die on the same spot where I have committed the crime."—Whether he was sincere in the declaration, is more than I can tell, but I well know that the alarmed mother cried out:—"What! have I deserved being treated with such barbarity: because an angry word has escaped my lips, am I to be threatened with the loss of a beloved

child? O my son! relent. Let us think no more of all that has passed. An aged woman will sometimes have queer fancies. I have long wished you would think of marrying, and proposed procuring an agreeable surprise to your bride, by offering to make her a present of the ancient petticoat that has occasioned all this mischief. Whoever she may be, please God she will never want such a trifle."

No more was said upon the subject; nay, the fond parent, without inquiring what was become of the money, was the first to urge her son to return to the capital, there to enjoy such pleasures as her chateau in the country could not afford.

About six weeks after, Madame d'Imbert had invited a large party of the neighbouring nobility and gentry to a grand fête she gave in celebration of her son's birth-day. The Baron, of course, was summoned to superintend the preparations, and to act as master of the ceremonies. On the day appointed for the company to meet, although every one of the guests had reason to be satisfied with his polite reception, complimentary address, and attention, yet it could not but be observed that his most delicate assiduity was directed towards Mademoiselle du Castel, daughter to a general officer whose estate was contiguous to that of Madame d'Imbert. The Baron, who himself had not been sensible of the preference he had shown to this young lady till the company dispersed, felt no little regret when he saw her take her departure. Her sweet figure that stood before his eyes during his sleep, still haunted his imagination when he was awake, and he longed for the coming of the next day that he was to go and return thanks for their kind attendance, and to inquire after the health of all his guests after the fatigues of the night. General du Castel, as may well be imagined, was not the last whom he waited upon; and during a short conversation with his lovely daughter, the Baron had an opportunity of discovering that her beautiful figure was not her greatest recommendation. Common civility, however, would not allow him to make a longer stay; he withdrew, but the barbed arrow had been shot, and he bore it in his heart.

The Baron, who had hitherto been a stranger to the sweet passion of love,

thought that the bustle of Paris, and the attractions of the card-table would soon cause what he termed a transient effervescence to vanish. He hastened to try the experiment, but it proved abortive. From a thorough conviction, at length, that he struggled in vain, and that he must surrender to the merits of Mademoiselle du Castel, he wrote his mother, requesting, if she approved of the match, she would demand her hand of her parents. The Baroness readily granted a request congenial to her own feelings. Her son, impatient to know his doom, arrived just as she was stepping into her carriage to go and urge her suit. She was not gone long.—“Well, mother?”—“We must have enemies, my dear son! They have been telling Monsieur and Madame du Castel that you are addicted to play; and they in consequence have refused their consent. O that I knew the author of such fabrications!”—“Your animadversions are due to me alone. But I shall see

Monsieur du Castel myself; he will hear of my contrition, and I doubt not but I shall succeed in having the sentence re-spited.”

He actually went, and after a becoming exordium, begged the generous parents of his beloved would put him to the test for a twelvemonth. Monsieur du Castel, who suspected his daughter to be partial to the Baron, replied:—“Half the time will convince me that your conversion is accomplished; and when we hear from your own lips that you have resisted the temptation, Madame du Castel and I will readily consent to entrust you with the welfare of our child.”

The Baron was as good as his word; he obtained his prize even before the half year was expired: and thus was a gambler reformed. But hard is the fate of us frail mortals! one violent passion had been wanted to pervert the cure of another.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

“When will the English begin to acquire more correct ideas of the duties of the sex, and the purposes for which it was designed”—MEINERS.

The following disquisition, dictated by the love I bear for the female sex, may, perhaps, be regarded by some of the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* as it is really meant, for their use and benefit. It will contain a few observations which have occurred to me on the present method of disposing of young women; that is to say, of fitting them for the world. Of the higher classes of society I shall take no notice, they are above me; let them practice chemistry, if they like, it will do them little hurt; botany also is a harmless study; let painting occupy their leisure hours; let the pallet, the maul-stick, and easel occupy one apartment, the forte-piano, the harp, or the guitar be seen in another; these are at least serviceable, because they are the means of supporting distressed genius by rich folly; but I particularly wish to notice those in a more obscure, though perhaps in a more useful sphere of life, the daughters of respectable professional men of small fortunes, whose only hope, under the present system,

is to fish for a good husband; this the young lady is taught, if not in a disguised, at any rate in a sophisticated line of conduct, which is not likely to produce that noble ingenuousness which stamps the greatest virtue on the human mind. If papa can spare the money, or indeed if he cannot, she snatches a few lessons of drawing and music, to be like her superiors; with these she endeavours to form her net: alas! she had much better have been apprenticed to a wire-worker, and taught to make a cage.

Metaphorically or literally this will apply, for I could wish to see my young friends so employed, that should they not meet with an agreeable partner in a matrimonial connection, they might be enabled to support themselves independent of sour and distant relations, or supercilious patronesses. That the form of woman precludes her from laborious employment, I am ready to admit; but surely there are many and valuable pursuits completely

within the achievement of female excellence. Music, for example, has certainly been useful, but it can only be made so when it is a real study; not a mere rattling over the keys, to entertain a parcel of stupid visitors. Bound as we all are in the trammels of custom, the parent starts at the idea of giving his daughter a chirographical education; but really and morally speaking, where can be the real objection? Will my fair readers be willing to accede the power of intellect to their male cotemporaries? and if they will not, where is the incompatibility? Say, are not delicacy and chastity the first attributes of the brightest part of the creation? Why then may not these properties be cherished, nay preserved, by a communication with their own sex? Rouse, then, ye parents who have not wherewithal to provide for the child you have tenderly educated, but who may probably be cast upon a hard world when it shall please Providence to deprive her of her natural protector; rouse, my countrywomen, raise yourselves superior to prejudice; encourage, patronise female endeavours in all branches attainable to female powers; use no shop where the man milliner, the disgrace of our sex and the contempt of your own, puts his lily hand under a black lace, by way of exhibiting the contrast; prefer the female to the male *accoucheur*, which every husband must do; so shall you deprive vice of its prey, and our public streets from the most heart-rending picture of human deformity that can agonize the susceptible bosom. I wish it to be clearly understood, that the domestic duties cannot be too strongly cultivated, but I am rather providing for those

whose hard fate obliges them to earn a pittance for subsistence. I do not wish to see fewer wives, but I wish to prevent the fair sex from throwing themselves on man for dependence, and thus to avoid the innumerable unhappy matrimonial engagements that are entered into by an excess of passion, unwarranted by judgment on the one side, and a phlegmatic bargain of person for preferment on the other.

The study of surgery can be no bar to domestic felicity, nor can wire-working hurt the hand more than striking the strings of the harp. I will not here attempt to enumerate all those occupations which female capacity can attain, but rather, as the shorter way, challenge the world to shew me of what they are incapable. Loving the sex as I do, and convinced that my theory would contribute to exalt them in the eyes of ours, I would suggest to some distinguished females the establishment of a seminary on a very different plan from the one now practised.† Girls might be employed as their different inclinations led them, in different and single branches of the arts and sciences; they should not be dabblers in all, but proficient in that one that their genius most led them to. Thus shall the independence of the female mind be preserved; thus then shall we, viewing them superior in acquirements, learn to appreciate what at present we rather contemplate with fascination, as we admire the prismatic colours of the rainbow, while the dews which have occasioned it, and by which we vitally subsist, are scarcely an object of our concern.

FATHER ABRAHAM.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XXII.

CHICHESTER.—The most remarkable object in this town is the cathedral; the entrance to which is by a way divided by a fine pillar into two Gothic arches: on one side are four Gothic stalls of stone; the door is one Gothic arch. This church was

* We could name several ladies brought up to the profession of midwifery, under celebrated practitioners of our own sex, particularly one brought up under Dr. Batty.

originally built by Ralfe, the third Bishop after the removal of the See from Selsey, cotemporary with William Rufus; which King, favouring the marriages of the priests, accepted a sum of money to wink at them;

† If we mistake not there is an establishment in what was once called Queen Anne-street, Middlesex Hospital, for bringing up young girls to the profession of midwifery under professional men.

but Ralfc stoutly resisted the payment in his diocese. The whole of this cathedral was burnt in 1114, but he rebuilt it in a manner worthy of himself, for he is recorded to have been of very high stature, and no less lofty in mind. In 1180 both the city and the church were destroyed by fire, but the last was soon restored by the piety of Seffred, the second Bishop of that name. The church was originally dedicated to St. Peter, but now changed its patron for the Holy Trinity. In the reign of Henry III. it was much enlarged: it was finished about the same time with Salisbury cathedral, in 1258. The beautiful spire of Chichester cathedral is said to be three hundred feet high: the tower is finely ornamented with two noble arches on each side, and beautiful pinnacles on the top; the base is enriched with Gothic tabernacle work. St. Mary's Chapel is now converted into a library, and terminates the east end of the cathedral, and a fine round window and three narrow ones, with round arches, finish the choir.

The monuments are numerous, and the semi-royal bones of the Richmond family are deposited in a large vault, made in 1750; the first Duke, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth, by Charles II. led the way to this last abode of noble dust.

The Bishop's palace stands near the cathedral; the approach to which is through a double arched gateway. It is a low and very ancient building. When it underwent a repair, in 1727, a great number of Roman coins were found there by the workmen.

The city, in form, is sub-circular, and the four great streets are regularly intersected. This part has been a Roman station; the Britons called it *Caer-Cei*, the Saxons *Cissan Ceaster*; both signifying the fortress of Cissa, son of Ella, who succeeded his father in 514. At the time of the conquest the city of Chichester contained only one hundred houses.

The Priory of Black Friars was founded here by the affectionate Queen of Edward I. Some part of the old building yet remains.

The Cross stands in the centre of the town; a very elegant building, erected in the reign of Edward IV. at the expence of Bishop Story: it is in excellent preservation, as the pious Bishop left an estate of twenty-five pounds per annum, to be ap-

plied to the keeping it in repair. Near the Cross is a conduit, with a handsome figure of a water deity in artificial stone.

HAMPSHIRE.

SOUTHWICK.—Southwick-house stands embosomed in fine woods, richly timbered; the house is extremely large, and had been a priory of canons of St. Austin. Henry VIII. granted the site to John White. Here was married Henry VI. to Margaret of Anjou, on the 2d of April, 1445; a marriage which brought with it every calamity, which she supported with unequalled fortitude.

Charles I. was at prayers in the chapel of this extensive mansion, when Sir John Hippisley came in, and whispered in the monarch's ear the account of the assassination of his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, stabbed by Felton at Portsmouth.

George I. was entertained in this house by the last Mr. Norton, for several days. He waited on his Majesty to the limits of the Forest of Bere, attended by sixty keepers in green coats; he then rode post to London, and appeared full dressed at St. James's gate to receive his Majesty on his arrival. This gentleman, by his will, left Southwick, and all its estates, to the parliament of Great Britain, in trust for the poor. Which will, being supposed to proceed from insanity, was set aside, and the estate, by due succession, passed into the family of the Thistlethwaites.

The Forest of Bere borders upon this estate; the crown has some parliques, but the greatest part belong to private persons.

PORTSMOUTH.—The first mention of the town by this name is in the *Saxon Chronicle* of 501, which style it *Portesmuthe*, from the landing, as is supposed, of a Saxon chief named Porta, who slew there a noble youth of British origin. Robert Duke of Normandy, in the year 1101, landed at Portsmouth with a powerful army, and marched against his brother, Henry I.; but the quarrel was made up by the interposition of the great men of the realm. Henry I. in 1123, spent his Whitsuntide at Portsmouth; and in 1140, the Empress Maud landed at this port, supported by her natural brother, Robert Duke of Gloucester, and marched to Arundel Castle, to the terror of the usurper Stephen.

The first charter that Portsmouth obtained, was in the fifth year of the reign of Richard I. 1193, when the King established an annual fair for fifteen days: he also established a weekly market.

In 1390, in the beginning of the reign of Richard II. the town of Portsmouth was burnt by the French: but Edward IV. was the first of our Kings who seemed to have a proper sense of the great importance of this port: he began to fortify it, in order to defend the then rising navy of England. The present fortifications are immense, and totally prevent Portsmouth from increasing in size: it is inferior to the town called the Common; though the streets are broad, and well built. The market-house divides the High-street. In that street, we believe it is No. 10, is the house wherein the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by the enthusiastic Felton.

The ramparts are pleasantly planted with trees, and form a most beautiful walk: the town is defended, by the land side, with fortifications, made at a vast expence. The Governor's house is but an ordinary building: the church has nothing remarkable, except an immense profusion of adulatory marble, in the form of a monument, to the Duke of Buckingham: it is merely erected to his memory, as his body reposes in Westminster Abbey.

The docks and yards are close to the north side of the town; the Commissioner's house is a large and very handsome building. The rope-walk is not less than eight hundred and seventy feet long. Portsmouth, indeed, contains every thing that the British navy can possibly want; and the vastness of the magazines cannot be easily conceived. Its harbour may boast of being capable of receiving the whole navy of England. Secure from every storm, the greatest first-rates may ride there, at the lowest ebb, without touching ground: they can take in their stores and guns while they are at anchor, and get out of harbour in a quarter of an hour's time, without impediments of bars or sandbanks, in the deep water beneath South Sea Castle.

Let us bestow praise, where praise is justly due. Henry VIII. was the first founder of our English navy; in his reign it was put on a systematic establishment:

he it was who first created a Navy Office: his Majesty had his ships ranged according to their different classes, and had a regular inventory of naval stores. By the enumeration of his son, Edward VI. it appears, that, in his short reign, Portsmouth was almost our only station, and our sole dock and yard.

PORTCHESTER.—Portchester Castle stands on the site of the British and Saxon fortresses. It is a noble square pile, with equidistant round towers on every side, venerably clothed with ivy. The interior court is above four acres in extent, and has the ruins of several apartments on the sides, once truly magnificent, and still very spacious. The Castle was, externally, strengthened with great fosses. The two on the eastern side extend quite to the water, and possibly received the influx of the tide.

GOSEPORT.—This town is now swelled to a vast size, and is very populous and opulent. Its inhabitants are people in trade, who furnish the sailors with necessaries, besides various supplies to the fleet and harbour.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—Cowes' harbour forms the northern angle of this isle, and points to Southampton water. The tract from Cowes to Bembridge, is opposite to the Portsmouth shore. From Cowes to Ride the shore is muddy, and bounded by the shallow Mother Bank. The whole tract from Cowes is, however, unspeakably pleasant; varied with groves, and adorned with gentlemen's seats, which enjoy the prospect of Portsmouth, backed by the lofty Downs of Hampshire, and the moving picture of the naval security of Great Britain. The length of this island, from east to west, or from the Needles to Foreland-farm, in the parish of Brading, is near three-and-twenty miles: the number of parishes amount to thirty.

Charles I. was a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle: the account of his confinement, and his attempt to escape, have been amply detailed by the English historian; but the window through which he attempted his emancipation, is still regarded with interest by the sentimental traveller. The iron bars that obstructed his passage, have, long since, been taken away. After the death of the royal martyr, the castle was

used as a prison by the usurper Cromwell, and continued as a place of confinement by Charles II. The Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, son and daughter of Charles I. after the murder of their father, were prisoners in this castle. The Duke was allowed his tutor to attend him, and was treated with humanity; Elizabeth died in confinement, September 8th, 1650, at the age of fifteen, and was buried in Newport church; in the register of which

church is the following memorial:—"Barials, September, 1650, Elizabeth, daughter of King Charles."

When a vault was building for a brother of the Earl of Delaware, in 1793, the coffin and urn, containing her remains, were found in a very perfect state; on the lid of the coffin was inscribed, "Elizabeth, second daughter of the late King Charles, deceased September 8th, 1650."

BRITISH DOMINIONS IN THE EAST INDIES.

These extend over a vast number of provinces in the East, but the British have three important presidencies, from which they govern the whole of their possessions in India. Calcutta is the seat of the supreme government, and is situated on that branch of the Ganges called the Hoogly, about eighty miles from the island of Saugor, where that river falls into the sea.—The approach to it is defended, by nature, with a most perilous coast, owing to shoals, called sand-heads, which are deposited by the numerous mouths of the Ganges, as it rolls into the ocean, and which continually change their place, during the great floods caused by the rains. The bed of the Hoogly is also encumbered by similar sands; and its bays, in the low woody shores, are extremely unhealthy. As we approach towards the capital, the prospect improves, and the salubrity of the air is evidently felt, from the grounds having been cleared, and which render Calcutta now no longer an unhealthy place: the streets of the Black Town also having been drained, adds greatly to its healthful situation; excellent roads have been made from every direction of the presidency, owing to the care and attention of the Marquis of Wellesley, and which, amongst other advantages he procured to India, confer on him everlasting honour.

In the rainy season, the Hoogly is navigable quite as far as the Ganges; but when the weather is dry, the boats are obliged to pass through those channels that intersect the Delta, formed by the Ganges, into the main stream. The country, round Calcutta, is flat and woody: in its vicinity are

extensive salt-lakes, and the country, like every part of Bengal, is extremely fruitful. Fort William defends this presidency; it is strong and extensive; and is the work of those Europeans, French, Danes, and Germans, who possessed settlements on the river above Calcutta, before the English held the territory in India that they do now.

Madras is the second of the British presidencies; and though the most central to our possessions, boasts no natural advantages. It is built on a low sandy shore, against which a frightful surf is continually beating; and, in the finest weather, this is never crossed without considerable risk, for it has neither port nor head-land to protect the shipping that resorts thither. The soil is so dry and barren, that it produces only indifferent rice; and the most common vegetables are raised by the most incessant care, and with the greatest difficulty. Being, however, the seat of government for the south of India, its population is wonderful; and it is the depôt for all the manufactures that are carried on in the northern circars, and in the countries to the south of those provinces. The stuffs made there, take the name of Madras, instead of that of the place where they are really fabricated, and consist of what we call Madras muslins, long cloths, and chintzea. Madras is defended by Fort St. George, situated so close to the sea, that, in the hurricane of 1805, the face of the shore was so completely changed, that the water-gate, which had before been at some distance from the beach, was washed by the surf. A canal has been cut from Fort George to Pullich

a place famous for its handkerchiefs, and situated about sixteen miles to the north; from whence, the inhabitants of Madras, by means of this canal, are supplied with charcoal, and other requisite articles.

Bombay, the third presidency, possesses more advantages, from nature, than any other European settlement in the East: but it has suffered from neglect; and it is but within a few years, since the Mahrattas have been so subjugated, as to render the districts, surrounding Bombay, safe. The island of Bombay lies in eighteen degrees north latitude; its length is nine miles, and it is three in breadth; it is full of towns and villages, and every spot is in the highest degree of cultivation. It is connected, by a causeway, with the large, fruitful, yet

totally neglected island of Salsette, which, with Caranja and Elephanta, forms a fine and commodious harbour. In the rise of the tides, it has the advantage over every other port in India; and this is seventeen feet, higher by seven than the highest springs in Prince of Wales's Island; and in the wonderful harbour of Trincomalee, they only rise to ten feet. Bombay is, therefore, well adapted for building and docking ships; the timber for which is brought from the coast of Malabar; and its situation, opposite to the Persian and Arabian shores, render Bombay peculiarly fit for commerce. The extreme beauty of the surrounding scenery makes it one of the most delightful places in the world.

THE STREET PORTER.—AN EASTERN TALE.

THERE once lived at Bagdad a lapidary, named Abdullah Dgerberi, who had only one son, to whom he gave a good education; and when he found the angel of death approaching, he called to him this only object of all his tenderest feelings, in order that he might have the last sad consolation of embracing him, and of giving him those counsels, of which he thought, wisely, that his extreme youth stood so much in need. After having exhorted him never to depart from the sacred principles of his religion, he conjured him, above all things, never to think in the evening of what he was to do the next day. He died as he gave his last embrace to this his beloved son, who had only then attained his twentieth year. Young Dgerberi did not long suffer the thorn of sorrow to rankle in his bosom, though he had lost a good father. Independent of the furniture and the houses he became possessed of, he found, in a subterraneous recess, five hundred thousand sequins, which filled fifty vases, made each to contain ten thousand sequins. This sum appeared to the young man a treasure equal to the two Indies; for he had no idea of the real value of money: he, therefore, gave himself up to every species of extravagance; peopled his seraglio with beautiful females, whom he clothed in the most splendid and magni-

ficent manner; kept open table to all the young spendthrifts of his own age, who unceasingly paid court to him, and fed his vanity by their fulsome praises on his munificence, his music, the excellency of his wines, and the exquisite dishes always to be found on his table.

A conduct like this, soon made his possessions to waste away. When he had emptied all his vases, he sold his town and country-house, in order that he might keep the beauties of his haram as long as possible: but at length he was obliged to dispose of them also, that he might be enabled to pay what he owed.

He soon found himself without fortune, and consequently without friends. Happily for him, he was endowed by nature with an excellent constitution, and enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health. Having, therefore, no resource left, he commenced the calling of a street-porter, and was not long before he found more employment than any other in Bagdad, being able to carry greater loads than any of them; nor was this all: his intelligence, and the cheerful manner in which he fulfilled his laborious task, gained him the good will of every one: for, according to the last counsels of his father, who recommended him never to think on the evening about what he was to perform on the mor-

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row, he not only implicitly followed this advice, but also added that of forgetting one day what he had done the preceding one: he was, therefore, the happiest fellow in the whole city. His work was no labour to him, and he no longer sought after those pleasures, of which he had formerly been the slave. He knew, by experience, the little dependence that was to be placed on friendship; he was respected in his present situation, and he only worked as much as was requisite for his own subsistence. He was naturally sober, and he had neither wives nor children: he was the happiest of all Mussulmen.

As he was returning home at midnight from a country-house, whereto he had been carrying some baggage, he heard, as he walked along the banks of the Tigris, the voice of a woman, and which seemed as if it came from the middle of the flood. He plainly distinguished the following words: "In the name of Allah, in the name of his Holy Prophet, I implore you to assist me." The dulcet tones of this voice penetrated the heart of the porter, and he did not hesitate a moment to throw off his clothes, and swim to the place whence the voice seemed to proceed; he was fortunate enough to save this interesting female, as she was struggling for life against the rapidity of the stream, and her strength was on the point of failing her for ever: he bore her safely to land, and when she had recovered from her terror, she requested him to accompany her to a house, the road to which she pointed out to him. Dgerberi willingly consented; and when he arrived at the door he heard several children crying, and demanding loudly and lamentably for their mother. Dgerberi entered the house, with his companion; and, by the aid of the light, he contemplated a woman of the most ravishing beauty: she made him sit down, ordered a fire to be lighted to dry his garments, and then recounted to him her history, which she interrupted a thousand times to express to him her excessive gratitude.

"Six months ago," said she, "an aged woman came to my dwelling, and said, 'I have never failed to go and hear the preaching at the Great Mosque; but, to-day, a multiplicity of affairs has prevented me from making the requisite ablutions: you

know that I cannot enter the mosque without this purification: I beg of you, therefore, to lend me a pitcher of water.' I granted her what she asked, she performed her ablutions, went to the mosque, and came afterwards to thank me. I wished to keep her to dine with me, thinking I could not do better than to retain a female for my acquaintance who had shewn herself so devout, and whom I might engage to offer up the prayers of piety for my husband, who is now absent from home. But she refused, saying, 'My daughter, I will pray to Allah to give you a reward for what you have done for me: but it is not becoming, in a woman of my age, to dine from home.' After blessing me a thousand times, she left me. Since that time, she has been to visit me every Friday; she came yesterday, as usual, and said to me, 'You have often asked me to stay and pass some time with you; if it is agreeable, I will comply, this night, with your wish. I will sup with you, and we will pass the night in praying to God for the safe return of your husband: but, however, I must make one condition, that we shall both set off together, early in the morning, for my country-house, as I want you to help me to make some preparations for the wedding of one of my female relatives. I shall take care to see you safe home again.' I accepted her proposal: we went off at daybreak, and took a boat to cross a part of the Tigris, and we arrived at a very lonely habitation. An old decrepid man, very meanly clad, came to help us out of the boat, and conducted us to a shepherd's cottage, where we found near fifteen females assembled together.—Notwithstanding the gracious reception they gave me, every thing I saw served to put me on my guard, and seemed to convince me that the old woman had deceived me. I anxiously asked her where the wedding could be celebrated to which she had invited me? She assured me it would take place that very evening, when the lovers of all those different young girls would arrive. 'Then,' added she, 'we shall all sup together; we shall drink wine; and you, also, shall choose the lover that shall be most agreeable to your taste.' I soon saw through the wickedness of this old female. I kept, however, my thoughts to myself, and inwardly and fervently

prayed to Allah to grant me his protection. I then said to the old woman, 'I am much obliged to you for bringing me into a place where I can enjoy those pleasures, which I could not expect in my solitary way of life.' This completely deceived her, and she gave free expression to the wicked principles of her heart. As soon as the sun began to set, I saw come in, from different parts, as many as twenty thieves, the greatest part of whom were lame. They saluted the old woman, and asked her why she had been so long in coming to see them? She excused herself on the difficulty she had found in being able to bring me to them.—She then introduced me, and they all agreed that she never had brought them a female that pleased them so much. Supper was now served up, and my thoughts were solely employed on the means of escape. I was obliged to affect the utmost good humour; and at length I pretended that the heat of the apartment obliged me to go out for the air, and the old woman took a flambeau, to light me out of the house. 'I know,' said she, 'you are angry with me; so it always happens at first; but to-morrow you will thank me.' I did not deign to answer, but as soon as I got at a short distance from the house, I found means to put out the light, and then begged she would go back and light it again, to which she consented. I then addressed a short prayer to the Prophet, who knew that I would prefer a violent death, with virtue, to a life of pleasure, if it was licentious: and I immediately precipitated myself into the Tigris. You heard my cries, and never can I forget the service you rendered me." The beautiful lady then presented the porter with a rich piece of carpeting and an hundred sequins, which Dgerberi would not accept; but, to oblige her, he took the carpet, saying, that he was amply repaid by the pleasure of obliging a person of her merit. He then took his leave.

Dgerberi, as has been before observed, was endued with extraordinary strength, and which his continual labour had only served to augment. The other street-porters, vexed to see him taking away all their labour, united, and said to him one day, "Dgerberi, if you will consent to remain quiet for a time, without doing any thing, we will engage to allow you ten

aspers a day."—Dgerberi consented to this proposal, and the porters were exact in their payments: he lived at his ease, and kept his promise also: but idleness began to enervate him, and diminish that strength which labour had sustained. His constitution became impaired, and he fell sick: as he had never given a thought to the future, he was soon reduced to a most miserable state; and the porters seeing him so feeble, would no longer give him the stipulated sum. In his misfortune he supplicated the Supreme Being, and the holy Prophet appeared before him in a vision, in all the splendour of glory:—"Dgerberi," said Mahomet, "thou hast been visited with sickness, because thou hast not exercised the strength that Allah has bestowed on thee: humble thyself before him, continue to labour, and it shall be restored unto thee."—The heart of Dgerberi was penetrated, his health was restored, but he was yet too weak to follow his occupation as before. One day, as he was sitting at the door of the Grand Vizier's palace, a woman, who was weeping piteously, came and seated herself beside him, as she was waiting to attend the audience of the Vizier. Dgerberi asked her why she wept?—"Alas!" said she, "yesterday my only son was assassinated! He died beside me, without being able to name who was his assassin. He was my sole resource. I have implored the Vizier to find out his murderer."—"But," said Dgerberi, "for that purpose, cannot you give him some clue to find him out?"—"Alas! no," said she. "I am the widow of a merchant, my son was very young, yet I placed all my hopes on him."—"The Vizier will, no doubt, tell you," said Dgerberi, "that, in such a populous city as Bagdad, it is not possible to describe and find out the murderer of a man, who is not known. But tell him, that if Dgerberi, the street porter, was Vizier, he would find a method of discovering the murderer of your son."—The afflicted mother did not build much on such a feeble support, notwithstanding she thanked him. The Vizier, worn out with the tears and prayers of this woman, ordered that she should quit his presence; but, falling at his feet, she said, "O, my Lord, deign to consult Dgerberi, the street porter, and I shall find out who it was that murdered my son."—"This is,

at least, throwing some light on the matter," said the Vizier. "You accuse him, then, as his assassin!"—"No, my Lord," said the woman; "but he told me, that if he was Vizier, he would soon find out who was the murderer."—"The Vizier, then, turning to his officers, said, "Go and find this wise man, and bring him before me."—When Dgerberi was brought into his presence, the Vizier said to him, "Knowest thou this woman?"—"No, Sir," replied Dgerberi.—"But you know her son?"—"No, my Lord."—"Did you know his murderer?"—"No more than yourself."—"How, then, couldst thou discover him?"—"My Lord," said Dgerberi, "if I had your authority, I would find out, by to-morrow, who had killed the son of this poor woman."—"I invest you with my authority," said the Vizier; "but if thou dost not succeed in thy discovery, I promise thee a good bastinading."—"I agree to it," said the porter.

Dgerberi then ordered an officer of justice to repair to the mosque that was situated nearest to the wretched mother's habitation; to remain there till it was near the time of sunset, and to wait at the door for the Muezin, that cried from the top of the minaret, with orders to give him a few boxes on the ear, to bind him hand and foot, and to bring him before him.

When the Muezin was in his presence, he made a thousand apologies for having treated him so ill, and offered him ten sequins

as a compensation. He then sent every one from the divan, and told the Muezin to tell all those who asked why he was arrested, that he had been mistaken for another. But, above all things, he charged him, that amongst those who came to pray, and should ask why he was called away at such an undue hour, that he would take particular notice of the first, and the most urgent, in putting this question to him.

The Muezin went away very well satisfied; and no sooner was he returned to the mosque, than a young man came running to him, and asked him why he had been carried that evening to the Vizier? The Muezin simply answered, that he had been mistaken for another. When this was told to Dgerberi, he ordered the young man to be brought before him; to whom he ordered so severe a bastinading for his curiosity, that he confessed the whole manner in which he had assassinated the young man. Dgerberi, according to the Turkish law, delivered up to the mother the murderer of her son, and she desired he might be put to death, which was immediately granted.

The Vizier, struck with the good sense and judgment of Dgerberi, desired him to relate the history of his life; and after reproaching him with having embraced so low a profession as a street porter, raised him to the command of the troops which the Caliph was then sending out against the Guebres.

S. G.

THE LISTENER.

POPULAR ENJOYMENTS.

Those people are most egregiously mistaken, who imagine, that it is the higher classes of society who alone enjoy the most exquisite and varied pleasures; no, a certain decorum prevents them, in general, from giving themselves up to the genuine impulses of gaiety unrestrained: while persons born amongst the lower classes, abandon themselves, without scruple and without restraint, to all the emotions of frank and animated pleasure; it is thus that dancing, with those people who make it a study, where it is used as a pastime, more for vanity than pleasure, is, to the

joyous inhabitants of a country village, a real amusement. Were we to recapitulate the fashions, new inventions, public establishments, pleasures, and sports of every kind, we should find that the common people, who seldom invent any thing, only resort to that which seems the best, and the most diverting.

Minuets, *minuets de la cour*, quadrilles, and waltzes, were all first invented for those who compose the most brilliant societies; but the rustic dancer enjoys nothing so much as a good country dance, which he dances with all his heart; and, with a countenance animated by joy and

delight, he leads his rosy, and no less happy partner down twenty couple, and back again. The modish fair one at the Italian Opera, of which, perhaps, she does not understand two sentences, sits weary and discontented; while those who fill the two shilling gallery at the theatres, laugh, with real satisfaction, at Liston or Harley; or delight in the wondrous feats of Astley's equestrian troop; and admire, with rapture, the splendid spectacles of the Surrey Theatre.

Music has become a very general accomplishment in England; but amongst those who sing and play, the advantage is, evidently, on the side of the subaltern classes. They never pretend to be virtuosos, and, therefore, they are dispensed from being obliged to attend those wearisome concerts, falsely called *delicious treats*: but if a new air, which is really original and melodious, comes out, it passes from one mouth to another, it becomes *popular*, and, in a very short time, makes the fortune of the composer—not because it has been sung at the concerts of the nobility, but because it is played by every street-organ: this it is that renders it a *popular* enjoyment; and it is the people that form the bulk of the kingdom.

Were I to bring forward every proof of the people being happier than their lords, I could fill a volume: we will only say a few words on the article of dress, and the luxury of the table. There is, certainly, a great deal of difference between a robe of white satin, worked in silver lams, and a cambric muslin gown—between a diadem of diamonds or pearls, and a simple wreath of flowers, or a *bandeau* of ribband; certainly, too, Champaign and Burgundy are preferable to Cape Madeira, or the humbler home-made currant or raisin wine; and a barouche, that one may call one's own, is better than a dirty hackney coach: in the mean time, let us be placed, for a moment, in the situation of one who keeps his own carriage—who keeps, besides, an open table—and who glitters in gorgeous apparel; it would soon be discovered that he was not so happy as the eye of fancy had made him; etiquette, and continual restraint, often make him sigh after the charms of humble life. If the retired female envies her who is lifted up far above

her, she will find that the wealthy fair one has often the mortification of seeing a more beautiful rival eclipse her, either by her youth or diamonds! Her elegant equipage is built so light, that she is in daily peril of breaking her neck: the coming off of a wheel, or her coachman being accidentally drunk, or one of her bright bays being taken sick, continually puts her patience to a severe trial: and when she goes to a crowded rout (and she would not go too early for worlds), she is so long before her carriage can get up to the door, that she is often half inclined to return home again. Now he who walks on foot, if he has good legs and a good eye, is not afraid of being spattered with mud: as to dining out, he accepts those invitations that are given him as often as he can, and seldom returns them.

Rich people may be compared to hunters, and the poor to poachers: the first are ever in search of, and ever trying to purchase, pleasures; but it is the latter that get hold of them.

The following letter is a proof of what I have advanced:—

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—There is nothing that vexes me so much in this strange harlequinade, which peoples this motley world, than to see some men and women possessed of every good that fortune can bestow, yet devoured by vapours or spleen, or by that business which concerns themselves the least, giving way to continual repinings, often declaring themselves miserable, and fretting about the affairs of government, an ill-dressed dinner, or a rainy day, when they have happened to engage an aquatic party. If they will attentively read this letter, and follow my example, by casting care behind them, they will find that this world is a very good one, and that man, with good health and spirits, and especially with competence, may be the happiest of all created beings. Now I have neither landed property, nor a family mansion: I have no post of honour, no employment under government; but, with two good coats to my back, a smiling countenance, and a small stock of original wit, I am well received among the great, as well as among the middle class of people; and while the

former are worn out with cares and uneasiness in order to preserve their wealth, or to increase it, I think only of my pleasures, of agreeable recollections of the past evening, and of my hopes for the morrow. I shall not dwell on the happy carelessness of my disposition, nor on the calm I enjoy, nor the real and sweet philosophy by which I am guided; but I will draw only a slight parallel between my lot and that of the opulent man, so much the envied object of the vulgar.

In the season of summer, which is generally consecrated to rural pleasures, every body flies from town, and seeks the woodland shade, both for freshness and amusement. I follow the crowd, and direct my steps toward Richmond, where I know my company will be acceptable. My host is the owner of a charming habitation, situated on the banks of the Thames; and when I arrived, he was busied in paying a bill for repairs, rendered necessary by the last hurricane:—"Welcome, welcome," said he; "your inexhaustible gaiety will console us for the enormous expence we have been at for this confounded house."—"Indeed! I see an account that is terrible."—"This is but a trifle; the wind, the hail, even inundations, are but partial scourges; my real enemies—these are—"—"Continue."—"They are my friends!"—"I understand you; thoughtless people, parasites, like myself."—"Fie, fie; I never reckoned you in that class: I speak of the gentleman that lives just by, who does me the honour of putting my name at the head of every subscription for improving this vil-

lage; of the churchwarden, who is continually bringing to me all the orphan children he can lay hold of, and every widow in the place. If you would believe him, there cannot be a May-day kept, without my figuring away among the people with all my household: nor can the parish workhouse give a dinner extraordinary to the poor, without my having to furnish butter and vegetables. Would you believe it, my reputation for philanthropy is so firmly established, that I am obliged to be present at every christening and funeral! The streets are crowded with my godchildren: but what vexes me worst of all, is, that my wife, in imitation of Lady C—, is continually making what she calls regattas, and fills my house with company, from top to bottom; and for these three days past, my very barouche has been employed in fetching new articles from London for her toilette. My orangerie is transformed into a public breakfasting-room; my library is filled with portmantous, bandboxes, bootjacks, and other lumber, belonging to my numerous guests. My billiard-room is like a barrack, for in that are fitted up, on nights, a parcel of camp beds, for young giddy boys that come from a military college: there is only the dining and drawing-rooms that keep their original destination. Ah! my good friend, what am I to do?"—"Why these spacious mansions ruin you, your servants rob you, your friends weary you, your wife torments you; the man that would wish to be really happy must act as I do."

GEORGE CARELESS.

JAHIA AND MEIMOUNE.—A TURKISH TALE.

DURING the prosperous reign of Selim II. there lived at Constantinople a young man named Ismene Jahia. He dwelt near the Seven Towers with his mother, to whom he was a very submissive and dutiful son: he was handsome and well made, and his heart alive to all the tender feelings of friendship; these feelings caused him often to repair to Scutari, that he might enjoy the society of his friend Muhamid. After one day having, as usual, pressed the hand of his mother to his lips, he set off for Scutari, leaving with his

parent all the little money he had saved from his gainings. On his arrival at the house of his friend, Muhamid said to him: "You are just come in time, my dear Jahia, I was this night invited to the wedding of one of my friends; you shall accompany me, and we shall be very merry."—"As you are invited," said Jahia, "I shall not scruple to accompany you; it is well known that we are inseparable, and it will not seem extraordinary my going with you."—They accordingly set off, were well received, and the hour of prayer being arrived;

they followed the bride to the mosque, according to the Turkish custom; from whence they returned, accompanied by the Imams to the door of her dwelling, where all the assembly bade them farewell. After the usual prayers, the bride was conducted into the chamber of the bridegroom, where she was handed round to all the guests, and every one of whom immediately afterwards took their leave.

Jahia and Muhammad went with some young men of their acquaintance to a kind of tavern, where they diverted themselves and drank wine. They had already taken sufficient to be pretty well heated, when he whose province it was to pour out the wine, said:—"What shall we now do, my friends; we have emptied our pitchers, and it will be attended with danger if we send out for more wine.* Has any one of you courage sufficient to go and get a fresh supply?"—Jahia, struck with this observation, said to himself, "I am the only stranger here; and to whom could this speech be addressed if not to me?" He then rose from his seat, and offered to volunteer on this service. Muhammad's countenance expressed what he felt in his mind, and he immediately remarked—"Did any one ever see a stranger employed in doing the errands of a people belonging to one particular province? Sit down, my dear friend, I shall not consent to what you have proposed. Besides, you are unacquainted with this neighbourhood; you do not know the different paths, and you would run more risk than one of us."—All the company agreed that Muhammad was right; and while they applauded the courage of Jahia, they begged he would not take the trouble: but in praising his courage, and admiring his generosity, these young men endeavoured to strengthen his proposal, though they affected to prevent it; and Jahia, like all other young men, thought his honour concerned in his determination to take this rash step. He therefore repeated his resolution, and those who thought of nothing but the getting more wine, at length, said to Muhammad:—

"Let him do what he pleases; he does not want courage nor address; be assured he will succeed in what he is going about."—Muhammad was compelled to give way, and Jahia took with him two pitchers, with which he arrived safe at the wine house. He soon got them filled, and set forward on his return, to make merry with his friends.

The hour of prayer had been over some time, and the streets were all deserted. However, Jahia perceived at a short distance from him a lantern, as he was turning down a bye place near Valida. This light came towards him in that manner that he could neither turn away from it nor make his escape; had he turned back, the noise of his footsteps would cause him to be pursued, and he ran the hazard of being stopped by the sea-side. On the other hand, he could not throw away the pitchers of wine, as that would have seemed a cowardly way of giving up an enterprise he had so strenuously desired to undertake. While he was busied in these reflections, and fearing that the lantern was carried by one of the nightly watch, the light advanced still nearer, and he perceived by it a young man who preceded an old one, followed by another slave. The countenance of the old man was that of a learned sage, and his beard, as white as silver, descended to his girdle; he had a staff in one hand, and a Turkish rosary in the other. Jahia placed himself against the wall to let these strangers pass, hoping they might not observe him. But when they came up close to him, he heard the old man addressing his prayers to the Almighty in the following words:—"O Alla! in the name of thy seven heavens, of Adam, Eve, thy holy prophets, saints, and martyrs, behold me, thy servant, who has attained this day the age of fourscore years: the summer of my life is past away for ever, and till now I never knew what it was to want a guest at my table, or a hospitable welcome at another's; this is the first night that I am threatened with supping alone. I humbly now implore thy divine majesty, that if my homage for so many years has been acceptable in thy sight, that I may meet with some one with whom I may eat my supper and be entertained with his society."

Jahia regarded the old man with a ter-

* Wine, in Mahometan countries, is only allowed to be sold on the sea shore. The place where these young men were assembled was at some distance.

ror that rendered him motionless, and the kind of prayer that he had offered up made the young man tremble. "Assuredly," said he to himself, "this is some great prophet; and what will become of me when he finds me the bearer of this forbidden liquor? When, however, Jahia discovered this venerable personage to be a sheick, who was seeking to discover different objects notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and that having perceived himself, he desired those who accompanied him to bring the lanthorn close up to him, that he might look on him more attentively; and poor Jahia, however he might be disposed to render homage to the sheick, could not, on account of the two pitchers with which he was burdened. The sheick began to return thanks to God for this meeting, and said to Jahia—"You are witness, young man, of my gratitude to Alla, for his goodness in sending you here. If I had not met you I should have gone without my supper: follow me to my house, and do not refuse the pressing invitation I make you."—These words redoubled Jahia's embarrassment. "Certainly," said he to himself, "this man is a saint. I have already deserved the wrath of Alla, by transgressing his commandments in drinking and carrying wine, I shall now augment my fault, and bring on myself the anger of this holy man if I refuse his request. Yet if I accept his proposal I can never appear again before those who are expecting my return."—In this dilemma Jahia preserved the most profound silence, and the sheick observing that he kept his hands under his robe, suspected that he was concealing something, and to put an end to his doubts he lifted up the robe of Jahia, and beheld the two pitchers. "I thought," said he, "that it was wine that had flushed your countenance, but you need not be uneasy about that in my presence. Which way are you going? I will accompany you; at least, I will follow you at a distance, so as to serve you as a guard: in a word, I will do just as you please; but I declare that I will not return to my own house without you."—The gentle behaviour of the old man now set Jahia quite at his ease, and delighted at not having experienced any reproof on what was so expressly forbidden by the

law of Mahomet, he told the reason of his having been entrusted with this commission.—"My friends," added he, "are waiting with impatience: judge yourself what I ought to do, and then command me."—The old man replied, "My son, your words, as they are the words of truth, are more valuable than the finest pearls of the ocean. You have gained my heart: and know that the person who now speaks to you is the sheick Ebulkiar, who was born at Magesia. I have been settled at Scutari ever since I was seven years of age, and I have attained that of fourscore without ever having supped alone. By the blessing of God on my prayers and sacrifices, I have always had wherewithal to give to eat to those who came to see me. When a stranger has not presented himself before me, after the hour of evening prayer, I have returned to the mosque, and chose him who appeared most favourable in my eyes; took him home with me, and gave him the best welcome in my power. I have met with no one this day; and all those whom I separately asked at the mosque made some excuse or other to absent himself. Seeing my case hopeless, I sent up my supplications to Alla, and he presented to my view a most agreeable guest in yourself. But," added the old man, "it is not right to prevent you from fulfilling a commission so replete with danger; I will wait for you here, and you shall request of your companions their permission to retire, as you can tell them that if you drink any more wine it may disagree with you. You shall then come and join me, and I am sure you will not repent of granting me the favour I ask of you. I swear to you, by Alla, that I will wait here till your return: you see I trust to your word, though it is in your power to make me pass the whole night here."—The sheick then sat down on a stone, and Jahia congratulated himself on having met a man who was so indulgent: and he promised to return as soon as possible.

His first care, after he rejoined his friends, was to fill their goblets, and to place the two pitchers on the table: the joy at his return was exuberant, as they had almost despaired of seeing him again that night; his friend Muhamad, who had been the most uneasy, embraced

him fervently, and they all applauded him to the skies. But whatever intreaties they made to prevail on him to take his place again at the head of the table, they could not succeed.—“All that I require,” said Jahia, “in recompence for the trifling service I have rendered you, is your permission to retire. I am fatigued; and a friend whom I met with in the wine house has made me drink cup after cup so hastily, that my head is very much disordered.”—It was with much difficulty he gained their consent to his departure, but it was still more difficult for him to get rid of his friend Muhamid, who insisted on accompanying him. However, as soon as Jahia found himself alone, he repaired to the spot where he had left the sheick, who was waiting for him, according to his promise. Penetrated with his kindness, Jahia prostrated himself before the sheick, and offered to kiss his feet. The sheick raised him up, pressed him to his bosom, saying, “O, my son, prostrate not thyself before a child of the dust.”—He then praised him for his punctuality, and taking him by the hand, they went out of Scutari together. After they had passed by the Leper’s Hospital they came to a garden, the gate of which seemed like the entrance to a royal palace, and the walls that enclosed the garden were of an immense height. The old man knocked at the door, and the voice of a young girl was heard asking who was there? She opened the gate immediately on hearing the voice of the sheick. Jahia was enraptured at the sight of her countenance, for she was without a veil, and was beautiful as the day, and blooming as the early spring: she carried before them a silver lamp, in which the flame was kept burning by an oil of the most aromatic and costly scent.

The house appeared to Jahia as the

habitation of all earthly delights. Multitudes of silver lamps shed around the light of an artificial day. A superb sofa was placed in a beautiful window recess, and in the middle of the apartment rose a marble fountain, surrounded with pillars of the finest workmanship, and whose waters were clear as crystal, and filled with gold and silver fishes, whose agile sports and motions delighted the eye. Between the pillars were stands of flowers of every kind and hue. Jahia took his seat on the sofa, and his senses were all absorbed in the objects that pressed on his sight. The old man soon perceived what was passing within him, and said—“Confide to me the subject of your meditations; did not I tell you that I regarded you as a son? And do not you think it would be better that you should be only the son of a sheick’s adoption, than to be so in reality? For the tie of adoption is strengthened by inclination, and the friendship of choice must be superior to that of nature. Be easy; you are in the house of a friend, you shall be my companion, and our evenings will be passed in amusements: as I expect the angel of death shortly to lay his hand upon me, I will make you heir of all my wealth; for I find you a young man after my own heart, and when I am dead you shall occupy my place.”—The sheick then went into another apartment; but soon after returned, richly clad in a robe so finely embroidered with gold and silver that it seemed rather that of a Sultan than a sheick. He then placed himself beside Jahia, and the slaves of the sheick brought in several dishes of silver set with precious stones and filled with the choicest dainties, while the perfumes of musk and ambergris burnt in vessels of gold, ravished the sense with their odours.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FUGITIVE POETRY.

ON THE REVIVAL OF COMMERCE.

See Commerce waken from her gloomy sleep,
And re-assume her empire o’er the deep;
Unclose her ports, and bid her vessels reign
O’er the vast surface of the boundless main;
On ev’ry sea expand the daring sail,
And bring the plenteous store with ev’ry gale;

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Or whence the car of day, the morning’s
pride,
Emerges softly from the eastern tide;
Or where it sets and shrouds the glorious red
In western waves, in ocean’s oozy bed;
Or to the pole remote, where billows rise
In hills of ice, and storm the lofty skies;

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Or where Pacific vast, capacious laves
New worlds, new empires, with its southern
waves;

There Britain's daring canvass streams unfurl'd,
And wafts her traffic round the social world.

Hail, bright'ning era, hail! beneath whose ray
Peace, plenty, freedom, all their charms display.

TO JESSY.

The following stanzas are said to have been addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady before their separation.

THERE is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreathed with mine alone;
That Destiny's relentless knife,
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form, on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight:
By day—that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice, whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture in my breast;
I would not bear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest!

There is a face, whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek—
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaim more love than words can speak.

There is a lip, which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, press it more!

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A mouth—which smiles on me alone;
An eye—whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill
In union so closely sweet;
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run—
That when they part—they part—ah, no!
They cannot part—those souls are one!

ON HAVING VISITED CLAREMONT IN THE EVENING.

I VIEWED thee at sun-set, thy beauties were
shrouded, [veiled,
In the soft gloom of evening thy tarrets were
And the spirit of sorrow thy silent lakes clouded,
While the murmuring breeze thy lost Lady
bewailed.

Yes, the day-light of heaven reluctantly left thee,
Yet its showers wept softly, and silently fell;
And the village, deploring the fate that bereft
thee,

In contemplative sadness was mute at its knell.

In the populous city, the minute-bell tolling,
Broke the silence of night, and no reveler was
In gladness; but tears of affection were rolling
From the idler and sage, from the humble and
great.

The solemn accordance of temples resounded,
Deep, dull, and sonorous it rose and declined;
And solitude all the wide city surrounded,
In sorrow dissolved, but to Heaven resigned.

Thou art gone, thou soft vision of glory and
lightness,

Like the dream of young slumbers hast ri-
nished away;

Yet Piety feels, as it dwells on thy brightness,
Mortality's beauties were born to decay.

Not alone the high nobles attending thy station,
Afflicted and lorn, o'er thy sepulchre bend;
The Prince and the peasant bewail their pri-
vation,

A kingdom its Queen, and the hamlet its friend.

In the palace of pomp, in humility's dwelling,
Affliction submissively silent deplores;
Yea! the spirit of grief through thy country is
swelling,
And Hope droops awhile o'er its desolate
shores.

From pageantry free, in thy calm habitation,
Thy quietude, piety, happiness, love,
Taught wisely the humble and great of thy mission,
To indigent life and to grandeur above.

And thine influence came on the poor as a
blessing

That heaven dispenses unheard and untold;
And the full heart of gratitude oft was expres-
sing

Its thanks to the hand it might never behold.

Oh! more shall the virtues composing thy story
Hereafter impart the deep woe of thy land,
Than all the proud monuments reared to thy
glory,

By elegy's grief or the sculptor's vain hand.

Yes! the streams of remembrance, divine and
unfailing,

Will flow thro' thine island when those are no
more;

And the sacred tradition of thee be prevailing
While the blue waves of ocean encircle its
shore.

Ah! blind are our wishes, yet still we deplore
thee,

And breathe our deep sighs o'er thy sanctified
urn,

But shall anguish and agony hope to restore thee,
Or the pray'rs of mortality bid thee return?

When the moon, in its glory, thro' heaven's vault
sailing,

And the stars on the world let their living
beams fall,

A fugitive mist o'er their splendor prevailing,
Can dim their deep light with its vaporous pall

And shall the low creature, with ignorance
clouded,
Impeach the great purpose of wisdom on high,
That God, for his bliss, hath benignantly shroud-
ed?

Bow down thou vain thing and on Heaven rely.
Be thou still as the deep, when the darkness was
spreading

The motionless waters of Chaos in night,
And the spirit of God o'er the silence was shed-
ding

The seeds of the world and futurity's light.

The dew-drops that fall when the sun is declining,
Deploing the shade of that sorrowful hour,
In tremulous beauty at morning are shining
To the orient beams that irradiate the flower.

And round thee will the chrysalised tears of our
sorrow

Still dwell in the sepulchre's transient night,
And thy spirit of purity shine on the morrow
That dawns on the tomb—immortality's light!

ON PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

When yellow Ceres with her golden grain,
Rewards the labours of the rural swain;
Our cheerful youth the sylvan sports pursue,
Returning pleasures op'ning to their view.
Led by the morning breeze, and cooling air,
With dogs and guns they to the fields repair;
But chief the sportsman sure perdition brings,
Where the shy partridge sits with folding wings;
Close in the grass the basking covey lies,
But unconceal'd from the sharp pointer's eyes—
Whose leg uplifted, and sagacious nose,
With instinct strange their private haunts dis-
close;

Led by the breeze, and on his game intent,
With caution first he draws the rising scent;
Then after many a pause in mute suspense,
Stands, like a marble statue, void of sense.
Long time the birds that skulk among the weeds,
Perceive his figure thro' the yellow reeds,
Then quick as thought, from the thick stubble
spring,

And in close phalanx ply each sounding wing.
The nimble gunner aims his tube aright,
And in red lightning, death o'ertakes their flight:
Breathless they fall in many a giddy round,
And in convulsive tremor beat the ground.
Others the meadows range with anxious care,
And scatter'd coveys all at once ensnare.
The spreading net from foldings unconfin'd,
True to its point, flows loosely in the wind.
And while his latent game, the setter eyes,
The ardent sportsman watching for the prize—
When from the ground the chatt'ring covey
springs,

Enwraps the filmy texture round their wings.
Thus oft the gun, or else the marshy toil,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd spoil.

Lines written by King James I.

Crowns have their compass, length of daies
their date,
Triumphs their tombes, felicitie her fate;
Of more than earth, can earth make none par-
taker;
But knowledge makes the King most like his
maker.

HUNT'S PANACEA.

Collect a mob to make a show—
The bellows of sedition blow—
Yet to prevent expected harm,
Sound from a coach-roof an alarm!
The praise of order then rehearse,
And bid them quietly disperse.
Now change the note—and raise the storm—
Tell them that nothing but Reform
Can cure the sufferings of the poor,
And drive starvation from the door
That all subscription is absurd,
Compared to this effective word—
That boldly for it they must stand,
For it alone can save the land—
Make drooping manufactures thrive,
And keep the nerves of trade alive—
Make butchers, farmers, cease to cheat,
And at fair prices sell their meat—
Make bakers pang of conscience feel—
Enlarge the loaf—reduce the meal—
Force e'en hard landlords to relent,
And live without receiving rent.
Abolish (as the work *warm waxes*)
Pensioners, parsons, iishes, and taxes;
And bring, once more, the happy reign,
Of Revolution back again!

THE SAILOR AND MONKEY.

*On reading an account of the decision at the Man-
sion-House, between a Sailor and Showman,
concerning a Monkey.*

Thy judgment, Smith, hath men surprised,
And wicked wags declare,
Whilst thou wast aping Solomon
The Monkey ap'd the Mayor.

MAD SONG.—BY MRS. OPIE.

Ah! what is this that on my brow
Presses with such o'erwhelming power?
My love to heaven is gone I know—
But 'tis to fix our bridal hour!
Then on his tomb why should I sorrow?
He's gone!—but he'll return to-morrow,
Ah! then you lofty hill I'll mount,
And seize on morning's brightest cloud;
On that I'll wait my love, and count
The moments till he leaves his shroud:
And he the rainbow's vest shall borrow,
To grace our bridal-day to-morrow.

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But all's not right in this poor heart—
 Yet why should I his loss deplore?
 It was indeed a pang to part,
 But when he comes he'll rove no more:
 And all to-day can laugh at sorrow,
 When sure of being blest to-morrow.

Then why am I in black array'd?
 And why is Henry's father pale?
 And why do I, poor frantic maid,
 Tell to the winds a mournful tale?
 Alas! the weight I feel is sorrow—
 No! no—he cannot come to-morrow!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON

THE DEATH OF HARRIET ANGELINA,

Infant Daughter of Sir Thomas Acland.

BY MRS. M'MULLAN.

WHEN full-blown roses fade and fall,
 We musing mark the doom of all;
 When yellow autumn, drooping, sear,
 Is gemm'd by winter's frozen tear;
 When groves their tuneful choirs dismiss,
 Nor echo hears an hymn of bliss—
 We mourn not beauty's final fate,
 Each season had its fullest date.
 But oh! if in the youth of spring,
 Ere opes the bud, ere fledged the wing,
 Ere smiling rosebuds hail the morn,
 And only Love's sweet hopes are born—
 Should treach'rous rust, or icy gale,
 Change damask tints to lifeless pale;
 Then 'stead of spring's inspiring glow,
 We grasp the vase of charmless woe;
 Weave cypress where delight should bloom—
 Whilst weeping Pity marks the tomb,
 Inhales the essence ere it die,
 And wafts it to a kindred sky.

THE SONG OF THE REGENT.

INSCRIBED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
 PRINCE REGENT.

THE gorgeous monarch of the East
 Finds not his store of bliss increas'd—
 Alas! it but augments his care,
 The proud regalia's costly glare!
 True grandeur (were not mortals blind)
 Consists in dignity of mind;
 That loftiness of soul within,
 Which yet can bend to please and win!
 My diadem, though sparkling bright,
 Not dazzles but allures the sight;
 The jewel's mildest radiance shed,
 Inspiring love—dispelling dread!

There blue-eyed amethyst is seen,
 And emerald of lively green;
 Pity and youth in fond embrace,
 Soft image of the ductile race!

The topaz, rich in golden ray,
 Joy-like is ever bright and gay;
 The ruby—but he glares too strong,
 Remove the dazzler from the throng;
 Semblance of glory, bane of rest,
 He must not rear his vengeful crest:
 His place let adamant supply,
 Whose lustre may with honor vie!

And here the snowy pearl allot
 Her modest merit we forgot;
 As chastity, so pure from vice,
 As chastity—that pearl of price!
 Ah! is there yet a vacant place,
 Nor pebble left the void to grace?
 That precious stone myself supply,
 From the rare mine—humanity!

Behold the jewel's mild display!
 No dross adheres to cloud her ray;
 But beautiful, angelic, bright,
 She cheers and gladdens mortal sight!
 'Tis mercy! loveliest, rarest gem!
 Despots at will my choice condemn!
 Mercy! more precious than renown,
 The noblest jewel in a monarch's crown!

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

FORTUNE imparts to every plan
 Which rises from the mind of man,
 A name and nature double:
 Whether 'tis sense or folly's dream,
 Supported, 'tis a noble scheme,
 Without support—a bubble!

G. P. B.

SONNET.

WHY dost thou sigh, my love, and hang thy head?
 Is it because our fortune looks unkind?
 These sad reverses do attune the mind
 To meet, with finer sense, the wayward maid
 In all the witchery of smiles arrayed.
 Mark yonder crow—how she doth stoop and
 yield
 Her head to earth, ere she forsake the field
 To wing her flight up to her airy bed,
 Built in a nook of some high pinnacle—
 So you and I, with woes acquainted well,
 Bending our pride to fortune's lowliness,
 Will soar, majestic in our griefs subdued,
 Above the curious gaze and whispers rude
 Of those dull fools who smile in scorn of our
 distress.

G. P. B.



BALL DRESS

Invented by M^{lle} Edmé St. Simon: Dress Engraved for La Belle Assemblée. First Published Nov^r 1. 1795



WALKING DRESS.

Invented by M^{rs} Bell & Co. Engraved by La Belle Assemblée M^{rs} F. & Co. New York.

F A S H I O N S

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

Garter purple poplin pelisse, ornamented with black velvet: Mary Scot bonnet of garter purple *reps* silk, ornamented at the edge with a cordon of purple and black flowers, and surmounted by a full plume of tropic birds' feathers, variegated in black and purple. Fan *cornette* placed under the bonnet; and Castilian double ruff worn under the black velvet cape of the pelisse. Waterloo half-boots of garter purple and black; and lemon-coloured kid gloves.

No. 2.—BALL DRESS.

Ceres frock, with a very broad border of wheat ears in straw, worked on *tulle*, and worn over a white satin slip. *Togues* turban of *tulle*, elegantly worked with straw to correspond, with Turkish foldings in front of crape and straw interspersed. Henrietta ruff of fine lace, fixed low, and terminating at the shoulders. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE most eminent and tasteful priestesses of the fashionable toilet are now all preparing to quit their temporary repositories at the different watering-places, and are about to resume their stations in the metropolis, in order to await the arrival of their numerous patronesses of rank and fashion with every auxiliary of taste, invention, and elegance, to aid and, if possible, add grace to the unrivalled forms of Britannia's lovely daughters.

Foremost among those whom genius patronizes, and whom fancy delights in instructing, may be classed the *Marchande de Modes* of her Royal Highness the Duchess

of Kent, in St. James's-street: and without farther remarks on that unrivalled taste she has ever displayed in the different articles of female attire, we shall briefly lay before our readers a few new inventions to be seen at her repository.

And first, for out-door costume, we beg leave to present to our readers the description of a most elegant carriage pelisse of amaranth-coloured velvet, with a standing up collar; this pelisse is beautifully ornamented with a facing and bordering of the Aix-la-Chapelle trimming, in rich and elegant vandyke puckerings of alternate white and amaranth satin; with this is worn the Aix-la-Chapelle hat, made to correspond, and surmounted by the alliance plume, a beautiful triple ornament of white feathers.

Velvets in every article of dress promise to be very prevalent this season; already they have made their appearance in that comfortable and highly appropriate walking costume for November, the spenser. In these the colours vary, and are mostly of a light and summer-like hue; fawn colour, with silk *cordons* of Pomona green, dove colour with blue, and French grey with maiden's blush. At Mrs. Bell's *Magazin de Modes* we have seen a Hussar spenser of black velvet, highly and beautifully finished *à-la-militaire*.

There has been but little alteration in the hats for the promenade; the most approved are of the new shape represented in our Print, and are, for the retired morning walk, generally black. The carriage hats are more various; those of French grey velvet and satin intermingled, with a full plume of feathers of the same colour, are chaste and elegant. Carriage bonnets for morning excursions are large; some of these are of white and coloured satin in quarters, and are finished by a long drooping white feather; others of fancy straw with coloured satin stripes, with a full

plume of white feathers; and a few black velvet hats have already been seen in carriages, surmounted by that elegant appendage a full plume of small white feathers falling, and beautifully playing over the front of the hat, which is partially turned up; to those whose complexions are only tolerably fair this hat is truly becoming; to a *belle blonde* it is beyond all praise.

We have been favoured with the sight of some black velvet dresses now in preparation for the cold and gloomy days of November. They are chiefly calculated for evening parties, but may be adopted as dinner dresses: their sombre hue is finely relieved by *rouleaux* of white satin round the border over a broad and superb flounce of white blond of a rich and striking pattern. With these dresses are generally expected to be worn a dress hat of black velvet with white feathers, or of white satin, ornamented with the feathers of the tropic bird, a new and unique article of taste and value.

Next in estimation to the fine light silk velvet, are poplins and *reps* silk; which latter article is chiefly in requisition for half-dress, while cambrics and India muslin still maintain their station at the breakfast table, and for the receiving of personal morning visits. With the *déshabillé* costume is worn an elegant *cornette* of an entire new shape, made of very fine net or cypress tiffany, with lace let simply in, but not in profusion, and its sole ornaments narrow *rouleaux* of pearl-coloured satin: the Mary Scot *cornette* is also much worn in undress.

Amongst the other head-dresses is the dinner *cornette à-la-Soubrette*, with full crown of net and *rouleaux* of white satin, separated from the head-piece by a wreath of various kinds of flowers: *cornettes* for friendly visits are smaller, and are crowned on the summit with a full wreath of half blown moss roses.

There is yet a kind of stagnation in fashion this month, till the winter modes become fixed; but we can conclude our observations with the theatrical assurance, that "several novelties are in preparation."

The favourite colours are garter purple, amaranth, a very light shade of fawn-colour, and French grey.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

WHEN you bade me adieu a few days since, after passing an unpleasant fortnight in Paris, you seemed half to repent your having taken a trip to this capital at the unpropitious season of short and rainy days; you have, however, you say, considerably enlarged your correspondence on the Continent;—*tant mieux*. I shall proceed then to perform the part which you have allotted to me, and with which you highly gratified me by saying you were pleased, as your own ocular demonstration made you find my fashionable intelligence to be correct. I will now proceed to state to you what few alterations have taken place since your departure.

You were an eye witness that our French ladies of the present day are very unlike those at the latter end of the last century; they brave the cold; nor are they retarded even by a keen north wind from taking the wholesome exercise of walking: among these our hardy *belles*, pelisses of coating are preparing, and are expected to be very general for the walking costume this winter. At present the pelisses are made of twilled sarinet, with capes and lapels, of a different colour to the pelisse, which buttons down the front with straps the same colour as the lapels, each strap having a handsome ornamental button: the sleeves are slashed with satin at the top à l'Espagnole. The pelerine tippets, which you said fatigued your eyes by their sameness in the walks of the Thuilleries, are more in favour than ever, but they have undergone some trifling change; they are now made with long ends, and are generally confined by a broad sash of ribband; these ends are made one longer than the other, and the longest often descends as far as to the hem of the gown border; the sashes are tied before, and the ends hang down with those of the pelerines.

Spencers are made to turn back in front with buttons, and have sashes also worn with them tied before: the sleeves are pickered full at the top, and are often

ornamented all the way to the wrists with puffings.

Mantles of *kerseymere* are among the newest inventions, and promise to be general; they are made like the ancient French capuchin, with arm-holes, and have a double collar, one standing up, and made of velvet, either poppy-colour, amaranth, grey, or black; the other, which falls down, is of the same material as the mantle, which is lined with silk; some ladies, instead of a falling collar, wear a small hood, the same as the mantle; the *kerseymere* of which is lilac and white, blue and white, dead leaf and white, or plumb-colour and white.

Do you recollect the dinner we took together at the house of the rich President's lady? How much we admired her desert service of cut crystal! now every thing is changed, and at a dinner of ceremony, every article is served up in the finest china; and only sweetmeats or jellies can be presented in cut crystal. I am sure you have not forgot meeting the same lady's awkward daughters the next morning, in large cambric bonnets, which are still very prevalent: gauze bonnets are yet seen, in mild weather, in the public walks; and crape, with *Gros de Naples*, for the carriage, adorned with the flowers most in season; but a variety of colours is no longer reckoned tasteful: the lilac silk bonnets worn when you were here, are yet in favour, and are ornamented with daisies of the same colour. Yellow crape hats, with white *marabout* feathers, are a very favourite head-covering for the carriage; but when these hats are worn in the public walks, or at the theatre, their ornament consists of a bunch of moss roses, or of yellow roses with their leaves. The bonnets that are made of green *Gros de Naples*, are ornamented with a bunch of daisies of a mazarine blue; the crowns of the bonnets are round, and not quite so low as they were last month.

Gowns of *Gros de Naples*, with pelerines and flounces of the same, are likely to be very fashionable this winter; there have already appeared some of *reps* silk, ornamented with puffings of satin; white gowns are, however, very general, and these are ornamented, at the border, with flounces or rows of muslin *bouillonés*. A few white Merino crapes have appeared; some em-

broidered with silks of different colours, others, with a row of satin cockleshell trimming: but the most costly and elegant gowns are of Cachemire, with a border of large palm-leaves. Violet-coloured silk gowns are also much admired; they are made with a pelerine cape, with a very broad border of fluted ribband: some have two or three rows of this bordering; so that the trimming at the bottom of the robe is seldom broader than that on the pelerine, only that on the border are seven or eight rows of this fluted ribband: you are one of the disciples of Taste, and I know you will agree with me that this trimming is as heavy as it is expensive.—These violet silk dresses are very much worn at the Tuilleries; I know not whether there is any *meaning* attached to them. Amongst the other novelties of the day is an apron of richly embroidered muslin, to which is attached a *corsage* of the same, and the whole is superbly trimmed with fine Mechlin lace: with this apron is generally worn a gown of lilac sarsnet, and a bonnet of fine muslin, embroidered with dark-shaded pinks.

The *toques* worn at court form a diadem in front, and are there ornamented with a kind of *aigrette*, made of jewels, gold, or silver, known by the name of *esprit*: these *toques* are of crape and silver *lana*: when ladies go without a cap, the hair is dressed very low; and when crowned with a garland of flowers, the wreath is placed in a horizontal direction: young ladies wear wreaths of roses placed very low on the forehead, while others place them on the summit of the head, like a crown; but this is according to the beauty of the head, or the defect of the forehead. At evening parties, *toques* of *Gros de Naples*, or of gauze, are worn, placed very much on one side, and ornamented with plumes of down feathers, with a full-blown rose at the bottom of the plume. *Cornettes à la Marie Stuart* are very prevalent in *deshabille*.

Shag silk promises to be a favourite trimming this winter; it is very much improved in the manufacturing, and has now the appearance of Swansdown.

The favourite colours are rose-colour and celestial blue; but violet has the pre-eminence.

Though the little presents you took to

England were extremely elegant, yet, as you said you might commission me for something more new, I must inform you that no gift is reckoned now so acceptable as a little basket of polished steel, just invented among the most famous *Bijoutiers*; it is meant as a repository for a lady's work, thimble, scissors, and needle case: at the bottom of the basket is a small looking-glass, with a sliding cover, beautifully enamelled; or, if you like it better, a new kind of card-rack of red morocco, with gold-headed nails to fasten it to the stucco: the names of each day of the week are elegantly studded in small points of polished steel. Underneath the racks is a small box of bergamot, with a lock and key; one marked south, the other north; and in which, letters are deposited that come from either quarter.

The price of these articles is in my private letter.

PRESENT COSTUME OF THE SPANISH LADIES.

A PETTICOAT, which scarce descends so low as the ankle; a *mezzaro* over the head, with which a Spanish lady conceals or shews as much of her face as she pleases: she generally carries her rosary in one hand, and a fan in the other. To the ancient *cotella*, or stays, a collection of whalebone, and bars of steel, has succeeded a corset of dimity, with long sleeves, close to the arm, and buttoned at the wrist. Their silk petticoats, and even those of stuff, are adorned with fringes, puffings, tucks, and other fashionable trimmings; they often ornament them besides, with three flounces of black lace. The *cofia* is a kind of bag

made of silk, which is trimmed with several rows of quillings, and is tied about the middle of the back part of the head, and depends from thence. Women belonging to the higher classes, though in every other respect they dress like Spaniards, yet dress their heads in the French and English style, with ornamental combs, flowers, caps, &c.; but women of every condition wear the *mezzaro*, and a little *mantilla*, or veil, which, fixed backward, near the crown of the head, falls behind down to the girdle: this is either of muslin, leno, or crape, and almost invariably trimmed with lace: it is a very graceful appendage to dress. The Spanish ladies are never without a fan in their hand, which they use with peculiar grace, either in saluting any one, or in making signs of friendship and intimacy; and they often, with the most finished coquetry, raise up with it the *mezzaro*, at that moment when it imports them to display, as if by accident, the beauty of their complexion, and the brilliancy of their eyes.

DRESS OF THE FEMALES AT THE HAGUE.

THE middle class of females, and indeed some of the better sort, dress in a most singular manner: they wear a long-waisted gown, of broad striped woollen or cotton stuff, over three or four thick petticoats, black stockings, and clumsy shoes, with immense buckles of silver. Their head is ornamented with a mob cap, fastened under the chin, with a small bonnet over it, which is generally black. They usually adorn themselves with large gold earrings, costly necklaces, and a profusion of gold rings almost cover their fingers.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY; INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MURPHY'S comedy of *The Way to Keep Him* has been revived; in which Mr. W. Farren plays the part of *Sir Bashful Constant*; and it is but justice to add, that he makes as much of it as the part will admit:

he has since supported his previous reputation by his performance of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in *The Rivals*. He never forgets that *Sir Anthony* is a gentleman; and while he gives peculiar humour to the character, broad as it is, he contrives to throw into it that tinge and colour, which preserve not only its life, but its manners.

DRURY-LANE.

KEAN has returned to this theatre, and has performed those characters in which he has before shewn himself so eminently successful.

A Madame Belgar has appeared in *The Duenna*, in the character of *Don Carlos*. She much disappointed our expectations: her merit is in that distinct enunciation of her words, so unusual with singers; and in a mellowness and fullness of voice, so far as her power extends. Her defect is, that her voice has a small compass, not ascending, as we should think, beyond four notes of the second octave—that is to say, an octave and a half. Hence she is manifestly deficient in the higher notes of the two songs in *The Duenna*, "*Had I a heart for falsehood from'd*," and "*Ah! sure a pair was never seen*." In the lower tones of these songs, nothing could be more pleasing than her voice and expression; and the more so, because it was not only good, but was an original manner.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—
Sketch of *The First Comer* (*Du Premier Venu*), comic opera of three acts:—

Dorval and *Berville*, officers in the same corps, are desirous of marrying *Emilia*, the daughter of *Dorimon*, a very rich man, of an original character, who dwells in a chateau at about six leagues from Lyons. *Dorimon*, persuaded that chance will bestow him more than prudence, is resolved to give his daughter to him who shall arrive the first at the chateau. The two officers, who are rivals, without ceasing to be friends, informed of the whimsical intention of *Dorimon*, agree between them, on their word of honour, to set off together at six in the evening, and in a post-chaise. At the same time, while they promise to proceed honourably, according to the laws of war, they do not deem it unlawful to have recourse to stratagem.

Berville is frank, but headless; he only resorts to marriage, as the means whereby he may get rid of his creditors. *Dorval* is really in love; it is, therefore, easily discovered that *Dorval* will be successful: but, to obtain the preference, he must arrive first at the chateau; interest travels as quick as love; how must each of these rivals proceed, to gain the priority?

A footboy is the proper instrument, according to the opinions of *Berville* and *Dorval*, to ensure the victory. The footboy, finding a two-fold opportunity of enriching himself, and who, to double conscience, will not slip obtaining a

double profit, receives a purse from each master: he promises *Dorval* to set both his creditors and his mistress free; he promises *Berville* to make *Dorval* take a wrong road, and to overturn his chaise.

Madame Rosemont, an old maid, pretending to be lovely, irritated against *Berville* by the footboy, claims the performance of his promises contained in a love letter that *James* has intercepted, and which he persuaded her was addressed to her. *Dorval* interrupts the conversation. *Berville* slips out, and leaves his friend to the old lady. But just as he is about to depart, he falls into the snare that he had spread for *Dorval*; he is arrested by order of the commandant of the place, who is the dupe of a false report: he passes for *Dorval*, and is himself under arrest. This mistake, is, however, soon cleared up. *Berville* obtains his freedom, and *Dorval* having got rid of *Madame Rosemont*, the two lovers take the road to the chateau of *Dorimon*.

When they are about half way, their carriage breaks down; the travellers request the rites of hospitality at a solitary mansion belonging to *M. Rapinier*, the steward of *Dorimon*, and who has been so much in love with what belongs to his master since the twenty years that he has managed his affairs, that he has contracted the constant habit of saying, *my castle, and my farmers*. He receives the two young friends, whom he takes to be two adventurers, suitably enough, and goes to bed, leaving them to depart as soon as they please. *Dorval*, in order to prevent the triumph of his rival, takes it in his head to write a note to *Dorimon*, to forewarn him that the first which will present himself to marry his daughter, is an impostor that seeks to deceive him.—For two hours, a servant, belonging to *M. Rapinier*, takes upon himself to deliver this note immediately; and that he may arrive the quicker, he leaps out of the window.

The two officers, each seated in an elbow chair, try to obtain a little sleep. The footboy places himself between them; he communes with himself, he tries the weight of the two purses he has received, and knows not which of the two friends he had best betray: he is very much inclined to favour *Dorval*; but *Berville*, who overhears him talking to himself, gains the balance on his side by putting another purse into his pocket. The footboy seems to yield to so weighty a consideration; but through a piece of treachery, which is not sufficiently explained as to the motive, he whispers confidentially to *Berville* that the house he is now in is *M. Dorimon's* chateau, who is playing the farce of taking his steward's name: that *M. Rapinier's* daughter is the true *Emily* that he is to marry; and, in consequence, it is his interest to let *Dorval* go, who, in thus abandoning the chateau, would inevitably lose the lady. *Berville* suffers himself to be persuaded, and throws himself back in his elbow

A a

chair, pretending to fall asleep. The perfidious *James* wakes *Dorval*, who was actually in a sound sleep, and tells him the trick he has played his master, begging him to go directly to *M. Dorimon's*. *Dorval* does not wait to be twice hidden; he goes out, after having shut up his friend and his faithful valet together. *Berville* soon discovers that he is imposed upon, and he sets off for the chateau, where *Dorval* has been beforehand with him.

The fatal note has operated in his disfavour: *Dorimon* takes him for a cheat, who has assumed the name of *Dorval*, and he consigns him to an apartment in the chateau. *Berville*, on the contrary, who had every apparent reason to believe himself vanquished, is very much astonished at the favourable reception that is given him. The marriage contract is drawn up, and he already holds the pen to sign it, when, by the address of the footboy, *Dorval* appears; *Berville* calling him by his name, convinces *M. Dorimon* of his error: and the undeceived parent gives his daughter to *Dorval*, as *The First Comer*.

The music is by a young composer; but it is highly pleasing: the English servant, which the French call *jockey* (very unlike a jockey, in fact, only a smart postboy and footboy conjoined), is well played; but the actor is very deficient in his English smatterings.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.—
Sketch of *La Cabane de Montainard*; a melo-drama, in three acts:—

The scene of this piece is laid in Auvergne, at the foot of those mountains, whose tremendous height, and the continual snows wherewith they are covered, have gained them the appellation of the French Alps. The *Baron de Lerac*, a monster of cruelty and dissimulation, has just taken possession of a newly-acquired castle; and, at the opening of the drama, is dwelling there with his daughter *Amelia*, who has arrived there before him. Some little time before the arrival of the *Baron*, a young man named *Charles*, and *Christopher*, an honest brazier, whose son *Charles* is supposed to be, have been saved from the fatal consequences of an avalanche through an old invalid, whose cottage, or hut (*cabane*), gives the title to the piece; this hut stands near the castle of *Monsieur de Lerac*. *Charles* falls in love with the young lady, and *Amelia* feels the same tender sentiments with which she has inspired this interesting youth: now it must be known, that *Charles* is the son of a *Captain Dolzan* and a sister of the *Baron's*. This shocking *Baron*, in order to appropriate to himself an immense fortune bequeathed to his sister, has found means to cause her death as she gave birth to *Charles*; he had, besides, power sufficient to get his brother-in-law, *Dolzan*, sentenced to death; who, compelled to conceal himself, has lived

eighteen years, in disguise, a wandering life; solely occupied with watching over *Charles*, whose life is threatened by *Lerac*, because it stands in his way against his taking possession of his mother's property.

The uncle finds out that his nephew, under the name of *Charles*, has found an asylum in his castle; the chief end of his journey is to get rid of him by assassination, and he employs in the execution of this atrocious design, an agent named *Robert*, who, though he is made out as odious as possible, is not the least comic character in the piece. This unfortunate *Robert* never speaks, except by signs and monosyllables; in the first act he utters only one word, and this word is foolish enough, for it reveals the secret transaction he is employed in, and throws a light on the mysterious intrigue, and discovers the dénouement.

Robert, to gain the thousand *louis* that he has so awkwardly announced that he is to receive from *Lerac*, places himself in ambush, with a gamekeeper, in a narrow path, through which *Charles* is expected to pass. Five or six rounds of firing are heard, and it is supposed that *Charles* is no more; but the gamekeeper and *Robert*, equally awkward, have not hit their victim, and their firing has no other effect than to dissolve a few snowballs—that is to say, a few balls of reeds, covered with white cloth, which were thrown from the top of the centre arch, over a slope, like those of the *Montagnes Beaumont*.

After this piece of stage effect, *Robert* and the *Baron* confer on some new plan of assassination, and the project is simple enough; it is to stab *Charles* in the night, in his bed. Alarmed by the event of the evening, *Amelia*, who dreads some fresh attempt, looks up her lover, and takes away the key of his apartment. *Lerac* and *Robert* arrive in the dark, and are about to enter the pavilion in which *Charles* reposes; but, stationed at the door, they find *Christopher* and *Dolzan*, who, each with a pistol in his hand, oblige them to retreat. The author has not explained how *Dolzan* becomes acquainted with the designs of his brother-in-law. *Charles*, however, escapes this second peril: he escapes from the castle with his father and *Christopher*, and in the third act they meet together in the hut of the old invalid.

Labrèche has served under the command, and in the same company with *Dolzan*, who had saved his life in battle: he has heard of the sentence of death being pronounced against his *Captain*, and, feeling assured of his innocence, he concludes that he could only have been condemned through the deposition of false witnesses.—Struck with this idea, and animated by a just gratitude, he finds out these false witnesses, and, by several blows of his sabre, he makes them retract their depositions, and sign their recantation. He possesses these important documents,

and awaits the arrival of *Dolsan* with impatience, in order that he may deliver them into his hands.

This moment is arrived; but, when an explanation is about to take place, the *Baron* and his inseparable *Robert* come again with a formidable retinue. They are in pursuit of *Charles*; their carriage is shattered to pieces among the rocks, and the hut of *Labrèche* is the sole asylum that offers itself against the perils of the night, the dangers of avalanches, and precipices. There, then, they are all assembled, friends and foes, in the hut of *Labrèche*; but in different compartments.

Under the part occupied by *Charles*, *Dolsan*, and *Christopher*, is the powder magazine of *Labrèche*, which powder is an article of commerce, which he sells to the chamois hunters. *Robert*, in visiting the place, perceives the entrance of the cave, and slips in at the vent-hole—sees what sort of furniture is there, and knowing what hosts are over head, he artfully prepares a match, which communicating with the powder, will blow them all up! *Robert* was not aware, neither were the audience, that the upper chambers had a passage that went out on the mountains; and *Dolsan*, with his friends, have gone to take a walk. *Robert* comes out of his hole, to judge, not of the process, but of the effect of the explosion! He places himself, with *Lerac*, on the summit of the rock; the explosion takes place with a terrible noise; the detonation shakes the snows, and an avalanche falls on the two villains, burying them and their murderous projects together, in one dreadful abyss. *Amelia* consoles herself for the tragical death of her father by marrying her cousin.

The new decorations at this theatre are on a most magnificent and splendid scale; the great chandelier is extremely brilliant; and its private boxes, and *loges grillées*, with the banishment of females from the pit, would place it on a footing with the theatres royal of Paris, if it was but furnished with better performers.

Its ornaments consist of gilding, mingled with painting, and are executed with taste; but a care of being too expensive, has caused the proprietors not to pay sufficient attention to the thickness of the gilding.—The orchestra is prodigiously widened, so that it takes off too much from the pit.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Women; or, Pour et Contre. By the Author of *Bertram*, &c. Three Volumes, 12mo. Edinburgh.

CHARLES DE COURCY is the orphan heir to a respectable property in Ireland,

and enters the university of Dublin at the age of seventeen, November, 1813. As he is passing through the town of Lucan, the coach, conveying him to Dublin, breaks down about four o'clock on a November evening (we are sorry to observe the author of *Bertram* saying, of a November evening). As he approaches Barrack-street, he is alarmed by the cry of a female from a carriage which had just rattled by him: he pursues it, finds a young lady with a wretched old beldame, rescues her from her power, and restores her to an elderly man of unprepossessing appearance, who calls the young lady his niece.

He meets with this charming female again by accident, at Bethesda chapel, to which place of worship he is introduced by his evangelical friend Montgomery; and he then becomes intimate with the Wentworth family. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth are modern Calvinists, and have long destined Eva, their niece, to become the wife of Macowen, a domestic teacher, and as much a director in the family as the spiritual confessors of the Catholic church. It is needless to inform our readers that De Courcy falls in love with Eva; Montgomery loves her too, but De Courcy, in a fit of illness, attended by delirium, betrays the secret of his passion: and Montgomery, in the true spirit of friendship, disclaims all pretensions in favour of his friend.—Charles, after some difficulties respecting his want of conversion, is an accepted lover; for De Courcy has three thousand pounds a year, and such a proselyte to the true faith is worth all their endeavours to gain!

This pleasing prospect, however, is upset by De Courcy's being introduced to Signora Dalmatiani, *alias* Zaira, an Opera singer, with whom he also, in a short time, falls in love, though she is a perfect contrast to Eva; and to whom he returns with all the ardour of his first affection, by means of a thunder storm, struck by the unaffected terrors of the object of his pristine affections: but then a great fire at the druggists, in Castle-street, where Zaira displays such wonderful presence of mind, confirms him very strongly in his second attachment. At this fire the old woman of the hovel, who had once gained the innocent Eva into her power, and who is quite the Meg Merrilica of the tale, is seen

screeching wildly, uttering incoherent curses, and twirling herself round with rapidity.

Eva dreams a dreadful dream in an afternoon nap, while Charles, precisely at the same hour, sets off for the Continent with his new mistress. And in the last volume, Mr. Asgill, the guardian of De Courcy, is very angry at the idea of his ward's marrying an actress; and writes to him a long and awakening epistle, which has the desired effect: but what is very singular, Eva proves to be Zaira's daughter, born in honourable wedlock; and Zaira is the daughter of the old mad woman, but of illegitimate birth. Eva, her grandmother, and De Courcy all die; but Zaira is left alive.

Such are the principal outlines of this story; we shall now proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts.

SOCIETY AT THE WENTWORTHS.

"The dinner went on; the men and women seated alternately, spoke of their popular preachers, and of popular works of evangelical divinity, and of eloquent speeches made at the meetings of the Bible Society, and of the diffusion of the gospel throughout Ireland; and they uttered sundry strictures on the parochial clergy who opposed the circulation of evangelical tracts, with many a bye blow at the contrast between the Calvinistic articles of the church of England and the Arminian creed of her modern sons.

"Such was the conversation; and when the women retired it was not a whit more enlarged. One man talked incessantly of the 'election of grace,' his mind literally seemed not to have room for another idea; every sentence, if it did not begin, ended with the same phrase, and every subject only furnished matter for its introduction."

NARROWNESS OF PRINCIPLE IN THE EVANGELICAL SECT.

"What a life would these people have us lead! Their society is compressed into their own cast; they have no other standard for excellence, moral or intellectual, but conformity to their creed.

"All the virtues, talents, and graces on earth, if it were possible to combine them in one form (as I have seen them combined), would appear to them only as a brilliant victim, arrayed for sacrifice on the altar of satan! When they mix in society, they mix only with a view of hearing their sentiments echoed by those who join in them, or opposed by those who differ from them. Their only alternative is monotonous assent, or clamorous hostility. They have but two notes in

their scale, one of them is *assent*, the other *discord—no harmony!*"

THE CHARACTER OF THE ABOVE PEOPLE SUMMED UP.

"As to literature, it is unfair to speak of them with reference to it: since the Restoration the puritanic party have become literary in their own defence. They have borrowed jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, of the Egyptians, and spoiled them, and like the children of Israel, they have quite forgotten the obligation. It would be almost an awful question to ask (it would be certainly a question of deep national interest), What would have been the result had these people the issues of intellectual life and death in their hands? Is there one of them that would have escaped? History would appear to them a record of the crimes of *unlightened men*; poetry, that language of the Gods, as the wantonness of a depraved imagination; science, as the presumptuous effort of overweening pride. All knowledge, all intellectual cultivation, they would have reckoned as worse than nothing, and vanity.

"What would these people make of the world? Their history would be the experience of converts and preachers; in other words, the vacillation of the human mind between infidelity and madness. Their poetry would be the obituary tears of an Evangelical Magazine; and their science—they would—they could have no science beyond the use of the plumb-line that enabled them to measure the walls of their gloomy conventicles, or the clock that summoned them to their devotions, and 'told legible their midnight of despair.' As for the arts—those persons may look on them as lawful means for extorting subsistence from the ungodly; but how would the arts fare, if the world consisted of persons like them? Would not Guido's *Aurora*, and Raphael's *Cartoons*, and Rembrandt's *Descent from the Cross*, be all mortgaged this moment for the rib-wooden cut of an evangelical preacher, with his lank hair and Jesuit viange? Would not sculpture, if she pleaded for her life with Laocœus in one hand, and Niobe in the other, be rejected for some spruce monument over the reliques of Dr. Coke or Dr. Huntingdon?"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Souvenirs de Brighton, de Londres, et de Paris. By Madame Simons Candaille. One Volume. Paris.

THE recollections of a pretty woman, and especially when that woman is endowed with superior wit, have always a strong attraction with her readers. Favoured alike by the Muses and the Graces, Mademoiselle Candaille has shone equally as an actress on the stage, and on the great

theatre of the world. As an actress, an author, and a musician, she has, by turns, equally charmed the eye, enchanted the ear, and led captive the heart. We were in haste to peruse her work, expecting to see our best societies and manners elegantly described; we were, however, deceived; the voyage of Mademoiselle Candaille is merely picturesque and sentimental: she tells us, in the most pathetic language, the adventures of a poor man's dog, and gives an account of the celebration of a feast for orphans.

It is easy to discover that the fair author cannot boast much of English politeness. The greatest part of the work consists of conversations on French literature; and which prove them to be those of a very sensible female, but they cannot have the same attraction in Paris as they might have in London. Those long quotations from the *Art of Poetry*, by Boileau, and *Des Jardins*, of Delille, are not very new to the French. Mademoiselle Candaille seems to have wit of her own sufficient to have filled ten volumes, and she need not have quoted that of others to swell out the bulk of one.

The article on the English Theatre is peculiarly well written; but in regard to the whole of the work, it wants both order and connection; it appears like a portefeuille that has been thrown down, and the detached pieces put together just as they were taken up again; in which, however, the recollections on London seem most numerous; those on Paris are, certainly the greater part of them, lost: nevertheless, all that is preserved of these scattered morsels proves the portefeuille to have been that of a woman of profound sense and erudition.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Preparing for publication, *The History and Antiquities of Kensington and its Environs*; interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes of royal and distinguished persons. Deduced from ancient records, state papers, manuscripts, parochial documents, and other original and authentic sources. By Thomas Faulkner, author of the Historical account of Chelsea and Fulham.

A School Astronomy, accompanied with

plates, is now in the press, by Mr. Guy, in a small volume. The work will comprise all that can be interesting to youth, and within their comprehension.

A Short History of France, after the manner of the late Mrs. Trimmer's *Histories for Children*, by a daughter of that lady.

The Child's Introduction to thorough Bass, in conversations between a Mother and a Daughter of ten years old.

On 1st January, 1819, will be published, a new work, exclusively devoted to music alone, entitled, *The English Musical Gazette*. To be continued every month.

FUNERALS OF THE CHINESE IN BATAVIA.

When a Chinese of note dies, his nearest relations announce the melancholy event in form to all the branches of the family. The body is washed, perfumed, and dressed in the best apparel of the deceased. The corpse is then seated in a chair; and his wives, children, and relations, fall down before it and weep. On the third day it is put into a coffin, which is placed in one of the best apartments, hung for the occasion with white linen cloth, the colour, with them, of mourning. In the middle of the apartment an altar is erected, and on it the portrait of the deceased is placed, with incense burning near it. The sons stand on one side of the coffin, dressed in white coarse linen, and making every sign of sorrow; while the mother and female relations are heard lamenting behind a curtain. On the day of burial, the whole family assembles, and the corpse is conveyed to the grave with much solemn pomp. Images of men and women, relations of the family, as amongst the ancient Romans, and even of animals, together with wax tapers and incensories, are carried first in the procession. Then follow the priests with musical instruments, and after them the corpse upon a bier, attended by the sons of the deceased, clothed in white, and leaning on crutches, as if disabled, through grief, from supporting themselves erect. The female relations are carried in chairs, hung with curtains of white silk, concealing them from view, but their lamentations are distinctly heard; and other women are hired who are trained to utter shrieks still louder

and more piercing ; which last is a custom still retained in some parts of Europe. Previous to the funeral, a table with fruits and other eatables is laid before the corpse, and wax figures of servants placed on each side, as attendants upon it.

INDIFFERENCE OF THE ALBANIANS AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

THEY are in general brave and ready to encounter danger ; the fear of death makes no impression on them, as may be judged by the following anecdote. An individual of the Liapis clan being condemned to death, was brought out to be conveyed to the place of execution, which was situated without the walls of Prevesa. Being arrived about midway, he passed by a large fig-tree.—“ Why,” said he to those who conducted him, “ do you wish me to travel half a league farther in the hottest part of the day ? Cannot you hang me here ? ”—This favour being granted him, he himself put the rope around his own neck. A few hours afterwards another Liapis passed by the same place, and seeing that the clothes of the deceased were better than his own, began, with the greatest indifference, to undress him, and exchanged them for his own rags.

IMPORTANT CAUTION TO FEMALES.

A young lady in France had the fatal habit of cleaning her ears with pins ; a trifling humour was the result, which terminated lately in a cancer. The brass and quicksilver used in the preparation of pins may easily account for this circumstance, and which render them so very pernicious to the teeth when used as tooth-picks.

LONGEVITY.

THERE is now living in the neighbourhood of Monthuçon (Allier), a woman named Barbe Raco, aged a hundred and twelve years ; she is in full possession of all her faculties, and her mental qualifications are not the least impaired. She waits entirely on herself, walks with no other help than a slight stick, and recollects all the days of her youth. She has only left of her family a few great grandchildren. The painter

of her Highness the Duchess of Orleans is now employed in taking the portrait of this living century.

Some years ago six old men and six old women were subpoenaed out of the town of Stockport to appear on a trial in the court of Westminster. The eldest of the men was one hundred and five, and the youngest sixty-seven years old ; the eldest of the women was one hundred and three, and the youngest sixty-five years old ! Two coaches were provided to take these twelve persons to London ; but the old lady aged one hundred and three, refused to ride in the same coach with the old gentleman of a hundred and five, saying, “ I do not think it prudent to ride with one of his sex. I have supported a good character so far, and I am determined to support it as long as I live in this world ! ”—They all arrived safe at a gentleman's house upon Newington Green, near London. The gentleman wished our old men to be shaved twice a-week, but they refused, saying, “ the London barbers were a set of knaves for charging them twopence a-piece, for in Stockport they never paid more than one halfpenny a-head.”—It happened that one of the old men, as he was walking in Bishopsgate-street, read on a board—*Shaving for one penny* ; he returned and informed his friends of this lucky discovery, and they all set out next morning to get shaved. The old man who found out the penny barber was allowed the honour of sitting first ; when the barber had shorn one side of his face, he pulled the cloth away ; the old man shouted, “ Halloa, measter, you forgetton to shave this side,” pointing with his finger to the side that had not come under the razor. The barber replied, that if he shaved the other side he must have another penny ! The old man got up in a rage, called the barber a cheating scoundrel, and swore he would return to Stockport half shaved, as he was, before he would give him another penny. He took his handkerchief and wiped the lather off his face, put on his hat, and, with his venerable companions, adjourned to the sign of the *Fox and Anchor*, Charter-house Lane, where they stopped till they got inebriated ; and it was the third day after, before the gentleman (on whose suit they attended) could prevail on them to get shaved by the two-penny barber.

ADVENTURE OF A PARISIAN HUSBAND.

A STORY, more amusing to our national malice than creditable to our morality, is told every where. M. de B——, the husband of a very pretty woman, being dissatisfied with some instances of levity and coldness on her part, adopted a strange mode of reanimating the tenderness of their honeymoon—it was no other than assuming an air of the utmost indifference on his part. The lady, however, affected not to notice this, and followed her usual course. The husband now became furious—a storm succeeded the treacherous calm—Madame was accused, reviled, and her writing-desk broken open; but the contents turned out to be perfectly innocent. Still his jealousy was unallayed; he came home at the most unexpected hours, entered his wife's chamber without knocking—but all to no purpose. He now proposed a separation by private arrangement: this the lady instantly rejected, considering her virtue, like that of the wife of Cæsar, above being suspected. The husband, in this predicament, resorted to the following means of producing a separation:—He posted several of his friends, late in the night, within view of his wife's chamber, with orders not to stir, whatever they beheld. They had not long been at their posts, when a man was seen putting a rope-ladder to the lady's window, and mounting by means of it. One of the sentinels, unable to controul his indignation at the outrage to his friend's honour, caught the gallant by the foot, and dragged him down. The noise attracted the rest. What was their astonishment, to find, in the supposed gallant, M. de B—— himself! The first thing was an expression of surprise—the next, a burst of loud laughter, from all but M. de B——. The wife being informed of the whole matter by a kind neighbour, resolved to institute proceedings against her husband for calumny, and demand a separation.—*Paris Paper.*

CURIOUS INSCRIPTIONS.

THE following lines are copied exactly from the manuscript of the author, Samuel Kerry, of Smalley, near Derby, (the man who built the oven):—

good peppel all behold & see a oven in a hollor tree
you neve say the Like sins you was barn of a woman
a oven in a hollor tree it is not comon
Com nebers com com here and see if Ever you say
the Like be fore for one penne I will give you thro
Samuel kerry is my name & I bult this oven in this Lain

The late Bishop Watson, shortly before his retirement, took lodgings in Cambridge, at a house adjoining an alehouse, the sign of which being Bishop Blaise, he was induced to compromise with the tavern-keeper to take it down, as thinking it derogatory to the episcopal dignity; which occasioned the following epigram from Dr. Mansell, now Bishop of Bristol:—

“Two of a trade can ne'er agree,”
No proverb e'er was juster;
They've pulled down *Bishop Blaise*, d'ye see,
And put up *Bishop Bluster*!

BIRTHS.

At Gorbamby, in the county of Herts, the Countess of Verulam, of a son.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Shannon, of a son.

At his Lordship's house, St. James's-square, Lady George Anson, of a son.

At Hurst-house, Lady Berkeley, of a son.

At Ditchley Park, Oxfordshire, the Lady of the Earl of Normanton, of a son and heir.

At Paris, the Right Hon. Lady James Hay, of a daughter.

At his Lordship's seat, Bourn-house, near Caxton, Cambridgeshire, the Countess De la Warr, of a daughter.

At Rockville-house, Ireland, Lady Eleanor Balfour, of a son and heir.

At Doneraile-house, Ireland, Lady Charlotte St. Leger, of a son and heir.

At Blithe-house, Brook-green, the lady of the Solicitor-General of a daughter.

At the Palace, in Bangor, the lady of Major Hewett, Assistant Adjutant-General, and youngest daughter of the Lord Bishop of that diocese, of a son and heir.

At Raventhorpe, in Northamptonshire, Mrs. Hart, the wife of a respectable farmer and grazier, of three fine female infants, all of whom, with the mother, are likely to do well.

At his house, in Lower Berkeley-street, Portman-square, the lady of George Barnett, Esq. of a daughter.

At Gains-hall, Huntingdonshire, the Lady of Sir James Duberly, of a son.

At Belcamp-house, near Dublin, the lady of the Hon. Graham Toler, of a son.

The lady of Lieut.-Colonel Brownrigg, of a daughter.

At Washington, the lady of Mr. Bagot, Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, of a daughter.

At Southgate, Mrs. A. H. Mackenzie, of a son, being her twentieth child, all living.

Lately, a woman, passenger in the Maria, Peebles, from Liverpool to Glasgow, was safely delivered of a fine female child. The child is named Maria Peebles; but as she was born at an equidistant point from Scotland, England, and Ireland, a difficulty will occur to say to what country she may belong.

MARRIED.

Lately, in Limerick, B. G. Grey, Esq. Captain in the 15th regiment of foot, nephew of Admiral Sir Home Popham, to Mary Anne, daughter of Andrew Sexton, Esq. of Limerick.

H. J. Pearson, Esq. to Matilda, third daughter of the late Theophilus Moore, of Edinburgh, and niece to Sir D. Blair.

J. G. Jones, Esq. only son of J. Jones, Esq. of Johnstown (Sligo), to Letitia Elizabeth, daughter of the late C. F. Sheridan, Esq. and niece of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan.

At St. James's church, Mr. Wm. Sams, of Pall-Mall, to Harriet, third daughter of the late J. G. Raymond, Esq. of Chester-street, Grosvenor-place.

At Woodbridge, Suffolk, the Rev. W. Strong, son of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Northampton, to Miss Skeeles, both of the former place.

DIED.

In Rutland-square, Dublin, the Earl of Wicklow. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, Lord Clonmore.

In her 79th year, the Right Hon. Lady Northwick, widow to the late, and mother to the present, Lord Northwick.

Lately, aged 74, at her estate at Prisseux, near Poinoise, the Marchioness De Girardin, the widow of the friend of Rousseau. She has left three sons and two daughters to lament her loss.

At St. Kitt's, the Right Hon. James Edmund, Lord Cranston.

In consequence of a severe attack of the gout, at his estate near Aubagne (Mouths of the Rhone), aged 63 years, the Count Ganteaume, Peer of France, Vice-Admiral, Grand Officer of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, and Commander of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis.

At his house, in New Bridge-street, of a paralytic stroke, Robert Shawe, Esq. aged 60.

Lately, at Rome, at the age of 96, Cardinal Caffa Trajetto, senior of the Cardinal Preacher,

and the only remaining one of Pope Clement XIVth's creation.

At the Percy Hotel, London, Sir J. E. Bryden, Bart. eldest son of Lady Dryden, of Canons Ashby, in the county of Northampton, maternally descended from the family of the Poet Dryden, and grandson, by his father, of Sir E. Turner, who, with Lord Parker, contested the election for Oxfordshire, in the year 1754, with Viscount Wexham and Sir J. Dashwood.

Lately, at Edinburgh, three weeks after having given birth to a son and heir, Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. C. N. Noel, of Barham Court, Kent, second daughter of the Hon. Sir G. Grey, Bart. Commissioner of his Majesty's Dock-yard at Portsmouth. This amiable and much-loved lady has been called from life at the early age of 39 years.

After breakfasting with his family, Mr. A. Purbiss, boot and shoemaker, in Prince's-street, Westminster. He complained of giddiness in his head, and, in an instant, dropped down and expired!

In the Trinity-house, at Hull, where he had resided for 24 years, in the 90th year of his age, Mr. J. Wilson, the eldest ship-master belonging to that port. He was at Lisbon at the time of the great earthquake in 1754.

In the prime of life, the Lady of the Chevalier Ruspini, of Pall-Mall; whose amiable and private virtues, as a wife and a friend, endeared her to a numerous circle, who are left, with her disconsolate husband and son, to lament their irreparable loss.

Lately, Augusta Matilda, daughter of Lady Ferrott. This lady performed, as an actress, at Bath, Brighton, and other places, under the name of Miss Fitzhenry.

At Upton, near Pontefract, aged 74, Mrs. A. Tooke, relict of Mr. Tooke, an eminent coach-spring and tire smith. This eccentric character ordered her coffin to be made some few days before her death, and actually made her own shroud, which she kept by her.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Dundas, widow of the Right Hon. Robert Dundas, of Arncliffe, Lord President of the Court of Session.

At Pisa, that once greatly celebrated vocal performer, Mrs. Billington. M. Folliscent, the husband of Mrs. Billington, will not be enlightened by the death of his lady. A large annuity, for life, constituted the principal part of her property.

At Kenton, at the very advanced age of 93, Mr. J. Carnall. He lived 53 years in the service of the present and late Lord Viscount Cornwall, and rode post from Powderdam Castle to Exeter, every day during that period, without experiencing an hour's illness.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE story of *Peregrine Forrester*, from our Worcester Correspondent, is unavoidably postponed till our next Number.

Mrs. M'Mullan's *Address to the Nightingale* came too late for insertion this month.

The Robber of Esteral has merit, and shall, if possible, be inserted in some future Number; it is, notwithstanding, longer than we wish for any one particular article in our poetical department.

In order, if in our power, to do justice to the original and witty publication entitled *Night-Mare Abbey*, we shall defer a review of it till our next Number, or to the yearly Supplement.

We thank our Correspondent H. S. V. D. for his last poetical effusions, which will be attended to in due time.

Miss Porter's new Novel of *The Fast of St. Magdalen*, and the Poem of *The Anglo Cambrian*, will be reviewed in our yearly Supplement.

Some interesting particulars relative to our late gracious Queen have prevented us giving the promised reviews this month. They shall be attended to as early as possible.

We are sorry that many of the effusions of loyalty which we received came too late.

The Correction on the Lines to the Memory of Sir Samuel and Lady Romilly came too late to be attended to.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger* Office, No. 104, Drury-lane, London.

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DECEMBER 1, 1818.



Mrs. Bates.
Engraved by L. Alais from an Original Drawing by
Rose Emma Trueman.

Published by John Bell, 122 1/2 St. 1848.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

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THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

MRS. YATES.

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of Mrs. Yates, and her well-calculated for the expression of the beautiful heroines of tragedy.



Published by John Bell, 122 F. cc. 1898.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For NOVEMBER, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Sixteen.

MRS. YATES.

It was with real gratification that we found the original of the Portrait we this month present to our readers engaged at Covent-Garden Theatre. A lady competent to fill those characters that Mrs. Yates has already enacted, and in which she must be allowed, by the nicest critic, to possess infinite merit, was much wanted at the above Theatre. In those of *Lady Macbeth*, and in the heroic and cruelly disappointed *Elvira*, in *Pizarro*, Mrs. Yates is admirable; and we are happy to say, that she has obtained in each that applause from a discriminating audience so justly due to her histrionic powers.

Mrs. Yates was born near Leicester, of respectable parents, of the name of Croshaw. Early in life she married Mr. Yates, at Garstang, in Lancashire. Mr. Yates was a comedian, whose line was in broad farce, or as it is generally termed, low comedy. Mrs. Yates, since her marriage, performed in the west of England, where she was a decided favourite; and Mr. Pope, convinced of her theatrical abilities, procured her an engagement in Dublin, where, for two years, she drew universal admiration, both for her talents on the stage and her amiable deportment in private life. But here she had the affliction of losing her husband, who fell a victim to a rapid de-

cline; and, as the inimitable Mrs. Siddons once declared, she had *three* motives for continuing her theatric occupation, so Mrs. Yates has *five*—all infantine objects, looking up to her alone for protection and support! She knew then how much it behoved her to employ every exertion, and arouse all her energies for those dear ties of maternal affection. Mr. Young, that truly classical and gentleman-like actor, knew how to estimate the merits of Mrs. Yates; he was particularly struck with her performance of *Imogen*, in *Bertram*, and of *The Queen*, in *Richard III.*; a character too often not sufficiently attended to; but in the hauds of Mrs. Yates, it has that true force and feeling which our great dramatic author meant it to possess.

Mr. Young introduced the subject of our present biography to Mr. Harris, who, we are happy to say, has given her a very liberal engagement for three years.

The beauty of the head, which is engraven from an original painting by Miss Drummond, while it confers high honour on the young artist, will prove to our readers the fine, yet truly feminine features of Mrs. Yates, and which are so well calculated for the expression of the beautiful heroines of tragedy.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 149.)

MASQUES IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

THE masque was at once a ball and opera, and found employment for a great number of professors, who appeared in the royal theatres in a splendid uniform, composed of silk mantles and scarfs of various colours, with rich caps. And, for the better decoration of the scene, the master represented the character of Apollo. Whether this drama acquired its title from the actors appearing in masks *à-l'antique*, or from the characters being only imaginary, is yet a matter of doubt.

The English are always more delighted with those dramas which consist of dialogue and songs, than with a piece which is sung throughout: of this several of Shakespeare's plays, wherein songs are introduced, are an indubitable proof. *The Tempest* would make a charming opera.

Masques were certainly the precursors of operas in England; they belong to the chain of dramas which unite poetry and music on the stage: their resemblance to operas renders them almost the same thing. They consist of dialogue, are performed on a stage, are ornamented with machinery and decorations; have always music, vocal and instrumental. Our operas much more resemble masques than dramas; but they were always written for the amusements of courts, and most of those that were performed at court in the beginning of the seventeenth century were written by Ben Jonson, and set to music by the younger Ferrabosco or Lanieri.

Vocal music for social and private parties, during the reign of James I., consisted chiefly of madrigals, which had been composed in the preceding century, with airs of four and more parts; of songs for one single voice, but few were printed; these had a single accompaniment for the lute or viol, without symphony.

James I., by letters patent, incorporated the musicians of the city of London into a company; and they still continue to enjoy privileges in consequence of their fraternity:

the only use, however, made of this charter seems the affording to aliens an easy expedient of acquiring the freedom of the city.

Charles I. was a proficient in playing on the *Viol da Gamba*. When he ascended the throne he discovered a great affection for music, and manifested a particular care and attention to that of the church service. At his private concerts he took the most affable notice of his musical performers; gratifying them, when not in conversation with them, with the most winning smiles of approbation and kindness. — Masques still continued the favourite amusement during the tranquil part of this accomplished monarch's reign. The Queen brought with her from France a fondness for dramatic exhibitions, and frequently performed the principal character in the masque herself. Ben Jonson was Poet Laureat, and most of these masques were written by him.

In 1630 he produced his masque entitled *Love's Triumph*, which was decorated by Inigo Jones, and performed by the King and thirteen noblemen and gentlemen at court. The same year he wrote another, called *Chloridia*, which was performed by the Queen and ladies of the court.

Shirley, a dramatist of the second class in this reign, wrote a mask entitled *The Triumphs of Peace*, which was acted at Whitehall; the whole expence defrayed by the gentlemen of the four inns of court. Of this masque see an account in *De Burgh's Anecdotes of Music*, a work reviewed in our Supplementary Number for the year 1815, wherein the above account forms an extract.

Though the masques of this reign are said to have been performed by the Queen, King, and nobles of the court, yet it does not appear that these great personages took much part in the dialogue or songs, but rather appeared on the stage in the splendid ballets, as dancers, representing the allegorical characters. When the masques

were first performed, after the Queen's arrival in this country, it cannot be supposed that she was sufficiently acquainted with our language to be able to declaim in it.

In 1634, Ben Jonson wrote an entertainment entitled *Love's Welcome*, and which was represented before their Majesties at Bolsover, the seat of the Earl of Newcastle. The same year furnished a memorable era in the annals of music and poetry, by its having given birth to the masque of *Comus*, written by Milton, and set by Henry Lawes, who performed in it the part of *Phryas*. The masque was dedicated to Lord Viscount Brackley, who had performed the part of the *Elder Brother*, at Bodow Castle: this young nobleman was only twelve years of age when it was first exhibited; his brother Thomas, who played the *Second Brother*, was still younger; and Lady Alice Egerton, who acted the part of the *Lady in Comus*, was but thirteen. At Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, the monuments of all these illustrious performers are still to be seen.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Charles I. his Majesty granted a very extensive charter to all the most eminent musicians living at the time, incorporating them by the style and titles of Marshal, Wardens, and Commonalty of the art and science of Musick in Westminster, in the county of Middlesex; investing them with various extraordinary powers and privileges, which charter he confirmed in the fourteenth year of his reign.

The total suppression of cathedral service in 1643, gave sacred music a severe wound; it checked its cultivation, and seemed almost to annihilate the power of restoring it, as all the church books were destroyed, as well as those of the Roman church, which had been retained since the reformation. Nothing but a monotonous psalmody was to be heard in religious meetings; organs were taken out of the churches, organists and choir-men turned adrift, and the whole art of music totally discouraged. This accounts for the barbarism into which music was plunged during the reign of James I. and that of his son Charles. A perpetual struggle took place between privilege and prerogative, democracy and tyranny: the crown was cautious of granting too much, and the people, almost all puritans and levellers, were determined not to be satisfied with any thing that was offered.

No war is so fatal to the progress of the fine arts as civil war; the sword then is sharpened by personal hatred: and this civil war was somenting all the time the father of the martyred Charles was on the throne. The best musicians, during the triumph of the puritans, gained a scanty subsistence by private teaching: in the tranquil part of the reign of Charles I. they lived chiefly on the munificence of their sovereign, and on their household and chapel salaries. For they had not the summer amusements of Vauxhall, or other public gardens, to resort to as an amelioration of their incomes.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MARIA LOUISA, CI-DEVANT EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

To a native dignity of mind, and a high sense of her illustrious birth, Maria Louisa united great sweetness of disposition and real tenderness for the feelings of others. One day while she was dressing for a grand court party, she asked for her diamonds. The lady who had the charge of her jewels searched in vain for the key of the casket in which the diamonds were kept, and she, at length, confessed she could not find it. "Well, well," said Maria Louisa, in a tone

which expressed some degree of displeasure, "let me have my pearls then."—The pearl ornaments were no sooner put on than the Emperor entered. He asked her why she did not wear her diamonds? The little feeling of ill humour was over, and the Empress, instead of returning a direct answer, said, "Do I not look well as I am?"—"Oh! very well; you always look well," and the conversation was changed to another subject. Maria Louisa knew but too well the irascible temper of her husband, and was fearful of what might

happen to the lady for this neglect.—Maria Louisa possessed every amiable quality to endear her to those who intimately knew her, but she wanted that easy familiarity which, in France, serves to seduce the multitude. One evening when she was at the *Theatre Français*, a lady ventured to tell her that the audience was disappointed at not seeing her, as she remained at the back of her box.—“What signifies that?” exclaimed Madame de Montebello, and continued to remark that her Majesty did not come there to be exhibited like a curiosity at a fair. These counsels caused the young Princess to appear in public with an air of lassitude and restraint: and to use the expressive sentence from the interesting publication from whence we have partly gleaned and abridged these anecdotes, “She froze the hearts which would have burned for love of her.”—She conceived a sort of jealousy for Josephine, because she heard her unceasingly extolled for her charity and benevolence, and she was displeased whenever she heard her name mentioned. Yet the young Empress was very charitable; but she suffered herself to be deceived in the objects of her bounty. Josephine’s lady of honour always superintended the application of her mistress’s charity, and a small sum of money restored many families to life and happiness. Maria Louisa deducted from the allowance made her for her toilette, a monthly sum of ten thousand francs for the poor: this was double the amount of what Josephine devoted to the same purpose; but unfortunately the business of dispensing it was left to Madame de Montebello’s secretary, who was devoid of principle, delicacy, or prudence, and therefore appropriated to his own use a large portion of the money intrusted to his charge. One day when Maria Louisa had been to visit the *Jardins des Plantes*, she desired Madame de Montebello to present five hundred francs to the gardener; the secretary had orders to deliver them. A few days afterwards, as the Duchess was

walking in the *Jardin des Plantes*, the gardener came up and returned thanks for the two hundred francs he had received from her Majesty: this fraud was overlooked, like many others, and thus the poor were deprived of the bounty the Empress intended they should enjoy.

Yet the coldness of Maria Louisa’s character, when not among her intimate friends, was so notorious that she has been reproached with extending it to her own child.

Napoleon once complained to Maria Louisa of the conduct of her mother-in-law and the Archdukes towards him: “As to the Emperor,” added he, “I say nothing of him; he is a *ganache* (a stupid fellow).” Maria Louisa was not sufficiently versed in modern French to understand him, and asked her attendants what it meant? None of them durst venture to explain, and they told her it meant a serious reflecting man. She did not forget the term, and often used it in a very diverting way. Having once remarked in council, that Cambaceres did not utter a word, she said, “I should like to have your opinion on this business, Sir, for I know you are a *ganache*!”—At this compliment Cambaceres stared, and repeated in a low voice, “*Ganache*!”—“Yes,” replied the Empress, “a serious, thinking sort of man.”—No one made any reply, and the discussion proceeded: this was at the time when Maria Louisa was appointed Regent.

Her perfidious advisers had prevented her accompanying her husband in his exile to Elba: only one of her ladies ventured to tell her that duty and honour required her not to quit him.—“You are the only person, Madame, who has told me so,” said Maria Louisa; “all my friends, and particularly M. Caulaincourt, are of a different opinion.”—“Madame,” replied the lady, “I am, perhaps, the only one who does not betray your Majesty.”—The advice, however, was not attended to.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME DE MONTEBELLO.

THIS female, who had risen from one of the inferior classes in France, was appointed first *dame d'honneur* to Maria Louisa on her marriage with Napoleon. To the countenance of a Madonna she united extreme gentleness of manners, and was generally pleasing, though her natural character was cold and reserved. She delicately participated in the feelings of her royal mistress, sympathized with her, consoled her, and so completely insinuated herself into her confidence and favour, that the young Empress seemed only to exist in her presence. Dreading the influence of the Queen of Naples, Madame de Montebello put in practice every art to prejudice Maria Louisa against her, exaggerating her errors and charging her with those of which she was innocent. The most unfavourable trait in the character of the Duchess was that envy too often inseparable from vulgar minds. Whenever her mistress seemed to distinguish any one she immediately became the object of the Duchess de Montebello's calumny and scandal. The Empress was young and credulous, and she was wrought upon to believe Madame de Montebello was the only youthful female of irreproachable character at court: we leave the reader to judge what that character was in reality. Though receiving continually the most costly presents from her munificent patroness, far from manifesting any sentiments of gratitude, she was presumptuous enough to complain of the slavery and confinement to which she submitted, as, she said, merely for the welfare of her children.

Such a woman could not be supposed to be without enemies in an intriguing court. Having obtained leave of absence on account of her health, her enemies availed themselves of this circumstance to propagate a report that she had retired to conceal the consequences of which Napoleon was the author.

The birth of the young Napoleon placed her character in the fairest light, as she appeared to be actuated by real attachment to the Empress. She remained in her

apartment for nine days, without quitting her for a moment, reposing on a couch in the chamber of her mistress, and evincing the most tender care, anxiety, and attention during the painful and protracted labour.

Bonaparte was mightily attached to etiquette; and Madame de Montebello would often laugh with Maria Louisa at what she, the Duchess, called his long sermons, seldom giving him any other name than Monsieur Etiquette.

Two parties then divided the court of France, that of the old nobility, and of those sprung from the revolution: from what has already been stated of Madame de Montebello it may easily be judged that she was the very life and soul of the second party; and though her character was cold, she was warm and hasty in her temper, and on some occasions made no attempt to disguise her feelings, as may be seen by the manner in which she spoke to her royal mistress after the departure of Bonaparte for Elba; some arguments having taken place relative to the propriety of Maria Louisa accompanying her husband, Madame de Montebello exclaimed, "I am heartily tired of all this: I wish I were once again quietly settled with my children in my little house in the Rue d'Enfer!"—"It is unkind of you to tell me that, Duchess," said the Empress, bursting into tears. The Duchess, however, declared, that whatever might happen she was determined not to go to Elba. And it was always thought that she joined the plot for separating Maria Louisa from her husband, lest she should be, in a manner, compelled to accompany her—a sacrifice by no means accordant with the character of Madame de Montebello.

It has been remarked above that on some occasions she scorned to disguise her sentiments, and had a strange affectation of ignorance when it suited her purpose. Dining one Friday with Cardinal Caprara, she refused every thing that was offered her at table. His eminence asked her if she had lost her appetite?—"No, my Lord," replied she; "but I see only fish and eggs, and I eat nothing but *carnivorous animals*!"

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

On the death of one of his chaplains, Frederic was desirous of replacing him by a man of talent, and he took the following method to ascertain the candidate's qualifications. He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him a text to preach extempore from the following Sunday. The clergyman accepted the offer; and the whim of such a sermon was spread widely abroad, while at a very early hour the chapel royal was crowded to excess. The King arrived just at the conclusion of the prayers, and on the clergyman's ascending the pulpit one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp presented him a sealed letter. The preacher opened it, and found nothing but a piece of blank paper: he lost not, however, his presence of mind on this critical occasion; but turning the paper about on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things;" and he then proceeded to deliver a most admirable sermon on the wonders of creation.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS BONAPARTE.

THIS young man always bore a good character; particularly for continued acts of charity and benevolence. The most amiable trait in his conduct is his particular attention to distressed artists. Under such circumstances Louis is sure to become a purchaser; and, when at Naples, was the constant patron of modest and suffering merit. At the time that his brother Napoleon quitted Elba, he was much agitated, and pathetically exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu! ne trouverai-je donc pas un asyle pour vivre tranquille?*"

ANECDOTES OF YOUNG NAPOLEON.

As soon as young Napoleon could speak, he, like most other children, was very fond of asking questions. He was always much diverted by looking at the people in the garden of the Thuilleries, who frequently collected under his windows to obtain a sight of him. He soon remarked that many persons entered the palace with rolls of paper under their arms, and he asked his governess what it meant? She

informed him they were unfortunate persons who came to solicit some favour of his father. From that time, whenever he saw a person with a petition, he cried, and let no one rest till it was brought to him, and he never failed to present to his father, at breakfast, whatever he had collected the preceding day.

One day observed a woman in mourning under his window, with a little boy, who was also dressed in mourning: the child held up a petition to the young Prince, who immediately inquired why the poor little boy was dressed in black? His governess replied, that it was doubtless because his father was dead; and on young Napoleon expressing a wish to speak to the child, they were called in, and the lady proved to be a widow whose husband had fallen in battle, and came to solicit a pension. Young Napoleon presented her petition to his father, saying, "Here is a petition from a very unfortunate little boy; you have been the cause of his father's death, he has nothing in the world left; pray grant him a pension."—Napoleon granted it.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF BASSANO.

THOUGH charged with the diplomatic affairs, at one time, of Europe, he was enslaved by the charms of a handsome young Countess; who, at first, treated him with the greatest severity; till, weary of his importunities, she planned a *ruse de guerre* to get rid of him, and seemed to relax from her former rigidity.

One evening the Duke received a note from her, informing him her husband was from home, and that she would have for him a *dîné-à-dîte* supper at half past ten. Maret presented himself at the garden door, where a waiting-maid was stationed who led him silently and mysteriously into the apartment of the Countess. An elegant collation was served up, without any servant making his appearance; the waiting-maid brought in and carried out the dishes; the last of which disappointing, Maret was left with his fair enslaver. A loud knocking was soon heard at the door. "Who can possibly knock at such an

hour," said the Countess. The waiting maid ran in, crying out, "It is M. le Comte, Madame, M. le Comte!"—"My husband," said the lady, "is as jealous as a tiger; we are lost. Hide yourself; perhaps he may come here for an instant, after which he will retire to his apartment."—"Here he is, Madam, here he is!" cried the Abigail."—"Quick," Sir, quick," said the Countess, dragging him towards a balcony, which she opened, and which looked into a garden. The terrified Duke suffered himself to be shut out on the balcony, though a dreadful shower of rain was falling. He heard soon after the wife and husband arguing together. Silence followed; he hoped to be released, but he waited more than an hour. He was convinced now that a trap had been laid for him; he therefore began only to think of the means of escaping; and cautiously placing his feet on the trellis-work under the balcony, he supported himself with his hands on the rails: but as he was abandoning the balcony altogether, the trellis-work, being rotten, gave way, and broke under his weight: he fell amongst a number of rose-bushes, and returned home with a rueful face, torn and disfigured by the thorns.

It is not likely that this adventure should transpire through him; but Bonaparte had a peculiar relish for anecdotes of this kind, and the Countess herself informed him of it; the *ci-devant* Emperor never failed to rally the Duke on this love adventure on every occasion; nor did Bonaparte stop there, he related it to the mistress of Maret, so that the public soon became informed of the transaction.

PARTICULARS OF THE INTRIGUES PRECEDING THE 9TH NOVEMBER, 1799, BETWEEN BONAPARTE AND BARRAS.

On the first or second of November the colleagues supped at Madame Tallien's; and it was determined that Barras should be at the head of the provisional government, with the title of First Consul, and that Syeyes and Bonaparte should second him under the denomination of Second and Third Consuls. The supper was gay in the extreme: Barras drank copiously, Bonaparte pretended to drink, and Syeyes, on pretence of a delicate state of health, refused to join in the toasts that were quaffed to the success of the republic. Barras gave himself up to all that gayety which belongs peculiarly to Frenchmen in the meridian of life: Bonaparte smiled, as satan is said (by Milton) to have smiled when he reviewed his army of rebel angels, with which he hoped to dethrone the Almighty. As to Syeyes, he was only employed in seeing that the doors were all secured, and that the servants were not listening, as they might very easily hear what was said through the slight partition of the dining-room.

The grand movement was fixed for the 9th, and the night being far advanced, every one retired home; Syeyes promising himself he should cheat Bonaparte, and Bonaparte that he should cheat both Barras and Syeyes.

The next morning Bonaparte and Syeyes had a private interview in the Rue Chancereine, where they agreed to hasten the day which had been fixed for the revolution.

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

You must doubtless have heard of a certain illustrious visitant, who this season has chosen Naples for her winter residence, and who, it is understood in the higher circles, is not less pleased with the society

of this enchanting capital, than with the attention shewn to her by his Neapolitan Majesty Joachim Murat, who spares no pains to make her abode in this kingdom agreeable. The Queen is said not to be on equally friendly terms with her illustrious guest, the cause of which some attribute to her Majesty's want of hospitality,

others to those fanciful whims in which the great are too prone to indulge themselves.

The palace of the illustrious personage is splendid, and delightfully situated at the Chiuga, and a guard of honour is stationed, by order of the King, at the entrance of her mansion. Her residence in this capital certainly contributes not a little to enliven its society, as she gives dinner parties every day, and a ball once a week. Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Maxwell, and myself had the honour of being presented to her by the Honourable Mr. Craven, who acts as her chamberlain. We were ushered into a spacious and elegant apartment, where we found a large circle, mostly composed of Neapolitan nobility of both sexes, together with some English of distinction.

I had the honour of dining with this illustrious traveller, and found the society mostly composed of English. Besides those belonging to the establishment, were the Earl and Lady Landaff, the Marquis of Sligo, the Honourable Montague Matthew, Madame Falconnet, Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. Coffin, Mr. French, and Mr. Sauvayre.

The ball on the 7th of January was particularly splendid, and was attended by the whole court, as well as all the first society in the place. Many English ladies of rank excited general admiration, as well by the beauty of their persons as by the elegance of their manners, in both which particulars they formed a pleasing contrast to the Neapolitan ladies.

At ten o'clock his Majesty arrived: the Queen was expected, but it was reported that she was prevented from being present by indisposition. Murat was attended by a long retinue of courtiers, all decked out in embroidered coats, to whom he formed a striking contrast, being simply dressed in a plain green coat with white mother-o'-pearl buttons, and a white waistcoat; his shoes were tied with ribband, and he wore no decorations; his mustachios were large and black, and his hair hung loose over his shoulders, without any powder. Such was the dress of this great sovereign, which, it must be confessed, was quite in character.

After he had kissed the hand of the illustrious hostess he walked about the saloon,

and conversed with many of the ladies, particularly with the Duchess de Gallo, whose husband is his prime minister; Lady Landaff and Lady Oxford also drew a large share of his attention. Murat is considered by the ladies as graceful in his manners, and studious to please all, and appears to be quite a *Chevalier Français* till he opens his mouth, when the charm is at once dissolved. Vulgar oaths seem familiar to him, nor did he restrain himself in the use of them even when conversing with women of the first rank: an disgusting was this to many present, and even to his suite, that I heard several of them make their remarks upon it.

A Neapolitan nobleman near me was bold enough to make several ill-natured observations; among the rest he expressed his surprise that a certain illustrious personage should dress *à la-Française*, and not after the fashion of her own country: he also wondered at her affability in waltzing with strangers. Being desirous of breaking off this conversation, which was neither pleasant nor becoming, I retired to the other side of the saloon, but he soon followed me, and continued his observations. "Pray, Sir," said he, "is it customary in England for the pages to waltz in company with the illustrious personages they attend? I am surprised that the young *protégé* does not dance with a lady of his own age; instead of which he chooses one of the best dancers in the ball-room without any regard to the disparity of her years."—The loud laughter of four English gentlemen, who at that moment entered the ball-room, next drew his attention. The fact was, that these boisterous sons of mirth had just quitted a convivial party, and were rather *dans le vigne du Seigneur*, and probably not apprised of the illustrious personage being present.

We had a masked ball given not long before by the same august personage, at a garden near the Castello del Novo, which was equally splendid. The garden belongs to a branch of the royal family: it was lighted with a great variety of coloured lamps; there was also a grand display of fire-works, and every thing went off with *éclat*. The King and the Queen attended in masks; his Majesty appeared first in a hunting dress, but soon changed his co-

time to that of a British tar.—*Lettres of a Prussian Traveller, published in 1818.*

ACCOUNT OF GERMANY.

UNTIL you pass Hohenlinden (famous for a battle, and Campbell's Poem) the country all the way from Munich forms a dead flat. Munich is situated in a plain, nearly surrounded by the mountains of the Tyrol, and refreshed by the rivers Inn and Isar. After quitting Hohenlinden the road becomes more picturesque with woods near, and huge forests at a distance; and at the extremity of our view are seen, as if in the clouds, the snow-topped mountains of Bohemia. We reached Passau the evening of the day we left Munich, and the following afternoon commenced our excursion upon the Danube. The mention of this gigantic river and its accompaniments will recall to your mind and imagination the early impressions of your youth, and the stories appertaining to them, whether real or fabulous. The last memorable spot we had courage to visit was the Castle of Thierstein, built upon a rock, commanding a vast view of the Danube, palaces, monasteries, cities, and towns, without end: for the Danube being, from all time, the commercial river of Germany, its banks are populated in great profusion. We found much difficulty in ascending this nearly perpendicular rock, notwithstanding the proprietor, Prince Hardenberg, has within these few years made a sort of footpath; but when we did arrive at the summit, the prospect was indeed sublime. The Castle itself is a venerable ruin. Here was confined our lion-hearted Richard, and beneath its tower the minstrel touched his harp and the heart of Richard at the same moment.

In Bavaria all monastic institutions are abolished, but in Austria, with the exception of the confiscation of a few (the wines of which, upwards of a hundred years old, have been sent to the cellars of the Emperor), they are permitted to remain with all their accumulated wealth; much of their ready money, however, was (considering it, as Gibbon says of another monastic possession, "a superfluous treasure,") taken from them by Vandamme and other revolutionists. On Saturday we passed another grand monastery, which looks over the Danube: the creed of this order is:

silence; the monks never speak but in prayer. There are no nuns of this order!

By the way, the women of Linz, and so on to Vienna, and in Vienna, are celebrated throughout Europe for their beauty, and in my mind justly so. I never saw such a number of fair faces, black eyes; and arched eye-brows; they are said to be extremely chaste; but this I only give you as an *ou dit*. The worst of the German men is they drink so hard, and beer too. They will drink five or six quarts each at one sitting.

Vienna is a fine city, not large, but its palaces are more splendid, and, on the whole, more modern, than those in Rome or Paris; when I say palaces, I mean the residences of the nobility. As for the Imperial palace, it is, indeed, a huge mass of building, without either end or order. The ball-room, however, is very fine. There is no limit to the extent of the Imperial apartments, or to the splendour of the furniture and the gold and silver; but you must not examine too curiously, for at the end of almost every fine room stands a screen; behind which is placed a little dirty bedstead, and in the corner of all the rooms a spitting-box for ladies as well as gentlemen. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, our Queen's house, Carlton house, the Pavilion, and even Windsor Castle, are nothing to compare with even an inferior palace on the Continent. Those in Germany are, in general, fine indeed; those in Italy fine but meanly decorated, with a few splendid exceptions; but those in France, furnished and adorned by Bonaparte, leave, in point of magnificence, all others at an immeasurable distance. These are amongst the glittering remnants of Napoleon:—

"——O gloria! vincitur idem

"Nempe, et in exilium."

The Germans, like the English, love eating and drinking, their wives and home. Perhaps in less frequented parts of the country the Germans do not deserve my eulogy; I have seldom been off the great road, or out of large cities. The worst is still behind, especially if I visit Saxony and Westphalia. I give the preference, and I trust show more taste, by wishing to return (after Dresden) by Leipzig, Jena, Cassel, Gottingen, Dusseldorf, and through Holland.—*Lettres of a Traveller in Germany.*

EGYPTIAN FEMALES.

WITH respect to the economical arrangement of their families, we found that the Arabs seldom have more than two wives; commonly but one. The second wife is always subservient to the elder in the affairs of the house. The women colour their nails, the inside of the hands, and the soles of the feet, with a deep orange-colour, sometimes with one of a rosy appearance: this is done by means of henna. They likewise apply a black dye to their eyelashes, eyebrows, and the hair of their head; a brilliancy, it is supposed, is thus given to the eye, and the sight is improved. The women in general, I believe, can neither read nor write; but the better sort are taught embroidery and ornamental needle-work, in which they mostly pass their time. An Arab merchant of property made me a present of an elegantly embroidered handkerchief, worked, as he said, by his wife's hands. The women of rank are seldom seen abroad—many of these were murdered by the Turks, after we evacuated Alexandria, in 1803; but some of them, and in particular two Bedouin girls, succeeded in escaping to Malta.

The features of the Arab-Egyptian women are by no means regular. In general, the cheek-bones are high, the cheeks broad and flabby, the mouth large, the nose short, thick, and flat, though in some it is prominent; the eyes black, but wanting animation. The bad appearance of the eyes, is, in some measure, owing to disease. The skin is of a disagreeable Mulatto colour. The hair, which is commonly black, is matted, and often smeared with a stinking ointment. It is formed in two or three divisions, and suffered to hang down the back. At a distance, however, the long

flowing robe which covers them, to the heels, though it may conceal deformity, seems, by the easiness of its drapery, to heighten their stature, and even to render their air graceful. Indeed, I have never seen any women who have displayed so much easiness of manner, or so fine a carriage; being superior, in this respect, even to the women of Circassia. Probably the elegance and dignity of their gait may depend upon the habit of carrying every thing on their heads. They are taller in general, than our European women. From ignorance of their language I could form no opinion of their conversation, yet, from their numerous and graceful gestures, I suppose it might be pleasing, in spite of the shrillness of their voices. As the army was passing through the villages, they mounted upon the house-tops, and made a confused noise like the cackling of cranes, which was interpreted to us as indicating wishes for our success.

The Ethiopian women brought to Egypt for sale, though black, are exceedingly beautiful; their features are regular, their eyes full of expression. A great number of them had been purchased by the French during their stay in Egypt, who were anxious to dispose of them previously to their leaving the country; and it was the custom to bring them to the common market-place in the camp, sometimes in boys' clothes; at other times in the gaudiest female dress of the French fashion. The neck was in general naked, and the petticoat on one side tucked up to the knee, to shew the elegant form of the limb. The price of these women was from sixty to one hundred dollars; while Arab women might be purchased at so low a price as ten!—*Walpole's Memoirs of Turkey.*

A CONCISE ABRIDGMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY;
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR CAROLINE,—According to the promise with which I concluded my last letter, I shall commence with the lizard, and first present to your mind's eye what

you have so often viewed with pleasure and delight—that elegant little creature

THE GREEN LIZARD.

It is to be found in all the warmer parts

of Europe; this creature, though the one your uncle preserved for you with such unremitting care is very small, sometimes arrives to a very large size, measuring more than two feet to the extremity of the tail; its general length, however, is seldom more than from ten to fifteen inches. Its colours are the most beautiful of all the European tribe. The mixture of darker and lighter green affording a rich and splendid variety; especially from its being interspersed with specks of yellow, brown, black, and sometimes red; the head is uniformly green, and covered with angular scales; the body is covered with round scales. The tongue of this kind of lizard is long, broad at the base, and cloven at the tip. Nothing can equal the activity of this creature when placed on a warm wall, where it pursues its insect prey with uncommon celerity, and escaping with equal swiftness if it is itself pursued. I need not tell you how remarkably tame it is, when it becomes familiar with its protectors.

But the first lizard which took your infant notice, and which, when you first saw, you exclaimed, running to me, that you had found a "fairy's crocodile," is the most common in our country, and this is

THE SMALL GREY OR BROWN LIZARD.

It seldom exceeds six or eight inches; its colour is generally of a pale greenish brown, or grey, with a few yellowish variegations: in hot summers, this creature multiplies much in England, and the species may be found, in great quantities, about the roots of trees, and on old walls; they are always busied in pursuits of insects: and though they endeavour to escape at the pursuit of a stranger, they soon become tame with those they know, and whom they find are not inclined to injure them. The lizard generally makes itself friends; for they do no injury to gardens, &c. but are rather useful in destroying insects. The English lizard may, however, find an enemy in the apothecary, as it is said to possess strong medicinal virtues, particularly in a loathsome disease now little known in England, the leprosy; a disorder which, there is little doubt, has been eradicated through our increased attention to cleanliness.

These are the two lizards which are the

most common in Europe; in the warmer regions of the earth their species vary considerably, but the propensities and nature of the animal are the same. One extraordinary species of the lizard tribe must not, however, be passed by, which is

THE CAMELEON.

Few animals have been more celebrated, though none are less universally known. It is constantly affirmed, that it is capable of changing its colour at pleasure, and of taking that of any particular object or situation. This assertion, however, should not be credited in an unlimited degree: the change of colour in the animal depends much on circumstances of health, state of the weather, and various other causes; and the change consists chiefly in the natural green or blue grey into a pale yellowish colour, with irregular patches of a dull red: but the usual colour of cameleons vary exceedingly; some are much darker than others, and approach even to a tinge of black; and this striking change is manifest through the whole race of lizards.

The length of the cameleon, from the tip of the nose to the beginning of the tail, is generally about ten inches, and the tail is of a similar length. It is a harmless creature, and supports itself by feeding on insects; for which purpose, Providence has finely adapted the structure of the tongue; it is a long missile body, furnished with a tubular tip; by means of which the animal seizes the insects with surprising ease, darting out its tongue in the same manner as the woodpecker, and then instantly drawing it in again with the prey on its tip. The cameleon can support a long abstinence, and hence arose the vulgar idea of its being nourished on air. It is a native of India and Africa, but is found in Spain and Portugal.

This animal has the same power with other amphibias, of inflating its lungs, and retaining the air for a great length of time; so that it appears, at times, plump and fleshy—at others, when it evacuates the air, it looks like a mere skin, the ribs being completely visible on each side of the body. The feet consist each of five toes; three and two of which on each foot are connate, or united so far as the claws by a common skin; on the fore-feet the two out-

ward and three inward toes are united; and on the hind-feet the two inward and three outward. The motions of the camelion are extremely slow.

In regard to its change of colour, if the animal be exposed to a full sunshine, the side next the shade appears, in a few minutes, of a pale yellow, with large spots of red brown: on reversing the situation, the sides of the animal become changed, *vice versa*; but yet these changes are certainly subject to much variety, though it seems, by those who have attentively watched these changes, that the animal never appeared of a white colour.

The form, structure, and motion of the camelion's eyes are very peculiar: they are large, spherical, and projecting full half of their diameter, the whole of which

is above five lines; they are covered with one single skin or eye-lid, pierced in the middle with a small hole of not more than a line in diameter, through which appear the pupil, surrounded by a gold-coloured iris.

These animals are rare, and few tribes of amphibia are less known, and less interesting to the unscientific observer of nature's works, than those which come under more daily inspection; they would lead us into too wide a field; and my next letters shall, therefore, be devoted to the feathered tenants of the air, and to those insects whose endowments and animal economy render them a series of nature's miracles! Adieu! your ever affectionate mother,

ANNA.

FEMININE HEROISM;

AN AUTHENTIC SPANISH AMERICAN STORY.

THOUGH we glory in any instance of noble energy, magnanimous resolution, and disinterested self-devotion, displayed by the fair, we agree with the poet, that

"Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
"Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light."

And were it possible to discern the unobtrusive goodness, breathing continual ever-renewed sweets over connubial, maternal, and friendly intercourse—and yet more, if the secret sacrifices, the uncomplaining meekness, which veils infirmities, and endures frequent pangs in domestic life, Great Britain might be hailed as a nation of heroines; daily performing acts that demand greater strength of mind than has often produced the imposing blazonry of martial renown. Concealed performances of difficult duty must be inspired by the purest motives; but the most dazzling achievements that cannot be traced to a laudable source; lose all their lustre when brought to the test of genuine merit. Inez Laurez has perpetuated her memory by killing, with her own hand, thirty imprisoned fettered chiefs; but, if the Mosaic injunction prevailed against the Spaniards, these intrepid leaders should rejoice their countrymen, and avenge the cruelties inflicted by the invaders. Such a deed must

have stigmatized manhood with dastardly barbarity, though the result was beneficial—and women to harbour the intention, even if her hand recoiled from grasping the murderous hatchet, she could no more reverence herself, nor be regarded by others but as an object of detestation. We can contemplate, with less aversion, the unfeeling pride of Caupolican's wife, because we make allowances for savage habits; and if, instead of throwing his son after him, when he surrendered his person to the overwhelming power of a disciplined European army, the chieftainess had been just to his valorous resistance, while resistance was possible—had she accompanied him, to soothe his lofty spirit in captivity, or retired, with her boy, to some of the fortresses of her territory, awaiting a favourable opportunity for rescuing Caupolican, she had lived in history under a more amiable aspect than in dashing their child to the brave, but unfortunate, commander, exclaiming, she would keep nothing that belonged to a coward. Compared to those, the gentle, yet firm and dignified, Mirinda, shines as a polished gem beside a rude fragment of granite. After the lapse of centuries, her merits rise before us in all their beautiful grandeur, as the ever-green

cedar, towering above the clouds—the patabaya, on its fluted boughs, without foliage, yielding a redundant succession of fruits—or as the floripondia sheds odours over far distant space, so the character of Miranda soared above all praise, and her virtues, richly productive, though destitute of shelter, diffuse honour to her sex.

In 1526, Sebastian Cabot, grand pilot of Castile, was ordered to South America by the Emperor Charles V. with a small fleet and some soldiers, and a promise of speedy reinforcements, that should enable him to undertake some great enterprize. After waiting two years, Cabot returned to Spain, to expedite the armament. He left Nuno de Lara Governor of Buenos Ayres, with injunctions to maintain that amicable intercourse with the natives, which, hitherto, had ensured supplies of provision for the garrison. The good understanding continued, till Mangora, Cacique of Timbuey, became violently enamoured of Miranda, a Spanish lady, who had recently arrived with her husband, an officer of high rank, and conspicuous worth. Mangora, accustomed to illimitable licentiousness among his subject tribes, imagined he could accomplish his lawless design, if Miranda could be inveigled to his territory. He sent her a present of the small luscious fig, which grows on the patabaya—a tree destitute of leaves, but the fluted arms, loaded with fruit, confer singular beauty; and Mangora assured the lady, that its produce, taken fresh from the foot stalks, had a much finer flavour, and conduced to health and longevity. He urged Nurtado to take his lovely spouse, at least once in a moon, to renovate her constitution with the salutary fruit, which grew only at Timbuey. Near the Spanish garrison, many herbs, shrubs, and trees, charmed the senses: the red cedar grew to a stupendous size; the floripondia diffused rich perfumes; the melle bestowed wine; the luma chased away fever and debility; the tuna, and wild orange, refreshed the weary labourer; the patague, with enormous trunk and massive umbrage, afforded a grateful shade, and its clustering flowers decked the sportive little ones in their dance. The favourite of the Great Spirit, the emblem of peace, the sacred cannello, inspired the Indians with every pious, kind, and liberal

sentiment, as they drew near to the abode of illustrious strangers. The thorny carob, and taper, might furnish nails and needles. The refreshing cullen, jarre la, and palqui, and a thousand other wooded, blossomy, and leafy retreats, were formed within the precincts belonging to the Europeans—but Timbuey was a region of unrivalled and various fertility. Nurtado, a generous Castilian, judged others by himself, and accepted the invitation; but the sensitive delicacy of Miranda had been alarmed by some symptoms in the behaviour of the Cacique, and she prevailed with her lord to send an apology, couched in the most respectful, but decisive terms—yet sufficiently conciliatory, as the subsistence of the garrison depended chiefly upon a friendly traffic with the Timbueyians. Mangora, dissembled the pangs of disappointment, purposing to effect by perfidious stratagem, what he despaired of accomplishing by milder artifices. He knew Nurtado was often the conductor of a considerable squadron of soldiers, sent to procure stores. He employed spies to watch his motions, and learned the officer had set out upon a circuit that must engage him some weeks. A large body of the bravest and most trusty Indians were placed in ambuscade, at a short distance from the fort; and Mangora drew near with a few attendants, bearing large gifts of grain and fruit. Nuno de Lara received the Cacique with the highest deference. A sumptuous banquet testified the unassuming amity of the Spaniards. Mangora seemed to forget royal state, in careless, convivial glee. He seemed the gayest of the jocund company; and sprung up, singing and capering with all the extravagance of inebriated mirth. This was the signal for assault. All the Europeans fell beneath the savage exterminating blade—but righteous Providence did not permit Mangora to triumph in his crime. Nuno de Lara aimed a mortal thrust at his heart, whenever his treachery became apparent. Miranda, with four other Spanish females, and some children, were spared, and taken to Siripia, the brother and successor of Mangora. Unhappily, he also inherited the same fatal susceptibility of attractions, rendered more affecting by profound, yet dignified sorrow. Refused by the majestic grace, the pathetic intreaty,

expressed in Miranda's lovely countenance, the humanized savage treated her with tender respect—submitting, in all things, except restoring her to Nurtado. The unfortunate husband, returning with his convoy to the ruined fort, immediately conceived the cause and extent of his disaster. To ascertain whether Miranda had been involved with the general carnage, or reserved for a more direful fate, he examined all the bodies. She was gone! Who can imagine his anguish—his distracted rage! He rushed forth to search for her among the Indians. Siripia soon received intelligence of his appearance, ordered him to be seized, but Miranda's tears gained a respite for his execution. Her interpreter even persuaded Siripia to grant her request for a meeting. Nurtado, disfigured by grief and fatigue, with his clothes torn and covered with dust, and bound with chains, Siripia hoped could not be advantageously contrasted with a youthful chieftain in the pride of conquest, and glaring ornament: but he knew not that the virtues, the talents of Nurtado, were more dear to Miranda than the graces of his person. She was permitted to sing, but not to talk to him, as, with undaunted air, he dragged his manacled limbs on one side of Siripia. Siripia did not understand the Spanish language; the Indians, surrounding the grove of red cedars, were not near enough to distinguish words; and the afflicted pair imparted their feelings to the music of a lively strain, hoping their tones would deceive the tyrant—but Miranda, unconsciously, uttered the beloved name, and their eyes betrayed their communication. Madened by jealousy, Siripia aimed a long dagger at the fettered Nurtado. Miranda interposed, and clinging to her dearer self, received the steel in her spotless bosom. Her blood flowed on the stem of a floripondia. Nurtado loaded her murderer with reproaches, and struck him a furious blow with his head, as he attempted to separate Miranda from him. Siripia drew the reeking point from Miranda's breast, and plunged it, to the hilt, in Nurtado's body. He wished for death, and blessed the hand that struck the blow. Yet even in death, Siripia would not suffer Miranda and Nurtado to be united. By his orders, her remains were inhumed by the shadow

of a tall cedar; Nurtado was interred beyond the Timbueyan frontier. In their last interview, he thus poured out his anguish to the responding soul of Miranda:—"Hours fled to heaven! I knew not your inestimable value, when unrestrained I could behold the loveliest of forms, and elevate every sensibility in communion with transcendent excellence. When these arms could enclasp her to the heart which now palpitates, with a thousand fears, for her safety—for her honour: but in those blissful days, no tyrannic inspection damped the aspirings of innocent joy, while melody, of the tenderest tones, greeted the ear of connubial love. Happy spouses! around whom the soft gales of hallowed passion breathe free and stormless! hardly can ye appreciate your enviable privileges, till, like the hapless pair, severed, though allowed to meet, no more of union remains, except the never-slumbering recollection of transports, by sweet graduation calmed to the delicious languor of placid unreserved confidence. Dearer to my soul is the companion of years—the mother of my babes, than when I led her to the holy altar; blushes dying her polished cheeks, her snowy bosom heaving with timid anticipation, her beauteous orbs glistening in tears of mingled fondness, and retiring modesty, as, with tremulous steps, I supported her to receive the sacred benediction, which enlarged our solitudes, our duties, and meliorated all enjoyments. But ravening ferocity seized my treasure. Unapprehensive of impending calamity, we smiled at each others reluctance to undergo a brief separation. Glad affection bounded before my path, in threading the woody mazes that led me again to the haven of my peace, caroling a lay of love. The scathed and ruined walls blasted my sight. Oh saints and angels! how I explored them—how I hurried here—seems the dream of phreazy. Sad and beamless are my few fast-fleeting hours; this bereaved heart, tortured by anxieties, different in lassitude as in specific cause, desires to rend at once, if its burning could prolong the happy years of her, that, on earth, imparted to her wedded lover far more than earthly bliss!"

"Oh thou, that to every conjugal endearment superadded the dignity of a wise counsellor and improving friend! She that

mingled souls with the noblest of Castilians, shall not survive him to fall the prey of a savage. Her spirit would not brook dishonour from the most polished sovereign of Europe. Grief should soon dissolve every tie that holds her imprisoned in a mortal frame, and when the mighty soul of Nurtado——"

That, name—the interchanged looks of impassioned sympathy! Stripia, infuriated, grasps the jewelled hilt; the gleaming

blade is in a moment sheathed in a heart pure as the limpid waters from a marble rock. The expiring glance of Miranda is fixed upon her beloved. Nurtado exasperates her murderer by a blow from his forehead—the only member at his command, avenges his wrongs, and procures release. The vital tide of the fondest pair unites in death.

B. G.

ACCOUNT OF AN ACADEMICAL MEETING.—A FRAGMENT.

AND I too have been on the Continent, where I have seen strange things: of one, which has met the eye of few, if any, of my contemporaries, I am very willing to give an account, without, however, mentioning the name of the town, for if it were known, many and many would wish to go thither; but I think the emigration from this country has already been carried to such an excess, that I should scruple throwing a further bait in the way.

When at ——, I heard of an establishment, composed of twenty-four members, who made it their province to inquire solely into the moral and physical constitution, &c. of the most beautiful part of the creation. The mansion in which they assembled was called the *Observatory for Women*. Desirous of being admitted to one of their meetings, I wrote the following note to the chairman:—

"SIR,—An ancient sage hath said, that, in our youth, we lived to love, and that, in a more advanced age, we loved that we might continue to live. I happen to be exactly between these two periods, and am at a loss to decide whether, in fact, to live is not to love, or whether love does not constitute life. The fair sex have, hitherto, been my only study—the objects of my worship, of my joy, and of my sorrows. Never have I heard, without shedding a tear, the recital of their generous actions, or that of their misadventures; never did a tender glance from one of them fail causing the most slender of my fibres to quiver; I hate not one of them, and will serve, to my latest breath, her I have loved once. When they have deceived me, all I have

demand of them was to condescend to deceive me again; and I would abhor myself if any one could reproach me with having abused her secrets, denied her such advice as strict probity suggested, or obtained from her any pleasure at the cost of her happiness. The lover, in me, constitutes a separate being, who will watch with the candidness of childhood; for that ever-feeling, and sometimes spoiled child, it is that I solicit the favour of being admitted to one of the meetings of your society.—PHILOGYNE."

I was pretty well aware that the description I had given of myself would not convey a very high opinion of my abilities to a cunning personage, such as must be the president of a society of observers; but I thought that it must be the same with the leader of an association as with the head of an empire, or every other man that is fond of power or of ostentation. They do not dislike people of my disposition, because they all know how easily a simpleton may be made an admirer. I, therefore, was not at all surprised at receiving an obliging letter, enclosing a ticket of admission: the shape of it, however, was remarkable enough, being an oval of black pasteboard, and in the centre a woman, naked and extended, covered from head to foot with the inscription of this solitary word—*MYSTERIOUS!*

As I arrived at an early hour, I had leisure to survey the whole establishment. The house, which was situated in a remote part of the town, was equally plain and neat. It stood in the middle of a garden, in which the most refined taste appeared

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to be accidental, and nature to have decked herself with lovely negligence. Whilst pacing the pleasant groves which autumn had not yet entirely divested of their foliage, and where maternal affection still inspired sweet and chaste warblings to some of the feathered tribe, I could not help, in spite of myself, ascribing the origin of our modern gardens to the description of Eden, by Milton.

Whilst involved in thought, I chanced to be standing facing a door, over which was the following inscription—*A woman anatomized!* I shuddered at the sight, for I like not those gloomy secrets which blast pleasure, nor those hideous treasures of science that impoverish imagination. However, I was a tourist, and had my share of inquisitive spirit; I felt what an addition it would be to my self-importance, if, on my return home, I were capacitated to speak of that cabinet, and to compare it to the famous collections of Bologna and of Florence. I, therefore, finally acted as the generality of men do at every moment of their lives; vanity got the better of disgust, and I went in.

But what was my surprise, when, casting my eyes over an extensive saloon, I observed nothing that bore the appearance of a theatre of anatomy. A multiplicity of objects, of divers shapes and colours, were either displayed on tablets, or hung suspended round the wainscot. I soon discovered that they composed a chronological description of all the fashions, and patterns of the various means which the consoling art of the toilet, and the retrieving hand of mantua-makers have practised, to correct the outrages of time, or the mistakes of nature.

A whole day would not suffice to describe the tenth part of the whimsical articles that were exposed to my view. The cosmetics, pomatums, and night-masks, had laid under contribution every substance of the globe: the sea-calf had supplied its ivory teeth; the constellation of Berenice flowed in an hundred different figures; the whale had sacrificed the black and flexible fangs which line its enormous mouth; the gum elastic, artfully stretched, powerfully counteracted the expansion; the brass wire, wound up in a spiral, and imprisoned between satin sheaths, seemed to breathe;

braces, girts, and cushions, varied *ad infinitum*, indicated services of higher importance. In short, a thousand masterpieces of mechanism and of chemistry, seemed to have been imagined to part those charms which a vicious propensity brought close to each other; to bring back fugitives to their natural posts; to fill up valleys; to compress exuberances, and to level heights. At the sight of a green silk curtain, carefully closed, I suspected that it concealed more intimate secrets still; I could feel a sudden flush overspread my whole countenance, yet my trembling hand refused to withdraw the veil, and I retreated hastily. The museum of the Graces, thought I, must have its *Index*,* the same as the great libraries of the Christian world.

As I was leaving this arsenal, I met a lady, who, indeed, had no occasion to enter it to be supplied, so natural was her blooming complexion, so easy her shape, and so graceful her figure in all her motions.—Upon seeing me, she stopped short, and eyed me with an air of curiosity bordering on interest. I should have been puzzled what to ascribe this kind of preference to, had it not occurred to me that observation was the characteristic of the house I was in. Meanwhile, the attention of the beautiful lady grew still more evident; and my surprise reached its summit, when, approaching me, I heard her say, with peculiar familiarity:—"You have been punctual, Mr. Philogyne; but I expected as much."—"How, Madam, do you know me?"—"To the very bottom of your soul, if, however, you have been sincere."—I worked the different springs of my imagination, in order to return a sprightly answer, but remained with my mouth gaping; an oratory accident which generally befalls me, whenever I wish to appear witty.

My amiable interlocutor was pleased to take the will for the deed, and was so indulgent as to proceed as follows:—"The fact is plain enough; I am the wife of the president of the society, and occasionally

* The catalogue of such books as were prohibited by the council of Trente is also called *Index*. There is at Rome a congregation of the *Index*, to which is ascribed the right of examining the books which are there to be received, and the perusal of which is not allowed to strangers.

his amanuensis. He directed me to answer your letter."—"Ah! Madam, however sensible I might be of my happiness, I could not have imagined it was so great!"—"And although I do not always object to exaggeration, yet I invite you not to make so much of a trifling occurrence. I had foreseen your anxiety to visit this house, and had proposed to come and meet you, as a foreigner; I am only sorry I came too late, for I would not have shewn you that nauseous cabinet that you have been viewing."—"Why, indeed, Madam, in that pretended exhibition of a *woman anatomized*, I have found every thing except a woman. Is she, then, amidst all her ornaments, a mere accessory article, that may be omitted without any consequence? Who can be the sancy author of such an inscription?"—"That bold satirist is a great favourite of mine, he is my husband, Sir: the denomination is nothing, nevertheless, it is the thing itself that is horrid. After having viewed that scandalous collection of our deceptions, confess now that you must hate us."—"I, Madam! Ah! heaven grant some benevolent deity had so skilfully disguised all the imperfections in which our world abounds! The innocent artifices of the toilet are an homage paid to our taste: they evince a particular attention to please us men, which, for my part, I feel proud at our suggesting. Has not unkind, unpropitious nature, occasioned sorrow sufficient to those victims who are forced to recur to them, without our overwhelming

them with ingratitude? O, ye women, your real friend is not the man whom your beauty allures; it is he, who, with a sympathising heart, laments the absence of your external accomplishments!"

The president's lady took me to the assembly-room, where two seats had been kept for us; the company was numerous, but partly composed of queer-looking figures: the members of the society soon after entered in a body, each of them bearing over his heart an eye in a medallion, suspended by a chain of braided hair.—They were all either superannuated or young men; but whilst the countenance of the former breathed indulgence and urbanity, the latter looked stern, haughty, and pedantic; to speak the truth, this occasioned me no surprise, as at that time of life they should adore, and not scrutinize women. Nevertheless, I discovered, upon more strict investigation, that those individuals, whom I had mistaken for old men, were less burthened with years than brought to premature decay in consequence of excessive laborious study: and as, on the contrary, it is a common thing to see astronomers attain, with unimpaired constitutions, the remotest periods of human life,* I concluded that it was less favourable to longevity to be an observer of women than of the skies.

The president at length rang his little bell, and delivered the following animated speech.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XXIII.

WARWICKSHIRE.

COLESHILL.—This place had long been a royal demesne; it was possessed by Edward the Confessor, and afterwards by the Conqueror. In the reign of William Rufus it fell into the hands of the Clintons; from them to the Mountforts, who held it till the reign of Henry VII. Colehill, after the execution of Perkin Warbeck, was immediately bestowed on Simon Digby, ancestor to the present Lord Digby, now the possessor; in the church are various fine tombs belonging to the Digbys. Among others, that of the above-mentioned

Simon, and his wife Alice, who both lie under a tomb erected by himself. He died in 1519; she survived him, and left by her will a silver penny to every child under the

* Thales lived 90 years; Democritus, 109; Eratosthem, 80; Copernic, 70; Galileo, 78; Stofler, 79; Fernel, 78; Mercator, 82; Clavius, 75; Briggs, 78; Borelli, 71; Newton, 85; Halley, 86; Bradley, 70; Mouton, 78; Hevelius, 76; Sethward, 73; Kirch, 71; Lahire, 78; Flamstead, 74; Desplaces, 77; John Bernoulli, 71; Daniel, 82; Dominic Cassini, 68; Jacques, 84; Francis, 71; Huyghens, 66; Delisle, 80; Euler, 77; La Condamine, 71; Pingre, 83; Lemonnier, 84.

age of nine, whose parents were house-keepers in the parish, on condition that every day in the year, after mass, they should kneel down at the altar, and say five paternosters, an ave, and a creed for her soul and that of her husband, and all Christian souls; she likewise left to the Dean the annual sum of six shillings and eightpence to see this duty performed, which continued till the reformation. The inhabitants purchased from the crown the lands charged with this money, part of which maintains a school; the rest is distributed to such children who repair to the church every morning at ten o'clock, and say the Lord's prayer; and the clerk has an allowance for seeing the performance, and ringing the bell to summons them.

Coleshill Hall, the deserted seat of the Digbys, lies about a mile or two from the town, in a fine park. The house consists of but one story, besides garrets; yet the apartments are numerous; approachable only by strange and unintelligible entrances.

COVENTRY.—The time of the foundation of this city is unknown: the traitor Edric ravaged the country in 1016, and burnt the nunnery in Coventry: on its ruins, Leofric, the fifth Earl of Mercia, founded a monastery. The town was made a corporation in the reign of Edward III. In that of Henry IV. two Parliaments were held there.

Coventry is seated on a ground gently sloping on most sides; the streets are in general narrow, and composed of very ancient buildings. The church of St. Michael has a specimen of the most beautiful steeple in Europe; a tower enriched with saintly figures on the sides, and an octagon rising out of it, lengthened into a most elegant spire. Sir Christopher Wren used to speak of this as a complete masterpiece of architecture: in King Stephen's time this church was a chapel to the monks; became afterwards a vicarage; and on the dissolution of the religious houses, fell to the crown. The above-mentioned beautiful steeple was begun in the reign of Edward III. in 1372, by two brothers, Adam and William Bota, at their own charges, which amounted annually to one hundred pounds; it was twenty years in building. Coventry used to be styled the secret harbour of Margaret of Anjou.

The famous translator Philemon Holland lies buried in Trinity church; he is said to have written a large folio with only one pen, which never wanted mending; which gave occasion to the following lines:—

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
"Made of a grey-goose quill;
"A pen it was when it I took,
"And a pen I leave it still."

COMBE ABBEY.—Notwithstanding the conversion of this ancient building to the seat of a nobleman, it yet retains the form of its conventual state. The cloisters are preserved on three sides of the ancient court, glazed as when occupied by its former owners.

Lord Harrington was the refounder of this house, which is beautifully adorned within, with portraits of distinguished characters.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

DUNSTABLE—A long old town, where Roman money has been very frequently found. According to the monkish legends its name was Dun's stable, or the stable of a robber named Dun. It very probably was a waste at the time of the conquest, and might have been a harbour for thieves, by reason of the woods with which the country was overrun. This determined Henry I. to colonize the spot, and he encouraged the people, by proclamation, to settle there. He also built a royal palace, called Kingsbury, which stood near the church; the site of which palace is now occupied by a farm-house. Here Henry kept his Christmas, with his whole court, in 1123. He made the town a borough, bestowed on it a fair and market, and several other privileges. He kept the town seventeen years in his own hands, and then bestowed it, with all its privileges, on the priory, which he founded here for black canons about 1131. The church, and an arch in the adjoining wall, are the only remains of the priory. The front of the church is singular, having a gallery divided by carved Gothic arches; a great door, with a round arch, richly carved with scrolls and ovals, including human figures; and the capitals of the pillars cut into grotesque forms. The steeple is attached to one side of the front.

The town of Dunstable is now chiefly

supported by the continual passing of travellers. A neat manufacture of straw hats, baskets, and toys, support many of the poor.

About four miles from Dunstable is Market Cell, now a gentleman's seat, but formerly a nunnery of Benedictines, dedicated to the Holy Trinity of the Wood. The monkish legend says it owed its origin to Roger, a monk of St. Alban's, who, on his return from Jerusalem, led there an eremitical life; and taking under his care Christina, a rich virgin of Huntingdon, inspired her with the same contempt of the world. She succeeded to his cell, and many temptations did she resist, and was visited by divine visions, and had many miracles wrought in her favour. She was constituted first Abbess of Market Cell by Geoffry, Abbot of St. Alban's in 1119.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

ST. ALBAN'S.—This town spreads along the slopes and top of a hill. The church, in its present state, is a grand and venerable pile; its form is that of a cross, with a tower. The height of the tower is one hundred and forty-four feet; that of the body, sixty-five; of the aisles, thirty; and the breadth of the body, two hundred and seventeen. By neglect, or by the ravages of war, the original church fell to decay; and a famine prevented the building of the new church under the Abbot Leofric. The troubles that ensued under the remaining Saxon monarchs, and the unsettled state of the kingdom at the conquest, caused the plan to lie dormant till 1077, when it was executed by Paul, a Norman monk. Many other parts were afterwards pulled down and rebuilt in the style of the times; but the present windows are certainly long posterior to those coeval with the walls, being painted, and quite in the taste of another age: it is in the inside only of the church that any part of the original building, or its genuine Saxon architecture, is preserved; which may be seen in the round arches that support the tower. Above the ancient arches are galleries, with openings around of a style probably coeval with the former.

The upper part of the choir is entirely of Gothic architecture, and is divided from the body by a stone screen, ornamented with

Gothic tabernacle work: the high altar fills the end of the choir; a rich and elegant piece of Gothic workmanship, and once adorned with images of gold and silver, placed in beautiful niches: the middle part is modern and clumsy. This altar was made in the reign of Edward IV. or Richard III. and cost eleven hundred marks.

The superb shrine of St. Alban was placed in a chapel dedicated to that saint, behind the choir: a small wooden gallery is yet standing, where a careful and trusty monk used to keep watch and ward, to prevent the precious jewels, and other valuable ornaments about this shrine, from being stolen.

On the south side of St. Alban's chapel is the magnificent tomb of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester. He was uncle to Henry VI. and regent of the kingdom during the King's nonage: his many excellent qualities gained him the love of the people, but his popularity caused him to be hated by the Queen and her party.—They first effected the ruin of his Duchess by a ridiculous charge of witchcraft, and afterwards brought a groundless charge of treason against himself. He was conveyed to St. Edmund's Bury, where a parliament was convened in 1446, before whom he was accused; but his enemies fearing to execute him publicly, caused him to be stifled in his bed, and then pretended he died with vexation at his disgrace. Gloucester had always a great predilection for St. Alban's; he had bestowed on it rich vestments, to the value of three thousand marks, and the manor of Pembroke, that the monks might pray for his soul; and he particularly directed that his body should be buried within those holy walls.

In the middle of this beautiful tomb is a pervious arch, adorned above with the coat of arms of the deceased, and others along a frieze, with his supporters, two antelopes with collars. From the frieze arises a light elegant tabernacle work, with niches, containing on one side the effigies of our princes; the other side is despoiled of the figures.

In 1703, the vault containing the illustrious remains of Duke Humphrey was opened. The body was preserved in a leaden coffin, in a strong pickle, and over

that was another case of wood, now perished. Against the wall is painted a crucifixion, with four chalices receiving the blood, and a hand pointing to a label, inscribed "Lord have mercy upon me."

A long inscription against a column reports the celebrated Sir John Mandeville to be buried here; but though St. Alban's was his birth-place, it did not receive his remains. He found a grave at Liege, in the convent of the Gulielmites, in 1371. He was the greatest traveller of his or any other age, having been out thirty-four years; and as a pilgrim, a knight errant, and a man of observation, he visited the greatest part of Asia and Africa. He left to posterity a faithful account of his travels, which were shamefully falsified by the monks; who long preserved, as relics, his knives, horse furniture, and spurs, and showed them to strangers, who visited their convent at Liege.

St. Peter's church lies at the upper end of the town; it was founded by Abbot Ulfen, and formerly belonged to the abbey; it is now a vicarage, in the gift of the Bishop of Ely.

The town of St. Alban's is large, and, in

general, filled with ancient buildings: it originally sprung from a few houses, built by King Offa, for the convenience of the officers and servants of the monastery.—About the year 980 it was so increased, that King Ethelred gave it a grant of a market, and the rank of a borough: but the town was always considered a part of the abbey demesne, and at the conquest was part of its possession. At the time of the dissolution, it fell into the hands of Henry VIII.; and his son, Edward VI. on March 12, 1553, made the town of St. Alban's a body corporate, by the name of mayor and burgesses. These were changed by Charles II. into a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four assistants.

In the civil wars between York and Lancaster, this town was a scene of general carnage. Here was shed the first blood in that ancient quarrel: and here a bloody battle was fought under the resolute Margaret of Anjou: in the second battle, as she attempted to pass through the town, she was repulsed by a shower of arrows; but through the treachery or cowardice of the adverse party, she was again victorious.

JAHIA AND MEIMOUNE.—A TURKISH TALE.

(Concluded from Page 177.)

JAHIA was lost in astonishment at the magnificence of the sheik; and his surprise took from him the powers of speech. The sheik thus addressed him:—"I am arrived at the period of old age, and this is the first night that I ever dressed myself as you now see me. I have often prayed to God to grant me a son; I have now given up all hopes of having one; I therefore have for some time supplicated him to send me an amiable and worthy man whom I might adopt as my child: my prayers are heard, for you have been sent to me. Do not be surprised now, when I tell you that, whatever is thought of the sanctity of the sheiks, they all live in the same style that I do. Therefore, if you love wine, you may take your fill here; for you know that the dervises are allowed the use of it; so as we but avoid public scandal that is enough. Now I request

that you will regard me as your father in every respect; hide nothing from me, and follow the plan of life that I have laid down from my earliest youth."

This speech made Jahia adopt the idea he had formed when the sheik first addressed him; he took him for a prophet, and, indeed, for the prophet Elias. In the mean time this voluptuous dwelling, these riches, jewels, and beautiful female slaves, who were continually passing before them, soon banished this idea, as well as the wine which had been brought in, in large quantities. Sometimes he fancied that the sheik was an enchanter: but then, he reflected, what could be his design in bringing me hither? What motive could he have for deceiving me? What have I to fear? My gold and raiment could tempt no one. Wine is forbidden in Turkish monasteries under pain of death, and Jahia

was surprised to see the most superb vases of gold and silver ostentatiously filled with the prohibited liquor. The sheick penetrating his thoughts, said:—"Do not imagine, my son, that I am guilty of drinking wine; I only had it brought here for you. We sheicks drink only the wine that is to be found in paradise."—A golden bottle was now placed beside the sheick, and they continued their repast. The sheick helped Jahia to some wine out of the golden bottle: it was a kind of sherbet composed of sugar, musk, and amber: Jahia found it more agreeable just then to his taste than wine: and as soon as the desert was placed on the table the sheick caused to be brought in by his orders a quantity of princely habits, which were laid in piles on the sofa.—"I present you," said he to Jahia, "with all these habits, and also any one of my female slaves, who may be found most agreeable in your eyes."—This made the young Mussulman blush; but to dissipate his confusion, the sheick poured out another goblet of the celestial wine, and Jahia drank it without knowing what he was about. The sheick finding his guest rather disordered with wine, caused his slaves to take their musical instruments, and to play the most tender and amorous airs. Jahia was moved, and began to raise his eyes on the fair forms that surrounded him. The sheick examined him attentively, and again filling his goblet, he said, "My son, look well on those slaves. Chuse her that pleases you best, and to-night she shall be yours."—Jahia, fearful that this was only some stratagem, swore to the sheick that he knew better what he owed to him, than to cast an eye of desire on any of his slaves.—"Chuse," repeated the old man, "it is my desire that you take to yourself her who may be most agreeable to you."

"Since, then," said Jahia, "it is really your wish, I chuse her who sits beside me." "I admire your good taste," said the sheick: "she is a Circassian, and I give her to you with pleasure. Come near to me, Meimouné," and then taking her by the hand, he gave her to Jahia, with five thousand sequins.—"It is," said he, "because you left your friends to come and sup with me this evening, that I make you these presents; and I shall go to-morrow to the

cadi of Scutari, to make over to you in his presence a donation of all I am possessed of, and satisfied with your company and conversation, I shall devote myself hereafter to the service of God."—"My Lord, and my father," said Jahia, "how can I sufficiently express my sense of all your benefits!"—After mutual professions of esteem and gratitude, the old man then quitted the apartment, leaving Jahia and Meimouné alone.

As soon as he was out of hearing, the beautiful slave said, with a deep sigh:—"Young man, you have not long to live; think of your situation."—This speech made Jahia shudder: he was seized with an universal tremor, and with a faltering voice, he conjured Meimouné to explain her meaning.—"I feel interested for you," said she; "and present circumstances will save me from the charge of immodesty, when I say also that I love you: this love inspires me with fresh horror at the crimes that are here committed. Will you promise me," added she, "to take me with you, and never to abandon me, if I deliver you from the danger that now threatens you?"—Jahia promised all she desired, and bound himself by the most solemn oaths.—"Know then," said she, "that every species of wickedness is concentrated in that old man; but if you wish to preserve your life, you must do exactly what I shall prescribe to you. The sheick is coming back again; but every time that he calls you make no answer. He will order me to wake you, and I shall pretend to obey him; but do not you speak; remain quiet in your bed, and you will see all that is passing."

Some time after the sheick came behind one of the curtains; he called Jahia, who made no answer. He ordered Meimouné to wake him, but she assured him all her efforts were in vain: "but you have got the cords," said the old man, "to tie him to the sofa; you know I have a great many precautions to take; being, as I may say, the only man in my house; I have now fifteen prisoners; what would become of me if I was to set them at liberty? Take good care of him, or your life shall answer for it."—So saying he went away.

Jahia was in an agony of terror.—"Now rise," said Meimouné; "I will shew you

the place you have been unfortunate enough to be led into."—She then took him by the hand, and conducted him to a narrow flight of stairs, which when they had descended, she told him to look through a small opening in the wall. He saw from it a dark dungeon, wherein were confined fourteen prisoners of different ages, all loaded with chains, whereby their necks, feet, and hands were fastened. The young man who had carried the lanthorn before the sheik when he had first met Jahia, entered; and when the prisoners bewailed their fate in having been deceived by the sheik's promises, the very same as those he had made to Jahia, the slave replied:—"Why then did you drink the wine that the sheik offered you only to try you? I can only deliver one of you at a time; but be easy, you will all have your turn."—So saying he took one of them away.

Meimouné then told Jahia that the sheik would return to their apartment, and that they must go back again. A few minutes after they had laid down, the old man entered in his night-gown, ready to go to bed. He called to Meimouné in a terrible voice, and told her it was then time to conduct her companion to prison. She told him he might depend upon her. The sheik then called the young man who was accustomed to attend upon him, and who appeared with an apron and a great knife by his side; he then brought the prisoner and slew him in the sight of his master, who mingled some of the blood of this wretched Mussulman in a glass of wine, and then drank it off.—"Now," said he to Meimouné, "bind Jahia hand and foot; thy head shall be the forfeit if he escapes."—He then threw himself on a sofa and fell fast asleep.

Jahia, after the sheik was asleep, now fell on his knees before Meimouné, and begged her to save his life by procuring him the means of escape. Meimouné told him that she had promised to deliver him, but not to remain herself exposed to the resentment of the sheik; and the height of the walls, and the situation of the house, rendered their flight almost impracticable. "Liberty," said Jahia to her, "without you would be bondage: I would prefer death to life without you."—"Since," said the beautiful slave, "such are your senti-

ments, I will perish with you if I fail in delivering you."—She then led him into another apartment, when taking him by the hand, she opened a window, and said:—"Seize the branches of that pomegranate tree, and descend into the garden; I will bring the little key that opens the gate, and soon be with you."

When Jahia found himself alone in the garden, he was seized with a thousand terrors lest Meimouné should not return. After a short time, which seemed to him an age, the slave appeared, with two large bundles, which she threw to him, and joining him, carrying a little box under her arm, said:—"Now we have not a moment to lose."

They arrived, without any impediment, at the house of Muhamid, who was yet carousing with his friends. They knocked at the door, which was opened by an old female slave, and they entered the apartment of the guests, who all rejoiced at again seeing Jahia: but Meimouné was very sad; on which Jahia said to her:—"Soul of my life, why art thou sad when we are in safety?"—"Have you then," replied she, "forgot how near we are to that wicked sheik? Remember that to immense riches he unites the reputation of a holy life: he has friends who will assist him in his pursuit after us, and we shall be irretrievably lost. He now sleeps; let us then instantly depart for Constantinople before the day appears."

Jahia replied:—"If, bright moon of the world, I might act as I pleased, I would this instant cross the sea; but it is impossible, all the boats are dragged to land, all the gates of the town are shut, and if the nightly guard should see a boat out at night, do you not know that we should be subject to an examination?"—Meimouné was obliged then to wait patiently, and Jahia asked her the reason of the sheik's conduct in murdering his prisoners, and mingling their blood with his wine?

"For these three years that I have lived with him," replied she, "I have witnessed the same conduct. His riches are gained from those he entices to his dwelling; and when he quaffs the blood of his fellow creatures, he then seems tranquil, and falls asleep."

The cock now crowed the first hour of

morning; Meimouné seized her little casket, and intreated Jahia to follow her; but on their arrival at the sea-side, not finding a boat, they walked along in great anxiety, till they perceived, by a distant sight, a man fishing. Jahia conjured him to put to land, but the fisherman was seized with fear to be called at that early hour. Jahia and Meimouné united their supplications, and the man received them on board. Meimouné took a sequin from her casket and gave him, telling him to seem as if he was yet fishing. They soon, however, reached Constantinople, and Jahia took his beautiful slave to his mother's house. Here they examined the bundles and casket, which they found to contain magnificent apparel and plenty of gold and silver: but Jahia, inspired with gratitude and love for the beautiful Meimouné, desired to make her his bride. Meimouné refused while the cruel sheik was alive.—“For,” said she, “were we at the farthest verge of the earth that cruel man would pursue us.”

Jahia sent for Muhamid, who was astonished at the accusations of his friend against a man he had hitherto regarded as the most holy on the earth, and he refused to do aught against him. Jahia then resolved to attack the sheik himself: and taking his sabre, he departed for Scutari, resolved to await and attack the sheik on

his passage. He followed him, and met him at the place where he said, as usual, “Open the door, it is me.”—With one stroke of his sabre he cut off the head of the slave that accompanied him; and in the midst of the disorder occasioned by this action, he fancied he heard the voice of his faithful Meimouné, saying—“If the cadi should come, how can we persuade him of our innocence?”—They went, however, immediately to the prison and set the captives free, after having given the sheik a blow that stunned him, while the courageous Meimouné, who had followed Jahia in the disguise of a boy, put an end to his iniquitous life.

The lovers then repaired as fast as possible to Constantinople, where they were married; and the valuable casket of Meimouné, with the easy competence of her husband, caused them to pass their days in the enjoyment of every comfort attending on domestic happiness; and if their lot was not splendid or magnificent, they were rich in mutual affection, and they experienced that happy medium which, far removed from indigence, aspires not to the accumulation of immense wealth, and which laughs at the unenvied load of pomp and splendour, which it neither seeks nor desires to obtain.

THE LISTENER.

THE FRENZY OF FASHION.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I have, at length, with much difficulty, obtained pen, ink, and paper, and a kind friend has promised to drop this letter in the post. I write to you from B—, in which town is situated a most famous institution for insane persons.

I was sent here under pretence of retirement for the sake of my health: I found the house like one of the palaces of the Genii, and the gardens superb. I was delighted, for a moment, at what appeared to me so splendid, and in the spacious court before the house I practised immediately the last new quadrille movement. But I found myself immediately surrounded by nurses, keepers, and physicians, who soon

explained to me where I was; and therefore you may judge if I did not feel myself the most wretched amongst women.

I have been a long time subjected to the caprices of a tyrannic husband; for ten years he has been preaching up economy to me; and declaring as I am, he says, prodigal to madness, he has sent me here as an incurable. What a pity it is that he never got himself appointed one of the cruel stewards of this institution!

I have ever held in aversion the name even of economy: if that was practised there would soon be an end of all elegance of manners; fine faces, sprigs of jewels, Cachemre shawls, private boxes, would all vanish.

But here are little confined cells, no
E c

larger than a private box at the Theatre; and here also may be heard frequent declamations, but not like those of Kean or Macready.

We keep, however, a good table, and the society which meet at it amuses me much. A young female generally sits beside me who is not a whit more mad than I am; only she will maintain that she is the daughter of the Grand Signor. And why should she not be so? I know very well that, such as I am, I am the wife of a mandarin: my husband is as true a Chinese as you would wish to see. He has only one little lock of hair on his bald head: and he sent me here to be close cooped up under pretence of giving me change of air!

Our gardens are laid out in the form of terraces, one above the other. There is a stout gentleman who takes the title of Olympian Jove, and who always offers me his arm to ascend to the highest terrace up the other slopes. Is not a London lady highly exalted when she can walk with Jupiter?

But do not, my chaste old gentleman, be uneasy on my account; the utmost decency and circumspection is observed in all our steps. There is no fear of any of those adventures taking place with which mythology is so replete. First, Plato comes to pay us his respects, then Diogenes, and we converse incessantly on morality, the goodness of the Gods, and the wickedness of men.

When we speak of men, Diogenes laughs like a Satyr, and when we talk of the Gods, Jupiter bristles.

This wretched Jupiter has now a defluxion on the lungs; he coughs, and the whole universe, that is to say the whole house, trembles. It gives me the horrors during the night, and in order to ensure my safety, I sleep with two great cats in my chamber. These cats are beautiful, but though their looks are demure their claws are terrific; they have torn all the lace off my last new night-caps, and I look like the character I last appeared in at the masquerade, which was Dido forsaken by Æneas. This was like a presentiment of my own deserted and forlorn state: little did I imagine I should so soon realize the fabled fate of this wretched Queen. But, dear Sir, judge of my sorrows when I tell

you that all communication with the town is denied me. I have no longer ready to await my orders the most fashionable dress-maker, jeweller, or milliner; I am obliged to attire myself exactly as they did three months ago; and I am sure I should be taken for some monster if it was not for my countenance, which is still handsome though deeply tinged with melancholy.

My motive, therefore, for writing to you is not only to set forth my unhappy situation, but also to request that you will send to me one of those *marchandes de modes* who are famous for making the most fashionable and becoming head-dresses. Do not, Sir, think that I am really mad: was not Pallas, the Goddess of wisdom, was not she fond of dress? May not I, then, a mortal, be fond of it likewise? I am, I do not deny it; and I believe there are very few women who are not passionately fond of dress; if that is madness, we are all mad: and if every woman is to be shut up for her expensive taste on that head, the madhouse at B—— will be much too small to hold them.

My husband chose to begin with me; he has sent me here for being a leader of fashion, and for continually inventing new ways of making dress, and new kind of hats. I certainly gave myself up with an ardour, almost approaching to madness, to every article belonging to the toilet, on which I lavished all my time, care, and expence. And it was I that first sent to every distant part of the earth for those articles which make such a distinguished part in the decorations and dress of a modern *belle*. Oh! how ardently do I now wish to have only half an hour's conversation with some celebrated milliner, some artificial florist, or some dear, dear (I do not care *how* dear) smuggler of contraband silks or laces—some bewitching vender of India shawls, or some trading Captain, about fine china, monkies, paroquets, birds of paradise, paddy feathers, pink topazes, and pear pearls! Cannot you, in the mean time, contrive to send me some clever young female, well loaded with feathers and ribbons? And then we could get ready to take a trip to Brighton; from thence, perhaps, I might escape to France, and for ever quit this hateful den and my wicked husband that immured me in it.

Farewell, Sir, for the present: Jupiter has just sent me word he will take breakfast with me. He is now well named, for his voice growls like thunder, and his eyes are like red lightning. As you are a good natured old man, and seem to be a friend to our sex, I trust you will send me the little milliner I require; if French, she will be the more agreeable. As soon as I can get rid of Jupiter I shall practice my waltzes and quadrilles in order to qualify myself for my sojournment in France.—Your's respectfully,

ROSE FRANTICK.

I shall conclude this number with the following little sketch written by my friend Major Barnacle, when in Paris.

AN ESSAY ON THE USE OF POCKETS.

THE most serious efforts are occasionally the result of the most trifling imperceptible causes. The French nobility, which so briskly took to flight at the beginning of the battle of Cerizoles, ascribed it to the bridles of their horses. The bag that was fastened by a leathern thong to the loins of the Sophists of antiquity, and wherein journeyed on pell-mell, figs, a cup, onions, and a few books, contributed vastly to the rendering philosophy popular through the burghs of Peloponnesus: how many temples and palaces would have remained in the quarries, had it not been for that double-bottomed bag which monachism has thrown across the shoulders of its collectors! Can it be thought that the morals of the fair sex, and the domestic happiness depending on them, are foreign to so simple a cause apparently as the use or disuse of pockets?

So long as those faithful depositories retained their station by the sides of the respectable housewife, the result must have been a spirit of good order and habits of economy: to trust dependants was not so requisite, the authority of the wife was more absolute, and the community more flourishing. The public streets would sometimes offer the most interesting spectacle, namely, that of a youthful female bestowing charity. The disappearance of

pockets has wrought a great alteration. The inconsiderate wife will now adopt the manners, costume, and family of the Graces; free from care, and destitute of reflection, she sports under the tutelage of her slaves; her correspondents' notes, no longer secreted occasions storms at which she grieves and is amused nearly at the same moment. A woman without pockets is a Cupid just out of his cradle. What a picturesque medley of dependence and caprice, of thoughtlessness and of candid simplicity! But it may, perhaps, be the case that the perfection of a handsome woman consists in her complete approximation to a state of childhood.

To you all-thinking men of every part of Europe let us therefore apply: without further delay take this moral crisis into consideration; make it your theme to develop the truths which a subject so interesting to the destiny of the human species is pregnant with; give us a *Philosophical History of Pockets*.

No one answered the Major's appeal; perhaps by publishing it in *The Listener* some ingenious and investigating being will bestow this desired history on pockets. The following fact may, however, be relied on.

It is but a very little time back that a very lovely young woman, in a blue satin spenser and a pistachio nut-coloured crape skirt was standing under the vestibule of the Theatre Feydeau. Her agitated and confused appearance caused several persons to surround her, imagining she was in want of something or other, and they were emulous to render her service.—“Are you in want of an umbrella, young woman? Is it a coach you are waiting for, Mademoiselle? Will you be pleased, Madam, to accept of my arm? Will you favour me by accepting a seat in my cabriolet?”—“No, gentlemen, I want nothing but a pair of pockets.”—And the little epicure was holding in one hand a basket of peaches, in the other a large bunch of grapes, with an enormous green melon under her arm!

T. HEARWELL

GEORGE AND SOPHIA.—A TRUE STORY.

A country gentleman of the name of Jacibald, after being possessed of a handsome, though not a considerable fortune, found himself reduced on a sudden to very humble circumstances, owing to his having been security, to a large amount, for two friends, one of whom was a bankrupt, and the other died insolvent. No sooner did he receive the sad intelligence than he proceeded to London, to fetch back his only child, a son, whom he had sent thither in order that he might profit by the instructions of the eminent professors which the metropolis contains.

A messenger was dispatched to bring the youth to the house where his father had alighted: upon his entering the room, he was addressed as follows:—"You now see before you, my dear George, a living parent, who would not lament so bitterly the misfortunes that have recently befallen him, if he cherished you less, and if he had not every reason to be satisfied with your behaviour. The improvement you have made during your short stay in this place will add to the regret which I feel at no longer being able to bear the expence which your continuing in town would require, and of which I know you to be deserving. The patrimony I had inherited from our ancestors has not been lost from my extravagance. I, on the contrary, lived retired in a little country box, where——"

"I shall be very happy to follow you, Sir," interrupted the son, "if my company can prove sufficient to afford consolation to my dearly-beloved and respectable unhappy father. I only beg you will allow me time to go and bid adieu——"—At these words the young man's eyes were filled with tears. "My dearest boy," said the father, perceiving that he durst not enter into further explanation, "speak freely. Perhaps you have formed an inclination in this town. Confide in me; you know that I have always wished you to consider me rather as an experienced indulgent friend, than as a despotic father."—"Yes, Sir, you have guessed right," replied the youth, falling on his knees; "I do love, and my affection is repaid by a young lady whom I

have had frequent opportunities of meeting with. I shall not attempt describing to you her beautiful person and agreeable wit, the loved object always stands unparalleled in the eyes of a lover, but if her disposition, and the qualifications of her noble heart were known to you, I am certain you would not disapprove of my partiality to her, although she is ignorant, as yet, who are the parents from whom she was born. You wonder at this avowal, which I have made very candidly, especially as our present circumstances deprive me of all hopes: for if her friends are persons of rank, as I have not the least doubt, from the education that has been bestowed upon her, whenever they are willing to claim her as their child, they will not accept of me for her husband: whereas, if they never are to claim her, I never will marry a person I love, so long as I am bereft of the means of making her comfortable in proportion to her deserts."

"George," resumed Mr. Jacibald, "I cannot approve of that love for a person whose birth is thus kept a secret. Meanwhile, if the passions of men be violent at your time of life, most fortunately they are not of long duration. Let us eat our supper; to-morrow you will take leave of all your friends, and on the next day we shall take our departure." Their repast was soon at an end, and George dismissed at an early hour. As he was returning home, assailed by the most sorrowful ideas, he was surprised at meeting an immense crowd, and curiosity prompted him to inquire what was the matter?—"I was driving an elderly gentleman," said a hackney-coachman, "who had stooped to look out at some object or other, when another carriage running against mine, occasioned a sudden jolt; the door flew open in consequence, and the poor gentleman, in his fall, happened to strike his head against a post, and was taken senseless to a surgeon's, who has pronounced him to be in danger of his life."—"I am sorry for the veteran; but, at any rate, you have been discharged I suppose, so carry me to Adam-street, Adelphi."

Although ever so preoccupied with his troubles, our youth, on entering the coach, felt a something rolling under his feet, which, on picking up, he found to be a box, with a very rich lid. When he had reached his home, he examined the treasure which chance had thus thrown in his way. It proved to be a casket partly filled with diamond ornaments, and at the bottom of which a drawer had been managed that contained bank-notes to the amount of eight thousand pounds. These riches, thought George, most certainly belong to the old gentleman who fell out of the coach. If he be still alive, what must his inquietude be! I must go to-morrow and inquire after him. Then, casting his eyes anew on the whole, "Alas!" exclaimed he, with a sigh, "how happy could I live with my Sophia, if I was possessed of this wealth!"

At an early hour the next morning he repaired to the surgeon's. The old gentleman was not dead, but he could not be spoken to as he was just gone to rest. Till such time as he awakes, said George, let me go and see Sophia. But, when I meet her, when I witness her tears upon being informed that we must part for ever, how do I know I shall be endowed with sufficient fortitude not to think of the treasure I found yesterday? Most shocking ideal can I question my own honour? When he asked for Sophia, he was told that she had been sent for at day-break, and was not yet returned.

He therefore proceeded back to the surgeon's, and as he urged the necessity of his speaking to the invalid about business of essential importance, he was immediately brought to his bed-side.—"Sir," said he, "pray tell me, did you not leave a casket in the coach, from a fall of which you met with your accident?"—"Alas! Sir," replied the other, "I have lost a box containing diamonds to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, besides eight thousand in bank-notes."—"You have lost nothing, Sir," resumed the youth; "here is your property, which I feel happy to restore as

I found it."—The right owner, in a transport of joy and of admiration, clasped the knees of his benefactor: "Ah! Sir," said he, a moment after, "I beg you will inform me to whom I am obliged for a service of this nature, and in what manner I could manifest my gratitude?"—"To that I renounce every claim; I am, if I flatter not myself too much, above accepting of a remuneration: my name is Jacibald."—"I have had the pleasure of knowing your father for years, and am no stranger to the misfortunes that he has encountered. You are the worthy son of a respectable father. With regard to myself, I am a widower, left with an only daughter; allow her to share with you the property you have just returned, to which I shall add as much more in case you accept of the proposals. On account of some family broils, which have only been settled for a few days past, she has been made acquainted this morning, for the first time, with the name of her father." Then, raising his voice, "Come in, my girl," said the old gentleman.

From an adjacent room instantly rushed in the very identical Sophia, in whose favour young Jacibald was so affectionately prepossessed. The surprise of the two lovers alone prevented them from flying into each other's arms; yet it no sooner subsided, to make room for emotions of a more tender nature, than Mr. Richardson (Sophia's father), addressing George, said to him, with a smile, "Although you have not answered me yet, I believe I can read in your looks that you agree to my proposition, and I congratulate myself that the husband I had prepared for my Sophia is the same whom her heart had fixed upon."

Mr. Jacibald was overjoyed at his son's good fortune; neither was he much less pleased with the circumstance whence it originated. The marriage ceremony was performed as soon as a license could be procured; and the young couple, for a series of years, lived in uninterrupted happiness.

THE HAPPIEST NUPTIALS IMBITTERED BY FILIAL DISOBEDIENCE; AN HISTORICAL TALE.

CHARLES V. Emperor of Germany, attended by his officers of the highest rank in the armament, which sailed from Cagliari on the 16th of July, 1535, having compelled Tunis to surrender at discretion, hastens through all quarters of the city, seeking, by remonstrances and threats, to restrain the violence and rapacity of his victorious troops; but their basest passions prevail against subordination—thirty thousand Moors and Arabs are massacred, and ten thousand reserved for worse than death in the mines of South America. To the atrocities of a few hours, the natives still ascribe that vengeance of Divine Providence, which, in the third African expedition of the Spaniards, and the second of their sovereign, ordained the wreck of fifteen ships of war and one hundred and fifty transports, with the loss of eight thousand men, in the fathomless ocean; and thousands, after gaining the shore, were slaughtered by the vindictive retribution of the Tunisian populace. The soldiery had, indeed, perpetrated horrible cruelties, but their superiors spared no exertion to rescue the victims. Charles, with his own hand, inflicted several flesh wounds on the most daring leaders of his plundering murderous legions, in hopes of intimidating the rest; but the officers, comparatively few, were unable to enforce their orders. The Emperor, in grief and indignation, dashed to the ground his ensanguined weapon; and the officers, of all degrees, stood in sad silence, ashamed of nominally commanding a host of ruffians. Their faces, hands, and uniforms, bore bloody evidences of recent warfare; their chargers seemed to have waded amidst rivers of gore; and their downcast aspect might belong, not to victory, but to defeat. Imprecations, menaces, screams, and groans, filled the air. The tumult was hushed a few moments, and joyful acclamations spread nearer and more near. Twenty-five thousand Christian slaves, the brave men who, imprisoned in the citadel, had burst their fetters, and turned the artillery of the ramparts against the oppressors, now threw themselves at the feet of Charles, pouring forth blessings

on their deliverer. The high-wrought transports of the enfranchised captives, and the ardent sympathy of their liberators, had not subsided, when a train of camels excited new feelings of mingled astonishment and curiosity. A lady, casting away the boughs of foliage that screened her from the sun, threw up her veil, and, in the English dialect, intreated for admission to the royal presence. An officer who understood her language, communicated this supplication: the Emperor commanded him to lead her and her companions within the circle of his lords in waiting, and he to act as interpreter. The camels and their load were committed to safe custody, and the travellers dismounted, and obeyed the imperial mandate. The elder lady took the arm of her male companion, and the other sylph-like figure, covered with a drapery flowing from her head to the ground, walked on the other side. They approached the royal pavilion with genuflections.—Charles desired the veiled lady to shew her face; and as she did not instantly comply, a gay officer attempted to draw aside the gauze; but the young stranger kneeling beside her darted a look of lofty displeasure, and, in whispers, persuaded the trembling fair to permit him to fulfil the Emperor's command. A murmur of admiration passed along the assemblage, on beholding a form and features where the expression of intellectual dignity redeemed a sweet timidity from the charge of imbecile softness. The Emperor rose, and giving a hand to each lady, conducted them within the pavilion. The matron wished again to kneel, and the lovely girl, who watched her every movement, followed her example; but Charles prevented them, and waved his hand to the youth, declining a repeated act of homage. Looking pleasantly on his officers, the Emperor said:—

"We are, to-day, no more than the Generals and subalterns of a disobedient army; and as all have undergone much fatigue, so all should be seated, and this lady will honour us with some account of the purport of her journey."

The interpreter imparted the monarch's

behest. The lady threw herself at the feet of Charles, exclaiming :—

“Mighty Emperor! An undutiful daughter, a hideously criminal wretch, licks the dust before thee. There is blood upon the hands held up imploring protection for her innocent offspring.”

The youthful beauty had prostrated herself, in imitation of her parent, and forgetful of all her bashful apprehensions, said, with charming simplicity :—

“Most gracious Lord Emperor! My mother is all goodness. She shed no blood, but the blood of a ruffian, who would have killed my dear father.”

A deep glow suffused the cheeks of the maiden, and tears trickled fast as she spoke. The Emperor raised her and her mother, and the most profound silence pervaded the multitudinous audience, while Mrs. Godfrey resumed her narration :—

“My father possessed large estates, which were destined for me, on condition of giving my hand to the next heir; but my affections were early rivetted upon a gentleman of great accomplishments and worth, though of small fortune. My father absolutely interdicted me from seeing him. He resolved to leave England for ever; and, in the phrenzy of love, I consented to plight my faith at an altar, sacrilegiously stained with parental tears. My Godfrey carried me immediately on board the ship where he had taken a passage, intending to commence business with his uncle, a rich banker, of Genoa. But heaven chastised our unfilial self-indulgence. The rocky coast of north-western Italy could be seen only at a great distance, when a Barbary corsair boarded our unarmed sloop, and took us to Algiers. The pirates attempted to separate me from my husband, when arranging the captives for sale; but clinging with agonizing grasp, we vowed to perish together. A venerable Turk, of high quality, had come to take the first choice of the slaves, and pitying our anguish, purchased us at a high price. He exempted us from all drudgery but domestic cares; and though inexpert in household offices, Achmet allowed our assiduity and strict honour atoned for deficiency in servile adroitness. Our fidelity was proven at the utmost hazard. Achmet removed to a country-house for the recovery of his health; but the fever

recurred in a few days. My husband and I attended him. While he lay helpless, two of the desperate marauders that infest the woods, undermining our cottage, at a subdivision remote from Achmet's chamber, and, with noiseless step, had entered ere we suspected their vicinity. Robberies are so frequent, that all dwellings are provided with means for prompt defence in these barbarous states: and my husband instantaneously seized a loaded carbine, taking an aim so sure, that the first villain fell, never to rise, close to Achmet's bed. The other strided towards it, as Achmet, roused by the discharge of fire-arms, leaped up to offer resistance; but the courage of a most manly mind must yield to personal debility: he sunk on the ground. I had a pair of pistols ready for Godfrey, but before he could employ either, his adversary lodged a ball in his thigh, which he repaid by breaking the left arm of the renegade with his shot. I could not use a pistol, but I had unsheathed a sabre; and when I saw my husband grappling with a ruthless miscreant, and observed him drawing a cutlass from his girdle, I sprung upon him with the murderous steel. I had no deliberate purpose of taking his life—but, alas! the point penetrated his heart. Oh! his dying look can never be effaced from my memory. Day and night his distorted, ferocious eyes, seem fixed upon me.”

“God and man acquit you, lady,” said the Emperor. All present echoed the royal sentence, but Mrs. Godfrey mournfully replied :—

“I cannot acquit myself. If I had not disobeyed my parents, I should not be placed in circumstances that reduced me to the dreadful alternative of having my husband butchered before me, or imbruing my hands in the blood of a fellow-creature, and sending him to eternity with all his sins unrepented—unrenounced. When the freebooter, with a frightful malediction, tore the sabre from his side, and the vital stream, weltering as he lay, came warm over my feet, where I bandaged my husband's wound, I felt as though the current of life froze in every vein and artery. The feeling was momentary. I caught a glimpse of the emurpled blade directed at Godfrey, and wrenched it from the expiring wretch. Achmet required my aid, and I

had just raised him into his couch, when the Moors, appointed to watch in the vestibule, appeared. They clamorously lamented the catastrophe their vigilance should have prevented. I sent one of them to call a slave, skilled in surgery, to extract the ball from my husband's thigh. I had, in some measure, stanch'd the effusion of blood with a part of my dress, and he was able to inform me surgical assistance would be necessary. He soon recovered; and the success of his French slave in curing Godfrey, induced Achmet to follow his prescriptions, which in a short time removed his malady, and he rewarded the old man with emancipation. The French surgeon took his passage for Europe. I wrote a penitential letter to my father, imploring him to ransom me, and the father of a child which we soon expected: but years of toil and sorrow had worn down the old man's constitution—he died before the vessel set sail, and with him died all my hopes of redemption from slavery. Oh! why are the rulers of civiliz'd realms so callous to the most dire of human calamities? Why do they expend lives in combating for increase of territory, or commercial or political supremacy, and remain passive beneath the

insults offered by barbarians to their regal honour, and the injuries inflicted on their subjects—injuries, compared to which the extinction of animal vitality would be a merciful doom. Achmet treated us as friends—but still we were slaves; and his death might transfer us to a harsh master. With what bitterness of soul have I looked upon my son, born to no inheritance except bondage! He died in six months, and I bewailed him as though he had been heir to a diadem. My father's curse, and the curse of the robber uttered in his last words, haunted my imagination: and I afflicted my husband by incessant monodies, in our short intervals of privacy. Kind, gentle, and noble-minded, he tried to soothe and cheer me, by urging that if we were rash, my parents were arbitrary—and in stabbing the robber I performed an act of conjugal heroism, and saved the delinquent from expiating his crimes by lingering tortures. Reason assented to those palliations—yet distempered sensibility obtained from them no permanent relief; and while a morbid wayward spirit aggravated each distress, terrible evils were impending.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Poetic Impressions. By Henry Lee. One Volume 12mo. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones.

THESE fugitive pieces are mingled with some very familiar and domestic IMPRESSIONS made by the *Washing Day, Ironing Day, Quarter Day, and Saturday*. The author is not unknown in the literary world; and as a work like this before us is almost impossible to analyze, we shall merely present the following extracts to our readers:—

EPIGRAM.

“Once at tea with some ladies, a Newmarket
Squire
Bare to hand round the toast which was placed
at the fire—
But the touch burnt his fingers—he stamp'd and
he swore,
And then quitting his hold, dropt the whole on
the floor:

All the company titter'd—young Tarf cried,
elate,
'Well, the heat I have gain'd, tho' it seems lost
the plate!'

PITY AN ORNAMENT TO BEAUTY.

“The brightest gems but cloud that face
Where Love a spotless heaven can trace!
For how should art, or burrow'd rays,
Add splendor to the solar blaze?
One jewel only Love can prize—
'Tis Pity's pearl in Beauty's eyes!”

IRONING DAY.

“An ironing-day's an iron age to me—
Too sad a truth, altho' 'tis irony!
A thousand ills my heated frame environ,
Whene'er I'm ruffled by a smoothing iron!
My pen I snatch and try to write plain prose,
Some burning tag-rag stuff offends my nose;
For purer air I'm each apartment seeking,
But noxious vapours every where are reeking!
Put to strange shifts, and numerous shifts while
trying, (drying.
I'm shir'ring wet, when all things round are

'Tis worse, far worse, than standing with bare feet

At Christmas, doing penance in a sheet!

I pace the garden, heavy as a sledge,
'Linen (as Falstaff says) on every hedge.'
There fringed curtains waft like clouds in air,
Each ruffled shirt's 'a revell'd sleeve of care.'

Vainly I muse on poesy divine,
A dismal gloom is thrown o'er every line.
Winds as they blow, long trains of terror spread,
Frit'd caps and gown-tails flapping 'gainst my head!

My path-way's stop'd—to find the track is puzzling—

I'm clasp'd by calicoe, or wrapt in muslin!
Walking, I stoop to 'scape the flying evils,
Where long-prong'd sticks stand up like forked devils!

Each holly-bush, tall shrub, or painted post,
A pallid spectre seems or green-eyed ghost!
From boughs suspended, bodied gowns I see,
As if a Bateman hung on every tree!

My house once more I enter—all annoys,
Throwing, as 'twere, wet blankets o'er my joys:
I dare not speak—am told the work it hinders—
To lend a hand were but to burn my fingers.
Tormented thus, of life itself I tire,
Flagned with so many irons in the fire!"

SATURDAY.

"In glowing terms I would the day indite,
(Its morn, its noon, its afternoon, and night)
The busiest day throughout the week—the latter day;

A day whereon odd matters are made even;
The dirtiest—cleanest too—of all the seven;
The scouring—pail, pan, plate, and platter day:
A day of general note and notability,
A plague to gentlefolks
And prim gentility,
E'en to the highest ranks—nobility!
And yet a day (barring all jokes)
Of great utility,
Both to the rich as well as the mobility.
A day of din—of clack—clatter day:
For all, howe'er they mince the matter, say,
The day they dread,
(A day with hippish, feverish, frenzy fed)
Is that grand day of fuss and bustle, Saturday!"

CANDOUR.

"What, love excepted, charms mankind?
An honest, generous, candid mind.
The love I value sooms control,
Its flame the impulse of the soul!
If this my Julia cannot show,
It is but just to tell me so.

As fancy dictates, thoughts will range,
Our feelings, inclinations change:
The heavenly mandate how withstand?
Wherefore oppose its high command?
Why stamp with blame the heart that's free,
Seeking its own affinity?
Think not that hence I Julia slight,
Or hold dear woman's preference light.

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Ah no!—but if by ills aggrieved,

'Tis added pain to be deceived;
And when by love and fortune crost,
'Tis nearest bliss to know the worst.

Did Julia say she could not love,
'Twould still a mark of kindness prove.
For candour, which the heart alarms,
Adds greater worth to female charms;
It notes a rectitude replete,
A detestation of deceit.

If man enslave the female mind,
It only leads as he's inclined;
The difference, then, not wide would seem
'Twixt me and those who vainly dream:
And thus the case—a few words show it—
The mind's the same—but I best know it."

Another little interesting Poem has appeared from the same writer; which proves that his heart is in unison with his head: the one is well stored with learning's treasures; the other seems replete with the tender feelings of humanity; and "the merciful man is merciful to his beast." This Poem is entitled *Dash*—a village dog, whose fidelity to his master is enough to cause every summer friend to hide his head.—Some admirable reflections are mingled in this pleasing little effusion on the conduct which the humane and good man ever observes towards the brute creation, and with which we commence our extracts.

"The humblest bird that near a cottage comes,
Is ever welcome to a kind man's crumbe.
All things above him, his reflections trace,
And all below, his sympathies embrace;
Glad to protect, relieve—but ne'er annoy;
He feels for all that suffer or enjoy;
Will smile with these—for those a tear can shed,
Nor on a worm e'er willingly would tread."

ACCIDENT WHICH BEFEL DASH AND HIS MASTER.

"The rough o'erhanging rock was high and steep,
Yet Dash between the clefts would fearless creep.
At length the top he gain'd, and joy pourtray'd,
Ran, jump'd, and bark'd—then howl'd again for aid;
Look'd down and whined, as if the path he'd show,
And, sorrowing, heard his master groan below!
The waters, gathering from the neighbouring grounds,
In torrents rush'd—o'erflow'd the quarry's bounds!
A marly substance, loosened by the flood,
Was driven, and fell, where wretched Woodley stood:
Or rather where he clung—how could he stand,
So insecure his footing on the sand!"

F f

In vain his earnest efforts, utmost toil,
Against the gushing stream and sliding soil;
O'erwhelm'd and breathless he was forward
thrown,

Still buoyant, by the eddy's power alone,
Whirl'd round the circling pool, and, with rude
shock,

By reflux waters driven against the rock.

Dash this perceiving, sprung with all his force,
And dauntless plunging 'neath the torrent's
course,

He Woodley caught!—Dash then his strength
applied,

And dragged him quickly to the other side,
Where Woodley, floating, grasp'd the rooted
sedge,

And drew himself above the water's edge;
Crept towards a sloping creek; he could no more,
For high and rugged stones projected o'er:
There faint they breathed—Dash close at Wood-
ley's feet,

As if he sought to lend him vital heat.

Drench'd, feeble, shivering, long they abject
lay,

Till Woodley, grateful, hail'd the light of day;
Yet light no succour brought—removed no fear—
Death, lingering death—the only refuge near!"

THE DOG'S ENDEAVOURS TO SAVE HIS MASTER.

"Dash reach'd the quarry, breathless and in
pain,

Obliged to crawl, ere he its edge could gain:
Soon as perceived, he let the wallet drop,
And Woodley caught it—Dash lay faint at top!
Woodley, at this alarm'd, laid down the food;
He saw Dash gasping—and observ'd some
blood.

What grief oppress'd his heart, ah, pause, and
think!

His faithful dog he saw exhausted sink!

Exhausted by a foud, an eager strife,
An ardent zeal to save his master's life!
Alas, that master found those efforts vain,
And every kind endeavour end in pain!

Gauge, the exciseman, as he pass'd that way,
(His walk, as we have said, at early day)
First noticed Dash—the dog he long had known;
And next saw Woodley—just as we have
shown.

To succour Woodley, Gauge his skill applied,
And gently placed him close by Dash's side:
Dash heard them speak—his head he faintly
raised,

And fondly on his much-loved master gazed.
Woodley, tho' safe himself, in anxious fear
At seeing Dash lie wounded, dropp'd a tear;
Cautious he turn'd the faithful creature o'er,
But Dash had fallen—alas, to rise no more!
The gun's dire charge a vital part had found,
And life's warm stream ran copious on the
ground.

Dash, from remembrance of each kind com-
mand,

In pure affection lick'd his master's hand;

Re-oped his sunken eye that token'd death,
Strain'd by each short convulsive gasp for
breath!

E'en tho' in agony his frame was rent,
He on his master seem'd alone intent:
Each glance—each gasp—spoke more than words
impart—

A silent eloquence that smote the heart!

And still another lingering look he cast—

A look that pain'd the more, because the last!

'Ah, my poor fellow!'—Woodley said, and
sigh'd;

Dash once more strove to lick his hand—and
died!"

ODE ON THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

LET Avarice heap in mouldy store,
The wealth of each commercial shore,
Torn from the artist's struggling hand;
Let vain hereditary greatness stand,
Where hills improve the scene below,
And proudly think the men are so,
Who boast encroaching acres less extent,
From guilt enlarg'd, from pride refin'd,
In matter's sphere, how little can content,
Rich in itself the cultivated mind!

Not Fortune's ever veering tide,
To Woe or Happiness the guide
Of vulgar souls, has power to sway
Fair Education from her settled way.
Her songs make summer look more bright,
Enhance the day, illumine the night,
Serene the tempests frown;
Give heroes who their country save
More firmness, verging on the grave,
Than tyrants feel on down.

Or should discontent arise,
Stolen from the gloomy vale of sighs,
Where tangled Care depresses bowers,
And sulph'rous Envy blasts the flowers;
While troubled streams in murmurs glide;
And boding birds the blossoms hide;
She lifts the magic of her lyre,
That bids th' involuntary fiend retire,
Far from the bounds of Wisdom's school,
To fret the madding King, or conqu'ring fool

Where'er the slowly dripping rill,
In mossy caves, or down a hill,
Rolls its meand'ring tide;
Where'er the willow waves its shade,
Kindly for musing minds display'd,
The valley's arching pride!
She loves to rest, and nobly think,
What raises man, and what can sink
The candidate for fame;
She finds on actions all depends,
That only virtue lustre lends,
And vice inherits shame.

But, oh! what tears can tell
(Exhausting Aganippe's well)

What ambition, malice, riot,
The world divide, defame, disquiet,
When, the Muses put to flight,
Enter anarchy and night,
Marring ev'ry tuneful string,
While Folly laughs aloud, and Dulness flaps his
wing?

The sons of Genius pleasures share,
That scorn with sensual to compare.
Theirs is the warm expansive soul
That tastes the pleasures of the whole;
From other's good more joy they feel,
Than Bacchus' mysteries can reveal;
And e'en in humble home,
They mount the winds, pursue the sun,
Thro' all the many wonders run
Of space's ample dome:
Searing, they snatch a wreath from Fate,
Above the creeping triumphs of the great.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

SURELY the world, in these degenerate times,
With every sad elapsing year grows worse!
The noblest spirits, sickening o'er its crimes,
Seem anxious to escape the general curse.

Sad is the omen—terrible the thought,
That those who best might teach their fellow
men,
No longer can by hopes or fears be brought
To bear the weight of threescore years and
ten.

O! that some spirit from on high would deign
Our ever-restless passions to control;
Whose tranquillizing influence might restrain
This fearful emigration of the soul!

O'er fallen Romilly's untimely urn,
Dumb be detraction—banished party rage;
While all whose hearts can feel, in union mourn
The patriot senator—the active sage.

Not his th' inglorious course that seeks renown
In faction's trammels, lured by rank or place;
The mighty genius he might boast his own,
Aspired to plead for all the human race.

Him future ages shall proclaim their friend,
Who raised his voice in unborn millions'
cause,

Impatient to abolish or amend
Useless, or obsolete, or barbarous laws.

Nor vain his efforts, Britain's sons all know,
The benefits they own will still renew
His praise, while mingling tears of joy and woe
Shall pay the debt of gratitude his due.

Peace to his manes!—Errors he might have,
As all the purest have in every clime;
These shall with him be buried in the grave—
His virtues shall survive the reign of Time.

THE WATER MELON.

'Twas noon, and the reapers repos'd on the bank
Where our rural repast had been spread,
Beside us meander'd the rill where we drank,
And the green willows wav'd over head;
Lucinda, the queen of our rustical treat,
With smiles, like the season, auspicious,
Had render'd the scene and the banquet more
sweet—

But oh! the desert was delicious!
A melon, the sweetest that loaded the vine,
The kind-hearted damsel had brought;
Its crimson core teen'd with the richest of wine,
"How much like her kisses!"—I thought.
And I said, as its nectarous juices I quaff'd,
"How vain are the joys of the vicious!"
"No tropical fruit ever furnished a draught
"So innocent, pure, and delicious.
"In the seeds which embellished this red juicy
core,

"An emblem of life we may view;
"For human enjoyments are thus sprinkled o'er
"With specks of an ebony hue.
"But if we are wise to discard from the mind,
"Ev'ry thought and affection that's vicious,
"Like the seed-speckled core of the melon, we'll
find
"Each innocent pleasure delicious."

FROM

MOORE'S NATIONAL MELODIES.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
Since last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away,
And many a friend that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing thy praise, sweet evening bells!

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LAVATER.

HE sleeps! The hour of mortal pain
And warrior pride alike are past,
His blood is mingling with the rain,
His cheeks are withering in the blast.

This morn there was a bright bus there,
The flash of courage stern and high;
The steel has drained its current clear,
The storm has bleached its gallant dye.

This morn these icy hands were warm,
That lid half-shewing the glaz'd ball,
Was life—thou chill and clay-faced form,
Is this the one we lov'd? This all

Woman away and weep no more,
 Can the dead give you love for love—
 Can the grave hear? His course was o'er,
 The spirit wing'd its way above.
 Wilt thou for dust and ashes weep?
 Away; thy husband lies not here.
 Look to you heaven! If love is deep
 On earth—'tis tenfold deeper there.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS

On hearing a Lady sing "Angels ever bright and fair."

ANGELS ever fair and bright,
 As ye wave your wings of light,
 Viewless spirits deign to hear
 Her who now prefers her prayer;
 Angels ever bright and fair,
 Take, oh! take her to your care.
 Guardian angels, ye who bend
 Round the throne of living light,
 With your holiest power defend
 Her who supplicates your might.
 When o'er spirits of the blest,
 Who have found supernal rest,
 Ye have linger'd, now declare
 If ye heard a meeker prayer?
 Ye are silent!—angels bright,
 Shield her with your wings of light.

W. L.

LINES

To the lamented memories of Sir Samuel and Lady Romilly.

BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

VIL'D is the lustre of feminine sweetness!
 Kindred angels have call'd her away!
 Existence—I weep as I dwell on thy sweetness,
 Not even her purity woo'd thee to stay.
 Could not the charms that rose smiling to meet
 thee—
 The soft ties of nature enshrined in her breast,
 Con'd not the voice of the orphan entreat thee—
 The prayers of the widow thy purpose arrest?
 O! from the arms of the fondest devotion,
 She pass'd like the sun in its parting sublime,
 Descending serene to eternity's ocean,
 And leaving her name to the homage of time.
 Her beam was withdrawn, and it shrouded that
 grandeur
 Which aw'd the still millions he tower'd above,

O'er whom mildly he mov'd with such dignified
 splendor,
 That envy was won to the feeling of love.
 That mind which cou'd scatter the darkness pre-
 fogndest;
 Which blas'd amid suns with a sovereign ray;
 Whose towerings, whose orbit no limit e'er
 bounded,
 Has shed its last light! fled for ever away!
 O reason! of all man's distinctions the proudest,
 How frail is thy tenure when feeling comes
 mands;
 The deep voice of nature is ever the loudest,
 And reason resigns what affection demands.
 He has burst from the clay that but shackl'd his
 spirit,
 'Twas a moment of darkness, but pass'd is the
 gloom;
 He has soar'd to the bliss he was form'd to inherit,
 And left his bright mem'ry the world to illumine.

VALENTINE'S EVE.

BY MRS. M'MULLAN.

AWAKE no sigh, record no pain,
 But sound the lyre's convivial strain,
 And summon all the smiling train
 To hail this blissful ear.
 To care a truce—to grief a pause,
 To friendship fill the sparkling vase,
 And write in mem'ry's code of laws
 What sages may believe.

That whatsoever the schools reveal,
 There's not one pang pure hearts may feel,
 Which love and friendship cannot heal,
 And music sooth to peace.
 Remembrance needs no banner'd wall,
 Affection asks not lordly hall,
 Whilst faithful love can joys recall
 Till time's swift sands may cease.

Though keen distrust bid misers fear
 To let their shining stores appear—
 Though eyes that ne'er knew feeling's tear
 Demand their selfish joys.
 Though cold hypocrisy pretends
 To hail her dear five hundred friends,
 And many a gilded placard sends,
 And sports her thousand toys.

Go, search the records of the heart,
 Go, trace what cannot true bliss impart,
 Extend the view, observe the chart,
 Life's shadows to beguile.
 The board where social virtues meet,
 The hearth where kindred friendly greet—
 'Tis there that happiness complete
 Restows her radiant smile.





CARRIAGE DRESS.

Entered April 1, 1884. Published Dec. 1, 1884.





CARRIAGE DRESSES

Engraved by the Engraver, London, and Published Dec. 1855

FASHIONS

FOR

DECEMBER, 1818.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

Round dress of Bombazine, elegantly finished at the border with broad black velvet, surmounted by a flounce of fine white muslin, headed by a *reous* of the same. Black velvet spencer, with a *sau-teir*, or half handkerchief, of mourning shawl manufacture. Bonnet of white crape, with full plume of black ostrich feathers. *Bouillonné* ruff of fine muslin. Black chamolli slippers and gloves.

No. 2.—EVENING DRESS.

Andalusian robe of black crape, worn over a black satin slip, ornamented at the border with crape flutings. The robe vandyked with black velvet, richly ornamented with trimming of twisted crape, down each side. The sleeves confined at the *manchons* by a superb knot of jet. Henrietta ruff of white crape broad hemmed. Black velvet *toque* ornamented with jet, and black cypress feathers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE stagnation that prevailed for several weeks in the motley regions of Fashion's extensive empire, shewed that we were, in a great measure, prepared for an event which was almost to be desired by the friends of the Royal sufferer, as a sure relief from the anguish she endured, and the certain conviction that virtue meets its reward in heaven, and which reflection makes us submit with resignation to its unerring will.

Fashion is the power which is generally arrayed in the varied robe of Iris, and to whom is consecrated—

—————“the dimpled smiles,
“Such as glow on Hobe's cheek.”

Health and youth light their torches at her fane, and the solemn pomp of woe suits not with her varied votaries. Yet, as if presaging this dire event, never, even in the ancient courts of Spain and Portugal, was black so prevalent as it has been for this last fortnight, both for the evening costume and for the promenade. Black satin and black velvet spencers have become almost universal among the higher classes for the morning walk.

Among the bonnets, on the present mournful occasion, we have been favoured with the sight of one made by Mrs. Bell for a lady of high rank: it is of transparent black crape, very large, and ornamented at the edge by a full *cheveux-de-frise* trimming: a superb cluster of the blossom called *honesty*, is laid in a kind of studied negligence between the crown and the brim; emblematic of the honest grief of a British bosom for the consort of him they still revere; while they bless for ever the generous heir apparent who, possessed of all the dear affections of nature, has shewn such unremitting and dutiful attention to his late venerable mother.* A black velvet college cap, with a plume of cypress feathers, is a high favour; and a large black satin bonnet for morning walks, trimmed with folds of crape, is much in requisition.

A new Scottish *toque* is much worn for paying morning visits, or for friendly dinner parties; it is composed of crape and black satin, with laurel leaves affixed on the left side, of the same materials. A dress *cornette* is, however, more prevalent on the above occasions. It is formed of white crape, and ornamented in front with a full half wreath of black crape flowers: the

* Nothing enhances so much the excellent qualities of the Prince Regent's heart as his incessant and unwearied affection to his august and virtuous mother, which has never ceased from boyhood till the present mournful hour.

crown terminates loosely behind, and is formed of black crape: there is a taste and fancy in this head-dress which confer high honour on the invention of Mrs. Bell. An evening *toque* of black velvet, trimmed with rows of jet, dividing the crown from the head-piece, is also another specimen of her unrivalled powers in the article of taste.

The bonnets are still worn very large; cypress feathers are more worn than we expected. Opera cloaks of dark grey, lined with black, are in favour at present for the general mourning, but we prophecy that they will become too common to be adopted by the higher classes, by whom they are seldom worn, except at entering the Theatres, or in the early spring and late autumnal season, in an open carriage.

N. B. Our *Cabinet of Taste* is unavoidably closed at present: every European court will, no doubt, adopt the "sable garb of woe" for Britain's virtuous Queen.

COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING.

THE following orders of the Lord Chamberlain and the Deputy Earl Marshal, re-

specting the Court and General Mourning, were published in a Supplement to the *London Gazette* of Tuesday the 17th of November:—

"Lord Chamberlain's Office, Nov. 19.

"Orders for the Court's going into mourning on Sunday next, the 22d inst. for her late Majesty the Queen, of blessed Memory, viz.

"The ladies to wear black bombazines, plain muslin or long lawn linen, crape hoods, chamois shoes and gloves, and crape fans.

"Undress—Dark Norwich crape.

"The gentlemen to wear black cloth, without buttons on the sleeves and pockets, plain muslin or long lawn cravats and weepers, chamois shoes and gloves, crape hatbands, and black swords and buckles.

"Undress—Dark grey frocks."

THE DEPUTY EARL MARSHAL'S ORDER FOR A GENERAL MOURNING.

"Heralds' College, Nov. 19.

"In pursuance of the commands of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, these are to give public notice, that upon the present melancholy occasion of the death of her late Majesty, of blessed memory, all persons do put themselves into deep mourning.

"H. H. MOLYNEUX-HOWARD,
Deputy Earl Marshal."

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE little novelty represented at either of our national Theatres, at the commencement of last month, and their close on a late lamented occasion, will, we trust, be an apology to our readers for omitting at this time of universal sorrow, our usual dramatic intelligence; while we devote these remaining pages to the present Royal subject of a nation's regret.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

It is at length our duty to announce this melancholy, though not unlooked-for termination of a course of human suffering uncommonly protracted and severe. That her Majesty should not have sunk before, under the complicated maladies which assailed her at so advanced an age, is, we

are taught to believe, more surprising to her medical attendants, than that she has ultimately yielded to their violence. The Queen was born on the 19th of May, 1744; having from nature a sound and vigorous frame. Until within these two years, her Majesty enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of health; and, as is sometimes the case with those whose habits are regular, and whose various bodily powers are thence exposed to a pretty equal pressure, the first very serious attack of disease was that which indicated a general breaking-up of her constitution. The water which accumulated in her limbs and on her chest, was an unequivocal symptom of the deadly stage at which her Majesty's sufferings had arrived. This source of distress and immediate alarm was, however, acted upon, from time to time, both by medicines and

surgical operations; which were productive of partial, though gradually diminishing relief, until "the potent poison quite o'ergrew" the antidotes applied to it by professional science. Each interval of repose became shorter than the preceding one—each succeeding paroxysm more acute—each struggle more nearly mortal. The Queen expired at Kew, about one o'clock, on Tuesday, November the 17th, 1818, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

The last bulletin issued respecting her Majesty's health was of a more than usually alarming tendency, and served to prepare the public for the event which was afterwards announced. It was as follows:—

"Kew Palace, Nov. 17.

"The Queen's state last night was one of great and imminent danger. Her Majesty continues very ill this morning.

(Signed) "F. MILLMAN,
"H. HALFORD."

It is ascertained, that the first alarming change in the state of the Queen was on Monday afternoon, and was of such a nature as to induce Sir Henry Halford to write to the Prince Regent to hasten his departure from London; and the Regent immediately sent for the Duke of York to accompany him to Kew palace. Their Royal Highnesses remained at Kew till near one o'clock, when her Majesty having recovered from her serious attack in the afternoon, and there being no immediate appearance of danger, they left their afflicted parent for the night. The Queen passed a disturbed night, but only similar to what she had frequently done for some time past: and the physicians had sent off an account to the Regent a little before eight o'clock to that effect. In two hours afterwards a serious change for the worse took place, and Sir Henry Halford sent off an express, which arrived soon after eleven o'clock at Carlton-house, and the statement was so alarming, that the Prince sent instantly for the Duke of York to accompany him to Kew. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at Kew palace before half past twelve, and repaired to the chamber of their expiring parent, who, we are happy to say, was perfectly sensible of their presence. The scene was truly distressing, and the Prince Regent had the trying task of supporting his mother in her last breathings—

a fit, though melancholy, close of his incessant attendance day and night, and of his anxious contrivance of every expedient that could administer relief and comfort to his parent, in her long and afflicting illness of six months. His Royal Highness was assisted by the Duke of York and their Royal Sisters. The expiring scene—the heart-rending feelings of the Regent, and all present, it will be equally impossible and unbecoming to attempt to describe. The brothers and sisters were supported with much difficulty to another room, where the Regent continued several hours, and then left for town.

The first communication which arrived in town of the melancholy tidings, was about half past two at Carlton-house, by communication sealed with black, to Viscount Sidmouth, as Secretary of State for the Home Department. The intelligence was soon circulated, and inquiries were made very numerous at Carlton-house; and at three o'clock the following notification was issued:—

"Carlton-house, Nov. 17.

"Her Majesty expired at one o'clock this day, without a pain."

It was written on paper with wide black edges. Shortly after, the following letter, sent by Lord Sidmouth to the Lord Mayor, was placarded at the Mansion-house:—

"Whitehall, Nov. 17.

"MR LORD,—It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of her Majesty the Queen. This melancholy event took place at Kew Palace, at one o'clock this day.—I have the honour to be your Lordship's most obedient,

"SIDMOUTH."

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor."

In the evening, and before the post hour, a special *Gazette*, with a black border, supplementary to the regular one, was published, for the express and sole purpose of announcing her Majesty's decease, in the following words:—

"Whitehall, Nov. 17.

"This day, at one o'clock, the Queen departed this life, to the inexpressible grief of the Royal Family, after a tedious illness, which her Majesty bore with the most pious fortitude and resignation. The many great and exemplary virtues which so eminently distinguished her Majesty throughout her long life, were the object of universal esteem and admiration amongst all classes of his Majesty's subjects, and render the

death of this illustrious and most excellent Princess an unspeakable loss to the whole nation."

Letters were sent off by the government bags; for as it was post-night there was no necessity for sending messengers to all the different branches of the Royal Family now abroad. Mr. Vique, the King's Messenger, was the only one who was sent abroad with the melancholy tidings; and he was ordered to Aix-la-Chapelle.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF HER MAJESTY.

At the moment when all human connections with our lamented Sovereign are dissolved by death, it cannot be uninteresting to revert to the circumstances which, fifty-seven years ago, first connected her Majesty with the British empire.

We are told by the public and private records of the times, that a suitable marriage for his Majesty was an urgent (as it was a natural) object of state policy, immediately on his coming to the crown; but his known and ardent attachment to Lady Sarah Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, with some manœuvres of Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, set on foot to foment that youthful passion, hastened the designs of the Princess Dowager of Wales and of the Earl of Bute to bring about the royal marriage. The Princess is said to have had in view a niece of her own, at least some Princess of the Saxe-Gotha family; but as the house of Saxe-Gotha was supposed to be afflicted with a constitutional disease, that wish was overruled by the cabinet. Lord Bute then sent a confidential dependent, a Scotch officer, reported to be Colonel Græme (who was afterwards appointed to be Master of St. Catherine's, near the Tower, an excellent place, in the peculiar gift of her Majesty), to visit the inferior German courts, and to select from amongst them a future Queen for England. The instructions were said to be, that she should be perfect in her form, of a pure blood, and healthy constitution, possessed of elegant accomplishments, particularly music, to which the King was very much attached, and of a mild and obliging disposition.

Colonel Græme found the reigning Princess of Strelitz taking the waters of Pyr-

mont, and accompanied by her two daughters, with little or no appearance of parade; and where, from the freedom of communication usual at those places, and the ready means of observation, &c. it was no difficult matter to become fully acquainted with their characters and daily habits. Their Serene Highnesses frequented the rooms, the walks, and partook of the amusements without any distinction that should prevent Colonel Græme from being an unsuspected attendant on their parties. Here, it seems, he fixed on the Princess Sophia Charlotte Caroline, as best according with his matrimonial instructions. She was the youngest daughter of Charles Lewis, brother to Adolphus Frederick, third Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, by Albertine Elizabeth, daughter of Ernest Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Hilburghausen, and was born on the 19th of May, 1744. Her father, however, though in the immediate line of inheritance, as his brother the reigning Duke had no issue, and was unmarried, did not succeed to the principality; he died before his brother, and thus, upon the death of Frederick, the succession devolved upon his nephew, Adolphus Frederick the Fourth, brother to her Majesty. The reasons which induced the union between our venerable and afflicted Sovereign and the Princess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz could scarcely have been with any political view—with any hope of strengthening the English influence on the Continent, since the territory of the Dukes of Mecklenburgh was extremely confined; and, indeed they had little else to boast of than an ancient name. It is, however, said, that his Majesty first formed the idea of demanding the hand of the Princess in marriage, in consequence of a letter which was generally supposed to have been addressed by her, about the year 1758, to the King of Prussia, who had caused contributions to be levied on her father's territories. We subjoin the letter, which does infinite credit to the feelings that dictated it, and to the taste that was consulted in its composition, leaving it to our readers to judge whether it is not more like the production of a matured understanding, than the offspring of the mind of a female, who, at the time, was scarcely fourteen years of age. The cause of the appeal was this:—In the latter end of 1757,

the King of Prussia, assisted only by England, was assailed by a host of enemies. The Courts of Versailles, Warsaw, Vienna, and St. Petersburg were leagued against him. The King of Sweden, Frederick's brother-in-law, thought this was a favourable opportunity to invade his dominions—and, the Russians having obtained a footing in Pomerania, he raised an army, the command of which was given to Count Hamilton, in order to co-operate with them. Frederic succeeded in driving both Swedes and Russians from his territories—but as he had been informed that the Duke of Mecklenburgh was to have assisted the Swedes, with all the troops he could raise, in case they had been joined by the French or Russians, and that several magazines had been formed in his country for that purpose, the moment he had driven them into Stralsund, he sent a detachment of Prussian troops into the Duchy of Mecklenburgh, who not only seized the magazines, but raised contributions as if they had been in an enemy's country, the Duke himself having, upon their approach, retired to Lubeck. The Princess Charlotte, afflicted by the distresses of her country, is stated to have written in these terms to the King of Prussia:—

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—I am at a loss whether I should congratulate, or condole with you on your late victory: since the same success which has covered you with laurels, has overspread the country of Mecklenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the arts of pleasing, or to inspect subjects of a more domestic nature; but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

“It was but a very few years ago, that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity! What an alteration, at present, from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description—nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospects now before me. The whole country, my dear country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair! The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman

and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves and help to ravage the soil they formerly cultivated. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women, and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds, or loss of limbs, rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask an history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the *alternate insolence* of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat, in pursuing the operations of the campaign. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those, who call themselves our *friends*, create. Even those from whom we expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is, that we hope relief; to you, even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.—I am, Sire, &c.”

This appeal, which soon found its way to every court in Europe, created a great sensation at the time. It was justly viewed as a very extraordinary production, coming from one so young and so inexperienced. Rumour says, that, on his Majesty, it made a deep impression. On the 8th of July, 1761, his Majesty caused his Privy Council to be specially summoned. The Council was attended by all the great officers of state—and to them his Majesty declared his intentions in the following words:—

“Having nothing so much at heart as to procure the welfare and happiness of my people, and to render the same stable and permanent to posterity, I have, ever since my accession to the throne, turned my thoughts towards the choice of a Princess for my consort; and I now, with great satisfaction, acquaint you, that, after the fullest information, and mature deliberation, I am come to a resolution to demand in marriage the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Stralsund—a Princess distinguished by every eminent virtue and amiable endowment, whose illustrious line has constantly shewn the firmest zeal for the Protestant religion, and a particular attachment to my family. I have judged proper to communicate to you these my intentions, in order that you may be fully apprized of a matter so highly important to me, and to my kingdoms—and which, I persuade myself, will be most acceptable to all my loving subjects.”

It will be remembered, that, at this period, the King was little more than twenty-three years of age, and the Princess, whom he had chosen for a consort, was but a few months past seventeen. Immediately after the notification to the Privy Council, his

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Majesty gave directions for demanding and bringing over the Princess in a manner suitable to his own dignity, and the respect due to her Serene Highness.

Lord Harcourt was named to make the demand of her Serene Highness: the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton (the two finest women of the British court), and the Countess of Effingham, to take care of her person: and Lord Anson to command a fleet that was to convoy her over to the English shore.

The fleet put to sea on the 8th of August, and, on the 14th, Lord Harcourt, and the other Lords and Ladies sent on this important embassy, arrived at Strelitz.—The next morning, at eleven o'clock, the Earl of Harcourt performed the ceremony of asking in form her Serene Highness in marriage for the King his master. The moment the contract of marriage was signed, the cannon fired. Her Royal Highness was afterwards complimented by the states of the country, and the deputies of the towns.

On the 17th, her Highness, accompanied by the reigning Duke, her brother, set out for Mirow, amidst the tears and prayers of all ranks of people, the poor in particular, whose zealous patroness she had always shewn herself. The 18th she arrived at Perleberg, where she was complimented by the Count de Gotter, in the name of his Prussian Majesty.

On the 19th, her Most Serene Highness continued her journey, by Leutzen, for Ghorde, where she dined twice in public, and walked in the afternoon in the park. On the 22d, at seven o'clock in the evening, she arrived at Stade, under a general discharge of the cannon of that place, and amidst the acclamations of a vast number of people, both citizens and foreigners.—The burghesses of Stade were assembled under arms, and lined the streets through which her Most Serene Highness passed. Some of the principal ladies of the town presented her with verses, on her Majesty's approaching nuptials, on velvet cushions. At nine o'clock the whole town was illuminated, and several triumphal arches were erected in the principal streets; on which were placed many small lamps and inscriptions, analogous to the feast. The same night their marks of public joy were

reiterated. Next morning she set out for Cuxhaven; and about ten, her Most Serene Highness embarked on board the yacht, amidst the acclamations of the people, accompanied by the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, the Earl of Harcourt, and Lord Anson. She was saluted by the whole squadron destined to convoy her to England. They were ranged on each side of the yacht. The moment she entered her cabin she saluted the officers of the different ships, who had crowded the decks in order to have the pleasure of seeing her, and were all charmed with her affable and polite behaviour.

On the 28th, the fleet, having on board her Most Serene Highness, put to sea, but as no dispatches were received from it from that time till its arrival at Harwich, the court was in some concern lest the tediousness of her voyage might affect her health; besides, the day fixed for the coronation of his Majesty, by a proclamation issued from the said council, in which his Majesty had declared his intentions to demand her Serene Highness in marriage, was drawing near, his Majesty was desirous that the ceremony of the nuptials might precede that of the coronation, so that fresh instructions, it is said, were dispatched to the Admiral to sail at all events, and to land his charge at any of the ports of Great Britain, where it could be done with safety. At length, after three different storms, and being often in sight of the English coast, and often in danger of being driven on that of Norway, the fleet, with her most Serene Highness on board, arrived at Harwich, September 6th. Her Most Serene Highness, during her tedious passage, continued in very good health and spirits, often diverting herself with playing on the harpsichord, practising English tunes, and endearing herself to those who were honoured with the care of her person.

As it was night when the fleet arrived at Harwich, her Most Serene Highness slept on board, and continued there till three in the afternoon the next day, during which time her route had been settled, and instructions received as to the manner of her proceeding to St. James's. At her landing, she was received by the Mayor and Aldermen of Harwich, in their usual formalities. About five o'clock she came

to Colchester, and stopped at the house of Mr. Enew, where she was received and waited upon by Mrs. Enew and Mrs. Rebow; but Captain Best attended her with coffee, and Lieutenant John Seabear with tea. Being thus refreshed, she proceeded to Witham, where she arrived at a quarter past seven, and stopped at Lord Abercorn's, and his Lordship provided as elegant an entertainment for her as the time would admit. During supper, the door of the room was ordered to stand open, that every body might have the pleasure of seeing her Most Serene Highness; and on each side of her chair stood the Lords Harcourt and Anson. She slept that night at his Lordship's house: and a little after twelve o'clock next day, her Highness came to Rumsford, where the King's coach and servants met her; and after stopping to drink coffee at Mr. Dutton's, where the King's servants waited on her, she entered the King's coach. The attendants of her Highness were in three other coaches. In the first were some ladies of Mecklenburg, and in the last was her Serene Highness, who sat forward, and the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, backwards.

On the road she was extremely courteous to an incredible number of spectators on horse and foot, gathered on this occasion, shewing herself, and bowing to all who seemed desirous of seeing her, and ordering the coach to go extremely slow through the town and villages as she passed, that as many as would might have a full view of her.

Thus they proceeded, at a tolerable pace, to Stratford-le-Bow and Mile-end, where they turned up Dog-row, and prosecuted their journey to Hackney turnpike, then by Shoreditch church, and up Old-street to the City-road, across Islington, along the New-road into Hyde-park, down Constitution-hill into St. James's Park, and then to the garden-gate of the Palace, where she was received by all the Royal Family. She was hauded out of the coach by the Duke of York, and met in the garden by his Majesty, who, in a very affectionate manner, raised her up, and saluted her, as she was going to pay her obeisance, and then led her into the Palace, where she dined with his Majesty, the Princess Dowager, and the rest of the Royal Family, except the two youngest. After dinner,

her Highness was pleased to shew herself with his Majesty in the gallery and other apartments fronting the Park. About eight o'clock in the evening, the procession to the chapel took place.

The bride, in her nuptial habit, was supported by their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York and Prince William; her train borne by ten unmarried daughters of Dukes and Earls, viz.—Lady Sarah Lennox, Lady Ann Hamilton, Lady Harriet Bentinck, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lady Eliz. Harcourt, Lady Caroline Russel, Lady Elizabeth Ker, Lady C. Montagu, Lady L. Greuville, Lady S. Strangways.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of Cumberland gave her hand to his Majesty, and immediately on the joining their hands, the Park and Tower guns were fired.

Their Majesties, after the ceremony, sat on one side of the altar on two state chairs under a canopy: her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales sat facing them on a chair of state on the other, all the rest of the Royal Family on stools, and all the Peers, Peeresses, Bishops, and Foreign Ministers (including M. Bussy), on benches. There was afterwards a public Drawing-room, but no persons presented. The houses in the cities of London and Westminster were illuminated, and the evening concluded with the utmost demonstrations of joy.

Her Majesty's figure was very pleasing, but her countenance, though not without attraction when she smiled, could not boast any claim to beauty. It was, however, a well-known fact, that the King declared himself satisfied with his connubial fortune. She entered at once upon the royal offices of the drawing-room, with a most becoming grace and easy dignity. It was a singular occurrence, that the first play she saw was the *Rehearsal*, in which Mr. Garrick, in his inimitable representation of the character of *Bayes*, kept the King, the courtiers, and the audience in a continual roar: but which, from the construction of the piece, it was not possible to explain to her Majesty.

She was popular when Lord Bute's administration had rendered the King very much the reverse. She gave beautiful

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children to the country. She interested the people of England as a fruitful mother; and was considered with general regard as a domestic woman; so much so, that Colonel Barre, then a violent opposition speaker, delivered a very splendid eulogium on her "mild, tender, and unassuming virtues."

The leaden coffin, in which the remains of her late Majesty are to be deposited, is lined with wood. The inside, consisting of a bed, pillow, sheet, and side linings, are of the richest plain white satin, with a full fluted trimming all round of the same, the whole being solemnly and magnificently fitted up. The following is the inscription which is placed on the coffin:—

Depositu[m]

Serenissimæ Principissæ Charlottæ Dei gratia
Reginæ Consortis Augustissimæ et Potentissimæ
Monarchæ

Georgii Tertii Dei gratia Britanniarum Regis
Fidei Defensoris, Regis Hanoverac Brunsvici
et Lunenbergi Ducis,

Obiit xvii die Novembris

Anno Domini MDCCCXVIII.

Ætatis sue LXXV.

The following is the translation:—

Herein are the remains
Of the most Serene Princess Charlotte, by the
Grace of God,

Queen Consort of the most august and
Powerful Monarch,

George the Third, by the Grace of God,
King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of
the Faith,

King of Hanover,

And Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

Died on the Seventeenth of November, in the
Year of our Lord 1818,

And of her age the 75th.

One of the most esteemed and conspicuous traits of the late Queen's character, was the strictness with which she consulted the moral decency of her Court. Her fine reply to Lady —, when soliciting her Majesty for permission to present Lady —; and when refused, saying, she did not know what to tell her disappointed friend, will long be remembered and repeated—"Tell her," said the Queen, "you did not dare to ask me."

The condescending kindness with which her Majesty graced with her presence the exhibition of Bachelors' Acre, in 1809, is not yet forgotten by the inhabitants of

Windsor. Happy to contemplate the enjoyment of the common people, she, on that occasion, walked into the midst of the jocund scene. She approached the fire by which the ox and the sheep, distributed amongst the populace, were roasted—surveyed the whole of the arrangements—and graciously received and partook of the meat and the pudding, which the ambitious loyalty of the Bachelors presumed to offer to the consort of their monarch. The cheerful good-humour with which she viewed the whole of the proceedings, completed the triumph of that memorable day; and her grand fête given at Frogmore the same evening, to which the inhabitants of the town of Windsor were generally invited, closed the festive scene with appropriate splendour, and a truly noble display of royal munificence.

One of the first acts of her Majesty's benevolence was the forming an establishment for the daughters of decayed gentlemen, or orphans. A house and grounds were purchased in Bedfordshire, and a lady, of high attainments, placed therein, at a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, to instruct the pupils in embroidery, &c. They were taken in at fifteen years of age. The produce of their labour was converted into ornaments for window-curtains, chairs, sofas, and bed-furnitures, for Windsor Castle and her own palace.

It was an express injunction, which accompanied every act of benevolence on the part of her Majesty, that it should be kept secret. To each nurse of her children she gave a pension of two hundred pounds a year, as well as to several of their sons. Among the many instances of her charity, we may select the following:—Her Majesty took charge of, and educated the orphan child of an officer who died in the West Indies. The child was brought to England by the serjeant of the regiment. The Queen's notice was attracted by an advertisement in the public papers, from the serjeant. Her Majesty not only educated this child, but caused him to be amply provided for. It is a fact, equally known, that the Queen took under her protection the widow of an officer killed at Bunker's-hill, and educated the son.

On one occasion a female presented a petition to her Majesty: she was a stranger.

The memorial stated, that she was the widow of an officer, left with twelve children. The Queen directed the strictest inquiries to be made into the character of the applicant; and the result proving satisfactory, her Majesty took the whole of the children from the mother, and sent them to school. Some time after, learning that the widow had again become a wife, her Majesty sent back all the children. It is necessary to add, this object of royal bounty had married a person in opulent circumstances. How far the husband was pleased we leave our readers to conjecture.

In addition to the numerous charities to which her late Majesty subscribed, none was more conspicuous (though not generally known) than the Institution formed at Bailbrook Lodge, contiguous to Bath. The Queen was the immediate patroness of this establishment, and not only contributed very largely towards its support, but displayed great anxiety concerning its future welfare. The Institution at Bailbrook House is formed after the German *Chapitres*, and other Protestant establishments on the Continent. It offers a desirable residence to ladies of respectable character, whose birth places them in the rank of gentlewomen; and the plan is so arranged as to suit the circumstances of those whose income is very moderate; at the same time it offers accommodation to others, who, by residing in the establishment, contribute largely towards its support; but this circumstance occasioned no apparent inequality among the inmates, for all are, in fact, equally independent of pecuniary obligation either to the public, or to each other. The society live together as one family: but none are admitted who are averse to a retired life, or who are unwilling to lend their aid in promoting works of charity and benevolence. It is principally intended for the reception of the widows and daughters of clergymen, and of officers in the army and navy. It is entirely under the auspices of ladies of the highest rank, and a fund of several thousands has been already secured, and placed out at interest. Her Majesty, when last at Bath, paid great attention to the above institution, minutely inspected every part of Bailbrook House, and expressed herself very anxiously, that

there were not more establishments formed of the same kind in England.

The funeral of her Majesty is to be as private as possible, consistent with the exalted rank of the illustrious personage: but as the Queen of England cannot be buried privately, under any circumstances, so much of the solemn pomp only will be dispensed with as has been practised on former occasions. The remains of her late Majesty will lie in state in Kew Palace; but owing to the small and contracted state of the building (which in fact was only an outbuilding of the ancient Palace, and which was called the Prince of Wales' House, the Prince Regent having been brought up in it), there cannot possibly be an admission of the public at large; but admissions will be by tickets. In order to make the necessary preparations, the Prince Regent commanded the attendance of the Surveyor General at Kew Palace, together with Mr. Mash, Mr. Banting, and others, when the large dining-room or hall, as it was called by the King, and the small sitting room adjoining it, were deemed the best calculated for the purpose; and in consequence, the whole of the furniture was removed out of those rooms to the new building, erected by command of the King before his last attack. The part of the dining-room or hall deemed best calculated for the remains of her late Majesty lying in state, was a recess, in which was an organ, a great favourite of the King's, but which has, for this occasion, been taken to pieces with all its complicated mechanism, and which was also removed to the new building. When we say the organ was a favourite of the King's, we wish to avoid being misunderstood that he played on it, as he neither played on that instrument, pianoforte, or harpsichord, although so many ridiculous stories have been published about his performances on these instruments.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

History of Jane d'Albret, Queen of Navarre.
By Mademoiselle Vauvilliers. Three Volumes 8vo. Paris.

NEVER did a finer subject present itself to the pen of an historian; France and Navarre, the Catholic and the reformed religion, two different modes of worship,

and two different courts; Medicis reigning in France, but submitting to the Guises, in whom audacity held the place of genius, and who, during a whole century, had sought to obtain a throne as a reward for their crimes. The violence of party by turns repressed by the virtues of Jane, and by turns excited by the perfidy of Medicis; the awful policy of Rome, and the treacheries of Spain; all these vices moving on at the same time to gain popularity, and at length losing themselves amidst the general mass; Catherine de Medicis sought to become the mistress of all her wishes by flattering every passion of mankind. But what pencil is able to produce a perfect picture of this dissolute court? Where every one tendered his service only to elevate himself, and who, when elevated, only became rapacious, ostentatious, and oppressive! There was no repose, no state of tranquillity, no such thing as neutrality. Medicis seemed to hold the reins of government only to divide interests, to irritate the passions, pervert the mind, and corrupt youth by debauchery. She was seen at her table surrounded by the first nobles of her kingdom, who were waited on by young girls hardly covered by the transparent drapery they wore; and Jane d'Albret, writing to her son, says:—"Here it is not the men who solicit the women, but young girls are seen making the first advances. Were you here you could only escape contagion by the peculiar favour and grace of God."

The court of the virtuous Queen of Navarre offered a very different spectacle! It was, indeed, another world, for in it were other kind of hearts, other manners, or rather, it was governed by a Queen totally different: at her court, in all the simplicity of ancient times, Jane d'Albret seemed only to reign as the protectress of morals, and to make herself adored by the virtues which she cherished. The purity of her own mind seemed to influence all who surrounded her; as a wife she was exemplary for her chastity, and as she had long before obtained the title of an excellent daughter, so was she a model for every mother. She was incessantly occupied by two ideas—the happiness of her people and the education of her son: her maternal tenderness

taught this son to labour and to suffer, wishing, as she constantly said, to let him see what it was; and to render him capable of feeling for those whose lot is toil and sorrow. Nothing was indicated to Henry that he would one day be a King; and as he was subject to all the evils attendant on mortality, every thing told him he was but a man. Thus Jane d'Albret called in virtue to comfort her son, as Catherine made use of debauchery in the education of her offspring. These two Queens received the reward of those principles they had inculcated; the one was Charles IX. the other Henry IV.!

The picture of these two courts, and these two opposite educations are sufficient to give an idea of the important and difficult task that Mademoiselle Vauvillien has undertaken to fulfil. She has found that to paint Jane d'Albret such as she really was, she must trace out the whole history of her time; but whatever talent may be displayed in the work, she has not been able to get over the chief difficulty—that which the abundance of incidents presents, though they form the whole richness of the subject. Her frequent excursions to the courts of Spain and of Rome, the multitude of facts, the mutilated episodes, which she introduces in her recital, give embarrassment and confusion to the main action, and cause the reader sometimes to lose sight of it.

To this cursory observation we cannot forbear adding one of yet higher importance; which is, that the fair author is, by no means, exempt from partiality and prejudice; and though she endeavours to be just, a kind of party spirit breaks through, and she yields to the temptation of concealing every foible of her heroine.

Antoine de Bourbon, dissatisfied with the court of France, which refused him the honours due to his exalted rank, was desirous of putting himself at the head of the Protestants, hoping to obtain in them a powerful support. How did Jane act on this occasion? She opposed herself with all her might against the political views of her husband; for, to use the words of Brantome, "She took no pleasure in this new-fangled religion; and I hold it from good authority that she remonstrated with

the King, telling him plainly that she would not ruin herself, nor see their wealth confiscated."—She did more, for she protected the Catholics and only tolerated the Protestants. Such a conduct seems to be the result of a righteous and blameless conscience. Mademoiselle Vauvilliers sees in it only an abominable artifice, and a shameful hypocrisy that she seeks in vain to palliate.—"This conduct," she remarks, "was more the result of sound policy than conviction."—Thus to penetrate into the secret workings of conscience, is to be acquainted with the inmost thoughts of another; and historians do not profess themselves, in general, quite so knowing. But we ask, if Jane was a Protestant in her heart, as Mademoiselle Vauvilliers often repeats, when could she have found a finer opportunity of declaring her real sentiments? In case that she was attached to the reformed religion, it was her interest at that time to have declared it, and that resolution maintained with firmness, might have averted many evils. Antoine, protector of a worship which affected much strictness, would have found himself obliged to ennoble his passions and regulate his manners; remaining in his own dominions, surrounded by the Colignies and the immortal Condé, he would have compelled France to issue edicts of toleration in favour of the new worship, in spite of the Guises, Rome, and Spain. Jane would have kept her weak-minded husband from the seductions of Catherine's court; she would have made him to be respected by his enemies, and mistress of his heart, she would have become that of his will: but the Queen of Navarre was a Catholic, and she fancied herself obliged to observe a conduct totally different. She sent her husband to the court of Medici, she gave him up to all the dangers of temptation, and too soon she found that she had a rival. Antoine forgot his conjugal duties, he forgot those of a King and a father; he changed his religion, and it was only then that Jane, led astray by hatred, jealousy, and vengeance, embraced the persuasion that Antoine had just abjured, and protected the reformed religion which she had before condemned. She not only assembled together the malcontents, but she excited their zeal, encouraged their audacity, and

supported herself by foreign powers. At length, after having pawned her jewels, she had recourse to the wealth of the clergy, which she sold in order to kindle that terrible war which covered France with desolation and ruin. These are facts: Mademoiselle Vauvilliers relates them with a very honourable impartiality, and we cannot see how two actions so opposite to each other can be at all praiseworthy. For ourselves, we can only find in this sudden change of opinion adopted by Jane, the mere result of vengeance and despair, and that a fatal weakness of mind prevented her seeing the terrible consequences that must ensue. She could not imagine, however, that in declaring herself the protectress of the Protestants, and in exciting their audacity, she, most likely, inspired the court of Medici with the first idea of revenging its party by assassinations; that she instigated the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, and armed those hands that were destined to pierce the heart of Henry IV. Thus the best of mothers prepared, unconsciously, the violent death of her son.

If we condemn the ideas of Mademoiselle Vauvilliers, when she wishes to conceal the guilty weakness of Jane, we entirely coincide with her sentiments when she paints her as a tender mother solely occupied with the education of her son. Every one will acknowledge that this education was such as seemed to have inspired J. J. Rousseau with the plan in his first book of *Emilius*. Like the *Emilius* of Rousseau, Henry always went barefooted. His food was of the plainest kind, and coarse: he climbed rugged mountains and trees, and became the cotemporary of his young companions, who were the poorest children in Béarn. What was very remarkable, the young Prince, endowed with the most happy disposition, was so far from obtaining vulgar manners by this, his early mode of education, that he seemed daily to increase in politeness and elegance. The artlessness of his repartees, his easy and unembarrassed air, his lively, open, and noble physiognomy, drew all hearts towards him; it was sufficient only to see him to love him. A courtier of that time writes of him as follows:—"His face is finely formed; his eyes are mild, his complexion brown, and his skin smooth; but all these qualifica-

tions are animated by so striking a vivacity that speaks no common mind. If he is not a favourite with the ladies it will be a pity."—This prediction was but in part verified; for by the fatality of his stars, this great King and amiable man, he who deserved to be loved for himself alone, had never the happiness of finding one female who was faithful to him, if we except his second wife, Mary de Medicis.

We are sorry that our limits will not allow us to cite a few passages so replete with elegance, wherein Mademoiselle Vauvilliers describes the mother with her son: one struck us as peculiarly charming, it is that where Jane d'Albret presents Sully to the young Henry. The whole work is indeed rendered interesting, by the most pleasing details of the infancy, education, and early youth of the good King. She has known how to give an air of novelty to a subject which seemed quite worn out, but which, in this part of her work, may bid defiance to all criticism; and the whole style wants neither ease nor correctness.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Abelard and Heloise, a new and original didactic Poem, containing a familiar history of the lives, loves, and misfortunes of that matchless pair, who flourished in the twelfth century. By Robert Rabalais, the younger.

A work, designed as a proper companion to the *Comfort of Old Age*, is now in the press, called *The Enjoyments of Youth*.

In December will be published *Maternal Conversations*, by Madame Dufrenoy; and *Family Suppers*, or Evening Tales, for young people, by Madame Delafaye.

Angela, a Poem, in four Cantos, by J. H. Church.

BIRTHS.

At Pershore, on her road to London, Lady Lucy Clive, consort of Lord Clive, of a son and heir.

At her house, in Langham-place, the lady of Sir J. Langham, Bart. of a daughter.

In Wimpole-street, the lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville, of a son.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Gomm, of the Coldstream Guards, to Sophia, daughter of G. Penn, Esq. of Hertford-street, May-fair.

At St. Mary's, Islington, by the Rev. Mr. Ross, John, Worms, Esq. of Easton-street, Easton-square, to Miss Bucknall, daughter of Mr. John Bucknall, of Dalby-terrace, Islington.

DIED.

At his father's seat, at Mount-Edgcombe, the Right Hon. William Richard, Viscount Valentort, in his 94th year.

Lately, at Neuviller, near Saverne, in Alsace, Marshal Clarke, Duke of Feltre. He was the descendant of an ancient Irish family, but was born at Landrecy on the 19th of October, 1765.

At East-Sowes Castle, the Count of John Nash, Esq. the lady of Sir S. Romilly. She had borne a long and painful illness with exemplary patience and resignation.

At his house, in Russell-square, Sir Samuel Romilly, Knt.

Lately, at Oporto, at a very advanced age, Donna Anna Correa E. Lancaster, a lady who will be remembered with gratitude and respect by many of the British officers who had occasion to visit the northern part of the kingdom of Portugal, for her partiality to the English nation, and her elegant attentions, as far as her fortune permitted.

At his house, at Lambeth, after a few hours' illness, Samuel Goodbehere, Esq. Alderman of London.

Lately, Cardinal Cambaceres. He was born at Montpellier, on the 11th of September, 1756; and was consecrated Archbishop of Rennes by the Cardinal Legate on the 11th of April, 1802, and installed the 23d of May following.

At Minto-house, in the county of Roxburgh, the Right Hon. W. Elliott, of Wells, M. P.

Lately, at Strachur, Argyleshire, Dr. I. Campbell. On the morning of the day on which he died, he enjoyed excellent health, and had eaten a hearty breakfast.

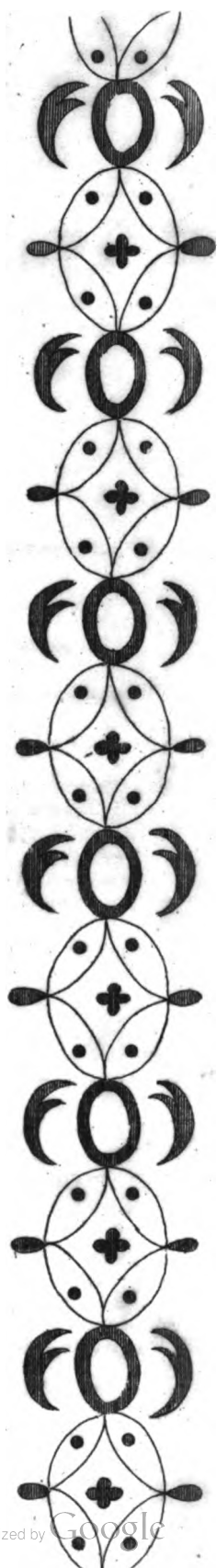
At Montreal, C. Morrison, wife of Mr. John Hall. She complained of slight indisposition, and fell into a state of lethargy, from which every attempt to rouse her proved ineffectual, having slept for the space of thirteen days.

Lately, in the 68th year of his age, Baron Adorbet, member of several academies, and known by his translations of *Virgil* and *Horace*, and several other works considered classical in Sweden.

Lately, Mrs. E. Evans, aged 75, many years housekeeper to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at Carlton-house.



Designed for the Book of the Year, 1900, by the artist.



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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WITH the present Number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLER* is published No. 118, being our annual SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER, containing a *Critical Review of the most distinguished Works of Literature for the year 1818.*

We are sorry to reject Matilda's lines on *A Summer's Day*. If, as she says, we have before inserted her contributions, they must have been more poetical than the above lines.

We would rather wish to throw a veil over the lamented death of a late great and virtuous patriot, than to insert any more elegiac lines on an occasion so awful, and which we never can defend. The *Epicidium* of W. H. A. is taken care of, if he wishes to have it again.

The *New Grammatical Productions*, both French and English, came too late to be noticed, and their review must be deferred to the commencement of the new year.

The favourite Songs of *The Sun that lights the Roses*, and *The Pang of Farewell*, came too late to be reviewed this year.

Our new Correspondent, who desired the *BELLE ASSEMBLER* might be sent to Mr. Wilson's, will find the requested arrangement complied with, at present; it may, however, happen, from the extreme pressure of usual contributions, that we cannot always be able to insert what he may chance to send us.

Edward Wortley, and *The Exile of Scotland*, came too late to be reviewed this year. It shall be noticed as early as possible.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 91, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 92, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, *Weekly Messenger* Office, No. 104, Drury-lane, London.

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JANUARY 1, 1819.



(*M^{rs} M. West.*)
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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

2nd Edition, Improved Edition.

OF THE LIFE AND
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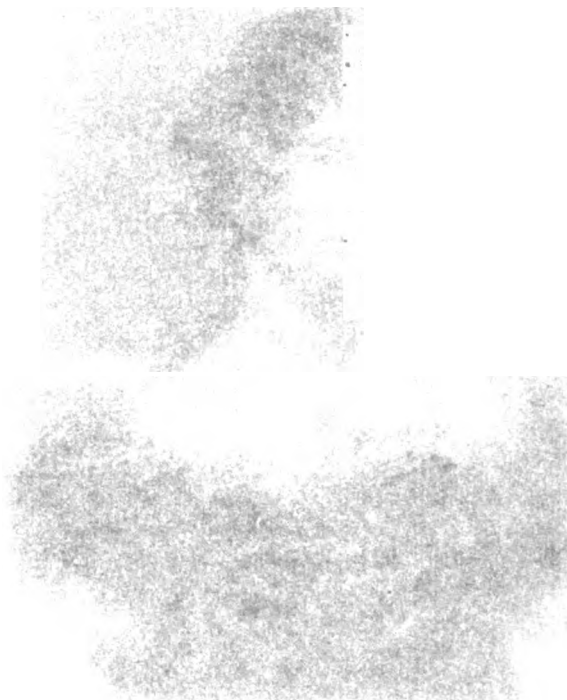
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Published by J. Bell & Co. Jan 2, 1849.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For DECEMBER, 1818.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seventeen.

MRS. WEST.

Mrs. WILLIAM WEST, the subject of these memoirs, is a native of the city of Bath; in which place her father, Mr. Cooke, is a highly respected tradesman. She was born March 22, 1794. And in the year 1810, she was solicited to appear on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Bath, for the benefit of her uncle, Mr. James Cooke, who was at that time a member of the company. She consented, and made her first *début* as *Miss Hardcastle*, in Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*. She again made a second essay for the benefit of her relation, the season following, in *A. s. ily Tempest*. This effort, like the former, was crowned with complete success. In the summer of 1811 she accepted an engagement with the late Mr. Watson, of the Cheltenham and Gloucester Theatres; where, after remaining one season, so great was the progress she made in her profession, that through the interest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble, she obtained an engagement at Covent Garden; and made her *début* before a London audience, September 1811, as *Desdemona*.

Her success was highly flattering; she afterwards performed *Miranda*, in *The Tempest*, *Julia* in *The Rivals*, &c. But not finding herself brought sufficiently before the public, after remaining two seasons

at Covent-Garden, she quitted that Theatre and entered into an engagement with the late Mr. H. Siddons, and appeared at Edinburgh, Nov. 10, 1814, as *Juliet*, where she received the most unprecedented approbation, and which character she repeated more than twelve nights in the course of the season.

In this city she was married to Mr. West of the same Theatre, who, when a child, performed the juvenile characters at the Theatres Royal, Drury-Lane and Haymarket. During the summer of 1815, they received proposals from the proprietors of the Bath and Bristol Theatres, where they for three seasons met with the warmest marks of approbation in their different casts of characters (Mr. West's line of acting is simple lads and country boys).

In the summer of 1818, Mrs. West was engaged by Mr. S. Kemble, and appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre, Sept. 17th, in *Desdemona*. She has since performed *Belvidera*, *Juliet*, *Lady Townly*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Imogene*, and *Hermione*, in *The Distressed Mother*.

Previous to the marriage of Mrs. West, she was always accompanied in her professional excursions by her mother; and her private character has been ever highly and justly appreciated.

H h 2

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 197.)

In the reign of Charles I. the Psalms were paraphrased by Mr. George Sandys, an ancestor of Lord Sandys, and better versified than they ever were before, or have been since; they were set by Henry Lawes, whose melodies were much inferior to the poetry, which deserved better: they were set in three parts by him and his brother to very florid counterpoint.

Since that time the parochial tunes have been so firmly established that it would be difficult to prevail on the whole nation to admit new melodies, by whosoever composed. Some of our diligent organists, however, compose, and prevail on the congregation to have new tunes, both to the old and new version.

In the time of Elizabeth, though choral music had been cultivated by several able harmonists before Tallis and Bird, yet few of those compositions, anterior to those two masters, have been preserved. Tallis was Bird's master, and one of the greatest masters in Europe during the sixteenth century. He was born in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.: he was organist of that monarch's royal chapel, as he was of that of Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. In the reign, however, of Henry and his daughter Mary, when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, the organ was usually played by monks.

The melody of the cathedral service was first adjusted to English words by Marbeck, but it was Tallis that enriched it with harmony: this harmony is admirable. This venerable musician died in November, 1585, and was buried in the old parish church of Greenwich, in Kent: but the old church having been pulled down in the year 1720, no memorial remains of any illustrious character interred there before that period.

Bird, that admirable scholar of Tallis, shewed a superiority of composition to every other competitor both in texture and design: his melodies were lively, and are, even at this time, regarded as airy and

cheerful: had he lived at a later age his genius would, no doubt, have expanded in works of invention, elegance, and taste. But the harmony in old tunes, especially for keyed instruments, was then crowded into what the fingers could possibly grasp, and all the rapid divisions of time they could execute. Indeed the melodies of all the rest of Europe had no other model than the chants of the church till the cultivation of the musical drama.

In the *Monthly Miscellany* of one of our numbers, we gave a description of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book. There is another manuscript collection of Bird's compositions now in existence, which is *Lady Nevil's Music Book*. It is a thick quarto, very splendidly bound and gilt, with the family arms beautifully emblazoned and illuminated on the first page, and the initials H. N. at the lowest left hand corner. The music is well written in large bold characters, with great neatness, on four-staved paper, of six lines, by Jo. Baldwine, a singing man of Windsor, and a celebrated copyist in Queen Elizabeth's time. The notes, both white and black, are of the lozenge form. Lady Nevil was Bird's scholar, and he composed several pieces expressly for her Ladyship.

It will be some gratification, no doubt, to the curious reader, who reflects that those royal fingers are now mouldered into dust which formerly touched the keys of harmony, often played over the following celebrated airs with infinite skill, a few of which we now present to our fair readers, as they stand in the Virginal Book of the once renowned Elizabeth:—*The March before the Battal; The Hunt's upp; Will you walk the woods ere you die; The Maiden's Song*, composed in 1590; *How with you to Walsingham; The Curlew's Whistle; Hugh Ashton's Grounds; and Sellinger's Round.*

Morley, another celebrated musician, composed the music to the burial service, as it still continues to be sung at West-

minster Abbey on solemn occasions; he was the first who composed the burial service music after the reformation: it is grand and pleasing, and causes the words to be well expressed. The sentence, "He fleeth as it were a shadow," is exquisitely fine.

The English were not at first taught to admire Italian music by the sweetness of the language to which it was set, but by Italian madrigals, literally translated into English, adjusted to original music, and published by N. Yonge, 1588. The editor was an Italian merchant, who having opportunities of obtaining from his correspondents the newest and best compositions from the Continent, had them frequently performed at his house for the entertainment of his musical friends. These being chiefly selected from the works of Palestrina, Luca Marenzio, and other celebrated masters on the Continent, gave birth to that passion for madrigals which afterwards became so prevalent.

Lyric poetry was in a wretched state in England at the time these madrigals were translated; and making allowance for that, these sonnets were really tolerably executed, even before Spencer or Shakespeare. The Italians, themselves, had but little rhythm or melody in their music; but still their poetry, having been longer cultivated, was far superior to ours: their traits of melody were better marked and more airy. The following is a specimen of a very favourite madrigal, called *The Nightingale*:—

"But my poore hart with sorrowes over swelling,
"Through bondage vyle, binding my freedom short,

"No pleasure takes in these his sports ex-cel-ling,

"Nor of his song receiveth no comfort."

In 1597, Yonge published a second collection of madrigals, and the following Bacchanalian song is not devoid of wit and humour:—

"The wine that I so dearly got,
"Sweetly sipping, my eyes hath bleared;
"And the more I am bar'd the pot,
"The more to drink my thirst is steered.
"Ere since my heart is cheered,
"Maugre ill luck and spitefull slanders,
"Mine eyes shall not be my commanders;
"For I maintaine, and ever shall,
"Better the windows hide the dangers,
"Than to speil both house and all."

Instrumental music had made but a small progress towards that perfection to which it has since arrived. The lute and the virginal were the only two instruments for which any tolerable music had, as yet, been composed. The violin was but little known, for, indeed, many of the English were ignorant both of its form and name. Viols of different kinds, with six strings, and fretted like the guitar, were admitted into chamber concerts; at those that were public their sound was too feeble. We may easily judge of the poor state of music in Henry VIII.'s time, in the year 1530, when Holinshed informs us of a masque being given at Cardinal Wolsey's palace, where the King was entertained with a concert of drums and fifes. This music was, however, soft compared with that of his daughter Elizabeth, who used, according to Henxner, to be regaled during dinner with twelve trumpets, and two kettle-drums; which, together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together.

The lute, of which the shape and sound are now scarcely known, was the favourite instrument for two centuries. Congreve celebrates the playing of Mrs. Arabella Hunt on this instrument; and Sir Thomas Wyatt left us a *Sonnet to his Lute*, which we published among our *Fugitive Poetry*, in a preceding Number.

Choral compositions, madrigals, and songs in that style, always of many parts, formed the only vocal music in favour in the time of Elizabeth. The art of singing only consisted in keeping tune and time: taste, rhythm, accent, and grace, were not to be found. The music was grounded on church music, where the innovations of taste would offend; therefore the modulations of the sixteenth century, though they had a fine and solemn effect in the church music of that time, are not accommodated to the modern student, as the most agreeable keys in music are precluded. In our cathedral service some of the words are uttered too rapidly, while others are protracted to an unreasonable length: there is a certain degree of simplicity in choral music that is requisite to render it the voice of devotion, which seems to demand a full, clear, and articulate pronunciation of the different words.

During the sixteenth century, at the appearance of Palestina's works, the Italians certainly gave instructions in counterpoint to all the rest of Europe. Gafforis of Lodi shone eminent, and opened a school of music in his native town, whence he formed many excellent scholars. In the year 1501 he wrote a work which, though difficult, became absolutely requisite for the understanding the ancient authors. Two dialogues on music, by Dentice, a Neapolitan gentleman, were published at Rome, in 1553. Their subject turns on musical proportions, and on the modes of the ancients. It appears by this dialogue, that vocal performers were not then accompanied by a band, but each sang to his own instrument. The author says, "There are very few musicians who sing to their instruments that have entirely satisfied me; as they have almost all some defect of intonation, utterance, accompaniment, execution of divisions, or manner of diminishing and swelling the voice occasionally; in which particulars both art and nature must conspire to render a performer perfect."

It may be seen by this conversation that much art and refinement were expected from vocal performers besides the mere singing in time and tune: and that the cultivation of music in Naples was exquisite, and held in the highest estimation. During the sixteenth century the musical theorists of Italy employed themselves in subtle divisions of the scale; this mania also extended itself to practical musicians, who were desirous of astonishing the world by their superior skill and science: the inquiry was vain, and only served to impede the progress of modern music. In 1555, Vincentino published a work at Rome with the following title, *Ancient Music reduced to Modern Practice*, to which he added an account of a newly invented instrument for the most perfect performance of music, with many musical secrets.

The change in musical modes has continued to our time, and will, no doubt, continue. For, as Dr. Burney remarks, "Melody being a child of fancy and imagination, will submit to no theory, or laws of reason or philosophy; and, therefore, like love, will always continue in childhood."

It seems that the records of the Pontifical chapel were destroyed at the burning of Rome, in 1527, by the army of the Emperor Charles V. which has caused much confusion in the entry of the composers and singers' names, till the time of Palestina. Among them we find not only Netherlanders but Spaniards.

We are informed by Tassoni, that James the First, King of Scotland, was not only a composer of sacred music, but that he was the inventor of a new species of plaintive melody, different from all others; in which it is said he was imitated by the Prince of Venosa, who embellished music with many admirable inventions. Our present great theorists, and best writers on music, declare themselves, however, incapable of discovering the least similarity between the Caledonian airs and the madrigals of the Prince of Venosa, who was perpetually straining at original expression and modulation; his panegyrists, perhaps, were more dazzled by his rank than his merit.

The Lombard school furnishes an ample list of eminent musicians, whose compositions are still extant. Father Costanzo Porta was the author of eighteen different works for the church; he died in 1601. In his faculty he very much resembled our English composer Tallis, and flourished at the same time, in the reign of Henry VIII. His style is rather artificial and elaborate.

The oldest melodies to Italian words are preserved at Florence: they consist of a collection of sacred songs: for the performance of which a society subsisted so late as 1789, and may still subsist; and which society was formed in 1310.

The Carnival songs were sung through the streets of Florence in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent. At that gay and happy period the organist of the Duomo, at Florence, stood high in the Prince's favour, and was beloved by all his fellow citizens. His name was Antonio Squarcialuppi; and in the year 1770, his monument was seen in the cathedral of Florence, erected by his fellow citizens to his memory. The illustrious Tuscan, Lorenzo il Magnifico, is said to have died in the act of playing on the lute, in 1494.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

WHEN General Bonaparte took Berlin, nothing would satisfy him but he must sleep in the royal palace; and such was the height of his vanity that nothing would content him but the royal nuptial bed itself! Even his Mamaluke was placed on another royal couch, in the room adjoining to his; which was the same the Emperor Alexander occupied when he visited Berlin. The French General and his associates stript the palace of all the best paintings, and the very throne, in the audience room, could not escape the cupidity of this magnanimous conqueror; it was entirely stripped of the gold and silver ornaments with which it was richly decorated.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE Great Frederic was one day writing at his table, when his Majesty, the present King of Prussia, then about three years of age, was playing at ball in Frederic's apartment; the ball accidentally fell upon the old King's inkstand, and upset it. Frederic was angry with the little Prince, and ordered him to *C Coventry* in a corner of the room; the Prince refused to submit, and when asked why he did not obey? he replied, "The descendant of Frederic will never consent to be punished for such a trifle."

THE TWO HIGHLANDERS.

THERE are now, or at least were a few years ago, living at the village of Three Rivers, Canada, two venerable Highlanders, who fought in the opposite armies at the battle of Culloden, which terminated the Scotch rebellion of 1745-6. Their names are Sinclair and Macdonald. The latter fought under the banners of the Pretender, and on the final defeat of the unfortunate Charles Edward, escaped from Scotland, and ultimately settled in Canada. Sinclair fought in the regiment called the Fraser Highlanders, attached to the royal forces. This corps formed a part of Wolfe's army, which invaded Canada, and on the peace of 1763, he left the regiment and settled at

Three Rivers. Both of them were private soldiers at home; but in Canada they acquired handsome properties by hard and honest industry, and their children have intermarried with the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of the province. They are hospitable to all strangers, especially to the Scotch, but will not call them by any other name than North Britons, as having been born since the Union with England, which they deplore as the extinction of their nation. They also live on the best terms, and never meet without a hearty shake of the hand, but daily jeer each other, the one on the signal defeat of *the rebels* at Culloden, and the other on his friend's abandonment of their *legitimate Prince*, to serve the *recreants*. It is remarkable that Macdonald, the soldier of Stuart, dresses in the English fashion of last century, and that Sinclair, the soldier of Cumberland, most religiously adheres to the costume of a Highland laird of the seventeenth century. They are each about one hundred years of age, and are very fine specimens of the hard features and athletic forms of the Highlanders at the days of other years. Sinclair, especially, with his decorated bonnet and ample plaid, seated at the door of his neat and hospitable mansion, quaffing the Indian leaf, is an object of peculiar interest to every person who visits the beautiful village of the Three Rivers; and when they depart this life, there will be a blank in its society that no addition can fill to equal advantage.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL IRETON.

THE famous General Ireton, who took so active a part in the persecution and death of King Charles I. was unquestionably the most artful, dark, and deliberate man of all the republicans, by whom he was revered as a soldier, a statesman, and a saint; when he died, his body was laid in state in Somerset-House. The room was hung in black, and an escutcheon was placed over the gate of this palace, with this motto:—*Dulce est pro patria mori*; which a wag thus Englished—"It is good for his country that he is dead."

ANECDOTE OF KING CHARLES I. AND
LORD FALKLAND.

KING Charles I. being at Oxford during the civil war, went one day to visit the public library. Among other books he was shewn a very beautiful impression of Virgil. Lord Falkland, who waited on his Majesty, thinking to amuse him, proposed his consulting the *Sortes Virgilianæ* on his fortune. It is well known our ancestors were much addicted to this sort of superstition. The King smiled, and opened the book, and the first passage that occurred was this—"Et bello audacia," &c. *Æneid*, lib. iv. Which runs in English thus:—"That, conquered by a warlike people, driven from his states, separated from his son Ascanius, he should be forced to go and beg foreign succour, that he should see his associates massacred before his eyes; that, after making a shameful peace, he should neither enjoy his kingdom nor his life; that he should meet with an untimely death; and that his body should for ever be deprived of a sepulchre."—The King shewed much uneasiness at this prediction, and Falkland perceiving it, was in a hurry to consult himself the lot, in hopes of hitting upon some passage that did not relate to his situation, and might divert his Majesty's thoughts to other objects.

Opening the book himself, he found the regrets of Evander for the untimely death of his son:—"Non hæc, O Pallas, dederas," &c. *Æneid*, lib. xii.—"O Pallas, thou didst promise not to expose thyself imprudently to the danger of war. Is it thus thou hast kept thy promise? Well did I know how much the passion of its glory in its birth animates a young man, and how far the pleasure of signalizing himself in a first battle may hurry him. Lamentable essay! Fatal initiation in the science of arms! Alas! all the Gods have been deaf to my solicitations."—Lord Falkland was Secretary of State, was present at the first battle of Newberry, and vigorously charging the rebel cavalry, was killed at the age of thirty-four."

ANECDOTE OF FREDERIC PRINCE OF
WALES, FATHER OF GEORGE III.

THE following circumstance, not so generally known as many actions of the distinguished personage of whom it is told are,

is said to have furnished the author of a sentimental comedy with the situation in which he has placed two persons of the drama. During the late reign, when the Prince of Wales held his court at Kew, a young lady of the name of Malyn was desperately in love with the heir apparent: and she took such pains to make him know it, that it would have been impossible it should have escaped him. She walked the gardens early and late, constantly crossed him in his perambulations; and once, on seeing him alone in one of those little excursions on the banks of the river, she fell down as if in a fit, which being perceived by the Prince, he ran to her, raised her up, and inquired the reason of her disorder. After a flood of tears, she was open, or weak enough, to disclose the affection she had conceived for his Highness; and as her person was attractive, she did not hesitate to confess a compliance with every wish that the royal youth might expect from such a declaration. After a modest salute, he begged her to return home to her friends, consoling her in the best manner his imagination could suggest; and promised the next morning to send her his thoughts on the matter, and a plan for her conduct in future. He was as good as his word; for a messenger was sent the next day with the following note:—"Your beauty of person and frankness of temper have charmed me: so fair an outside cannot but cherish the chastest ideas; the regard of an amiable woman cannot but prove agreeable to the most exalted stations. The situation of us both require we should nip in the bud those rising passions which can have their end only in disgrace. An honourable connection is impossible; and I could never think of contributing to injure one whose only fault is her being too lovely."—It is added of the Prince, that he immediately left Richmond, and for two months avoided the place. The captivated female soon forgot her hopeless passion and was afterwards married to a Captain of foot.

ANECDOTE OF A DUTCH POSTILLION.

GEORGE II. in one of his trips to Hanover, was passing through Holland; and not having his own horses with him, he had his carriage drawn by post-horses: one of

the postboys, of the true Dutch make, suffered his horses to go at a very gentle pace, while with his flint and steel he was striking fire to light his pipe. The King, who wished to get to his journey's end as expeditiously as possible, called out to the fellow to drive faster. The Dutchman, without deigning even to look back at his Majesty, just laid his whip across the off horse, and continued to smoke his pipe. The King, out of all patience at the phlegm of the driver, called out in a great passion to him, and threatened to cane him if he did not drive faster: upon this the postillion, taking his pipe from his mouth, and very deliberately striking it upon his thumb nail to get out the dust, turned to the King, and with all the *sagfroid* imaginable said, "I am going at a very good pace; and I could not drive your Majesty faster if you was even the *Burgomaster of Amsterdam*." This curious insinuation, that plainly shew-

ed the Dutchman thought a King of Great Britain a much less consequential person than a magistrate of Amsterdam, made George burst into a fit of laughter, and he suffered his driver to go his own pace, without giving him any further trouble.

FRENCH GRATITUDE.

A wine merchant, residing in the Dom-Platz, at Salzburg, infected with revolutionary principles, and wishing to ingratiate himself into favour with the French, gave them a hearty welcome, and on their arrival presented them with several hog-heads of wine, for which he would receive no recompence. This act of liberality was appreciated as it deserved. When the enemy were compelled to quit the town, they returned the kindness of the wine merchant by staving several hog-heads of wine and overflowing the streets with their contents!

SKETCHES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

If ever a model of benevolence appeared in a form all human, it was in that of Mr. Howard. The history of his life is full of variety. His was not a theoretic benevolence, confined to the contemplations of his own mind, or to the sanctuary of his own family. Attached, as he was, with all the fervour of his fine nature to the dearer charities of home, he still had a bosom large enough for all mankind. He felt for their miseries, and, as far as his single exertions could go, he laboured to relieve them. He visited them in prisons, in hospitals, in cottages, at home and abroad. No personal inconvenience, no pecuniary expence, no pursuit of business or of pleasure had power to retard him in his singular career. He traversed many countries, and in all left proofs of his godlike mind. Distinctions of language, of faith, and of manners, were to his view no grounds of peculiar sympathy or aversion. None were aliens to his mind who wore the human form. The world was his country: and wherever calamity bowed down his fellow creature, he loved to be near him, to console him, and, if possible, to rescue him. The me-

moirs of such a man have topics of interest, not merely for the people among whom he was born, but for every assemblage of society, who revere and would wish to imitate his illustrious virtues. The view of the character and public services of Mr. Howard, written by his friend Dr. Aikin, and published soon after his death, contains much authentic information. It is, however, if we may be allowed the metaphor, but a miniature of that great man, and the want of a full length portrait has long been lamented by the friends of Howard, and of humanity. That desideratum Mr. Baldwin Brown, of the Temple, has undertaken to supply. He has, with great labour, and, we may add, with remarkable skill, compiled from various sources a large quarto volume, in which the early life of Mr. Howard, as far as it is known, the numerous benevolent occupations of his maturer years, and the retirement of his season of decline, are described in an ample and satisfactory manner. The author, in his preface, recounts the names of several respectable and learned persons who gave him new and useful materials for his undertaking, and expresses himself as particularly

indebted to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, with whom the idea of the work originated. We have no reason, therefore, to doubt the authenticity of any part of these memoirs; and as the book may not possibly reach the hands of many of our readers, we are sure they will be gratified with some account of the volume.

The time of Mr. Howard's birth, singular as it may seem, the author, with all his anxious research, was not able to ascertain precisely. From the best information, it appears that the philanthropist was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, the well known village adjoining to London. His father having amassed a considerable fortune in the business of an upholsterer, which he carried on in Long-lane, Smithfield, removed to Clapton, where he lived in retirement. The boy, soon after his birth, was sent to Cardington, near Bedford, to be nursed by a cottager there, who lived upon a small farm of his father's. This farm was then the only property his father had in that village, but it afterwards became the favourite residence of Mr. Howard, when, by the increase of his patrimony, he was enabled to purchase in its neighbourhood. Mr. Howard's father was a dissenter, of Calvinistic principles, or rather an Independent, and of course he entrusted the education of his son to a tutor professing those religious opinions which he himself entertained, but of whose qualifications for his office Mr. Howard, late in his after-life, expressed no very high opinion. From the care of this tutor, whose academy was at Hertford, young Howard was removed (though it does not appear at what age) to a school of a superior description in London, which was under the direction of Mr. John Eames. Amongst his fellow pupils there, was the late celebrated Dr. Price. The subject of these memoirs having been destined by his father for a commercial life, paid less attention to the Greek or Roman page than he did to arithmetic, and hence it is easy to account for the incorrectness of style in his writings, and for his very superficial acquaintance with foreign languages. After he left school, he was apprenticed to Mr. Newnham, grandfather to the late Alderman Newnham, a large

wholesale grocer in the city. But his father dying before his apprenticeship expired, his ill state of health, combined with a distaste for a line of life upon which he, no doubt, entered in compliance with a parent's wishes, rather than to gratify his own inclination, he gladly embraced the opportunity afforded by his coming of age, to make arrangements with his master for the purchase of the remainder of his time. By his father's will he was not to come into the possession of his fortune until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of seven thousand pounds, in addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, and the moiety of his books, besides being named sole residuary legatee in the event of his attaining to the age prescribed for the full enjoyment of so ample an inheritance. His sister, who with himself constituted the whole of the testator's family, on reaching the same age, was to receive the sum of eight thousand pounds as her portion of his personal estate, together with the other moiety of his books, and nearly the whole of the jewels and wardrobe of her mother and her step-mother.

The executors of this will were Mr. Lawrence Channing, the husband of the testator's sister; Mr. Ivo Whitbread, of Cardington, his first cousin; and Mr. Lewis Cholmley, a Blackwell-hall factor, who was one of his most intimate friends, and also some distant relation to his first wife, the mother of the children whose persons and property were committed to the joint guardianship of these gentlemen, until they attained the age of twenty-one. But as the subject of these memoirs, even at an early period of his life, was remarkable for prudence and discretion, a considerable part of the management of the estate to which he was the sole heir, was entrusted to his most immediate management, particularly the superintendence of those repairs in the house at Clapton, which the parsimony of its late possessor had rendered necessary. He went there for this purpose every other day; and a venerable old man, who had been gardener to his father for many years, and who continued in that situation until the son let the house, would, in the year 1794, when he had attained the age of sixty

years, take great pleasure in relating, as an instance of his young master's punctuality and goodness of disposition, that he never failed to be at the long buttressed wall, which separated the garden from the road, just as the baker's cart was going past, when he would purchase a loaf, throw it over the wall, and, on entering the garden, good-humouredly say, "Harry, look among the cabbages, you will find something for your family."—To some readers (says the anonymous author of the life of Mr. Howard, upon whose authority this early proof of his kindness to his inferiors, and consideration for the wants of the industrious poor, is here inserted) this anecdote may appear trifling: others will be pleased with the first traces of youthful benevolence in a character, which, at a more advanced period of life, became the admiration of the world. It is for the latter description of persons alone, I would add, that these memoirs are written.

The interest of the money bequeathed to him by his father, was sufficient to enable him, soon after leaving the warehouse of Mr. Newnham, to set out upon his travels to France and Italy, where he met with objects much more congenial to his taste than the hogsheds and the ledgers, which he most cheerfully left behind him in Watling-street. In this tour he either acquired, or strengthened that taste for the fine arts, which induced him, during his earlier travels (for in his latter ones he had more noble objects to attend to), not only to embrace with eagerness every opportunity of contemplating with the eye of an ardent, if not of an enthusiastic admirer, the most finished specimen of the magic skill of their ablest professors, in ancient and in modern times, but, as far as his comparatively limited means would allow, of becoming himself the possessor of some of the productions of their creative genius. It must have been during these travels that he obtained those paintings of the foreign masters, and other works of art, collected upon the Continent, with which he afterwards embellished his favourite seat at Cardington; for when he had once entered upon the execution of his great scheme of universal benevolence, it so completely absorbed all the energies of his mind that he

never suffered himself, for a moment, to be diverted from carrying it into effect, even by the most attractive of those objects which formerly possessed all their most powerful influence upon his curiosity and his taste.

How long he continued absent from his native country is uncertain, though it was most probable not more than a year or two. Soon after his return, the delicate state of his health induced him to take lodgings at Stoke Newington, where he lived a life of leisure, though not of idleness, spending his time in the manner in which a man of fortune, whose religious principles and natural inclination alike prevented his plunging into any of the fashionable dissipations of the day, may be supposed to spend it. Some considerable portion of his leisure hours he there devoted to the improvement of his mind, and engaged, amongst other pursuits, in the study of some of the less abstract branches of natural philosophy, and of the theory of medicine; of which he acquired sufficient knowledge to be of the most essential service to him in his future travels, upon those errands of mercy, which exposed him, in so peculiar a manner, to the danger of infection from contagious diseases. From the example of his parents, and the care bestowed upon his education, he had early imbibed those principles of piety, which never forsook him during the whole course of his active and most useful life. From principle, from habit, and from education, he was a dissenter; as it respects church discipline, an independent—in doctrine, a moderate Calvinist. The congregation with which he first associated in church fellowship was that of the independent denomination, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Meredith Townsend, now under that of the Rev. Thomas Mitchell, formerly of Leicester. Of this church he was regularly admitted a member, but at what precise period of life I have not been able to ascertain; the earlier records of the proceedings of the church still flourishing there, if any such were at that time kept, having been mislaid or destroyed; and notwithstanding his subsequent residence in distant parts of the country, he seems never to have dissolved the connexion. Whilst regularly worship-

ping with this congregation, he set on foot a subscription for the purchase of a house for the residence of the minister, to which he himself generously contributed upwards of fifty pounds. But his liberality was not confined to those to whom he was bound by the tie of Christian fellowship, in this religious association. During the period of his life in which he resided at Stoke Newington, he gave away a very considerable portion of his income in deeds of charity to those who appealed to his benevolence, or whom his ever active philanthropy sought out as fit objects of his bounty;—remembering, as he did, in the distribution of all his alms, the words of the Lord Jesus, how that he said “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

His medical attendants considering his constitution much inclinable to the consumptive, put him upon a very rigorous dietetic regimen, which is said by one of his biographers to have “laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratifications of the palate which ever after so much distinguished him.” He was also, about this time, a frequent visitant at Bristol hot-wells, and made several excursions to different parts of the kingdom for the benefit of his health, which was then suffering under the continued depression of a species of nervous fever, and of a general weakness of the whole system. But notwithstanding these precautions, he was attacked with a severe fit of illness, whilst lodging in the house of Mrs. Sarah Loidore, a widow lady of small independent property, residing in Church-street, Newington, to whose apartments he had removed in consequence of not meeting with the attention he thought he had a right to expect from the person beneath whose roof he had taken up his abode, as a lodger, on his first coming to live in this village. Whilst here, he experienced, on the part of his landlady, so many marks of kind attention during his sickness, that, upon his recovery, he was

induced, from a grateful recollection of her kindness, contrasted with the utter want of it in his former residence, to make her an offer of his hand in marriage, though she was twice his age, extremely sickly, and very much his inferior in point of fortune. Against this unexpected proposal the lady made many remonstrances, principally upon the ground of the great disparity in their ages; but Mr. Howard being firm to his purpose, the union took place, it is believed, in the year 1752, he being then in about the twenty-fifth year of his age, and his bride in her fifty-second. Upon this occasion he behaved with a liberality which seems to have been inherent in his nature, by settling the whole of his wife's little independence upon her sister.

The marriage thus singularly contracted, was productive of mutual satisfaction to the parties who entered into it. Mrs. Howard was a woman of excellent character, amiable in her disposition, sincere in her piety, endowed with a good mental capacity, and forward in exercising its powers in every good word and work. Her husband, whilst she lived, uniformly expressed himself happy in the choice he had made; and when, between two and three years after their marriage, the connexion was dissolved by her death, he was a sincere mourner for the loss he had sustained in her removal. She was buried in a vault, in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Whitechapel; where Mr. Howard caused a handsome tomb-stone to be erected to her memory, bearing the following simple, but appropriate inscription:—

Here lies the Body
Of SARAH HOWARD,
Wife of JOHN HOWARD, Esquire, of
Stoke Newington,
In the County of Middlesex,
Who died the 10th of November, 1755,
Aged 54,
In hopes of a joyful Resurrection,
Thro' the merit of JESUS CHRIST.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER'S PORTE-FOLIO;

CONSISTING OF INTERESTING ARTICLES FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLIC JOURNALS, &c. &c.

HANNIBAL, BUONAPARTE, SCIPIO, AND WELLINGTON.

THE first place in the admiration of mankind has been uniformly assigned to illustrious warriors. The traditions and poetry of uncivilized nations elevate them far above the standard of humanity; and, in periods of the highest culture, they are usually honoured more than other men. It has been attempted particularly in our age, to repress this feeling, but without any material effect; and it would be a most alarming symptom of the times, had the attempt succeeded. A nation, which meets great services with envy or even lukewarmness, has undergone an alarming change in its character, or, at least, has no right to calculate upon the duration of its power. It is at the same time evident that no community is secure against the visitations of war; and, until the political millennium arrive, when, of course, ambition and violence are to have an end, the man, who is able to excite and direct the energies of his country is entitled to a very high place in her estimation. It is the abuse of great talents for war, by which humanity is outraged, and has filled the world with desolation. But the misapplication of genius of every kind has always produced great crimes: and are great powers of mind, because they may be turned to bad purposes, to be considered as rather pernicious than useful? Such an inference will have the assent of very few; and, indeed, the highest veneration is due to those talents for war, by which the glory of a country is raised, and its security confirmed. No system of policy, however enlarged and humane, can have a permanent character, when it is liable to be disturbed from abroad; and a perfect pacific system would have the splendour and frailty of a palace of ice, which melts under the fierce sun of invasion. We are far from advocating war as preferable to peace; but what we insist upon is this, that, without skill in the former, there is no security for repose. As long as aggression is possible, and governments are ambitious, the best interests

of a state—its wealth, honour, freedom, and tranquillity, are at the mercy of every ambitious and powerful neighbour, unless it cultivate the military art, and confer eminent rewards on such as excel in it. It would be a most pernicious error to try to undervalue the species of talent necessary to national defence; and the more a people are rich and well governed, the higher they ought to rate an art, by which the advantages of their situation may be protected against external violence. A meretricious humanity has been working itself into consequence in our time; which will account for the horror its followers affect to feel against war, however just or unavoidable; whilst they appear to be utterly insensible to the long train of misery and disgrace that might arise from a timid and inglorious course of policy.

The choice of war or peace does not depend upon any community. Its repose is generally affected by the character of a neighbouring government; and it has no other means of averting the effects of injustice or envy, but by being always prepared to meet and retaliate an aggression. The more it abounds in wealth, the more it provokes rapacity; and even its freedom may be a ground of quarrel. Should it combine with these advantages a want of proficiency in the science of war, it would incur an additional risk of invasion. It is well known that there are perilous emergencies, with which courage alone, or even the highest patriotism, is not competent to cope. Even martial institutions are not in every instance a sufficient protection; and it is genius alone, or the phenomenon of a great general, that can save the state from the unspeakable calamities of conquest. Rome, when her love of country, courage, and fame in war were at their highest point of elevation, ran great risk of having her name expunged from the list of nations, because she could not oppose to the Carthaginian leader one of as consummate ability. Had Scipio, who changed the fortunes of the war, appeared at its commencement, what

a series of calamities might his country have avoided. During that long contest, and the disorders of a war at home, were sown the germs of those civil commotions, which at last proved fatal to the liberties and morals of that illustrious commonwealth. Sparta, though her institutions were eminently martial, sank for ever under the genius of the mighty Theban. In our own time the great military states of the Continent have been overrun by the French with the rapidity and desolation of a torrent; because they had no general capable of contending with Buonaparte. France triumphed, as long as her hero was unrivalled: at last Wellington, like Scipio, turned the tide of invasion.

We cannot conceive a more base or pernicious attempt than that, which has been recently gaining ground, of undervaluing the services and abilities of those extraordinary men, who have rescued their country from imminent danger, and given its name a higher place in the scroll of fame. The storm, which convulsed the world, is now hushed; but the elements are not extinguished; and who can presume to say, that we shall not again want the powerful mind and arm, that assuaged its fury. To check this spirit, we shall occasionally allude to such military occurrences, as constitute a memorable epoch in history, as well as to the generals who had most influence on those transactions. They will at least have the merit of establishing a great and salutary truth, that justice, where every thing else is balanced, is eminently conducive to success; and that well regulated freedom is one of the main foundations of public safety. We shall for our present purpose take two examples, one from ancient time, and another from our own, which have had a signal effect on the fate of the world, and are marked by the appearance of four generals of the most singular genius for war. The periods are the second Carthaginian war, and that which France waged in our time against the rest of Europe. The personages are Hannibal, Scipio, Buonaparte, and Wellington. There is considerable resemblance in many points between Hannibal and Buonaparte, as there is between Scipio and Wellington. The two former, after a long course of the most splendid success, lost all in a single battle, and became fugi-

tives. The latter rescued their country from the greatest danger to which they had been ever exposed: and, chiefly by the force of their personal character. Upon the death of Marcellus at Nola, and of General Moore at Corunna, almost every hope of successfully opposing the enemy was extinguished. They both signalized themselves by the deliverance of the Spanish Peninsula, previously to the great events which terminated the long and obstinate conflict.

England has been frequently compared to Carthage, though there was nothing to justify the comparison, but the solitary circumstance of one having been the greatest naval and commercial state of the old world, as the other is of the present time. But here the resemblance terminates. In every thing else the English character is essentially different from that handed down to us of the Carthaginians. The proverbial want of good faith; the giddiness in the use of liberty; the horrible cruelty and ingratitude to their Generals, as well as their ferocity in times of civil commotion, would apply with much greater force to the character of the French, particularly when these were in the habit of making the comparison, than to the English. Had it been said that there existed great affinity in the character of the Romans and that of the English, the assertion would be much more correct. We can discover in both an invincible spirit of liberty, an extraordinary perseverance in enterprise, an unbending fortitude under difficulties, as well as great probity in their transactions. The defects of the Carthaginians have been no doubt exaggerated by the incensed and partial historians of Rome. The French have cause to complain of equal injustice on the part of their former opponents. But there was much truth in the charges brought against both; and their characters do not seem to us to be as estimable as that of their rivals. This remark applies still more strongly to the illustrious men, who commanded their armies at those two memorable periods.

In a moral point of view, Hannibal can stand no competition with Scipio. The same may be justly said of Buonaparte, as compared with Wellington. The French General has been guilty of many wastes and impolitic atrocities, which clouded the lustre of his great actions, and were the

chief cause of his overwhelming reverse. His rival waged war in the spirit of the best times; and to the confidence which his probity inspired, Wellington owed a large share of his success. Hannibal is accused of the grossest perfidy; and this vice was probably the cause of his having failed in an enterprise, the boldest and most ably conducted that is recorded in history. If this opinion be correct, it offers a signal proof of the utility of good faith. For our own part, we have not the faintest doubt, that justice is absolutely necessary to permanent prosperity. The contrary quality may prosper for a time, but its final miscarriage is generally the more marked; and it consoles us amidst the many disorders and violences of the political world, to see that crime rarely escapes discomfiture and punishment. Hannibal possessed in an incomparable degree the qualities of a soldier and a statesman, and he nevertheless failed, through his bad faith and cruelty, in an enterprise planned and executed with consummate talents. Buonaparte has notoriously miscarried from the same vices of character; and with a genius for war and civil administration of the highest order, he has seen his mighty scheme of glory and empire burst like a bubble.

The Carthaginian, in addition to his military and political talents, exercised an astonishing command over the minds of his followers. Never, perhaps, were such heterogeneous materials collected under the same standard; and to have kept them together, after they had been enriched by the plunder and corrupted by the luxuries of Italy, conveys a wonderful idea of the ascendancy of his character. Buonaparte, in this respect, will stand a comparison with Hannibal. But he was much his inferior in fertility of resources. Whenever Hannibal committed an error, or sustained a check, with what rapidity he extricated himself from the one, and retrieved the other! Buonaparte, it is true, after his disastrous campaign in Russia, and the signal defeat he sustained at Leipsic, collected, in each instance, an army with a degree of promptitude that had an appearance of the marvellous. And how near upon both occasions was he of wresting the victory from his opponents! But Hannibal, till his last defeat, never suffered himself to be reduced to such extremities. Yet Buonaparte, after

having committed great errors, had the reputation of having been beaten by fortune and not by his enemies. In the rapidity of their marches, the number of their pitched battles, the slaughter of their enemies, and their long tide of success, there is a strong resemblance between the French and Carthaginian Generals. At the same time, the fortunes of both were decided in one battle, and by Generals whom they never before encountered. To complete the similarity, they were both compelled to fly from the countries they had illustrated by their victories, and had nearly raised to undisputed empire. Hannibal, it is true, after the battle of Zama, filled the highest office in Carthage; and it was only the implacable hatred and jealousy of the Romans, which procured from his ungrateful and fickle country the order for his banishment. Buonaparte's flight was not so honourable; though the fears and hostilities of his opponents were equally manifest. Hannibal maintained his courage to the last; and his death was one of the vilest stains on the policy of the Romans, and the noblest homage they could have possibly paid to his extraordinary genius. Buonaparte has not, in our opinion, displayed an equal degree of magnanimity; and cannot, therefore, stand a comparison with Hannibal in his deportment in bad fortune.

Scipio, like Wellington, appeared towards the close of the war, after all the other Generals, who had been opposed to their antagonists, had been defeated; and when very few hopes of safety seemed to remain to their countrymen. Both in their modes of warfare were accused of excessive temerity, and of endangering the existence of the state. Scipio was opposed by all the wisdom, reputation, and influence then in Rome; and having obtained the permission of the Roman people to raise an army, he was at the point of losing the command, the expedition was considered so rash. Even his success did not stifle animadversion; and the battle of Zama continued to be misrepresented by certain Romans, who were dazzled by the genius, and stunned by the victories of Hannibal. Yet never was an expedition planned with more consummate wisdom; for it offered the only means of withdrawing the Carthaginians from Italy. Had it failed, Rome

would not have been in a worse condition ; and it is even problematical whether it would have been in so bad a one ; for Carthage would have hardly risked the invasion of Italy a second time. It was one of those enterprizes, which confound common calculations, and are alone justified by success. It was, in a word, one of the boldest, and yet one of the most prudent adventures, recorded in all history.

Wellington has this in common with Scipio, that his success astonished his countrymen, and far exceeded their hopes. When he carried the war into Spain, the Continent lay prostrate under the feet of Buonaparte. Hope was almost extinct, in every bosom. It was considered madness to oppose a torrent, which swept away every obstacle with incredible fury. Spain was dejected by her reverses, and showed several signs of lukewarmness in the cause. The rest of the Continent looked upon the contest as a wanton and useless prolongation of hostilities. England herself maintained the contest from a point of honour more than from a hope of final success. She was partly influenced in her conduct at that memorable period by the magnanimity of her character, and partly by the policy, that it was better to fight the enemy at a distance from home, than to have her shores exposed to the constant menace of invasion. But she had no great confidence in the results. Her General, however, continued undisturbed in the prosecution of his mighty plan. He was rapid, or slow, bold or cautious, aggressive or defensive, as circumstances required ; but when his operations appeared to have a doubtful character they were regulated with a view to the movements of the allies in Spain and Germany, in whose favour he wished to make a diversion. Upon these occasions he was obliged to risk much, and to swerve from the severer rules of the art. But whenever he acted independently of those motives, and solely in the prosecution of his own plan, his arrangements were uniformly made and executed with the skill of a consummate master of the art. He displayed, during that memorable period, a force of character, a constancy of purpose, and a variety of resources, which raise our wonder the more we contemplate them. His success roused the Continent from its stu-

por ; it broke the mighty charm of French invincibility and evidently prepared all those great results which have since changed the face of the political world.

This last battle has led to more important consequences, than any perhaps recorded in history ; and it is a curious coincidence in the lives of these great Generals, that Waterloo is now, as Zama was during the lifetime of Scipio, a subject for detraction to those who were in the habit of predicting irretrievable defeat instead of victory. But these exhalations of ignorance and malice are only the forerunners of that bright historical day in which the achievements of Wellington will appear with unclouded lustre. Such a display of talents for war as Wellington has given, reflects a lasting honour upon his nation, and is one of the most signal favours which Providence can confer upon a country. It has a tutelary, instead of a destructive character ; and to the genius of Wellington may be fairly ascribed the dignified repose, the profound security, the plans of retrenchment, and the hopes of reviving prosperity, which now so happily and unexpectedly distinguish our beloved country.

In one point, the parallel between Scipio and Wellington, it is to be hoped, will never bear the most distant affinity. The treatment of Scipio by his countrymen was an act of ingratitude, for which there could be no excuse, and for which no indulgence has been shown by after ages. It has been ever since mentioned with unqualified censure ; and as it formed an exception in the conduct of that people, it can be accounted for only on the supposition, that Scipio was too great for his age, and that his character was too lofty for the standard of Roman feeling and judgment. It raises, however, the merit of the man, and proves, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that the defeat of such an antagonist as Hannibal, belongs to Scipio, without participation on the part of his country. There was a wonderful elevation, besides a number of distinctive features in the character of this Roman. He seemed to be fully conscious that his country owed more to him than he did to his country ; and though his great mind was, no doubt, indignant at the triumphs of the Carthaginians, it ceased to feel the violent enmity of his countrymen.

as soon as the cause of their fears were removed. His victories bore all the marks of this elevated feeling; and he is the only Roman who did not consider that success gave him a right to dictate cruel and insulting terms of submision. In all his military achievements, clemency was a prominent feature; and it was incredibly heightened by the contrast presented in the conduct of all the other Roman Generals. His mode of waging hostilities was marked by the humanity by which modern warfare is distinguished; and his magnanimity, as compared with that of Cæsar, had this difference, that in him it was natural and uniform; on the part of the Dictator, artificial and capricious.

Wellington has been more fortunate: his exploits have had more discriminating judges and a more grateful public. His country has a right to share in the lustre of his successes, because she is sensible of their value. Merit cannot meet more impartial judges or more warm advocates than the British public. This circumstance is also the chief secret of their power, and the most solid pledge of its continuance. Yet with this happy peculiarity in their charac-

ter, Wellington would not have had probably an opportunity of developing the full resources of his genius, without an event which happened at an early period of his command in the Peninsula. It may be said, without incurring the suspicion of courtly panegyric, that the era of the Regency was necessary to the development of his genius, and the full growth of his fame. It is more than doubtful whether the same favourable and fostering circumstances would have occurred at any previous period during this, or the last reign. Justice likewise requires, that grateful mention should be made of the share which the illustrious person, who is at the head of the army, has had in raising that imperishable fabric of glory which has been constructed by British courage, patriotism, and genius, in our time.

In these remarks, reference has only been made to Wellington as a General. The time is not come to do justice to him as a man; but he has displayed so much wisdom in all the relations of life, that it is probable his reputation, when history shall fix his character, will appear as excellent in a private, as in a public capacity.

HISTORY OF REGENCIES.

THE first Regency that we find after the Conquest, was in the year 1216.—When King John died, he left the kingdom in a most critical situation; his eldest son and heir, Henry III. was only ten years of age; the army of the crown consisted of foreign mercenaries, who could not feel for the interest of England, and could not be much relied upon: the heir to the crown of France had been called into England by a great body of the English Barons, who adhered to him, and acknowledged him as their King.

In this extremity of affairs, the wise and gallant William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, not despairing of the common weal, undertook to support young Henry, to drive the French out of England, and restore the monarchy to its former splendour.

With this view he convened the Lords who had followed the fortune of King John, and presenting young Henry to them, he said, *behold your King*.—He then repre-

sented to them, "That though the conduct of the late King had given the confederated Barons a pretence for complaining, it was not reasonable to take the crown from a family which had worn it so long, much less to give it to a foreigner: that King John's faults being personal, it would be unjust to punish the Prince, his son, for them, whose tender age secured him from all imputations on that score.—That the remedy made use of by the confederated Barons, was worse than the disease, since it tended to reduce the kingdom under a shameful servitude; and therefore in the present posture of affairs, nothing was able to deliver them from the impending yoke, but their firm union under a Prince, who was, beyond all doubt, the lawful heir to the crown."

This speech was received with general applause, and the Lords cried out, with one voice, *We will have Henry for our King*. The coronation ceremony was performed at

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Gloucester with little pomp, by the Bishops of Bath and Winchester, in the presence of an inconsiderable number of Lords, with Gallo, the Pope's Legate, who, by order of his master, espoused young Henry's cause; the Archbishop of Canterbury was then at Rome. King John's crown having been lost in the well-stream, the Lords were obliged to make use of a plain circle, or chaplet of gold, which served at this inauguration instead of a crown.

The ceremony being over, the assembly of the Lords, who at that time represented the whole nation, chose the Earl of Pembroke, guardian to the King, and Protector and Regent of the kingdom. These offices he held till the year 1219, when he died, to the great grief of the whole kingdom, which he had freed from slavery. His body lies buried in the Temple church, London, where his effigy, in a coat of mail, is still to be seen in the ground.

He was succeeded in the office of Regent by Peter des Roches or de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester. The appointment of the latter was by the authority of parliament.

Hubert de Burgo (the ancestor of the Burkes, Earls of Clanricarde, of Mayo, &c.) was, by the same authority, made Chief Justiciary of England, or, as it were, the Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom under the Regent. This Lord finding the Regent an obstacle in his way, got the Pope to issue a bull, declaring the King of full age, when in fact he had not completed his seventeenth year. The King's majority would of course have put an end to the authority and office of the Regent, but the Barons declared they would pay no regard whatever to the bull, because it was directly contrary to the laws of the land, by which the King could not be considered as of age till he was twenty-one.

In 1226 a parliament was held, in which the King was, as it were, by a new law declared by the authority of that assembly to be of age, though he was only turned of twenty; and here, of course, ended the minority and Regency together.

The next Regency was in the beginning of the reign of Edward III. after the deposition of his father Edward II. The parliament, as soon as their commissioners returned from Kenilworth Castle with the resignation of Edward II., caused his son to be immediately proclaimed King, by the name

of Edward III.; and in compliance with the law, which required that a minor King should have guardians, and the state during the minority, Regents, made choice of twelve from among the Bishops, Earls, and Barons, of whom Henry Earl of Lancaster, a Prince of the blood, descended from Henry III. was declared the president. The Queen-mother, however, seized the government, and ruled the state by her minister and favourite Mortimer, until the King, at the age of eighteen, assumed the reigns of government, with the consent of a parliament, held at London; and reigned without a Regent.

When Richard II. succeeded at the age of eleven to his grandfather Edward III. the Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the young King, assumed the name and authority of Regent, till the parliament met. The first care of that body was to settle the administration of affairs during the King's minority. To that purpose they appointed several governors to the King, to take care of his education; and ordered that his three uncles, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Edmund de Langley, Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Buckingham, and afterwards Duke of Gloucester, should be Regents of the kingdom; but they joined with them some Bishops and lay-lords: this precaution was taken on account of the danger there might be in trusting the person and affairs of a minor King to the sole management of his nearest relations, who in the administration might have self-interested views.—This was a great mortification to the three Princes.

The favourites of the young King soon succeeded in driving the Princes from the government of public affairs; but though they were able to make him change his council, they did not find it so easy a matter to change his temper: full of his own merit, he beheld himself with extreme regret under the direction of others, at a time when he was of age to hold the reins of the government himself. Upon his having entered into his twenty-third year, he called his council, ordering all the members to be present.

When they were met, he asked them how old he was? to which answer was made, he was full twenty-two years of age.

"Since it is so," said he, "I will govern my kingdom myself. The condition of a King ought not to be worse than that of his subjects, who are at liberty at that age to manage their affairs." Having thus made known his mind to them, he commanded the Chancellor to deliver to him the Great Seal (which that officer had received from the hands of the Regents), which he gave to the Bishop of Winchester, the famous William of Wickham, founder of Winchester School, and of New College, Oxford. Here ended of course the Regency.

Henry V. on his death-bed, named a Regent and a guardian for his infant son, Henry VI. then only nine months old; but the parliament altered this disposition, and appointed a protector and council, with a special limited authority.

The two worthy brothers of Henry V. the famous Duke of Bedford, and the good Humphry Duke of Gloucester, governed both France and England during the minority of their nephew: the former was Regent of France, where he gallantly maintained the interests of young Henry for many years: he caused his nephew to be crowned King of France, in the cathedral church of Paris, when that Prince was no more than twelve years of age. Soon after, the great Duke of Bedford died at Rouen, in Normandy, and lies buried in the cathedral church. Though his exploits had rendered his name famous through Europe, very little regard was paid to his memory by his relations: no monument was raised over his remains; a marble slab, with the following singular inscription:—*Cy gist la Racine de Bedford*, is all that shews where this great man lies.

The fate of his brother, the good Duke Humphry, is so well celebrated by Shakspeare, that it is not necessary to say any thing of it here.

Henry VI. like Richard II. remained in a state of pupillage till the age of nearly twenty-three.

When the King had reigned many years, he was attacked with an infirmity both of body and mind, which rendered him unfit to

govern: the parliament on this occasion appointed Richard Duke of York, to whom, and to his posterity the crown was limited, to the exclusion of the Prince of Wales, only son to Henry VI. Regent and Protector of the kingdom, which he was to govern in the name of Henry, whilst that monarch's infirmity should continue. The Duke's office, however, was soon determined by the King's recovery; that Prince one day unexpectedly entered the Council Chamber, whilst the Protector and the Lords of the Council were sitting in consultation: he claimed the seat in which the Duke of York was then presiding; the Duke thus taken by surprise, was obliged to resign it; his power was immediately superseded, all his favourites were turned out of the offices he had conferred upon them as Protector, and none but the friends of Queen Margaret and of the house of Lancaster were brought into power.

The imbecility of the King's mind was not, however, entirely removed; it returned again; and when Edward IV. son to the Duke of York, was driven from the throne, and Henry, whom he had kept prisoner in the Tower, was restored to it, his Queen and his friends knowing that he was not capable of governing, it was proposed to the parliament that was immediately called, that George Duke of Clarence, and the famous Earl of Warwick, called the *King-maker*, should be made governors of the kingdom; and they were accordingly so appointed by the authority of parliament; they executed the office until they were stript of it by the revolution, which sent King Henry back to his prison in the Tower, and restored Edward IV. to the throne. This Prince, when on his death-bed, recommended to his brother Richard Duke of Gloucester, the care of his son King Edward V. then only thirteen years of age: the Duke was, by the authority of the Privy Council, declared Protector of the King and kingdom during the minority, which title he retained till it merged into the greater one of King Richard III.

THE HAPPIEST NUPTIALS IMBITTERED BY FILIAL DISOBEDIENCE; AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(Concluded from Page 294.)

"ONE evening after his return from the Divan, Achmet called my husband and me to his most secret apartment, and in a low but composed tone said to us:—'My excellent friends, you saved my life; it is but just that I should preserve yours. The Spaniards, under the Marquis de Gomez, are almost at our gates. I am determined to die in defending the sacred standard of the Prophet; but Barbarossa will not grant to slaves the privilege of fighting for safety and freedom; he will order a general massacre. There is yet time for you to escape. Take my young tamsac and her mate, my camels, which in one day can, with ease, complete a journey which the fleetest horse would not finish in a week. Godfrey, you have often been my trusty embassy to Belidulgerid: all I have there deposited I give to you. You understand me, and can explain to your wife. One word more. Take with you the boy whose high descended father committed to me with his last breath. He was your countryman: his child shall be yours, and share the hoard, known only to you and one more. I must return to Barbarossa. May your God and my God be with you in all your ways.'

"Sounding trumpets announced an enemy near. My husband delayed not a moment to prepare the camels, and I collected some necessities for going I knew not where; but Godfrey was with me, and to him I could confide my happiness. He came for me, and unperceived we passed through the thickening masses of armed men in the streets: little Eustace stood beside the coach. We were soon mounted, and swifter than the eagle's wing, or the mountain gale, we proceeded without halting till Godfrey led us through narrow defiles near the southern base of mount Atlas.—

We had taken no refreshment except sucking an orange; worn out, and feeble, I fainted in my husband's arms when he helped me to dismount. I imagine we slept more than thirty hours, for I awoke early, and could not for some minutes recal-

to mind where I lay; it seemed a bower overhung by varied foliage, flowers, and fruits; but the swinging motion, the constant murmur of winds, the creaking noise, I could not comprehend. My husband and the sweet boy, five years old, were beside me. They did not perceive me rise, and no language can describe the revulsion in my frame, the mental shock that darted through my brain when, looking out at a verdant aperture, I ascertained we were perched at the summit of a stupendous tree, with other climbing plants interwoven among its long arms. An involuntary return to my loved asylum saved me from falling down the tremendous height. The confusion in my mind was assuaged by a flood of tears, and even when I could think with some coherence, I took for granted that a wild delusion, and not reality, had represented to me our unprecedented elevation. I remembered the sins against my parents, and all the blood that once bathed my feet seemed again flowing over me. My piteous moans startled Godfrey from placid repose. The bosom that supported my aching head was deluged by my weeping eyes. Now that my beloved is no more, I grieve for so often adding to his sorrows when I ought to have been his comforter; then I raved more than ever of filial duties irretrievably injured, of homicide, and of unmitigable divine justice."

"My Susanah! my dear self!" said my husband, "when you accuse yourself of faults think also of your redeeming good actions; and when you shudder at our exile, nestling like birds aloft in air, remember we are free, and have escaped from death. The situation you depict is no illusion. This bower was constructed by Achmet, myself, and four trusty slaves, to receive the brother of our master, resolved to spend the remainder of his days in penitential solitude. Intoxicated with opium, he slew his son in a paroxysm of groundless jealousy, and no argument could dissuade him from becoming a hermit on the spot where he committed the unhappy

dead. To secure him from outrage, Achmet thought of forming this bower, as the Berbers would never look so high for objects of pillage. I believe you know how dangerous it is for all who live under the tyranny of Barbarossa to possess wealth. Achmet therefore bent me from time to time to deposit his gold, silver, and jewels at the foot of these trees. In no country in the known world is there so much treasure hoarded as in Barbary; and it is wonderful that known fact has not stimulated the avidity of European conquerors by possession.

"Ah, Godfrey!" said I, "now you are endeavouring, as usual, to steal me from myself by the charms of your conversation, but I am, I must be miserable."

"My love," replied Godfrey, "beware of tempting Providence by self-denial woe. Do you forget how many of your sex are outcasts of society, not from misfortune but through guilt; and they are excluded from all the rights of humanity, and even from recollection, unless some penal offence creates momentary horror; but it is within the limits of probability that we may be restored to our country and friends."

"My husband's unremitting tenderness reconciled me to our strange condition. We never descended to the earth but near the dawn of day, to draw water from a river close to the wood, and to collect fruits for the rainy season, or to milk the goats that had belonged to the hermit. Our tassayees did not forsake us; they shewed many signs of anxiety for our morning descent, and when a young one increased our stock the dam gave us milk. When the cold seasons set in they sought a milder region, but returned with the spring.—Achmet was of the race of the Caliphs, and we distinguished our tassayees by the green caparison to which their first master gave them a right. Indeed the camel is a sacred animal to all Mussulmen, and even the Berbers would not attempt to detain any one but their own property. We passed the day in pious exercises and improving discourse, and in teaching little Eustace to read in my Bible; which the generous Achmet purchased for me from the pirates. Godfrey made baskets and other utensils, and instructed Eustace in those homely

arts. My needle afforded frequent occupation, and provident arrangements for the rainy months helped to fill up our time. Clustering grapes hung over our habitation, and descending to lower branches of the main tree, we could step from one to another to cull figs, dates, pomegranates, and all the spontaneous productions of the climate. When this dear girl saw the light Eustace regained the buoyant vivacity natural to my temper. Nursing, rearing, and educating her in all the knowledge our circumscribed boundary could furnish, gladdened our hearts, and Eustace seemed to have acquired a new being.

"All this while we had not discovered the fate of the hermit. One day Eustace, bounding from tree to tree, with a basket about his neck, gathering fruits, observed a human figure upon the margin of the river, lower down than we had ventured to proceed in our morning walks. Godfrey went immediately in the same direction, and we supposed that in performing his oblations the hermit had been seized by a fit, and could not return to his bower. Godfrey and Eustace interred the dried shriveled corpse next morning.

"Fifteen years rolled away. My husband made many journeys to the north on one of our camels. How miserable was I always until he returned, and how disappointed that no possibility of getting back to Europe appeared. The last excursion brought joyful tidings—soon, soon to be contrasted with sorrow. My dear Godfrey, the light of my soul, was to remove for ever from this earth. I saw him greatly fatigued, but he could not be hindered from exertions to prepare for our departure, lest we might be too late in arriving at Tunis, where the great Emperor was expected to chastise the infidels. Eustace saved his adopted father the most severe part of the labour; he disinterred the treasures, and raised all the heaviest loads on our camels: we were ready to set out next day. In the evening, as I sat beside the loved partner of my joys and disquietudes, he laid his head on my breast, put this paper in my hand, and spoke no more. I tried to recover him, but his noble spirit had ascended on high. We had all enjoyed uninterrupted health; salubrious breezes moderated the summer heat, warm clothing

excluded the damp or cold, and sat below our elevated bower the death-spreading *skirms* fell to us innocuous. All this I said to myself, as half distracted I kissed the cold forehead, the cheeks, and hands of my beloved. Eustace saw me drop the paper; he took it up, and observed written on the outside—*To be read immediately.* My daughter had fallen asleep, overcome by fatigue in preparing for our migration. In those moments of silent petrifying anguish, I forgot even her. Eustace read the paper, dated at Tunis. My dear husband tells me he feels his end draw near; and intreats and exhorts me, if he dies in the grove, to leave his remains there. He enforces as a last request, that we shall go without delay to Tunis. Reminds me that if the Emperor removes before our arrival, we must die in exile; and Eustace and Elizabeth, fondly attached, cannot be joined in lawful wedlock. He desires that no consideration shall prevent their union if we can procure for them the rites of the church, as their primitive ideas and habits were best suited for each other. Eustace kissed the paper a

thousand times; and going where Elizabeth reposed, stood with folded arms waiting her awakening, to soften the sad intelligence she must receive. I need not attempt to portray her affliction, nor should I now yield to my own.

"Mighty Emperor!" continued Mrs. Godfrey, falling on her knees with uplifted hands, "mighty Emperor! my days are almost numbered; swear to me by the God of battle, the God that hath prospered thy arms, swear to protect my child and her destined spouse, and to restore her to her own country, where she may become the lawful wife of Eustace."

The Emperor plighted his royal word. Mrs. Godfrey, Eustace, and Elizabeth were sent to England with their wealth. Mrs. Godfrey learned that her parents did not long survive her elopement; she pined in compunctious recollections, and the marriage of Eustace and Elizabeth was soon followed by the funeral of their mother. Calamities in various forms are inseparable from filial disobedience.

B. G.

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I have the misfortune of being married to one of those bustling females who are generally termed good managers and excellent economists; now the economy of my rib almost ruins me; and I begin always to tremble at the approach of autumn. "Come," my wife says, "let us begin to lay in our stock before the winter sets in."

The first thing then she undertakes is to make preserves, which sometimes, by having too quick a fire under them, acquire a disagreeable taste by being burnt; it is, she says, but a trifling accident which will befall the best preservers. A fresh quantity of sugar is then applied, which augments the expence, it is true, but then they can be eaten by those who are not too dainty, and if the children do not chuse to eat them at breakfast, they shall have dry bread.

Next comes the time for preserving damascenes. She fears she has not put sugar enough, and I am of the same opinion, but I dare not say so; however, in about two

months every jar becomes mouldy and I get rid of them.

"You are so fond of pickled mushrooms," my wife says to me, "that I have taken care to have enough for the whole winter." The first bottle we open is really delicious, but at length they taste flat and disagreeable, and become mouldy in their turn; she thought she might save purchasing the best wine vinegar, she is determined this shall not happen again next year.

I have twenty bushels of potatoes now in my cellar; and this valuable root is certainly of infinite service in a large family; but they have already begun to grow, and many of them have become too spongy to be of any use. That, she says, is owing entirely to the season.

Owing to the prodigious quantity of grapes this year, my wife delights herself with the idea of having some capital wine of her own making. She made some last year, and I must say she acquitted herself very well; and some sweet raisin wine she

made was so exquisite, that all our friends and neighbours were continually coming to drink it: they emptied several bottles of her raspberry wine, which would have been excellent, if it had not tasted so strong of molasses, and on which account she had been obliged to add a quantity of brandy and fine sugar. However, the little stock of wine we had proposed to save for ourselves this approaching winter is already more than half drank out by our obliging visitors, who are all eager to taste it, and beg the recipe for manufacturing the same themselves.

I have made a calculation of the expenses attending all our provisions for the winter, and I find I have not enough money to serve me for a month. But I dare not tell my wife so, for she will be sure to prove me in the wrong and declare that her system of economy is the best in the world.

ANDREW SUPPLE.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—Prior to my requesting of you to resolve some doubts relative to divorce, I must beg leave to inform you whence originated my anxiety to discuss the subject with myself.

Over the eastern gate of Agra is the following inscription:—"In the first year of the reign of Julef, two thousand married couple applied to the magistrate, to obtain a separation, and the Emperor, indignant, abolished divorce. In the subsequent year, there were in Agra three thousand marriages less; seven thousand adulteries more; three hundred women burnt for poisoning their husbands; seventy-five men empaed for having murdered their wives; and amongst the most peaceable families the furniture destroyed amounted to at least 3,000,000 rupees. The Emperor re-established divorce."

Many people might be liable to suppose, from a perusal of the above, that divorce is a wise political measure, well calculated to prevent the different enormities therein enumerated. At first I was of that opinion myself; but upon second thoughts it occurred to me that, agreeable to the adage—no cause, no effect—a law, which the dissolution of morals rendered indispensable in Persia, might prove inimical to social order

and morality in a country like ours, where our wives are

"Fair as chaste, as chaste as fair."

With some few exceptions, however. In this latter case, a divorce should almost invariably take place; yet I must grieve doubly when I reflect that evident adultery is the only cause, *sine qua non*, as it is called. If the motion were brought in before me, I would vote against husbands receiving damages; for it might happen, in some instances, that prompted by such a prospect, some husbands would neglect their wives, and this neglect be conducive to expose the weaker sex to the infringement of the seventh article in the Decalogue. In the second place, I deem it an improper lenity shown to the divorced adulteress to allow her to resume the possession of the property which she had renounced by becoming a wife: that should be forfeited, with the deduction of a moderate pension, not to the husband, I repeat it, but to the children if any, and in default thereof to the crown, or to the extinguishment of the national debt. I should not wonder, by the bye, if this regulation were adopted, as the said liquidation being much forwarded on the return to England of the many thousand emigrants, not to mention Italy, but from France alone, where gallantry and intrigue are known for ages past to be at the order of the day, and so much so, that they are frequently introduced in theatrical pieces, with general applause. With regard to the crafty seducer, for such is occasionally to be met with, I should think him very well off though he were sentenced to surrender one half of his fortune to be distributed amongst the charitable institutions, from the establishment of which so many useful members of society are benefited: neither would in this case the gay Lothario be thought to be dealt by too severely, who, hundreds of times, previously to his suit being granted, had solemnly declared that he would willingly sacrifice all he was possessed of in this world, and even his life, if he could but gain the affections of the adorable object. By this means great good would accrue from great evil. Some tender-hearted advocates perhaps will argue, that the lady's income, by all means, should be made proportionate to her birth

and rank in society: to those let me repeat that, if wealth and titles have been the due reward of the virtues and illustrious deeds of a long list of ancestors, she who ed the reverse becomes notorious on account only of her sporting in the paths of vice, is no more to be considered as a descendant of that honourable race, than the weeds in a corn-field are a portion of the luxuriant primary support of the human species.

If it be admitted that a divorce is to be obtained in some cases, is it not to be lamented, in a country where all are equal in the eye of the law, that none but the opulent can attempt to procure one, owing to the exorbitant charges of the limbs of the law? Or is it to be understood that delinquents are to be found only among the higher classes. This inconvenience, however, might easily be removed, if the legislature would but enact that the connubial bond should be untied by the same hand that had fastened it. Could not the divorce proposed to be announced three times, in the same manner as the intended marriage had been proclaimed from the pulpit, subjecting those who had procured

a licence to a similar humiliation? This formality being gone through, could not the ring be pulled off the offender's finger by the parish clerk or beadle, and be finally suspended in the vestry by the clergyman, who would then pronounce the dissolution of the former union. The fees here are rated, and within every body's reach.

So far it will be acknowledged I hope, that enough was done for punishment and example; neither will it be denied but a door should always be left open to repentance: the delinquent above alluded to, were it only on account of the pangs of remorse which she has endured, must become an object of mercy; besides her public disgrace should be made everlasting. Let it be considered that by depriving her of the right of being the mother of a legitimate family, it would be robbing the country, the riches whereof partly consists in its population. I therefore will be heartily thankful to yourself, Sir, or to any of your correspondents, who would suggest the means of restoring the unfortunate female to a state of respectability.

HUMANUS.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM.—No. XXIV.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NORTHAMPTON.—This town is finely situated on an eminence, gently sloping to the river: the streets are strait and handsomely built: few towns can boast such a market-place; this is a real ornament to Northampton.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre is supposed to have been built exactly after the model of that at Jerusalem, by the Knights Templars. The imitative part is round, with a nave issuing from it.

St. Peter's church is a very singular building. Two corners of the tower are ornamented with three round pillars. Above these are two, and above them one; all gradually less than the others. The middle of the tower is ornamented with small round arches carved with zig-zag work. The advowson of this church was given by Edward III. to the hospital of St. Catharine, near the Tower, in London, and still continues under its patronage.

The County Infirmary is neither beautiful nor magnificent in outward appearance; but the subscription which supports it does infinite honour to the province, as it evinces the great benevolence of its inhabitants. The County-Hall is a very handsome building, and the jail is situated a short distance from the Sessions-House. The Town-Hall is a very ancient building, in which the corporation transacts business. Northampton was incorporated by Henry II.; and Henry III. gave it the power of choosing annually a mayor and two bailiffs, to be elected by all the freemen; but Henry VII. ordered, by charter, that the mayor and his brethren, the late mayors, should name forty-eight persons of the inhabitants, with liberty of changing them as often as should be found requisite.

Northampton is among the most ancient of our boroughs. In the time of Edward I. it was one of nineteen trading towns which sent two members each. Every inhabi-

tant, resident or not resident, free or not free, has still the liberty of voting: a cruel privilege!

Between Hardington and Northampton, in 1460, Henry VI. escaped with his insolent nobility, immediately before the sanguinary battle of Northampton. Humble proposals were sent by the Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV. and Warwick. Queen Margaret's answer breathed only contempt and scorn; for to her the answer must be attributed, and not to the mild and pusillanimous King Henry.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

WOBURN.—A small town, rendered important from having long been the estate of the Dukes of Bedford: there is in it a free school, founded by Francis I. Earl of Bedford, and a charity school for thirty boys by Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford. The church was built by the last Abbot of Woburn: the steeple seems oddly disjointed from the church. The chancel has been elegantly fitted up by the grandfather of the present Duke. The pulpit is a fine piece of Gothic carving, most probably coeval with the Abbey.

At a short distance from the town was situated the Abbey, founded in 1145, by Hugh de Bolbec, a wealthy nobleman in the neighbourhood, and who peopled it with monks of the Cistercian order. The place prospered, and was found at the dissolution possessed of excellent revenues. The last Abbot, Robert Hobbs, was hanged at Woburn, for not acknowledging the King's supremacy. The monastery and its revenues, in 1547, were granted by Edward VI. to Lord Russell, soon after created Earl of Bedford by that young monarch. The immense fortune, even to this present time, originates from gifts of this nature; not only in Bedfordshire, but much of the Bedford property in Buckinghamshire is owing to this grant, and also the rich Abbey of Tavistock, and vast fortunes in Devonshire; which to render more extensive, that of Dunsterwell was added. The donation of Thornby Abbey gave to this family an amazing tract of tenns in Cam-

bridgeshire, together with a great revenue: the priory of Castle Hymel gave them footing in Northamptonshire, and they came in for parcels of the appurtenance of St. Alban's, and Mountgrace, in Yorkshire; the house of the friars, preachers in Exeter, with the revenues belonging to the foundation; and finally, the estate about Covent-Garden, with a field adjoining, called the Seven Acres, on which Long-acre has been built, appurtenances to the Abbey of Westminster. How will papal superstition wonder that no signal judgment has overtaken the children of sacrilege, when it is certain that no house in Britain has been more prosperous than that of Russell?

The Duke of Bedford's mansion, at Woburn, is situated in a pleasant park, well wooded, but wanting water; the dams being much too conspicuous. The interior of the house is a treasure of fine paintings; amongst them is a sweet portrait of Lady Jane Seymour, the third wife to Henry VIII. Her person is elegant, but if the painter has done her justice, her countenance is, by no means, beautiful. Also a full-length of Queen Elizabeth, with a fan of feathers in her hand, which she used at the wedding of Mrs. Anne Russell with Lord Herbert, having condescended to accept of the said fan as a present from a Dr. Puddin, at whose house her Majesty had stopped by the way.

AMPTHILL.—A small market town on a rising ground; famous for having been the residence of that injured Princess, Catharine of Arragon, who retired there during the period that her divorce was in agitation: and hence she was cited to appear before the commissioners at Dunstable.

In Ampthill church is a monument to the memory of Richard Nicolls, Governor of Long Island. He was slain in the memorable engagement of May 28th, 1673, as he was attending his Royal Highness the Duke of York on board his ship. In this monument is preserved the very ball with which he was killed, a five or six pounder, and which is placed within the pediment, inlaid in the marble.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

THIS illustrious and respectable specimen of the late German court is still living; and of which court she once formed the chief ornament. It was owing to her undaunted influence that the Grand Duke was prevented joining Bonaparte: and when the battle of Jena decided the fate of the north of Germany, though the Grand Duke was absent with his army, the Duchess still remained at Weimar. Firm in her refusal to abandon the Castle, the interview which followed between her and Napoleon would have afforded a fine subject for an historical painter. Her noble deportment caused him to withdraw his cruel order for pillaging the town. The Grand Duchess undergoing every hardship and privation while she remained in her Castle with her faithful subjects, almost without the mere necessities of life.

She is now about sixty years of age, and the traces of her former beauty are gone; but her countenance still pleases by its peculiar intelligence, and an expression of character firm, decided, and somewhat severe; but this latter expression changes to a sweet cheerfulness as soon as she enters into conversation, in which she discovers much good nature and simplicity, but which is always more rational than gay. Yet there is a native shrewdness often in what she utters, and her manners are plain and sincere, while her carriage and deportment

have all the erect dignity of the old court. Her dress is that of a respectable bourgeois; she wears a high mob cap fastened under her chin, and generally a slate-coloured silk gown.

MADAME DE LAJESKI.

THE presence of this lady at the court of France under the usurpation of Bonaparte, excited fear and jealousy amongst all the ladies of the Empress Maria Louisa's household. To see a foreigner overwhelmed with favours, and engrossing the smiles of their sovereign, was to them intolerable. Finally, they prevailed on the Queen of Naples to propose that the Empress should send her governess back to Vienna, though Madame de Lajeski had been promised that she should retain her situation for a year. No resistance was made by her illustrious charge, and Madame de Lajeski returned from Munich to Vienna, carrying along with her the favourite little dog belonging to her mistress, the dismissal of which was likewise required, under pretence that Napoleon had frequently complained of the annoyance caused by Josephine's dogs. While the Empress made all these sacrifices, Madame de Lajeski remained firmly attached to her, though compelled to this separation; and the little favourite quadruped of Maria Louisa received from her the most unremitting care and kindness.

A PICTURESQUE TOUR THROUGH THE GRISONS.

It is about two thousand four hundred and fifty years since the country of Grabinthen, otherwise called the Grisons, was resorted to by a colony of Italians, to whom the Greeks and Romans gave the name of Thyrennians, Tusci, or Hetrusci, and who peaceably occupied the lands comprehended between the Alps and the Tiber, where they formed a confederation, composed of a great number of towns and cities.

Bellovése, a Gaul warrior, having crossed the Alps in the year 640, A. C. and marched his savage hordes into the plains

of Upper Italy, part of the ancient inhabitants of the country sought a refuge in the Apennines and in Hetruria, whilst others, with Rhetus at their head, retired to the Alps of Rhetia, where they founded, in the Valteline, the boroughs of Tirano and of Teglio, naming the first after Thyrenus, who was said to have brought a colony of Asiatics into Italy, and the second from the words *to jl*, which signifies hemp or flax, of which they made plantations. To their establishments in the Engadine they gave the names of several towns of

their former country: thus was one of the principal boroughs of the valley of Domleschg called Tusi, &c. To the whole country they gave the name of Rhetia, from Rhetus their leader.

The Rhetians, availing themselves of their independence, and of the advantageous position of their mountains, would frequently harass the Romans, who, till the reign of Augustus, considered them only as a race of warlike barbarians. Augustus, however, eighteen years before the birth of Christ, sent his two sons-in-law, Tiberius and Drusus, against the Rhetians, when the Romans made their attack from Lindau, a fortress on the lake of Constance. The war lasted several years, at the expiration of which Rhetia was entirely subdued.—The books in which *Tit. Liv.* had written an account of the Rhetian war no longer exist, and it is only mentioned accidentally *Liv. V. cap. 38.*

The Romans continued possessors of Rhetia till the invasion of the Germans. Prior to the fall of the empire they called that country by the name of Rhetia Prima, or Alpina, to distinguish it from the adjacent lands that were denominated Rhetia Secunda, or Plana, and which at present compose Suabia and Bavaria.

In the fifth century Rhetia was successfully subjected to the Ostrogoths, the Lombards, and the Franks. In the year 600 of our Lord, through partiality for a wealthy citizen of the valley of Domleschg, of the name of Victor, one of the Frank Kings created him Count of Coire, and chief of the Rhetians; so that the administration of the supreme authority in Rhetia, remained, for a series of years, in the hands of the posterity of Victor, amongst whom are reckoned six chiefs and four prelates. Pascal, one of them, was at the same time Bishop of Coire, and married to the Countess Æopia de Rhaelta. Bishop Tello was the last of the race. This latter, who lived in the year 784, founded the church of the court at Coire, and bestowed considerable landed property on the chapter of Coire, and the abbey of Disentis. The tomb and epitaph of Victor I. are still to be seen in the church of St. Luziensteig, in the vicinity of Coire.

Charlemaigne, some time after, conferred on the Bishop of Constance a similar dig-

nity to that which Victor and his descendants had possessed in Rhetia. This kind of government lasted till the tenth century, when that country was united to the German empire. From that period the feudal nobility that had been introduced under the Goths and the Franks, multiplied to an excess throughout the vallies of Rhetia; which country, for five centuries together, offered the sad melancholy spectacle of a nation enslaved and oppressed by a multiplicity of Counts, Barons, and Bishops.—These Lords would constantly lead their vassals, sometimes to fight under the banners of the Emperors, and sometimes under those of the Popes, according as they courted the protection of either.

In the thirteenth century, after the overthrow of the house of Hohenstaufen, the Rhetians beheld their rulers falling upon each other like so many wild beasts, with a view of extending their domains, and of securing their independence. At length, however, the perpetual wars between the barons and the prelates, together with the unsufferable oppression of all those petty tyrants, gave rise to a spirit of liberty, and suggested, in the minds of the oppressed, a desire of protecting their persons and property against the attacks of arbitrary power. The example of the Swiss, in all probability, was greatly conducive to rouse and strengthen the generous disposition of the Rhetians. In the year 1400, all the commons, dependent on the abbey of Disentis, concluded an alliance with the canton of Glaris, to which Ulrich de Rhätzens, their abbot, Albert de Sax, and all the commons in the neighbourhood of Ilantz, and of Lungentz, in the valley of the Lower Rhine, acceded.

So early as in the year 1369, John de Wordenberg, Bishop of Coire, and all the commons of the vallies of Oberhalbstein, Schams, Domleschg, Avers, Vatz, and Bergun, had formed a confederacy, which was called the league *Caddée*, or, of the house of God. To this league the vallies of the Lower and Upper Rhine, as far as Reichenau, opposed that which went by the name of *Superior*, or *Grise*, which met, for the first time, at Trons, in 1424. With regard to the league of the *Ten Juridictions*, it was formed in 1466, in consequence of the union of all the commons between mounts

Scaletta and Fluela, as far the Rheticon and the Plessour. At last, in March, 1471, those three federal associations contracted a general and perpetual alliance, that was ratified in the farm-house of Vatzel, in the district of Belfort.

From that period Upper Rhetia, which, during the middle age, had been called Kuriach-Rheticon, Curwallen, or Curwalchen,* which signify vallies of Coire, assumed the name of the Grisons,† and its inhabitants became a free and independent people, whose constitution, to the present time, is more popular than that of any other Swiss democratical canton. In fact, those three leagues, thus united, composed twenty-six high jurisdictions (*hochgerichte*), that were to be considered as so many little independent republics, whose combination constituted what is called a *Federative Ocklocracy*.

This constitution, however, from its origin, was pregnant with those violent intestine broils and dissensions, to which the republic of the Grisons was so subject till the fifteenth century, and that were attended with such disastrous consequences. It was towards the latter end of that same century that the Helvetic Confederation re-

ceived them amongst their allies (*Zugewandte Orte*): in 1499 the Grisons fought in the Swiss ranks during the bloody Burgundian war. In 1525 they rendered themselves masters of the Valaisine, of the country of Chiavenna, and of the territory of Bormio, the possession of which, not long after, was entirely ceded to them by the Duke of Milan: they continued under their dominion till the year 1797, when those three provinces were annexed to the Lombardo-Venitian kingdom. Prior to 1798 the Grisons formed an independent republic, but now they constitute one of the Swiss cantons.

The canton of the Grisons, such as it remains, is, however, one of the most extensive and interesting in Switzerland, as it contains, over a surface of one hundred and forty square geographical miles, a population of about seventy-four thousand inhabitants, and consists of sixty vallies, either principal or lateral. With some of these vallies I presume the reader would like to be made acquainted before he undertakes his tour: I shall now, therefore, give him a description of some of the most deserving of his particular notice.

(To be continued.)

PEREGRINE FORRESTER.—DRAWN FROM LIFE.

—“AND this, Sir,” continued the poor wretch, whose life ebbed, but scarcely flowed, “is the memorial I have endeavoured to draw up—and which has occupied those moments when pain, somewhat subsided, had left me sufficient strength to proceed. I commenced these unfortunate events soon after the morning you found me a prey to mental anguish.

“I shall not, Sir, in this MS., which you will read when I am no more, affront you by detailing my crude ideas relative to the necessity of a proper education. Theories are at all times but poor succedaneum for practice; but in these imperfect sentences

* The Rhetians, at that time, went by the name of Walen, and the subjects of the Bishop of Coire by that of Curwallen; their language was called Walisch, or Welsh.

† The etymology of the word *Grisons* is not known.

of mine I shall hold out the dangerous event naturally consequent to the over-indulgence of children. The errors of parents in bringing up their offspring, may prove a triumph to those who have none to spoil, but who fancy that they have discovered an universal preventive to infantine errors. The Edgeworths, the M'Goons, and the Hamiltons, may fancy that they have done much to reform the errors of education, but however finely they have spun their theories, I have yet to learn if their practice has been commensurate with their hopes. Directions or rules for education, drawn up, like players' jackets, to suit all sizes, cannot be presumed really to fit one. The conduct of adults is guided by the power of reason. Children cannot reason, and the parent often finds, when she attempts to apply the system of education which she has just perceived, that her child

shows some evil propensity for which no cure is to be met with in the *Mother's Valentine*.

"These vague remarks of mine, Sir, you will smile at, or, perhaps, not be able to comprehend; my reasoning faculties are vanishing, and what I now, probably, think very fine writing, will prove sad stuff to you. They are merely given en passant—nor do they immediately relate to my case, for I was born long before a royal road to education was found out, the discipline of schools explored, and before Bell or Lancaster were known; in fact, before the advantages or disadvantages of the present system of education were invented.

"The first early development of caprice I remember, which was to reward those who had spoiled my morals and my temper, was marked by throwing my plate of viands on the floor, at a pretended dislike to a dinner got on purpose for me, for which a good flagellation should have been my reward: but, alas! my mother was of a dreadful nervous temperature—she could not bear to sit without her dear Peregrina, and therefore consoled me for the loss of my dinner by a present of pastry, which my little mightiness, like an eastern despot, deigned most sullenly to receive. The excuse set up for this conduct I remember well, for it was deeply engraved upon my heart—'poor little dear, she believed it was really unwell:' she was right, but the malady lay in the mind: the fact was, that rather than see me sullen, or hear me cry for one quarter of an hour, she went near to make me cry all the rest of my life. This excuse, however, of being unwell, served me ever after; and I freely availed myself of it whenever requested to do that for which I had no desire. Many a time from this excuse have I been allowed to stop from school; and many a day, after having laid a heavy embargo on preserves, cakes, and fruit, have I been led roaring to bed, like another Alexander, because I had no more fruit pies to conquer, sick with repletion, and fevered by excess. To detail the many subterfuges my poor mother made use of to gratify me, or rather to gratify herself in not hearing me cry, would be troublesome; suffice it to say, that the ingenuity of these resources deserved a better cause.

"The time at length arrived when I should be placed at school: this was an epoch of my life which my father anxiously looked forward to as a sort of millennium of reformation. I was delighted at the idea: at present I was not suffered to use my limbs; and as to the recreation of a play-fellow, that would have robbed my mamma of my company—she was always afraid her dear should get hurt by rude boys. Alas! this school system was obliged to be abandoned—two hysteric fits, and a nervous head-ache, decided my fate, and I was doomed to be the day-scholar of a man who was supple enough to educate his pupils in the manner their several mammae pleased, and thus commenced chapter the second of my ruin.

"It is not a surprising thing that I soon learned as much as he could teach me, though he really knew more of education than a bankrupt attorney could well be expected; but I was, in reality, a quick lad. To the hundred questions of why don't you put Master Perry to Mr. Syntax or Mr. Busby? the answer was, because I was a weak timid child, and could not apply deeply.—Ah! she should have said, that having made me quite necessary to her existence as a playfellow, she was too selfish to part from me, although it would be to my certain advantage. However, at this wretched school my emulation was excited, and, spite of all my enemies, inattention, and idleness, I should have learnt something, had not my good mamma, aided by a kind aunt, laboured all they could to frustrate the exertions of my better destiny.

"One day a party of pleasure was proposed—'I should be so delighted to ride in a coach;' at another, 'I should so like to see a play;' that, *par consequence*, I lay so long in bed the day after these recreations, an afternoon was of little consequence, and Perry might stop at home. Another day it rained, and I should take cold; and when these excuses would not avail, I remembered the old story of the plate at dinner, and I rung the changes of being unwell. Through all the pains the flesh is heir to, perhaps this excuse was more real than I meant it, for I was an epicure at eleven years old. Having, on the whole, remained at school about a quar-

ter of the time for which Mr. Plausible had been paid for his tuition, I determined to go no longer. I promised to go on with my learning under the eye of my mamma, and she became highly pleased with this new arrangement. On this I determined on a course of reading, in which I resolved to confine myself to the living languages, and even got as far as the third volume of Gibbon, having before devoured a whole hecatomb of novels, when my mamma perceived I began to grow pale: she told the Doctor I was always reading, her friends bore testimony to her report from meeting me ever and anon at the library, and it was at length insisted upon that my life must be less sedentary. Soon afterwards, however, flattered by the attentions of a monstrous agreeable man, who offered to teach me Latin without application, I was suffered again to begin *hic hæc hoc*; the plan, however, was soon abandoned, and I considered my education complete: I could almost write a legible hand, could spell tolerably correct—arithmetic I knew little of, but I could dance, sing a song, play off a thousand practical jokes, and at a heax was deemed admirable. Fourteen years rolled on with more vexation heaped upon me by my misguided mother, than if she had been the most rigid disciplinarian, when it was necessary, as my father said, that I should think of gaining my own living: this was more particularly right, as he, by his fondness for company, was fast ceasing to live—in fact, he died just in time to leave my mother and myself to go to ruin our own way, and we were not long about it. Still I was to go out, and an advertisement, stating that ‘a youth, of good morals, who was to board and sleep at home, was desirous to be articled to a profession where confinement was not necessary,’ was put into the papers; but no one applied, and year after year I roamed a gentleman at large. My mother would rather see me running to ruin than part with me, and in this selfish plan she too truly persisted: I call her conduct selfish, because she only promoted my pleasure when she was to be a party in it. If I was about to receive any advantage in which she did not participate, she opposed it with all the fortitude of a stoic. My tears, her fears for my health, all then gave

way to her own wiles alone. At any plan of gratification or advantage without her, she immediately became low-spirited and discontented, which, had I loved her as a parent, would have embittered every expecting pleasure which I had depended on, from the acquisition of a secret hold I had acquired on my injudicious parent. I however, was not long in breaking from these trammels which were no rosy bands to me. My mamma was one of those who, by going to a place of worship three times on a Sunday, and being full of faith, imagined she thus expiated all the sins of mere moral obligation for the rest of the week: she would have compelled me to the same work of faith, but, as usual, contradicting all her wishes, I cried so loudly and so long at the conventicle, that the elders of the place, seeing I was not likely to become a babe of grace, desired I might be kept at home, as being not yet ripe for regeneration. My mamma forgetting her favourite Sunday lounge, stayed at home with me. But for my secret:—I had arrived at the age of eighteen, when I commenced visiting the lounges of stable-boys and demi-nobles, and these pursuits robbed me of all the pocket-money I was heir to. On my mother I made frequent calls, but to little purpose, had I not made use of certain contortions of the mouth, sufficiently indicative of the beginning of a string of oaths, which became as powerful in opening the strings of her purse as the *Sesame* of the *Arabian Nights*. With this talisman I generally gained my point; and I bought horses, and sold them—betted upon pugilists—and finally took a young lady under my protection, whose mamma was well known, by the beautiful cadence of her voice, under a certain Piazza in Covent-Garden.

“My accomplishments were now completed. I could imitate the notes of birds, sing several of Grimaldi’s songs, and became a mimic of no small reputation; and, after indulging myself for many years in vicious habits, which made me scarce ever at home, I followed my only parent, heart-broken, to the grave! I was now prevailed upon to look seriously to my interest, which I found had terribly declined, from the imprudence of my mamma in our mutual indulgencies, and I set about reform-

ing altogether. Alas! bad habits would not leave me. I had turned off Jenny, but I was instrumental in demoralizing the principles of other females. Church I looked on with horror. I had not forgotten the three times a day at the conventicle; and my mamma, by her practice, did not exalt her theory. At length I cast my eyes on a beautiful black-eyed girl, near the theatre, whose father kept her a piano in a little back parlour, upon which she played when the shop was empty. In a few weeks I thought myself desperately in love with her, and her father, anxious to wed her to one who was not a tradesman, gave his consent for me to marry her; although he must know, by the customers I brought to his shop, that I was not uke in my connections: however, I received the fair hand of Amelia Melton, and with her one thousand pounds, gained by hard labour in vending oysters and potatoes. This was soon squandered away. My pretty black-eyed wife, as it may be imagined, was desperately vulgar, and I left her in search of greater refinement. My coat now became threadbare, my jockey-boots and buckskins cried out that they belonged to a married man of small fortune, and I was at length compelled to sponge on the humblest of my friends for a dinner. At length, left without one, what could I do? It was whispered me by a waiter at Richardson's that he thought I might *do* in Matthew's line, for I sang, and was a mimic. I applied at the O. P. Tavern, and got an engagement at ten shillings per week; but when I wanted to employ, for gain, the only talent I possessed, the people refused to acknowledge it, and I was discharged

for doing the same thing which, in my prosperity, had set many a table in a roar. What were the gradations I then went through! I attempted to colour the plates for Ladies' Magazines; I became puffer at an auction, and a bailiff's follower; I opened an *à-la-mode* beef shop, and became, under covert of the night, an itinerant hawker of hot plumb-pudding—but in these two last occupations I had only myself for a customer. I was, indeed, glad enough to eat the commodity I should have vended, but my want of credit would soon put a stop to these professions, and I was fain to run away, and draw upon my resources in another part of the town; and last week was reduced to write to my wife, who associates herself with a performer at one of our minor theatres, in the hope of gaining *one* more meal, but was refused. Gin, and an irregular life, brought me to the state in which you saw me, Sir, yesterday; and before I die I would do an act of justice, by informing the world of the dire effects that spring from the early indulgence of children; and you, Sir, will perhaps hand it to the editor of some respectable publication. You may conclude the detail of my unhappy life by saying, 'Behold here a young man, born apparently for a better fate, who might have lived contented and died happily, now lying in misery, a victim to the selfish indulgence of a parent, who rather than that her child should shock her ears with its infant grief, hath caused it, in maturer age, to drop the continual tears of bitter repentance—yet of forgiveness for her folly, who was the sole cause of of her child's misery.'

PEREGRINE.

THE MENAGERIE.—FROM THE FRENCH.

A LADY, whom we shall distinguish by the title of Madame d'Etoriles, has long resided at Paris, and in one of the most retired streets of that capital; she has a very curious establishment, which might vie with any modern or ancient cabinet of natural history.

Madame d'Etoriles was married at a very early age, to a gentleman who was a great traveller, and she accompanied him

over every distant sea, every wilderness, mountain and valley,—every peopled town and lonely desert.

Monsieur d'Etoriles was a professed botanist: he made an immense collection of different plants, roots, and seeds of foreign produce; while his lady collected together every different species she could find of living animals, or those that by transporting to a different climate might perish, she

had stuffed; and every curiosity in the whole world of natural history, she might be said to have collected together.

These patterns of conjugal attachment, on their return to France, their native country, settled in Brittany, where the gentleman's collections were the subjects of every one's discourse.

But this good man was poisoned by one of these precious plants which he had brought from Patagonia; his widow quitted those scenes which only served to remind her of her beloved husband, and she repaired to Paris, where she now lives on a very easy fortune, encircled always by a crowd of young *soi-disant* perfumed literati.

Near her boudoir is a gallery supported by pillars, disposed in the Italian style, but with glazed windows, and heated gently by stoves to a moderate and wholesome degree of warmth.

There are collected together, in dens, cages, and recesses, every species of every different cat in the universe.

Those who have studied natural history are sensible that under the *genus* of animals of the cat kind, is the lion of Zara, the tiger of Tonquin, the panther and leopard of Senegal and Congo, the lynx and the civet cat, with the house cat, who certainly does not live in very good harmony with the wild cat: all these beasts, however, are only stuffed, except the two latter sort of cats.

This learned lady has a curious cat which has long ears, contrary to all its other species; she brought it from China. It belonged to the wife of a Mandarin, who doated on it, fondled it, and gave it to the French lady as the most valuable present she could bestow on her.

After the cats comes a collection of monkies, of which the menagerie has a complete assortment. Amongst them there

is an ape which has learnt to perform its military exercise. He is dressed like a Mameluke, has a pair of boots on, and walks along the gallery striking his spurs against his shins, as we see many military bucks of the present day.

Two parrots are perched on a kind of tree, who are constantly uttering the most foolish vulgarisms to all the married men who approach them. It is a matter of wonder to every one, to think who could be the instructor of the little dog that is on his hind legs from morning to night, bowing to young ladies, and obstinately refusing to pay his obeisance to those who are no longer so!

In one corner sits a great he-goat, smoking a pipe: this is a capricious invention of the good lady. He has before him a large folio volume, which is said to be a book dug out of Herculaneum or Pompeii; he seems absorbed in literary reveries. This must have some allusion to the eleventh or twelfth centuries; for now learning does not exclude the fresh and blooming votary of youth; and even in literary societies, those gain easiest admittance who have the rose of spring on their cheek, and an air of fashion in their appearance.

The most charming article in the lady's collection is a little sparrow, a brisk and cunning little creature, who eats out of the hand of his mistress, and drinks out of her thimble. He is the cleanest and most entertaining little bird in the world.

It is impossible, however, to describe all the members that compose this menagerie in detail; but it is not just to pass over noticing an owl and a cock which are fastened by a steel chain to a marble pillar, and which are quarrelling every hour. It is somewhat similar to the paper war of wits, politicians, and quack doctors.

S. G.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Replies to the Letters of the Fudge Family.

Edited by Thomas Brown, Esq. One Volume 12mo. Pincock and Maunder.

THOUGH some of these replies are not entirely fraught with the principles we cherish, or that we wish to inculcate, yet

they are by no means devoid of wit and spirit. We cannot, however, bestow praise on satire levelled at our government, our rulers, nor on those who ably steer the helm of our state against refractory and factious men. We have told the writers

opinion on this head; he has called on us for our notice of a work which we pronounce far inferior to *The Fudge Family*, and which cannot so easily provoke our risible faculties as that production, which, nevertheless, contains the chief fault that we spoke of above. We shall, therefore, now proceed to present our readers with the following extracts:—

INITIATION OF A YOUNG MAN FROM COLLEGE
INTO FASHIONABLE LIFE.

"You remember Lord Smash, a bang-up, thorough game?
Who, when you had left college, my tutor became;
And who quickly convinced me that virtue and learning
Were justly despis'd by the truly discerning;
That the vices of youth, when excited by fashion,
Are encourage'd expressly to raise emulation;
Where lads possess'd courage, who scorned to flinch,
Disputed the point with their friends, inch by inch.
By these lectures of friendship, so hearty and warm,
I grew sick of my error—resolv'd on reform—
And then swore that my model shou'd be my Lord Smash,
Who immediately gave me some—lessons of flash.
Bob, you know I was green—but I quickly improv'd;
And have since in the circles of *ton* only mov'd:
What a contrast! at Oxford I oft murder'd time
In translating Greek prose into dull dogg'rel rhyme;
Whilst, in London, barouche, *ma cher amie*, and greys,
To my taste, I must think, no small compliment pays."

A MODERN YOUTH'S ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

"What a rum quiz you are Bob—'tis certainly pleasing,
That whilst you grow degen'rate my fame is increasing;
And the prosing logician, of college the *Guy*,
Can to shew equal spirit, old cronies defy.
Whilst togg'd out *à-la-mode* to the Boulevards
your trip,
By the gay four-in-hand club I'm call'd a prime whip;
Whilst with lads of sound bottom I stroll into White's,
Monkeys, eating, and puppets, compose your delights;
Who know nought of a horse, or aught else but their dresses,
And o'en this, like their chatter, their folly expresses;
Whilst on some cut-down noble or dandy you gaze."

I sport through St. James's my four spanking greys,
With a wench who has set the whole town in a blaze!
But comparison's odious—return with *dolai*,
And, as soon as you can, Bob, amend your *fauz pas*:
Cut your Counts, who would gladly receive a *douceur*,
Leave your Captains, their new jockey-boots and silk breeches;
Nor be piqu'd if your Count should turn out a *friseur*,
And your Captain be closely allied to the Leech's.
So, again to the larder—you bid me adieu!
Mauvais honte, you know, Bob, never did trouble you—
And at Oxford a cursed companion I found it,
But have since persever'd, and with claret have drown'd it."

A NEEDY TURNCOAT'S LETTER.

"Now Davy (a poet) you've known pride's contempt—
From poverty are not (at all times) exempt—
And, before you condemn, suppose my case your own;
Then let your heart dictate what you would have done:
Without friends—bare of cash—a mere slave for my bread,
And while writing from principle, scarcely half fed—
In distress—scorning pity, I crept to my shed!
Thus necessity forc'd me, I own, to comply,
Though my heart, whilst I spoke, to my tongue gave the lie:
His Lordship then gave me a check for an hundred,
And I gave him my head—I confess that I wonder'd
He his favours unask'd shou'd so lib'rally show'r,
But he taught me to feel I was now in his pow'r;
And directly employ'd me in writing a tract,
To prove truth was a libel—and libel a fact;
I completed the task—my Lord smil'd—Davy then
I had first earn'd a smile by a prostitute pen;
I again wrote, and won—not my own heart's—applause,
For my pen now supported a sycophant's cause:
But stung to the soul—by my conscience convicted,
Each lie I produc'd the same pen contradicted.
Thus proceeding, I was to have shewn my Lord's daughter
The use of the globes, which he wish'd to have taught her;
But to study myself I with pathos besought her.
She was handsome, warm-hearted, affectionate, chaste,
And, in short, would exactly have suited my taste;

M m

Though her natural sense education had spoil'd,
Such as she had receiv'd, native genius had
soil'd:

But she heard the soft tale I repeatedly told her
With a smile of content, as she'd lean o'er my
shoulder;

A little bombast, I was forc'd to employ,
And whilst urging the lady to hasten my joy,
She consented; and thus when my point I had
carried,
We had nam'd the next day t' have been privately
married."

INTERESTING LINES ON SCOTLAND.

"Long may the Thistle wave her blooming
head

In that brave land where noble Wallace bled;
The land which has for ages given birth
To valor, learning, honesty, and worth;
Where science beams—where arts the mind im-
prove,

And Brant's smile rewards a faithful love.
May Heaven's blessings, Scotia, on thy land
descend,
And ev'ry son of thine possess a faithful friend!"

ON IRELAND.

"Erie; thy Shamrock once so green,
Is now a drooping emblem seen;
But yet, though scorn'd, no blame is thine—
The canker-worms its root entwine;
Corruption, thirst of pow'r and wealth,
Have caus'd the plant's decline of health;
Whose land for Britain trophies won—
The land of conqu'ring Wellington!"

PROLOGUE TO THE NEW TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Written by a Friend, spoken by Mr. H. Kemble.

TIME rushes o'er us; thick as evening clouds
Ages roll back:—what calls them from their
thronds?

What in full vision brings their good and great,
The men whose virtues make the nation's fate,
The far, forgotten stars of human kind?
The Stage—the mighty telescope of mind!

If later, luckless arts that Stage profane,
The actor pleads—not guilty of the stain:
He but the shadow flung on Fashion's tide—
Yours the high will that all its waves must guide:
Your voice alone, the great reform secures,
His but the passing hour—the age is yours.

Our pledge is kept. Here yet no chargers
wheel,

No foreign slaves on ropes or scaffolds reel,
No Gallic Amazons, half naked, climb
From pit to gallery—the low sublime!
In Shakespeare's halls, shall dogs and bears en-
guge?

Where brutes are actors, be a booth the stage!
And we shall triumph yet. The cloud has hung
Darkly above—but day shall spring—has sprung;

The tempest has but swept, not shook the shrine,
No lamp that Genius lit has ceas'd to shine!
Still lives its sanctity. Around the spot
Hover high spirits—shapes of burning thought—
Viewless—but call them, on the dazzled eye
Descends their pomp of immortality:
Here, at your voice, Rowe, Otway, Southern
come,
Flashing like meteors thro' the age's gloom.
Perpetual here—king of th' immortal band,
Sits Shakespeare crown'd. He lifts the golden
wand,

And all obey; the visions of the past
Rise as they lived—soft, splendid, regal, vast.
Then Ariel harps along the enchanted wave,
Then the Weird Sisters thunder in their cave—
The spell is wound. Then shews his mightier
art,
The Moor's lost son; the hell of Richard's heart,
And stamps, in fiery warning to all time,
The deep damnation of a tyrant's crime.

To-night we take our lesson from the tomb:
'Tis thy rest and cenotaph, colossal Rome!
How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low,
Ashes and dust are all thy glory now!
While o'er thy wreck, a host of monks and slaves,
Tatter to "seek dishonourable graves."

The story is of Brutus, in that name
Tower'd to the sun her eagle's wing of flame!
When sank her liberty, that name of power,
Pour'd hallow'd splendours round its dying hour.
The lesson lived for man—that heavenward blaze
Fixed on the pile the world's eternal gaze.

Unrivall'd England! to such memories thou
This hour dost owe the laurel on thy brow;
These, fix'd, when earth was like a grave, thy
tread,

Prophet and warrior! 'twixt the quick and dead;
Those bade thee war for man—those won the name
That crowns thee—famed above all Roman fame.

Now, to our scene—we feel no idle fear,
Sure of the hearts, the British justice here;
If we deserve it, sure of your applause—
Then, hear for Rome, for England, for "our
cause!"

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Friend, spoken by Mrs. Glover.

MAY Mrs. Glover venture to appear?
She neither uses nor speaks daggers here:
She comes quite tame, in the old English way,
To hope you all have—wept at our new play.

Tullia no more, I tread on English ground;
There's pride, hope, courage, in the very sound;
Myself your debtor, many a changeable year
For generous kindness—never changing here;
I come to ask that kindness now for one
Unknown, or but by this night's fortune known,
To cheer a youthful votary of the nine,
And fill his heart with gratitude—like mine.

Aye, this is England—well its signs I know,
 Beauty above, around me, and below :
 Such cheeks of rose, such bright bewitching eyes!
 Well may the kneeling world give you the prize!
 Where, where on earth does woman wear a smile,
 Like yours, ye glory of "the glorious isle!"
 But, bless me—what, two nondescripts together,
 The *she* a pile of ribband, straw, and feather;
 Her back a pillow, all above and on it
 A church-bell? cradle? tower?—No, faith, a
 bonnet!
 Aye, and an actual woman in it, able—
 Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel!

Now for the *he*, the fellow nondescript,
 Whence has that mockery of man been shipt?
 Have Ross or Buchan brought him to console
 The quidnuncs for the passage to the Pole?
 While, on her iceberg, howl some Greenland
 squaw,

Robbed of her pretty monster till next thaw!
 No, Paris has the honour.—" *Ah que oui*,"—
 " *Voilà*!"—the air, grace, shrug—smell of *Paris*!
 France gave his step its trip, his tongue its phrase,
 His head its peruke, and his waist its stays!
 The thing is contraband.—Let's crush the trade,
 Ladies, insist on't—all is best *home made*.
 All British, from your shoe-tye or your fan,
 Down to that tantalizing wretch call'd man!
 Now for this compound creature:—first, the wig,
 With every frizzle struggling to look big;
 Oa the roug'd cheek the fresh dyed whisker
 spread,

The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head.
 The neckcloth next, where starch and whalebone
 vie

To make the slave a walking pillory.
 The bolster'd bosom, ah! ye envying fair,
 How little dream you of the stuff that's there!
 What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs com-
 press,

To make the Dandy "beautifully less"
 Thus fools, their final stake of folly cast,
 By instinct, to *strait waistcoats* come at last.
 Misjudging Shakespeare! this escaped thine eye,
 For tho' the brains are out, the thing won't die.

And now, farewell! But one word for the Bard,
 The smile of Beauty is his best reward;
 Then smile upon him, you, and you, and you!
 I see the Poet's cause is won. Adieu!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMN ON THE DEATH OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

QUEEN of Albion, art thou gone
 To celestial realms of glory?
 Long thy virtues grinc'd a throne,
 Long thy worth shall live in story;
 While thy spotless soul shall rise
 Welcome to her native skies.

Blessed spirit, art thou fled
 From this scene of pain and anguish?
 Guardian seraphs round thy bed,
 Pitying saw thee pine and languish,
 Then triumphant bade thee rise,
 "Welcome, sister, to the skies!"
 "Welcome to a land of peace,
 "Endless pleasures still bestowing;
 "Welcome to a throne of bliss!
 "Joys unceasing, ever flowing!
 "Come, and claim the heav'nly prize,
 "Welcome, sister, to the skies!"

C. C. RICHARDSON.

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MRS. M'MULLAN.

FULL many a lonely grove and dell,
 With thee I've sought, sweet Philomel!
 Whilst oft thy wild notes charnted,
 Have stay'd the list'ning Zephyr's flight,
 Have charm'd the ear of gloomy Night
 In groves that Echo haunted.

Full quickly comes the hunter's moon,
 And thou, lov'd warbler! ah, too soon,
 Wilt find a leafless mansion:
 Winter's fierce winds will journey fast,
 To throw the keen, the icy blast,
 Through all the chill'd expansion.

Yon murmur'ing lake forgets to flow,
 Yon mossy bank enwreath'd in snow,
 Not e'en thy song inspiring:
 Though Dian checks her silver car,
 And lingers with the midnight star,
 Thy vesper hymn admiring.

Naiades that on the waveless stream,
 Assembled at thy plaintive theme,
 To list thy faithful sadness,
 Now lend their murmurs to the shell,
 And softly whisper—"Fare thee well!"
 In strain uncheer'd by gladness.

Delightless sweeps the minstrel string,
 That huilt'd thee in the joyous spring,
 When life was worth possessing;
 Yet come, lone warbler! follow me,
 And minstrel-harp will give to thee.
 Its simply grateful blessing.

When Winter from his ice-built throne
 Proclaims the snow-wrapt world his own,
 And his the storm-clad mountain:
 Come to my cell, and thou shalt share,
 The crumb, the warmth, the genial air,
 And sip the crystal fountain.

From humble store enough shall be
 Allotted, Philomel, to thee,
 To sooth thy pensive sorrow:
 Then haste—nor tuneless linger here,
 To minstrel-bosom thou art dear—
 Haste—fly with me to-morrow.

M m 3

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

SPOKEN AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

"HOPE told a flatt'ring tale," that you would view

Our scenic efforts—and applaud them too;
And tho' she's fickle as the summer wind,
Yet still we trusted her—for you are kind!
And would not tear ungen'rously apart
The little buds that hope twines round the heart:
No! you would rather foster them with care,
And bid the tender blossoms flourish there,
Than crush them in their verdure, and lay low
Hope's smiling roses, even ere they blow.

The Indian slave may guide his light canoe,
Beneath a mild and cloudless sky of blue;
May chaunt his love-songs, and may safely glide
O'er the smooth surface of a river's tide;
But dare not trust his fragile bark from shore,
Where clouds hang threat'ning, and where bill-
ows roar.

Ev'n so our bark will, undisturb'd by gales,
Glide on, if your applause but fill the sails;
But if her voyage be by your censure cross'd,
The bark is wreck'd—and all her crew are lost.

Ladies, to you I bow—no stars appear
By which the tim'rous mariner can steer;
Would you assist him in this enterprise,
And grant him leave to steer by your bright eyes;
There is a tender magic in their ray,
That well could light the vessel on her way;
And let her anchor, after all our toils,
Beneath the cloudless heaven of your smiles.

Behind the scenes some trembling enlprits wait,
Who leave to you the issue of their fate.
Be not severe!—adopt the gen'rous plan,
To spare our faults, and cheer us when you can;
'Twill make us baste thro' our various parts
With buoyant spirits, and with merry hearts.

O! not the sounds of midnight serenade,
Breath'd 'neath the lattice of some tender maid,
Nor dying murmurs of the lover's lute,
Nor the soft warblings of the dulcet flute,
Could cheer our bosoms in our present cause,
One half so much as your sincere applause.

H. S. V. D.

SONG.

THE ruby lips that pout to greet me,
The look of welcome in the eyes;
The tender heart that bounds to meet me,
These, O! these, are what I prize.
For me, the goblet has no pleasures,
I shun its rounds, nor wish to sip,
The nectar that my bosom treasures,
I can find on Julia's lip.

O! ev'ry virtuous charm possessing,
Blest in person and in mind;
Every comfort, joy, and blessing,
In my Julia dear I find.
To others pomp and splendid pleasures,
May delight and joy impart;
Julia's virtues are my treasures,
All my wealth is—Julia's heart.

H. S. V. D.

FASHIONS

FOR

JANUARY, 1819.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—FANCY MOURNING DINNER DRESS.

White crape frock with pointed festoons of the same, fastened at each point by black rosettes, and folds of black satin placed above and below the festoons. Black satin Canezou spenser, elegantly ornamented with white crape. Frederica hat of white crape, surmounted by a plume of black feathers. Necklace of jet; black gloves and slippers.

N. B. In consequence of the severe disposition of our engraver of Fashions, we are compelled to postpone the beauti-

ful Figure we had intended for this Number; and shall, therefore, present our readers with a third embellishment in our Number for February.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE variegated wand of Fashion is now again seen waving over her changeable empire, and her prime assistant Fancy, is busily employed in giving versatility even to the sable garments of woe, while she is em-



duously preparing to greet the eye of Taste with every varied invention, when the outward pomp of sorrow shall no more be seen and Britannia's daughters shall only in silence and solitude weep over the memory of a once venerated Queen.

Since the time that our well-judging and beloved Regent has shewn himself so sensibly alive to the sufferings of our manufacturers, and has abridged the outward shew of that mourning he deeply feels within, Fancy has been busy in her researches after novelty; and whoever would be convinced of this truth have only to repair to Mrs. Bell's Fashionable Repository, in St. James's-street, where they will find those rare inventions and that versatility which it could scarce be imagined would have been achieved amidst the general sameness of black, white, and grey.

For out-door costume nothing can be reckoned more completely elegant than the Witchoura pelisse of black velvet lined with white sarsenet, and trimmed with real ermine. A new pelisse is also in preparation against the last change of mourning, called the Otaheitan pelisse; it will be of fine dove-colour, lined with amber; but the article which is to compose the trimming is of the most rare, expensive, and novel kind; it is entirely composed of feathers from the neck of a beautiful bird of Otaheite, wherein variegated shades of amber form a striking predominance.

For the walking costume nothing is so much held in estimation as a fine black chip or straw bonnet, lined with white, trimmed at the edge with a quilling of net, and surmounted by black feathers; or the Mary Scott bonnet, of black satin, ornamented with stripes of spotted velvet. For the carriage a black velvet college cap, with rich silk tassels depending from the middle of the crown over the left side, is in high favour.

White crape and fine clear muslin petticoats over white or French grey satin, with grey satin or black satin and spotted velvet boddices, are amongst the newest order of dresses for the general change of mourning. But the most novel and elegant evening costume consists of a petticoat of black Italian gauze; and this classical and beautiful skirt is ornamented from the sole invention and taste of Mrs. Bell, with

stripes of richly raised *resatare* of black satin, with a full *coquillage* ornament commencing at the border and extending nearly half way up the petticoat in three alternate rows; this shell-work is formed of gauze and satin: the body worn with it is of black satin, velvet either plain or spotted, beautifully ornamented with jet and floize trimming, or else the sombre hue is finely relieved by a white satin body ornamented with pearls; the petticoat, which will be always worn over white at the change of mourning, is called the Gallician dress.

The Madrid robe is also another novelty for faucy mourning; it is of black spotted gauze, with broad flounces of white figured *tulle* of a rich pattern, each flounce caught up in festoons, and edged with a light and elegant floize silk trimming.

Amongst the most admired head-dresses for full dress, is the Belgrade turban, with jet ornaments, and the Seraskier plume placed in front; the turban is formed of white crape, and the plume is black. The turban cap is also a favourite head-dress for the evening; it is composed of white crape and pearls. The Marechale turban promises also to be much in requisition at the Opera and the rout this winter. It is of white crape, and formed in the Persian style. On the left side of the forepart is placed a beautiful aigrette in the form of those ornaments of jewels called by the French *oprites*: this is a most superb head-dress.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

.By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

MY last accounts which I had prepared for you of the fluctuating fashions of this metropolis, remained unfinished when I read that the royal mother of your nation was no more. I offer you many thanks for the trouble you took in sending me, with such dispatch, so circumstantial an account of her funeral; which was, nevertheless, such as all state funerals, in England, are in general.

"The fashion of this world passeth

away;" and the solemn observation presents itself, even when treating of the fickle changes adopted by the motley Goddess: those I last recorded have passed over to the different departments amongst our fair provincials; and now be it my task to inform you of what is reckoned most elegant in this capital of Fashion's undisputed empire.

The out-door *costume* consists of a pelisse of fine Merino cloth, confined round the waist with a simple band of figured satin or velvet; which, if the pelisse is a light green, the band is always a shade lighter. The sleeves are made to set closer to the arms than formerly. Witzchouras are very prevalent, and are worn over cambric dresses, which still maintain their station, and are often, with a black velvet spenser, the prevailing morning *costume* for the early promenade. At the Thuilleries, the hats are all of black velvet, and are worn extremely plain; some black velvet hats are made in the shape of a riding hat, and are ornamented with a gold band; and are bound, at the edge, with gold lace. Grey hats, of *Gros de Naples*, are invariably worn, at present, by the ladies belonging to the court; and white swansdown is much used as a trimming to these hats. Bonnets of sea-green shag silk, trimmed with white, are also in much requisition. Violet-coloured hats, which are yet in favour, are either lined with grass-green or lemon-colour. White hats are trimmed with very broad yellow ribbands, in large plaits: a border of white down feathers, on a hat of green *Gros-de-Naples*, is much admired by our fashionists: some shag silk hats are trimmed with ribbands edged with Astracan fur—these are called Moscow ribbands; and to give a relief to the somewhat heavy and wintry appearance of these hats, they are surmounted by a plume of white heron's feathers, some of which droop, others are spiral.

The gowns are chiefly made of white Merino crape, with flounces of the same, edged with green embroidery; these flounces are headed with a tufted trimming, the same colour as the embroidery, which, if the gown is violet colour, is blue, and if amaranth, the embroidery is white: the waists are longer than last month, and increase in length every day: the body is

made *à-la-Canezon*, with puckered *apanelles*, buttons, and loops. Some ladies wear a dress of white Merino crape, ornamented with scarlet *brandenburghs* from the top to the bottom; the gown is flounced with the same article as the dress, with three flounces, and over the last of these flounces is a row of rich embroidery of white embossed work.

At the Theatres, and other public spectacles, dress hats are much worn; they are shaped like the *toque* hats so much in favour last autumn, and are ornamented with ostrich or *marabout* feathers. Undress caps have a kind of half-handkerchief over them, the corner of which hangs down behind. The newest *cornette* is called the *toque cornette*; the head-piece of which is formed of net, in a kind of large runner, through which is seen a coloured ribband: for the breakfast table, these *cornettes* are of thin muslin, with embroidered muslin crowns.

Young ladies adorn their hair with wreaths of flowers, formed of Turkish poppies and palm-leaves, intermingled; the poppies are white, striped with either violet, cherry-colour, or light yellow.

Black velvet *toques*, ornamented with gold lace and ostrich feathers, are most in favour for full dress: though many ladies who have fine hair prefer a festoon of gauze, surmounted by feathers. In half-dress, village caps are all the rage; they are made of *tulle*, and are ornamented with white, yellow, or scarlet ribbands, with bows, and sometimes a wreath of roses or small tulips.

Fans are again in great requisition; those most admired are called surprise fans, and appear as if broken: they are made of mother-of-pearl, ivory, tortoise-shell, and cedar, curiously carved to imitate lace.

The favourite colours are violet, wild poppy, and grass-green.

— DRESS OF THE TURKISH LADIES AT ALEXANDRIA.

They wear over the head a long white veil, which entirely conceals their hair and every part of their face, except the eyes, when they go abroad; in their houses they wear an elegant kind of cap, called a *berrette*, which is embroidered with gold, and

tastefully fastened on one side; their hair, which is very long, is divided in plaits, which descend to their ancles; at the end of each of these braids are three sequins suspended, and which, when they walk, make a jingling like bells; this custom, of very high antiquity, may be seen in the prophet Isaiah, where he complains of the luxuries of his times. Their necklaces are composed of sequins and pearls; and their loose robes are made of very fine India muslin, worked with ornamental figures in the richest colours. They wear yellow half-boots very loose, so that the elegance of a neat ancle is never displayed. Over these half-boots they put on large yellow slippers when they go out. Nothing can be more tasteful than the scarf of white crape, richly embroidered in gold and silver, which they throw over their dress with the most graceful negligenc.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is requisite to revert back only as far as the era of 1777 in order to prove, what I have so sedulously endeavoured to maintain, that the females of the present day have, in most articles of dress, infinitely better taste than their grandmothers.

At that period, the lovely oval face, and well-shaped head, were disguised by two swagging curls, loaded with powder and pomatum, laying on the shoulders, and brought to meet almost under the chin; while the hair, turned up behind, and floating in a heavy bag, hung down to the small of the waist, bedewing the black or dark silk gown with a plentiful supply of grease and powder: this powder was of a pale yellow; and the other part of the hair, besides the curls and bag, was arranged *à la herisson* (hedgehog), and to which, it must be acknowledged, it bore a very classical resemblance. A garland of flowers was often placed on the left side of this bristly appearance. The dress was called a Circassian; which was a gown left open in front, and generally of white, or a light coloured silk or satin, with green, white, or pink satin petticoats. They wore crimped ribband sashes, with tassels at the ends;

and these sashes, and the cuffs of their gowns, were the same colour as the petticoat, which was always different to that of the gown. They also wore a gown called an Italian night-gown, with a fancy petticoat and short gauze apron; the gown generally trimmed with the same gauze as the apron: with this dress was worn a French stuffed hoop, of very small dimensions, and not ungraceful in shewing off the folds of the robe to advantage, while it imparted slenderness to the waist: something like this, though we must say with improvement, is aimed at in the *Nelson* of the present day; but my fair countrywomen are apt to place this part of their dress too high, and, by that means, appear round-shouldered, while the fine bend of the back is entirely lost.

The shoes of the *belles*, in the spring of 1777, were of silk, the same colour as the gown, and they wore short black gauze cloaks. The stays were made very low, and the very thin gauze handkerchiefs were no shield to the exposed bust of the females of that period. They certainly added to the beautiful colour of a snowy bosom, and rendered thereby the exposure certainly more attractive than that of the bared shoulders of the present day, when every ill-made, brown-coloured bust is thrust on the sickened sight, and becomes an object of disgust instead of admiration.

MARCUS.

(To be continued occasionally.)

Though we seldom introduce rhyme in any other department but in that devoted to Poetry, yet the following lines which lately met our eye, addressed to a fair Quaker, we could not but highly admire, and have assigned them a place here, as most appropriate to their subject:—

LINES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY, MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

They may rant of their costume, and brilliant head-dresses,

“*A-la-Grecque, à-la-Français*,” or what else they will,

They may talk of tiaras which glitter in tresses,
Crowned by the Graces, and braided with skill;

Yet, when all's said and done, to my eye the
drab bonnet

Is the loveliest of any, and chief when it wears,
Not only the bright gloss of neatness upon it,

But beneath the expression benevolence bears:
Then let Fashion exult in her vapid vagaries;

From her fascinations my favourite is free;
Be Folly's the head gear which momentarily varies,

But a *bonnet of drab* is the neatest to me.

Though stately the ostrich-plume gracefully
throwing

Its feathery flashes of light to the eye,
Though tasty and trim the straw bonnet when
glowing

With its ribbands as brilliant of various dye;
Yet somehow, or other, though none can seem
duller

Than a simple *drab bonnet* to many a gaze,
It is, and it will be, the favourite colour

Round which, with fresh fondness, my fancy
still plays;

And it well suits my Muse with a garland to
wreath it,

And echo its praises with gratefullest glee,
For knowing the goodness that oft lurks beneath
it,

The *bonnet of drab* beats a turban with me.
Full many a rare gem the poet hath chanted,
In the depths of the ocean flings round it its
sheen,

And "full many a flower," its beauties un-
counted,

Springs to life, sheds its perfume, and withers
unseen.

And well do I know that the sisterhood number,
Arrayed in that liberty coxcombs reprove,
Forms as fair as e'er flash'd on a poet's sweet
slumbers,

And faces as lovely as ever taught love.
This I know, and have felt, and thus knowing
and feeling,

A recreant minstrel I surely should be,
If my heart felt attachment, and fondness con-
cealing,

The *bonnet of drab* were unhonoured by me.
I have basked in the full blaze of beauty and
fashion,

Have seen these united in gifts rich and rare,
And crown'd with a heart that could cherish com-
passion,

And, by sympathy, soften what sorrow must
share;

Yet acknowledging this, which I can do sin-
cerely,

Still the highest enjoyment this bosom e'er
knew,

The glance which it treasures most fondly and
dearly,

Beam'd from under a bonnet of *drab* coloured
hue.

'Twas my pleasure and pride,—it is past, and
bath perish'd,

Like the track of a ship in the deep heaving
sea;

But its loveliness lives, its remembrance is che-
rish'd,

And a *bonnet of drab* is the sweetest to me!

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

INCLUDING VARIETIES CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

THE managers at Drury-Lane have, at length, succeeded in producing a very attractive drama; and we now most sincerely hope that a succession of overflowing audiences will give a just return to the laudable efforts of the Committee and their manager, to support this ancient and respectable concern, in Kean and Mrs. West they have their due share of public attraction.

The new tragedy of *Brutus* attracts nightly such audiences as it well merits. It is attributed to the pen of Mr. Howard Payne, a young gentleman of much active merit and future promise. We here annex a sketch of the plot.

The play opens at the camp of Ardea, near Rome, after the return of *Brutus* from Delphi,

still wearing his idiot's guise. *Tullia*, the tyrant's wife, who drove her chariot over the dead body of her father, is disturbed by dreams and predictions.—"The fall of *Tarquinius* shall be effected by a fool." Such was the prophecy that roused her fears, of which the object is *Lucius Junius Brutus*. She sends for him, but is quieted by his seeming imbecility. The memorable wager is now made at the camp, and *Collatinus* and the younger *Tarquinius* set out instantly for Rome, to make trial of the excellence of their wives. They visit *Lucretia*—*Sextus Tarquinius* becomes enamoured—returns the next night alone, and by the infamy of his crime provokes the genius of Roman liberty and justice. *Sextus*, on his return, meets *Brutus*, and relates to him his adventure. The latter throws off the mask, starts forth into his real character, and assails the wretch with indignant curses. *Lucretia* sends for her husband: he arrives with *Brutus* and her father. She makes her memorable speech, and kills herself. *Brutus* swears upon the reeking dagger to revenge her, and give

Rome freedom. His friends join him in the oath. *Brutus* addresses the people; they shut the gates against the tyrant, and tear down his palace. *Tullia* is condemned by *Brutus* to be imprisoned in Rhea's Temple, which contained her father's tomb. She is brought there horror-struck, and dies at the monumental statue of her father, which, in her frenzy, she fancied was his spectre. The consular government is now established, and the conspiracy of the young nobles of Rome is discovered. The son of the consul is among them. He had been won by his love of *Tarquina*, the tyrant's daughter, who had saved his life. Now comes the trial of the soul of *Brutus*. He judges, and condemns his son—gives the signal for his execution—sees it done behind the scenes—loses the Roman in the father, when the axe gives the fatal blow—falls into the arms of his brother consul, and the curtain falls.

The unity of time, it will be observed, is wholly discarded; but the simplicity of the action is observed, and even the unity of place is not very palpably violated by the changes of scene between Rome, Arden, and Collatium.—The author of this play has taken advantage, very freely, of Lee's play on this subject, and he is also indebted to Voltaire. The traces of Lee were chiefly observable in the earlier scenes, which were by far the most poetical. There are several plays on this subject; but the structure of the tragedy before us has not, as far as we know, been taken from any of them. We should judge, on the contrary, that the author took the subject as he found it in Livy, one of the most eloquent, and decidedly the most dramatic of historians; that he sketched out his play on his own views, and, in completing his work, took advantage of the best scenes which he found to his purpose in other plays on the same subject. It was brought out with great splendour. There was, perhaps, rather too much shouting and spectacle. There are too processions in the first act: this was at least one too many. We should recommend that several scenes should be shortened: the length of the play admits of curtailment. There is one alteration which we think of the utmost importance: it is, that *Lucretia* should not appear a second time. Let her die behind the scenes, and let *Brutus* rush in with the dagger, hot and reeking with her blood. Mr. Keen's narration will be more effective than the action of Mrs. Robinson. The close of the fourth act also requires some alteration: the two first acts were very good; and two scenes of the fifth, excellent. The character of *Brutus* was performed with great ability and effect by Mr. Keen: the transitions from seeming idiocy to intellectual and moral elevation, were powerful, natural, and unexaggerated. There was, perhaps, some want of the antique classic grandeur which we associate with the elder *Brutus*; but on the other hand, there were fine touches of energy and pa-

thea. In this, as in other parts, his insatiable love of pointed him into the mistake of breaking up into splendid fragments, passages, the poetical merit of which could be conveyed only by calm and dignified declamation. There was also an affectation of tinsel and frippery in his costume. It was a gross fault to dress differently from his brother consul, independently of the violation of the character of *Brutus*. All the other characters were subordinate. *Titus*, the son of *Brutus*, and *Sextus*, were respectably played by Mr. Fisher and Mr. H. Kemble.—Mrs. Glover represented the remorse and frenzy of *Tullia*, with force; and Mrs. West produced some good effects in *Tarquina*.

A new farce has also been performed at this theatre, entitled, *Is he alive; or, All Puzzled*. It was produced originally at the close of the last season, on the occasion of Mr. Knight's benefit; and the reception which it then met, encouraged the managers to bring it forward on their own account. The experiment has succeeded; the farce was well received, and announced for repetition with applause. The plot, though simple in itself, is not very clearly developed. The humour is not of that broad cast which generally distinguishes farce from comedy; but it is without affectation, and consequently entitled, so far, to praise.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Two or three old dramas have been revived at this theatre, and, amongst them, the *Earl of Warwick* and the *Castle Spectre*. The former play was very judiciously reduced from five acts into three, and was thus about one-third more tolerable than in its original state. We have not the smallest objection to these reductions by the stage and acting managers. The tragedy is heavy and dull, and the very best actors, we should think, would find it very difficult to render it more than tolerable. Mr. Macready's personation of *Warwick* was distinguished by great strength of conception and execution. Mr. Abbott acquitted himself creditably in *Edward*; but the chief novelty, for the introduction of which the play seemed to have been selected, was the performance of *Margaret of Anjou* by Miss Somerville. This lady possesses considerable powers of declamation, not unmixed with feeling and pathos, but

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she is rather too fond of exhibiting the first of those qualities. We were too much reminded of this defect, though our opinion of the whole undertaking is very favourable. Wherever rage and indignation were to be exhibited, she fulfilled her task with ability; and if she was less happy in the more tender scenes, these scenes were less important to the perfect colouring of the character. The last scene was very impressive, and her exit was honoured with distinguished applause.

The *Castle Spectre* is a much more attractive drama, though with less merit, perhaps (if less there can be in a play suffered to keep possession of the stage). Mr. Lewis, the author, certainly excelled all the writers of his time in dressing up these tales of terror, and in giving such a colour and such circumstances to his monsters and prodigies, as diverted the attention from their nonsense and absurdity. But the *Castle Spectre* is, at best, only a splendid spectacle.

Miss O'Neill gave a very impressive and picturesque representation of the part of *Angela*. Her address to *Osmond* had more force than belongs to it in the insipid bombast of the play itself. The presenting to *Osmond* the dagger, stained with her mother's blood, which he had shed, was executed with the greatest happiness; and the scene with the apparition produced the deepest emotion, by the mingled expression of filial tenderness and supernatural fear, in conflict with each other, until, at length, the latter prevails, and she drops down lifeless. Mr. Young played *Earl Osmond* with his usual ability; Mr. C. Kemble played the insignificant part of *Percy*, and was much applauded, for his own sake, not for that of the character.—The part of *Hassan* was remarkably well supported by Mr. Abbott. Mr. Emery was entertaining in the monastic bon-vivant; but Mrs. Yates did not look and move the *Apparition* well.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THIS handsome theatre has re-opened with a new comic historical burletta, in three acts, under the title of *Rochester*.—The piece is founded on a well-known extravagance of that celebrated Lord, and has

been excellently dramatized by Mr. Moscreiff, whose talents for such composition are of no middling stamp. The character of *John Wilmot*, which was admirably performed by Mr. Elliston, is full of humour. Mr. Pearman, whose vocal talents are already well known to the public, sustained the rank of the *Duke of Buckingham*. His songs were given in very effective style. Mrs. Edwin, the former favourite of Drury-lane, represented the *Countess of Lovelough*, and her propensity to merriment was so irresistibly catching, that she frequently "set the audience in a roar." A burlesque tragedy was the second entertainment: it was, perhaps, excessively farcical in some instances, but upon the whole, it created great amusement. This little theatre continues to be nightly crowded.

COBOURG THEATRE.

A NEW piece has been produced at this theatre, entitled *El Hyder; or, The Chief of the Gout Mountains*. The scenery was particularly splendid. The action being laid in the East, several opportunities were afforded for rich spectacle, and they were made use of to great advantage. The view of a bridge and cataract called forth general admiration, as did also the representation of a triumphal arch and a pillar of victory. The procession of *Hamet* into the city, was splendid in a high degree; but the most imposing appearance was created by the view of the mine and the burning ruins. The story of the piece is interesting and well developed, considering the immense variety of incidents which it embraces. The characters were excellently sustained. The well-known pantomime of *La Perouse* followed, and the scenery here, also, would not be unworthy any theatre. Every seat in the edifice was occupied.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Night-Mare Abbey. By the author of "Head-long-Hall." 1 vol. 12mo. Hookham, Baldwin, Craddock and Joy.

THE truly unique style of this sprightly volume would have convinced us of its author without the assistance of the title-

page. *Headlong-Hall*, and the delightful novel of *Melincourt*, were sufficient to establish the fame of their writer, as to wit and fancy, expressed in a style at once chaste, original, and striking.

This wit and fancy are not decreased in the volume before us; we perused the work with the most lively satisfaction; and we find in it but one fault, namely, that it is too excellent to be properly appreciated by general readers, and we fear it will be but a select number who will thoroughly understand its pointed and appropriate satire.

Night-Mare Abbey, as the author informs us, is a venerable family mansion, the seat of Christopher Glowry, Esq. a widower. His only son, Scythrop, is of a character as eccentric as his father; he has been christened after an ancestor who had hanged himself, and of whose skull Mr. Glowry had made a punch bowl!

Mr. Glowry, among other eccentricities, always chose his servants, "for a long face, or a dismal name,"—his butler was Raven, his steward Crow, his vallet Skellet, and Diggory Death's-head, his footman.

Amongst the most agreeable of Mr. Glowry's visitors is a Mr. Hilary, whose vivacity is exuberant. A Mr. Flosky is a man of mystery, fond of the marvellous: a millenarian of the name of Toobad, is a character admirably, though very highly coloured; the Reverend Mr. Larynx, an accommodating clergyman; and the orphan niece of Mr. Glowry, Marionetta Celestina O'Carroll, is a very natural character, fond of her cousin Scythrop, but capricious and volatile; flying off as she finds him most attached to her, and anxious to regain his affections when she fears they are wavering.

We must not pass by the Honourable Mr. Listless, who is one of the dozing kind of dandies of the present day; neither will it be pardonable if we omit to mention Celinda, the daughter of Mr. Toobad, a very romantic lady, whom Mr. Asteras, the ichthyologist, has mistaken for a mermaid (a being which he is in anxious search after), while she is seeking to hide herself in the environs of Night-Mare Abbey. Celinda at length finds her way to the apartment of Scythrop, who conceals her in another, by means of a secret passage through his book-case: the result of which confidence

is, that Scythrop falls in love with her, without ceasing to love Marionetta; this gives the author a fair occasion, and which he has well improved, of satirizing the Stellas and Charlottes of German romances.

The marriage of Scythrop with Marionetta, has however been fixed on, when on an unlucky remark from the former on his father's being *too precipitate*, the lady consequently takes offence and the match is put off; soon after Celinda takes refuge, as we have above stated, in Scythrop's apartment, and she takes the name of Stella. She is afterwards discovered by Mr. Glowry. Scythrop trembles lest his father should divulge his love for Marionetta, which in fact he does, and his son tries to drown what he says by bawling in his ear the formation, &c. of that useful member; and in which a lash is evidently given to a certain renowned aurist.

The two young ladies take their departure shortly after this event, and letters arrive, in a few days from each, informing the enamoured Scythrop that Celinda is married to Flosky, and Marionetta to the Honourable Mr. Listless.

The above is the chief outline of this amusing and well written work: we shall now subjoin a few extracts from those separate parts which we found particularly striking.

MR. GLOWRY'S IDEAS OF MATRIMONY.

"Marriage is therefore a lottery, and the less choice and selection a man bestows on his ticket the better: for, if he has incurred considerable pains and expence to obtain a lucky number, and his lucky number proves a blank, he experiences not a simple but a complicated disappointment; the loss of labour and money being superadded to the disappointment of drawing a blank, which, constituting simply and entirely the grievance of him who has chosen his ticket at random, is, from its simplicity, the more endurable."

ORIGINALITY OF SCYTHROP'S CHARACTER.

"Scythrop had a certain portion of mechanical genius, which his romantic projects tended to develop. He constructed models of cells and recesses, sliding pannels and secret passages, that would have baffled the skill of the Parisian police. He took the opportunity of his father's absence to smuggle a dumb carpenter into the Abbey, and between them they gave reality to one of these models in Scythrop's tower. Scythrop foresaw that a great leader of human regeneration would be involved in fearful dilemmas,

and determined, for the benefit of mankind in general, to adopt all possible precautions for the preservation of himself.

"The servants, even the women, had been tutored into silence. Profound stillness reigned throughout and around the Abbey, except when the occasional shutting of a door would peal in long reverberations through the galleries, or the heavy tread of the pensive butler would wake the hollow echoes of the hall. Scythrop stalked about like the grand inquisitor, and the servants sat like familiars. In his evening meditations on the terrace, under the ivy of the ruined tower, the only sounds that came to his ear were the rustling of the wind in the ivy,—the plaintive voices of the feathered choristers, the owls,—the occasional striking of the Abbey-clock,—and the monotonous dash of the sea on its low and level shore. In the mean time he drank Madeira, and laid deep schemes for a thorough repair of the crazy fabric of human nature."

CHARACTER OF MARTONETTA.

"Miss Marionetta Celestina O'Carroll, was a very blooming and accomplished young lady. Being a compound of the *Allegro Vivace* of the O'Carrolls, and of the *Andante Doloroso* of the Glowries, she exhibited in her own character all the diversities of an April sky. Her hair was light-brown: her eyes hazel, and sparkling with a mild but fluctuating light: her features regular: her lips full, and of equal size: and her person surpassingly graceful. She was a proficient in music. Her conversation was sprightly, but always on subjects light in their nature and limited in their interest: for moral sympathies, in any general sense, had no place in her mind. She had some coquetry, and more caprice, liking and disliking almost in the same moment; pursuing an object with earnestness, while it seemed unattainable, and rejecting it when in her power, as not worth the trouble of possessing."

THE BLESSINGS OF A HAPPY DISPOSITION.

"A happy disposition finds materials of enjoyment every where. In the city, or the country—in society, or in solitude—in the theatre, or the forest—in the hum of the multitude, or the silence of the mountains, are alike materials of reflection and elements of pleasure. It is one mode of pleasure to listen to the music of "*Don Giovanni*," in a theatre glittering with light, and crowded with elegance and beauty: it is another to glide at sunset over the bosom of a lonely lake, where no sound disturbs the silence but the motion of the boat through the waters. A happy disposition derives pleasure from both, a discontented temper from neither, but is always busy in detecting deficiencies, and finding dissatisfaction with comparisons. The one gathers all the flowers, the other all the nettles, in its path. The one has the faculty of enjoying every thing, the other of enjoying nothing. The one

realises all the present good, the other converts it into pain, by pining after something better, which is only better because it is not present, and which, if it were present, would not be enjoyed. These morbid spirits are in life what professed critics are in literature; they see nothing but faults, because they are predetermined to shut their eyes to beauties. The critic does his utmost to blight genius in its infancy: that which rises in spite of him he will not see; and then he complains of the decline of literature. In like manner, these cankers of society complain of human nature and society, when they have wilfully debarred themselves from all the good they contain, and done their utmost to blight their own happiness and that of all around them. Misanthropy is sometimes the product of disappointed benevolence; but it is more frequently the offspring of overweening and mortified vanity, quarrelling with the world for not being better treated than it deserves."

WELL DRAWN CHARACTER OF A FRENCHMAN.

"A Frenchman is a monstrous compound of monkey, spaniel, and tiger: the most parasitical, the most servile, and the most cruel, of all animals in human shape. He is born in harness, ready saddled, bridled, and bridled, for any tyrant to ride. He will fawn under his rider one moment, and throw him and kick him to death the next: but another adventurer springs on his back, and, by dint of whip and spur, on he goes as before, dipping his handkerchief in blood or in otto of roses, with the same polite *empressment*, and cutting a throat or an orange with the same grinning *nonchalance*."

MR. TOODAD'S COMPARISON BETWEEN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

"The devil has come among us, and has begun by taking possession of all the cleverest fellows. Yet, forsooth, this is the enlightenment. Murry, how? Did our ancestors go peeping about with dark lanterns; and do we walk at our ease in broad sunshine? Where is the manifestation of our light? By what symptoms do we recognise it? What are its signs, its tokens, its symptoms, its symbols, its categories, its conditions? What is it, and why? How, where, when, is it to be seen, felt, and understood? What do we care by it which our ancestors saw not, and which at the same time is worth seeing? We see a hundred men hanged where they saw one. We see five hundred transported, where they saw one. We see five thousand in the workhouse, where they saw one. We see scores of Bible Societies, where they saw none. We see paper, where they saw gold. We see men in stays, where they saw men in armour. We see painted faces, where they saw healthy ones. We see children perishing in manufactories, where they saw them flourishing in the fields. We see prisons, where they saw castles. We see masters, where they saw representatives. In short, they saw true men,

where we see false knives. They saw Milton, and we see Mr. Sackbut."

SPECIMEN OF THE HONOURABLE MR. LISTLESS.

"Fatont," said the Honourable Mr. Listless, did I ever see a ghost?"

"Jamais, Monsieur, never"

"Then I hope I never shall, for, in the present shattered state of my nerves, I am afraid it would be too much for me. There—loosen the lace of my stays a little, for really this plebeian practice of eating—Not too loose—consider my shape. That will do. And I desire that you will bring me no more stories of ghosts, for, though I do not believe in such things, yet, when one is awake in the night, one is apt, if one thinks of them, to have fancies that give one a kind of chill, particularly if one opens one's eyes suddenly on one's dressing-gown, hanging in the moonlight, between the bed and the window."

SCYTHROP'S INTENDED SUICIDE.

"The day after Mr. Glowry's departure was one of incessant rain, and Scythrop repented of the promise he had given. The next day was one of bright sunshine: he sat on the terrace, read a tragedy of Sophocles, and was not sorry, when Raven announced dinner, to find himself alive. On the third evening, the wind blew, and the rain beat, and the owl flapped against his windows; and he put a new flint in his pistol. On the fourth day, the sun shone again; and he locked the pistol up in a drawer, where he left it undisturbed till the morning of the eventful Thursday, when he ascended the turret with a telescope, and spied anxiously along the road that crossed the fens from Olneydike: but nothing appeared on it. He watched in this manner from ten A.M. till Raven summoned him to dinner at five; when he stationed Crow at the telescope, and descended to his own funeral-feast. He left open the communications between the tower and the turret, and called aloud, at intervals to Crow—"Crow, Crow, is any thing coming?" Crow answered, "The wind blows, and the windmills turn, but I see nothing coming;" and at every answer, Scythrop found the necessity of raising his spirits with a bumper. After dinner, he gave Raven his watch to set by the Abbey clock. Raven brought it. Scythrop placed it on the table, and Raven departed. Scythrop called again to Crow; and Crow, who had fallen asleep, answered mechanically, "I see nothing coming." Scythrop laid his pistol between his watch and his bottle. The hour-hand passed the VII.—the minute-hand moved on;—it was within three minutes of the appointed time. Scythrop called again to Crow: Crow answered as before. Scythrop rang the bell: Raven appeared.

"Haven," said Scythrop, "the clock is too fast."

"No, indeed," said Raven, who knew nothing of Scythrop's intentions: "if any thing, it is too slow."

"Villain!" said Scythrop, pointing the pistol at him, "it is too fast."

"Yes—yes—too fast, I meant," said Raven, in manifest fear.

"How much too fast?" said Scythrop.

"As much as you please," said Raven.

"How much, I say?" said Scythrop, pointing the pistol again.

"An hour, a full hour, Sir," said the terrified butler.

"Put back my watch," said Scythrop."

Margaret Melville and the Soldier's Daughter. By Alicia Catherine Munt, 1 vol. 12mo. Whitaker.

THIS is one of those useful tales for the juvenile library, blending instruction with interest in the guise of fiction. Its title is sufficient to shew that amongst other amiable virtues to be cultivated, that of benevolence is among one of the first: the work is also interspersed with occasional remarks on the propriety of encouraging British manufactures.

Margaret Melville is the daughter of wealthy parents, naturally inclined to deeds of charity, but indiscriminately, like a child, willing to bestow the same luxuries that she herself enjoys: her father explains to her the true nature of that beneficence which ought to be exercised towards those born in the lot of indigence. Clara Mountjoy, the daughter of a Colonel in the army, is her companion, and has been accustomed to wear muslins, &c. of foreign manufacture; this gives our fair author an opportunity of enlarging on the encouragement of home manufactures; and she has well availed herself of it.

The pompous introduction of a Baronet opens a field to the truly moral Alicia Munt, to enforce the lesson of moderating the passions, and the certain prospect of rendering youth amiable and happy by their subjugation.

Of a work like this it is hardly possible to give any outline, as it consists chiefly of virtuous and moral instructions judiciously and aptly introduced; we strongly recommend it to the preparatory governess, and to all those who have the task of teaching

"The young idea how to shoot."

The excellency, simplicity and admoni-

tory style of the volume before us, may be discovered in the following extracts :—

SUBSTITUTES FOR TEA.

"Has the tea-tree never been cultivated in England, Sir?" inquired Clara.

"Never with any effect likely to supersede the importation of this article of commerce from countries more favourable to the growth of this useful little shrub. A substitute has been occasionally attempted for it in the hedge-pick, or common sloe, the leaves of which have been so dried and prepared as in some measure to resemble the appearance of tea. But the imposition is too glaring, and we must still continue indebted to the Chinese. What maps have you been putting together?" added Mr. Melville, rising from his chair, and looking over the little girls' shoulders."

INLAND NAVIGATION.

"What is the meaning of inland navigation, papa?" asked Margaret.

"Navigation carried on by means of rivers," replied Mr. Melville, "which are frequently very far removed from the sea, and are a particular convenience to those living in inland counties, or such counties as are not bordered by the sea. There is another species of inland navigation which has been brought about by the art and industry of man, and which gives a great facility to the transportation of articles of commerce in those places not situated near any large rivers. This is by means of canals, which are wide trenches dug to a sufficient depth to obtain water from springs, which are generally to be found under ground, and carried through every obstruction for an extent of many miles. We have many canals in England; France abounds with them; and in Holland they are cut even through the streets of many of their large towns, by means of which articles of traffic are brought home to the very doors of the inhabitants."

LACE MAKING.

"The lace which is made in France, my dear, and in the Netherlands, has the character of being very superior to any British production, I believe. And it is undoubtedly of very beautiful workmanship; still I cannot but consider those ladies unreasonably prejudiced, who in their admiration of the foreign article, shut their eyes against the delicate texture and beautiful patterns which have been produced by the industrious exertions of their own countrywomen. That it is in many instances prejudice, I am well convinced, for I know more than one instance of inexperienced judges in the article, who, after having been at infinite trouble and risk in evading the laws of their country, and importing into it contraband articles of commerce, have, to their inexpressible mortification, on exposing their goods to a more practised judge, found that a few miles' journey into Nottinghamshire

would have procured them with greater ease and more direct honesty the object of their wishes."

"Where is lace made in England, mamma?" said Margaret.

"In your own native county, my love," replied Mrs. Melville; "which is an additional claim to our patronage, besides the general plea of the welfare of the country at large, which certainly is greatly involved in the encouragement given to the exertions of the lower orders of people."

OBJECTS SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

"Margaret Melville had lately received a present of a very highly magnifying microscope; and her father and mother thought it would be a very reasonable amusement for Sir Henry to be made acquainted, through its means, with the wonderful construction of the lesser creatures of creation. It is not uncommon for thoughtless people to observe, when they see their children inclined to tyrannise over insects and reptiles, 'It is only a fly!' 'It is only a spider!' 'It is only a worm,' &c. frequently not stopping to remember, that in proportion to the minuteness of the object, the more exquisite, in all probability, is the sense of pain; and, at any rate, that the indulgence of such wantonness in childhood, paves the way to the commission of acts of murder and bloodshed, without remorse, in a more advanced period of life.

"Lady Mason might be reckoned among these truly inconsiderate people. Not naturally strong in understanding, the sudden loss of her husband had sunk her into a dispirited state of indifference to every thing but a selfish fondness for her only son. Her intentions, perhaps, were the best in the world; she did not mean to spoil Sir Henry; she did not mean to shew unkindness to her little girls; but the same listlessness which made her pass over unobserved any marks of the tyrant in her son, and prevented her from correcting him if he pulled the cat's tail, held his dormouse in his hand till the poor animal gasped for breath, or plucked off two legs of a fly to see how it could walk without, also was the occasion of her scarcely ever inviting her little girls to pay her a visit from the school-room, or when, indeed, they were admitted into the parlour, failed of producing any marks of affection towards them. The consequence was, that her little girls were ten times more pleasant than her son, that they always preferred their school-room to the restraint of the drawing-room, and that the judicious and well-placed attentions of Mrs. Fairfax, their governess, would, in some degree, wean their affections from her to whom they were naturally due. To prevent this latter effect nothing could exceed the pains of Mrs. Fairfax; for, interested as she was for her little pupils, she had no wish of superseding their mother in their attachment.

"Did you never see any sort of insect through a microscope, Sir Henry?" said Margaret, as

she placed her glass upon the table; and transfixed the leg of a dead fly upon the pin.

"I never saw a microscope," replied Sir Henry, eagerly, "let me see, what is it like?"

"What do you see?" said Margaret.

"Something that looks like the leg of a great animal of some sort or other," replied Sir Henry, "but I do not know what."

"It is an animal, I think, that you have seen very often," observed Clara.

"Oh never!" replied the astonished little boy, "never; I am sure I never saw any thing at all like it. And what are all those threads and things at the top of the leg, just like the roots which hang to the ground? I see the gardener pull from the ground."

"They are the sinews and tendons," replied Mr. Melville, "which fastened the leg of the animal to the body. Your similitude of the piece of groundsel is a very apt one, excepting that the groundsel being planted in a light soil, is easily divided from the earth, while these strings being strongly connected with the body of the animal, require considerable force to separate them. Besides which, we must remember that the groundsel does not feel, but such an animal as this to be deprived by force of a limb, what acute pain he must suffer in the disjunction of thread after thread from his body!"

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Lake Minstrels; a Duett.

THE words of this admirable duett are written by J. Lee Lewes, Esq. and have been sweetly adapted, by the publisher, to *Se Potesse un Suono Egual*.

We have before given our opinion on the skill of Mr. Williams, in the adaptation of English words to the Italian expression; this opinion, so decidedly in his favour, we are not inclined to retract, as it may concern *The Lake Minstrels*, the music of which is touching, and truly expressive: the soft and tender notes on the words of "Light our little bark doth ride," peculiarly pleased us; they may not breathe so much science, perhaps, as may be found in other parts of this duett, but this passage has a softness that interests. The latter part has a sweetness peculiarly charming; particularly the notes on

"While you orb attracts our eyes,
"Vocal concerts higher rise."

Deep in a hollow echoing glen.

THIS is the celebrated duett sung by Mr. Horn and Mr. J. Isaacs, in the *Persian*

Hunters; and comes sufficiently recommended from its music being composed by Mr. Horn, whose talent, at composition, cannot be too highly appreciated. There is but little left to say on a piece of science and taste so generally known and estimated; but we cannot forbear calling on the attention of our musical readers to the *Allegro Spiritoso* of the prelude. The fine bass of Mr. Isaacs's voice, and the sweetness of Mr. Horn's could not appear to better advantage than in this duett, and which is peculiarly striking after being ushered in by its admirable prelude. We seem to view "*the hollow glen*," and to hear "*the tawney lion roar*." Nor can the fire of expression be equalled in those notes on "*his gaunt mane he rears!*" The slow time on "*he groans, expires*," evince the skill and judicious manner of expression in this excellent composer: nor should the poet be denied his meed of praise; no words could have been better adapted to the subject than those of this duett from the pen of Mr. Noble.

Ah! where shall I fly?

THE music of this air is composed by J. M. Jolly—a composer of whom we have not yet heard much: but he promises well, and it has ever been our province to encourage rising merit. To say that it is peculiarly adapted to the voice of Miss Carew, would, in fact, be to say nothing: the skill, the science, and enchanting voice of that young lady, render every composition easy to her. To speak of the air itself, we do not hesitate in ranking it amongst some of the best of the new musical productions: its expression is well adapted, and its harmony is just. The *Accelerando* from "*each moment my perils increase*," is rendered peculiarly tender by the well-introduced accompaniment for the flute; nor are the slow notes on "*too late for my peace*," less appropriate before the oboe solo is brought in at the conclusion.

BIRTHS.

At his Lordship's house, in Mansfield-street, Viscountess Ashbrook, of a daughter.

The Countess of Aberdeen, of a daughter.

At his Lordship's seat, at Gogmagog Hills,

the Right Hon. Lady F. G. Osborne, of a still-born son.

The lady of the Russia Oil Prince, 68, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, of a son.

The lady of W. L. Hughes, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

The lady of R. Frankland, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

At Henden-hall, Middlesex, the lady of J. Walker, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

At Stonehome, Cumberland, the lady of Sir H. D. Rosa, K. C. B. of a daughter.

The lady of J. Alexander, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

Agnes, wife of T. Baxendale, of Preston, of three fine boys, who, with their mother, are likely to do well.

In Parliament-street, Mrs. Mundell, of a son.

In Abercrombie-place, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir C. Colville, G. C. B. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.

At Finscastle, county of Perth, N. B. Dr. D. Robertson, of Friendship St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, to Miss Susan A. J. Stewart, only daughter of Col. Stewart, of Finscastle.

At Marylebone new church, H. B. Hunt, Esq. of the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden, to Lydia, daughter of Dr. Merry, of Bath, and late of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. A Portrait of this lady embellishes No. 93 of this work.

At his Grace the Duke of Athol's, at Dunkeld, G. Fairbairn, of Greenknow, Esq. Berwickshire, to the Hon. C. E. Forbes, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Lord Forbes.

R. Valpy, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Valpy, to Phoebe, eldest daughter of J. Rowe, Esq. of Torpoint, Cornwall.

At Brussels, at the hotel of his Excellency the British Ambassador, Capt. C. Gordon, R. N. to Ann, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Blayney.

The Rev. M. De Courcy, eldest son of Admiral De Courcy, to Emily, daughter of W. Smyth, Esq. of Drumoree, county of Westmeath.

At Gissing, Norfolk, W. Newby, of Burston, to S. Fleet, of the former place, widow; their united ages amounted to upwards of 140 years. Nearly forty years ago she married John Fleet, her first husband, who, after living with her several years, set out on his travels, and visited the most distant parts of the world; the only report that ever reached her concerning him was the news of his death, when having given what she considered a decent time to his memory and loss, she again entered into the state of matrimony: after living several years with her second husband, her first, having completed his travels,

returned and claimed her, and his death, which lately happened, gave her a second opportunity of being legally united, which actually took place, and she was a second time married to the same person.

DIED.

Lately, at Dunganon Park, Ireland, in the 90th year of his age, Lord Viscount Northland, a Governor, and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Tyrone, and a Representative Peer for Ireland. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, the Hon. T. Knox, member, in a former parliament, for Tyrone.

Lately, at Shavington, Viscountess Killmorey, wife of Lord Viscount Killmorey, of Shavington Hall, in the county of Salop, and eldest sister of Lord Combermere, of Combermere Abbey, in the county of Chester. And within a few days of his Lady, Lord Viscount Killmorey, aged 72.

At Moulsey, Surrey, the Hon. and Rev. A. Barry, brother to the Earl of Barrymore.

At Weymouth, in the 73d year of his age, Sir E. Leslie, Bart. of Tarbert House, county Kerry. By his demise the Baronetcy, of which the patent is dated the 3d of September, 1787, is extinct. Between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* a year devolves on his first cousin, Robert Leslie, of Leslie-lodge, Tarbert.

At Windsor, Colonel Desbrowe, vice-chamberlain to the late Queen.

Lately, in Altona, Count A. De Gortz, a worthy companion in arms of Frederick the Great. After combating under the Prussian banners in the seven years' war, he was sent by the King on a mission to the Khan of the Tartars, in 1761.—This venerable warrior also served in Portugal, where he attained the rank of Field-Marshal. He was latterly an Infantry General, in the service of Denmark.

Lately, at Quincey, near Boston, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Adams, the amiable consort of President Adams.

At Kensington, in the 56th year of his age, Mr. R. Reid, biscuit-baker, of the Strand.

Stewart, the eldest daughter of John Trotton, Esq. of Soho-square, and Durham Park.

At Felixstow, Suffolk, the lady of Sir S. Fladger, Bart.

At Hatfield, J. Penrose, Esq. surgeon-extraordinary to the King, and surgeon to his Majesty's household.

At Woolwich, Jane Catharine, the infant daughter of Capt. D. Grant, Royal Artillery.

Miss Murray, sister of Admiral Sir G. Murray, of Chichester.

At Haarlem, aged 105, a woman named Suzanne Decarion, a native of Surinam.

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